

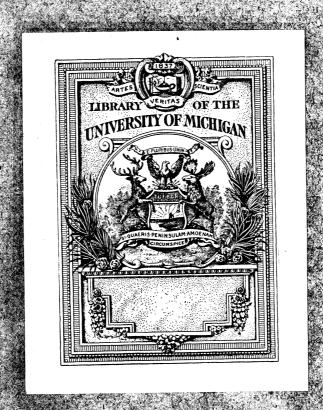
WINDSOR MAGAZINE

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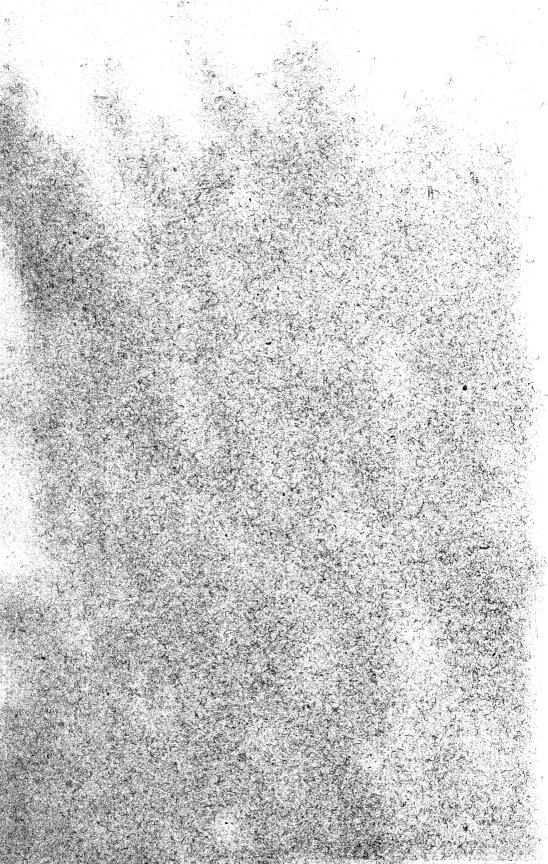


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THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR MEN AND WOMEN

VOL. XLI
DECEMBER 1914 TO MAY 1915

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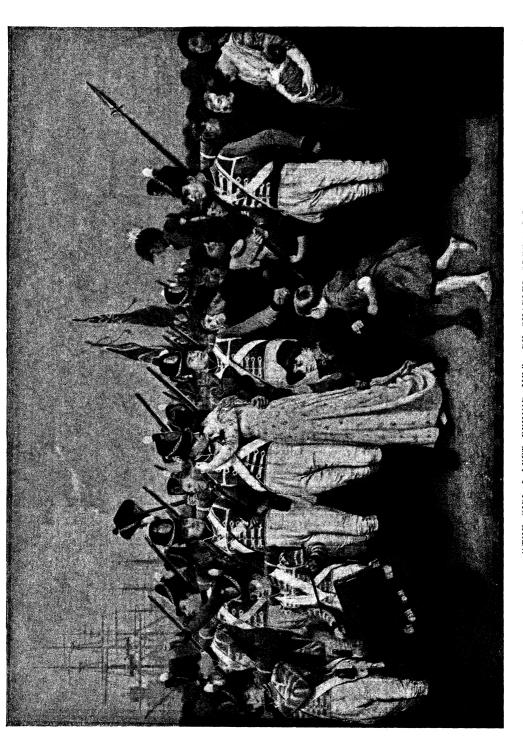
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"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME." BY CHARLES GREEN, R.I. From the original in the Leicester Art Gallery, reproduced by permission of the Committee.



Photo by E. Sandau.]

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KING GEORGE AND THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

MEN OF MARK IN THE WAR

By ERNEST A. BRYANT

S gold is tried by fire, so the Great War has tried the hearts of princes and peoples. It has challenged the valour and endurance of those who bear the burdens of governance, of those who brave the perils of the field and of the deep, of those who guard the Empire's mighty heart, of those who maintain the flag upon our remotest frontier. The reeling kaleidoscope has grouped the champions of right and liberty into a startling mosaic—Russia, with its history of many despotic yesterdays, buttling side by side with England and France for the freedom of the little nations' to-morrows, supported by the wild

heroism of peasant soldiers in the Balkans, led by a prince of six-and-twenty years, and by the incredible courage and sacrifice of Belgium, whose total population is fewer than the armed men of Germany.

King George has kinsmen among his allies. The Czar is, of course, his first cousin, while King Albert, who traces back to the last King of France, is of the Honse of Saxe-Coburg, and is named after our Prince Consort. The part in the war of King George has of necessity been passive—British sovereigns have it within their power to declare war and to make peace, but not to imperil their persons upon the battlefield

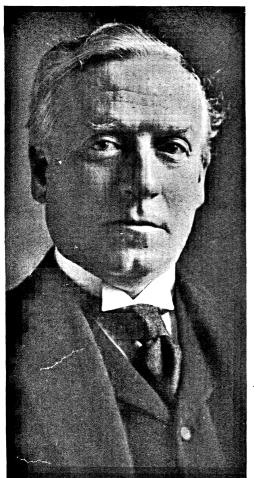


Photo by] [R. Haines.
THE RIGHT HON. H. H. ASQUITH, M.P.,
Prime Minister.

—but his words to our sailors and soldiers were kingly words inestimable, and evoked throughout the Empire a chorus of loyal acclamation and devotion such as not the most optimistic of us had dared to expect. To our sailors his words had a special significance, for to the Navy he is as one They remember him as a of themselves. gallant seaman, rising by merit to the highest rank, and they recall with pride his happy, hardy days in command of Torpedo-boat No. 79, when he shared his small cabin and his box of sardines with his sole messmate, the gunner, and in the height of a furious storm off the Irish coast, by unflinching courage and skilful seamanship, rescued a companion torpedo-boat which was driving to ruin on a dead lee shore.

The Prince of Wales also has had to view

the war from afar, for, in spite of his ardent training with the Grenadiers, he could not persuade Lord Kitchener to advise the King to let him go to the Front. But he has rendered incalculable service to the country by extending, through the medium of his Relief Fund, comfort and sustenance to those broke in our war. It is interesting to recall that the Prince's first public duty was to receive on English soil President Poincaré. The foundations of the Triple Entente were laid, however, still earlier in his career. When the Czar and Czarina were visiting Balmoral, and their eldest daughter was a toddling child, the then small Prince Edward



THE RIGHT HON. SIR EDWARD GREY, BART., M.P.,

Minister for Foreign Affairs.



Photo by]

[Bouté.

led her forward by the hand. "La Belle Alliance," smilingly remarked Queen Victoria to the Emperor.

However terrible the war has been in other respects, it has had the effect of at last bringing the Czar into his own, in so far as the hearts of his people are concerned. The difference between his position in the present conflict and that during the Manchurian War is immeasurable. Then his generals kept him in comparative ignorance as to the true course of events; he was estranged from the nation, and during the gloomy days of defeat and disaster, so ominous did conditions become that he interned himself at Tsarskove Selo, where martial law was proclaimed. But the present war appealed to the entire nation, and they turned to him with that abiding love and loyalty inextinguishable, though latent, in every Russian heart. He went about among his people as he had never gone He bore them company to their sanctuaries of ancient fame, and repeated

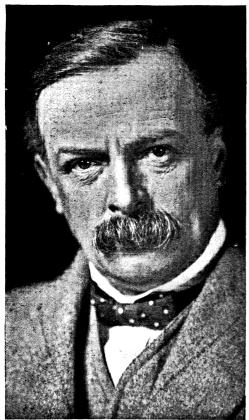


Photo by] [E. H. Mills.

THE RIGHT HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.,

Chancellor of the Exchequer.



Photo by] [E. H. Mills.

THE RIGHT HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.,

First Lord of the Admiralty.

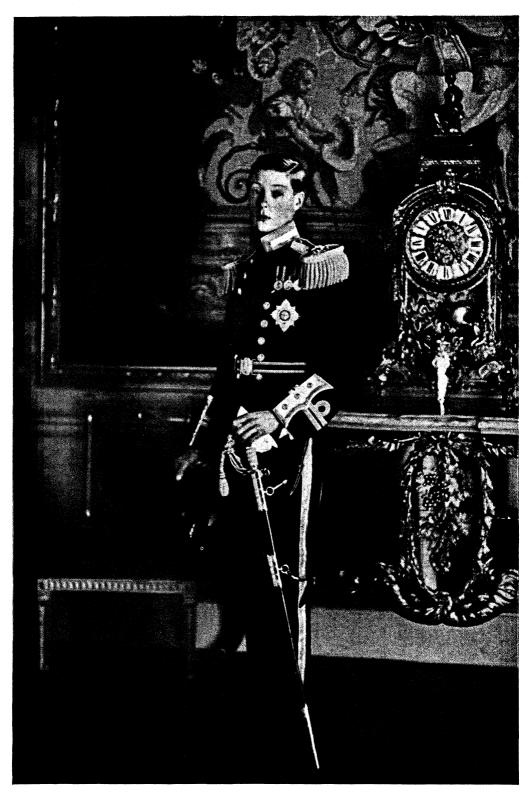
with them the old heartfelt prayers. He vowed that he would never lay down the sword so long as his enemies remained unvanquished. "Sire, we have thy promise!" they roared. He answered that he was ready to yield up his life for the cause to which they were all committed. When he went to the Front to survey the battlefields, to visit the sick and comfort the wounded, the hearts of his stern fighting men overflowed.

Up to the time of the war, we in this country knew little of the King of the Belgians, though, from innumerable private visits to England, he and his gracious Queen well knew us and our land. But within a month we saw him achieve for himself a sure place in the company of the immortals of daring and self-abnegation. He risked throne, kingdom, life itself, upon the altar of liberty for his incomparable little nation. "If all else fail," he proudly said, "not only will our honour be safe, but our name for ever glorious." He backed his brave words by actions as valorous as ever became a king. Where the fighting was hottest, he was the foremost spirit, the incarnation of courage,



AS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS. BY LANCE CALKIN.

Reproduced, by permission of His Majesty and of the Coldstream Guards, from the portrait in this year's Royal Academy Exhibition.



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

From a natural-colour photograph by Desboutins, Paris.

the fount of inspiration. He fought not simply as an enthusiast, but as a skilled soldier, who had worked his way from grade to grade through different regiments—cavalry, artillery, and infantry—and with such good purpose that when the new patriotism of the Belgians, a few years ago, took concrete military outline, he was one of the most successful lecturers on army matters

in the land over which he was destined so heroically to rule. New kingdoms may rise and ancient thrones be humbled in the dust, but no crown in Europe will shine with lustre more serene than that of this noble-spirited young namesake of King George's grandfather.

In the agony of the great crisis, France was fortunate to have at her head as President M. Raymond Poincaré, a highsouled patriot of immense intellectual force and unswerving courage. "A remarkable man, whom I should like to meet." the Kaiser had said of him in ante bellum hours, and at the outset of the war issued orders for his capture; yet he subsequently permitted his Huns to batter down the President's country house and violate the tombs of his ancestors. M. Poincaré declared that though the capital should fall, France

would not yield so long as she had a man in the field. He put a new song in the hearts of those who had doubted.

It is a coincidence that, in the Premiership of Mr. Asquith during the war, we have seen the consummation of a policy initiated by the Premier's master nearly five-and-forty years ago. Mr. Gladstone prepared for war to defend the neutrality of Belgium; Mr.

Asquith, who was selected, as a young man, for Cabinet rank by Gladstone, saw the crisis renewed, and did not quail from the awful step which his peace-ensuing chief of old time had been forced to contemplate. Until his speeches upon the crisis and the war itself, it had been customary to regard Mr. Asquith as very just, very intellectual, but perhaps a little cold. But the vehement

and noble orations with which he roused the nation to the enormity of the crime which Germany was committing have already secured for him sure promise of enduring fame among the greatest of our national orators, as with the foremost exemplars of lofty purpose and ungrudging chivalry.

Mr. Lloyd George entered upon his public career so poor that he had not the wherewithal to provide him a gown in which to conduct his first case as a solicitor: vet it fell to him to handle the finances of the nation in circumstances whose gravity completely dwarfed the crises which Pitt had to face. He acted with imagination and judgment, realising, as he said, that "the silver bullet" might be the missile to administer the coup de grâce in this war. He stamped out incipient panic by keeping the banks closed for a four days'

holiday; he extended to the community the protection of a general moratorium; provided for the State insurance of vessels maintaining the commerce of the country; guarded against shortage of specie by the creation of a new paper currency, and, with other Ministers, summarily vetoed the possibility of cornering food-stuffs and other commodities. Then he bestirred himself to



Photo by | [Stanley's Agency.

THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS,

Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Army.

raise a Welsh Army Corps, of which his two sons were among the first men enrolled. Political admirers and opponents alike voted the Chancellor of the Exchequer in all respects a very present help in time of trouble.

That Great Britain went into the war with unsullied conscience was made manifest by Mr. Asquith, but the fact that negotiations had been throughout in the hands of Sir Edward Grey would have been a sufficient guarantee upon the point. It was agreed by practically all peoples, nations, and languages that the Empire had in the Minister for Foreign Affairs a man of impeccable integrity and of almost unprecedented influence in the realm of diplomacy. With the advent of the war, Sir Edward retired into that anxious privacy from which he had emerged only to tell us the plain story of an unparalleled crime, which, unable to avert, we must punish. But the world



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[Sport & General.

M. MAX,
Burgomaster of Brussels.



GENERAL BARON WAHIS,

Commander-in-Chief of the Belgian Army.

knew that behind the portals of the Foreign Office he was toiling night and day to maintain the equipoise of British interests among friendly and neutral nations, and found comfort in the knowledge that nothing could alter the common estimate of him at home or abroad as "an entirely honest man."

While no member of the Cabinet had a sinecure at the outbreak of the war, possibly the office of Mr. Winston Churchill, as First Lord of the Admiralty, was the most arduous and exhausting. Upon "our sure shield," as the King described the Navy, depended all —the transport of the Army, our immunity from invading raids, the safety of our communications and commerce. Mr. Churchill was unable to emulate the showy example of the German War Staff, by slamming his bureau and taking a holiday to testify that his work had been done. His preparations had already been made, in naval programmes —for which he had thrice had to fight and the assembly at Spithead, just before the war, of the greatest fleet ever arrayed showed that the First Lord, like the Sea Lords and the men themselves at sea, was true to the perennial watchword of our Navy: "Ready, aye, ready!"



Photo by]

[H. Manuel, Paris.

Mark I

If it were a happy coincidence that the Fleet happened to be assembled ready for action just at the psychological moment, it was an equally fortunate one that Lord Kitchener should be home on holiday from Egypt at the very time when he was most needed. As our Allies welcomed the advent of Sir John French of happy name, no less heartily did they acclaim the great soldier who began his experience of war with their armies. Lord Kitchener, as a boy of twenty, fought as a volunteer under the gallant General Chanzy in the Franco-Prussian War,

and more than forty vears later received, or was to receive, the French war medal of 1870 for valour in the field. In the interval no other soldier has had so wide and varied an experience explorer of Palestine; a secret agent in the Soudan, turbaned and begowned as an Arab, whose tongue he faultlessly speaks; conqueror of Mahdism and of the South African Republics; ruler with justice and equity of India and Egypt; and finally, in Lord Rosebery's phrase, "the greatest military asset in the world," home to organise, as we hope, the ultimate victory necessary to subjugate in Europe a savagery as relentless as that which he crushed in the far Soudan.

As Mr. Churchill prepared the ships and Lord Kitchener organised the men, surely destiny evolved Sir John French to lead them. He has left behind him many an obstacle which must at the time have seemed insuperable. First he was in the Navy, which hardly leads to cavalry command; then he was nearly destroyed in a disastrous action in the Soudan; next he was eating out his heart on half-pay when called upon unexpectedly to write a manual on cavalry organisation, drill, strategy, and tactics. He hated the dreary grind of the months of work

involved, but he produced a treatise upon which our cavalry work has ever since been based. Almost as a favour was he permitted to carry out the reforms which his manual suggested; practically by chance was he appointed from Canterbury to Aldershot, and sent thence to South Africa. Yet, when the present war broke out, he was again cooling his heels in private, for he had resigned his appointment as Chief of the Imperial General Staff. He resumed his position with no more notice than a line in the Press, and when next we heard of him,

he had fought his wonderful series of rearguard actions. He knows every inch of the ground over which he has been fighting, and he knows exactly the character of the French Army from his presence at their manœuvres, which led him to describe it as "a splendid army, well trained, a formidable instrument, and an intelligent lever in the skilful hands of its chiefs." He has had experience, too, of the Russians, whom he declares to be one of the bravest and hardest-fighting armies in the world.

Apparent chance was kind to us again in bringing General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien into the field in command of an Army Corps. Few men could have equalled

his achievement in that terrible retreat, when, unable to obey Sir John French's order to retire at daybreak, he stayed nearly all day and fought four times his number. No finer tribute could be paid to a soldier than that contained in the official despatch: "I say without hesitation that the saving of the left wing of the Army under my command on the morning of August 26 could never have been accomplished unless a commander of rare and unusual coolness, intrepidity, and determination had been present personally to conduct the operation." The hero of that



REAR-ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY, D.S.O.,

A commander in the successful sea-fight off Heligoland.



Photo by]

ADMIRAL SIR JOHN JELLICOE.

[Russell & Sons, Southsea.

just encomium was, of course, Sir Horace, survivor of the horrors of Isandula and of

the perils of Paardeberg.

The French military authorities have been generous in their acknowledgments of the magnificent service performed by the British Army, but none of us has failed to realise to what an enormous extent the burden of the war in France has been borne by their own armies in general and by General Joffre in particular. The French Commander-in-Chief, although only sixty-two years of age, has passed five-and-forty years of his life under arms, and graduated in the agonising days of 1870-1871, when, unknown to each other, he and the present British War Minister were fighting under the same flag. Since those days the great French warrior has seen fighting wherever the French eagles have fluttered, and by enormous energy, by the display of qualities which grasp a gigantic plan of campaign such as the present, yet comprehend also the minutiæ of details, which are all in all to the private soldier, has risen to the supreme command of what the late General Grierson termed the finest



 $Photo \ by]$

Russell & Sons.

Who, after tosing his first ship, the "Amphion," which struck a mine, took command of the "Undaunted," and with a small squadron sank four German destroyers.



Photo by]

[Russell & Sons.

COMMANDER R. Y. TYRWHITT,

Whose vessel, the "Arethusa," led the destroyer flotilla in the Heligoland action with splendid success.

army in the world. Until a few years ago the French Army had no Commander-in-Chief. "The hour," they said, "will bring the man." But, happily for themselves, they anticipated the hour, appointed General Joffre, and gave him a free hand. Frenchmen say that their army is France; the magnificent strategy of General Joffre, when the tide had turned, made many of us feel that he is the French Army.

Across the border, General Baron Wahis, Commander-in-Chief of the Belgian Army, had had the stiffest of tasks in organising the new Belgian scheme of military defence. Practically a new régime was inaugurated under his ægis—the transition from reliance on fortresses to dependence on a mobile King Albert and the Baron knew army. that this war was to come, and earnestly endeavoured to prepare for the defence of their beloved Fatherland. The successes which the previously untried force won against superior numbers and armament were proof that Baron Wahis had not unintelligently toiled.

Even greater problems have confronted the



GENERAL JOFFRE, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

Grand Duke Nicholas, Generalissimo of the Russian Army. He had, some years ago, to take command of forces which experience had proved to be simply a mass of undisciplined, gallant, ill-armed men commanded by inept leaders, an army of great potentialities but disappointing performances. Under the Grand Duke a

revolution was begun —better armament, better training of men and officers, better commissariat. Whether he had had time to achieve the wholesale reforms inevitable for complete efficiency, only time could prove; but, in spite of chequered experiences in the early stages of the war, it was obvious that he had worked a wonderful change for the better. Wealthy, cultured, with every temptation to slothful ease, the Grand Duke shared the hardships and dangers of his troops, and, by the simplicity of his living and the unaffected modesty of his demeanour, made the most favourable impression upon all who observed his conduct.

With General Baron Wahis must be bracketed M. Max, the phenomenal Burgomaster of Brussels, whom the Germans could not subdue until they forcibly imprisoned him. Consenting to carry on the duties of his office under

of his office under German rule, the Burgomaster declined to surrender his own official rooms in the town hall, but when the invaders demanded that 300 bedrooms should be prepared for them there, he ordered: "Make ready 301 beds." And he stayed in possession. He refused to be intimidated by "frightfulness"; published his bulletins, affording veracious accounts of the

events of the war, and, when compelled to issue German proclamations, added a postscript of his own, revealing that though the signature was the signature of Max, the matter to which it referred was dictated by an invader. His own proclamations were pasted over by the Germans, but he had their paste-overs neatly oiled, so that the

original print showed through. He risked his life a hundred times, and to the end preserved a humorous, confident defiance. They dared not put him to death, so they suppressed and carried him away to Cologne.

Our "sure shield" at sea has been worthily upheld by Sir John Jellicoe. upon whom the nation has had every reason to rely. His work as Director ofNaval Ordnance was largely instrumental in giving us our matchless efficiency in gunfire, while his whole record in administration. combined with his manifest genius and daring at sea, caused him to be generally spoken of in naval circles as the future ${
m Nelson.}$ He has had thrilling many adventures. He went down with the illfated *Victoria*; he was shot through the lungs at Tientsin: he lives to tell the stirring story of a disastrous journey in a Zeppelin last year. Around him and

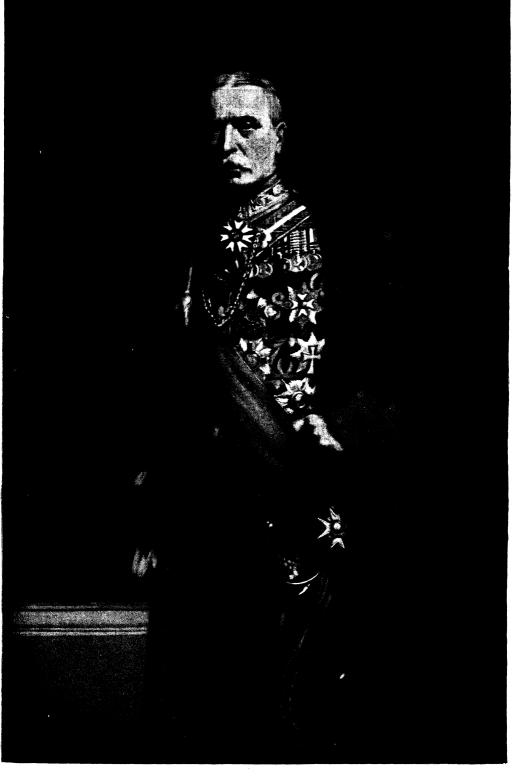
about are men of the same incomparable breed, of whom the first in the war to reveal the true Nelson spirit was Captain Fox, of H.M.S. Amphion, which struck a mine laid by the Koniqin Luise. A sheet of flame gushed over the bridge, terribly burning the captain and rendering him unconscious. Very quickly his iron nerve reasserted itself, and, picking himself up, he rushed below to



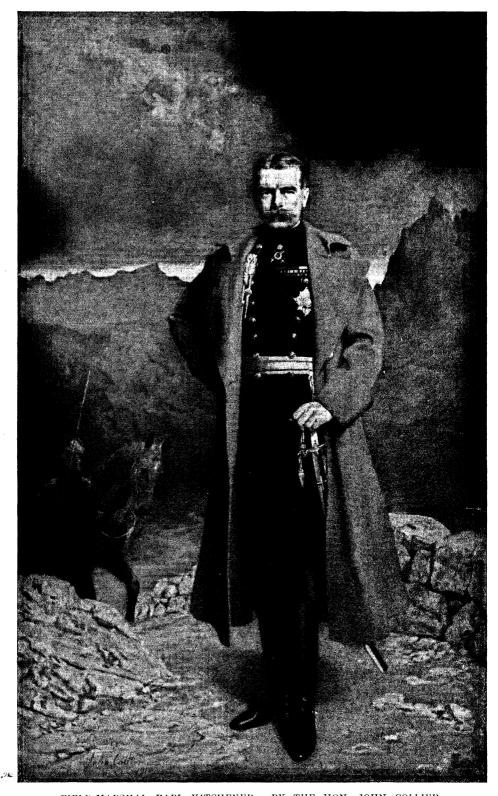
Photo by]

[Newman, Berkhamstead.

GENERAL SIR HORACE SMITH-DORRIEN, D.S.O., Who has been described in Sir John French's despatches as "a commander of rare and unusual coolness, intrepidity, "and determination."



FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH. BY JOHN ST. HELIER LANDER. Reproduced, by permission of the Artist, from the portrait in this year's Royal Academy Exhibition.



FIELD-MARSHAL EARL KITCHENER. BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.

Reproduced by permission of the Artist and of The Fine Art Society, New Bond Street, W., publishers of the mezzotint from the picture.

stop the engines, which were still driving on at twenty knots amid the mines. Without hurry or excitement, Captain Fox got his men together ready to abandon the ship, and left not one behind. They cleared out just in time, for three minutes later a second mine blew away the whole forepart of the ship. Captain Fox came home, appealing for immediate reappointment, and within a month took the *Undaunted* and her destroyers to brilliant victory off the Dutch coast.

We looked for courage and dash in Rear-Admiral Sir David Beatty, who won his rank as commander for gallantry on the Nile, and that of captain for conspicuous skill and daring in China two years later. During the action in the Bight of Heligoland his reputation was finely vindicated when, on

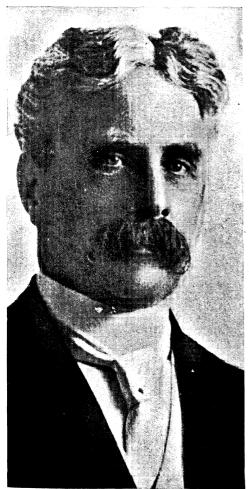


Photo by] [Barratt's Agency.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT BORDEN,

Premier of Canada.



COLONEL HUGHES,

Conadian Minister of Defence, organiser of the

Canadian troops for the Expeditionary Force.

board the *Lion*, he led in the battle-cruiser squadron to the assistance of the smaller vessels fighting against odds with German cruisers and destroyers amid a sea of mines. Happiest in the hour of strife, Sir David was a joyful man that day. Equally glorious was the experience of Commander Tyrwhitt, on board the Arethusa of historic name. He had indeed more than his rightful share of fighting. Leading in the destroyer flotilla, he was engaged by two German cruisers, into which the Arethusa blazed with her 6-inch guns with such effect as to send them limping out of the fight. Later he fought two other cruisers and helped to sink the Mainz. The Arethusa herself had been hard hit, and her speed had been reduced to ten knots, when finally she was attacked by yet another couple of cruisers. The case was serious for the Arethusa, when into the Bight came Sir David Beatty with his battlecruisers, and the rest was sheer glory. It



Photo by] [E. II. Mi
THE RIGHT HON. GENERAL BOTHA,
Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa.

was a battered Arethusa that Commander Tyrwhitt brought home; but on a new vessel he has added another chapter to the glorious annals of a famous fighting ship.

It fell to Commander Duff, of the Birminghum, to come first to blows with an enemy submarine, and his ready method of dealing with it saved us at least one cruiser. So perfectly had he trained his men in gunfire that the periscope was hit without difficulty.

Lieutenant-Commander Max Horton, whose submarine, E 9, sank the German Hela and, three weeks later, a torpedo-boat destroyer, had the Board of Trade silver medal bestowed upon him for his courage in saving life in the wreck of the Delhi, three years ago, when the Princess Royal and the late Duke of Fife were on board.

To the Fleet which our heroes have been so gallantly handling, Canada has made notable contributions in the shape of two cruisers and two submarines. In this and the superb rally to the Imperial flag, a leading part has been taken by Sir Robert Borden, the Canadian Prime Minister, who, backed by his old opponent, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, has led the great Dominion to support the Motherland, not only with this, but with the finest of fighting men, with horses, guns, food, and fodder. With Sir Robert has been that practical patriot, Colonel Sam Hughes, the Canadian-born son of Irish parents, who for the last three years has been Minister of Militia and Defence in Canada. It was due in no small measure to his far-sighted policy that the Dominion was able and ready at a moment's call to raise and equip the magnificent force of all arms which the daughter nation has since sent to this country, and is preparing liberally to supplement



Photo by] ["Topical" War Service.

GENERAL SMUTS,

Minister of Finance and Defence in the Union of South Africa



Photo by | [Gale & Polden. GENERAL SIR PHILIP CHETWODE, BART., D.S.O., Leader of a brilliant cavalry charge.



Photo by [[west & Son, Isolanacce.] LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER MAX K. HORTON, Of the submarine "E 9," which sank the "Hela" and another German torpedo-boat destroyer.

A still more strenuous situation developed in South Africa, where General Botha, most valiant and powerful of all our foemen in the Boer War, not only committed Dutch and British alike to the cause of Britain, but himself assumed the *rôle* of Commander-in-Chief. "My hair is growing grey and my health is not as it was," he said; but he donned his uniform and summoned to his side the cream of both nations living in amity under that flag which both are now



Photo by] [Stanley's Agency.

GENERAL PAU,

The distinguished French soldier.

proud to uphold. How immense was the surprise caused by this action on the part of General Botha and his compatriots we may infer from the fact that the Germans had prepared an elaborate scheme to enable a group of malcontents under an irreconcilable Boer fighter to attempt the overthrow of British rule throughout South Africa.

Unhappily come tidings, as these pages go to press, that the first impression of almost unanimous loyalty has not endured, and a serious rebellion has been organised in the northern part of the Orange Free State and the western districts of the Transvaal. The prompt action of General Botha, however, supported by the general loyalty, is relied

upon to cope with the situation.

Second only to the fine reply of General Botha and his two soldier sons was that of General Smuts, Minister of Finance and General Smuts was educated at Cambridge, where he was placed first in both parts of the Law Tripos, and in the same year carried off the George Long Prize for Roman Law and Jurisprudence. But he fought hard and skilfully against us in the Boer War, and ended in supreme command of the Boer Forces in Cape Colony. He has done much to promote the happy fusion of races since then effected, and his attitude in respect of the present position was summed up in a sentence: "We are certainly not going to be behind the Irish in lovalty to the Empire!"

The concluding three portraits of our present group represent further distinctions, naval and military, identified with the names of an honoured veteran of the French Army and one of the younger generation of Britain's leaders in courageous enterprise.

When the full history of the initial phases of the war comes to be written, the name of General Pau must command a foremost place in the French annals of valour and ungrudging self-sacrifice. "Soixante-dix Pau," as his gallant troops call him, has lost an arm in the service of his country, but, like Nelson, his naval prototype, he preserves an invincible spirit with inexhaustible mental virility.

Sir Philip Chetwode has proved himself a dashing cavalry leader, who, after fighting incessantly for ten days against odds of five to one, could sit down, without grumble or grievance against the handicap and hardship, rejoicingly to declare in his first free moment: "We have been through the Uhlans like brown paper!" With a leader of such temper to animate it, it is not surprising that the 5th British Cavalry

Brigade covered itself with glory in the field, and smashed the Prussian Horse in one of the most memorable actions in which our cavalry has taken part. Still more memorable have been the achievements of Sir Douglas Haig, commanding the 1st Army Corps, who twice, during the great fighting retreat through Belgium and France, extricated his corps with such skill as to earn the unstinted applause of his chief. The second withdrawal was effected under conditions demanding what Napoleon used to describe as "two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage," and was a master-piece of adroit manœuvring.

In territories farther afield, the same high standard of military skill has been evinced, even in such smaller enterprises as the capture of German Togoland, where Lieut.-Colonel F. C. Bryant brilliantly carried out a dashing little adventure, which caused his French confrères who formed part of the expedition handsomely to report to our Colonial Office: "Our officers and men have only tried to emulate the dash of the British, and their common success proves before all things the ability with which they were led to victory by the English officer in command."

No reference to military notabilities in the war can omit the heroic General Leman, commander of the fortress of Liège. was he who shattered the early plans of the German invaders, he by whose skilful dispositions they were made to pay so fearful a price in life for their treachery. Brilliant in defence of his charge, he was no less indomitable in defeat. The murderous howitzers, when they eventually arrived, shattered the forts to rubble, and the valiant Leman, faithful to the last, fell Miraculously preserved from death, he was found beneath the shattered masonry unconscious. Upon revival he still refused to surrender until his victorious enemy put in writing that the defences were carried and himself made prisoner while he was insensible. He was treated approximate magnanimity in that he was spared violence and insult. Nevertheless, he was carried away captive to Cologne.

Portraits of leaders in the great demonstration of enthusiastic loyalty to the Empire in Australia and New Zealand will be found in another part of this number, accompanying an article on "The Naval and Military Forces of Australasia and Their War Value to the Empire." A further group of portraits of other Men of Mark in the War, not here represented, will appear in the next number.

FRIENDLY BROOK

By RUDYARD KIPLING

Illustrated by Gunning King



HE valley was so choked with fog that one could scarcely see a cow's length across a field. Every blade, twig, bracken-frond and hoof-print carried water, and the air was filled with the noise of

rushing ditches and spouting field-drains all faithfully delivering to the brook below. A week's November rain on water-logged land had gorged her to full flood, and she proclaimed it aloud.

Two men in sackcloth aprons were considering a stubborn untrimmed hedge that ran down the hillside and disappeared into mist beside those roarings. They stood back and took stock of the neglected growth, squinted along the ragged lengths of it, tapped an elbow of hedge-oak here, a mossed beech-stub there; swayed a stooled ash back and forth, and looked at each other.

"I reckon she's about two rod thick," said Jabez, the younger, "an' she hasn't felt iron since—when has she?"

"Call it twenty-five year, Jabez, an' you won't be far out."

"Um!" Jabez rubbed his wet handbill on his wetter coat-sleeve. "She ain't a hedge. She's all manner o' shaw. We'll just about have to——" He paused, as professional etiquette required.

"Just about have to side her up an' see what she'll bear. But hadn't we best——"
Jesse paused in his turn, both men being

artists and equals.

"Get some kind o' line to go by." Jabez ranged up and down till he found a thinner place, and with clean snicks of the handbill revealed the original face of the fence. Jesse took over the dripping stuff as it fell outward, and with a grasp and a kick made

it to lie orderly on the bank till it should be faggoted. Then they got to work.

By noon a length of unclean jungle had turned itself into a disciplined, interwoven cattle-proof barrier, tufted here and there with little plumes of the sacred holly, which no woodman will touch without most direct orders.

" Now we've a witness-board to go by!" said Jesse at last.

"She won't be as easy as this all along," Jabez answered. "She'll need plenty stakes and binders when we come to the brook."

"Well, ain't we plenty?" Jesse pointed to the untrimmed perspective ahead of them that plunged downhill into the fog. "I lay there's a cord an' a half o' firewood, let alone faggots, 'fore we get anywheres anigh the brook."

"The brook's got up a piece since morning," said Jabez. "Sounds like's if she was over Wickenden's door-stones."

Jesse listened too. There was a growl in the brook's roar as though she worried something hard.

"Yes. She's over Wickenden's doorstones," he replied. "Now she'll flood acrost Alder Bay, an' that'll ease her."

"She won't ease Jim Wickenden's hay none if she do," Jabez grunted. "I told Jim he'd set that liddle stack o' his too low down in the medder. I told him so when he was drawin' the bottom for it."

"I told him so, too," said Jesse. "I told him 'fore ever you did. I told him when the County Council tarred the roads up along." He pointed uphill, where unseen automobiles and road-engines droned past continually. "A tarred road she shoots every drop o' water into the valley same's a slate roof. 'Tisn't as 'twas in the old days, when the waters soaked in and soaked out in the way o' Nature. It rooshes off they tarred reads all of a lump, and nature-ally every drop is bound to dee-scend into the

valley. And there's tar roads both two sides this valley for ten mile. That's what I told Jim Wickenden when they tarred the roads last year. But he's a valley man. He don't hardly ever journey uphill."

"What did he say when you told him that?" Jabez demanded, with a little change

of voice.

"Why, what did he say to you when you told him?" was the answer.

"What he said to you, I reckon, Jesse."

"Then you don't need me to say it over

again, Jabez."

"Well, let be how 'twill, what was he gettin' after when he said what he said to me?" Jabez insisted.

"I dunno, unless you tell me what manner o' words he said to you."

Jabez drew back from the hedge—all hedges are nests of treachery and eavesdropping—and moved to an open cattlelodge in the centre of the field.

"No need to go ferretin' around," said "None can't see us here 'fore we see

them."

"What was Jim Wickenden gettin' at when I said he'd set his stack too near anigh the brook?" Jabez dropped his voice. "He was in his mind."

"He ain't never been out of it yet, to my knowledge," Jesse drawled, and uncorked

his tea-bottle.

"But then Jim says: 'I ain't goin' to shift my stack a yard,' he says. brook's been good friends to me, and if she be minded,' he says, 'to take a snatch at my hay, I ain't settin' out to withstand her.' That's what Jim Wickenden says to me last —last June-end 'twas."

"Nor he hasn't shifted his stack, neither," Jesse replied. "An' if there's more rain, the

brook she'll shift it for him."

"No need tell me! But I want to know

what Jim was gettin' at?"

Jabez opened his clasp-knife very deliberately; Jesse as carefully opened his. They unfolded the newspapers that wrapped their dinner, coiled away and pocketed the string that bound the packages, and sat down on the edge of the lodge manger. The rain began to fall again through the fog, and the brook's voice rose.

"But I always allowed Mary was his lawful child like," said Jabez, after Jesse

had spoken for a while.

"'Tain't so . . . Jim Wickenden's woman she never made nothing. She come out o'

Lewes with her stockin's round her heels, an' she never made nor mended aught till she died. He had to light fire an' get breakfast every mornin' except Sundays, while she sowed Then she took an' died, sixteen seventeen - year back, but she never had no children."

"They was valley folk," said Jabez apologetically. "I'd no call to go in among

'em, but I always allowed Mary-

"No! Mary come out o' one o' these Lunnon Children Societies. After his woman died, Jim got his mother back from his sister over to Peasmarsh, which she'd gone to house with when Jim married. mother kept house for him after his woman died. They do say 'twas his mother led him on towards adoptin' of Mary-to furnish out the house with a child like, and keep him off from gettin' a noo woman. mostly done what his mother contrived. 'Cardenly, twixt 'em, they asked for a child from one o' those Lunnon Societies—same as it might ha' been these Barnardo children —an' Mary was sent down to 'em—in a candle-box, I've heard."

"Then Mary is chance-born. I never knowed that," said Jabez. "Yet I must

ha' heard it some time or other."

"No, she ain't. 'Twould ha' been better for some folk if she had been. She come to Jim in a candle-box with all the proper papers—lawful child o'some couple in Lunnon somewheres—mother dead, father drinkin's. And there was that Lunnon Society's five shillin's a week for her. Jim's mother she wouldn't despise week-end money, but I never heard that Jim was much of a muck-Let be how 'twill, they two mothered up Mary no bounds, till it looked at last like they'd forgot she wasn't their own flesh an' blood. Yes, I reckon they forgot Mary wasn't their'n by rights."

"That's no new thing," said Jabez. "There's more'n one or two in this parish wouldn't surrender back their Bernarders. You ask Mark Copley an' his woman an' that Bernarder cripple babe o' theirs."

"Maybe they need the five shillin'," Jesse

suggested.

"It's handy," said the other. "But the child's more. 'Dada,' he says, an' 'Mumma,' he says, with his great rollin' head-piece all hurdled up in that iron collar. He won't live long—his backbone's rotten like. But they Copleys do just about set store by him —five bob or no five bob."

"Same way with Jim an' his mother," Jesse went on. "There was talk between 'em, after a few years, o' not takin' any more week-end money for Mary, but, let alone she never passed a farden in the mire 'thout longin's, Jim didn't care like to push himself forward into the Society's remembrance. So naun came of it. The week-end money would ha' made no odds to Jim-not after his uncle willed him they four cottages at Eastbourne an' money in the bank."

"That was true, too, then? I heard something about it in a scadderin' word o'

mouth way," said Jabez.

"I'll answer for the house property, because Jim he ree-quested my signed name at the foot o' some papers concernin' it. Regardin' the money in the bank, he nature-ally wouldn't like such things talked about all round the parish, so he took strangers for witnesses.

"Then 'twill make Mary worth seekin'

after?"

"She'll need it. Her Maker ain't done

much for her outside nor yet in."

"That makes no odds." Jabez shook his head till the water showered off his hat-brim. "If Mary has money, she'll be wed before any likely pore maid. She's cause to be

grateful to Jim."

"She hides it middlin' close, then," said "It don't sometimes look to me as if Mary has her natural rightful feelin's. She don't put on her apron o' Mondays 'thout being drove to it—in the kitchen or the henhouse. She's studyin' to be a school-teacher. She'll make a beauty! I never knowed her show any sort o' kindness to nobody-not even when Jim's mother was took dumb. No, 'twadn't no stroke. It stifled the old lady in the throat here. First she couldn't shape her words no shape; then she clucked like, an' lastly she couldn't more than suck down spoon-meat an' hold her peace. Jim took her to Doctor Harding, an' Harding he bundled her off to Brighton Hospital on a ticket; but they couldn't make no stay to her afflictions there; and she was bundled off to Lunnon, an' they lit a great old lamp inside her, and Jim told me they couldn't make out nothing in no sort there, and along o' one thing an' another, an' all their spyin's and pryin's, she come back a hem sight worse than when she started. Jim said he'd have no more hospitalisin', so he give her a slate which she tied to her waist-string, and what she was minded to say she writ on it."

"Now, I never knowed that! But they're

valley folk," Jabez repeated.

"Twadn't particular noticeable, for she wasn't a talkin' woman any time o' her days.

Mary had all three's tongue . . . Well, then two years this summer, come what I'm tellin you, Mary's Lunnon father, which they'd put clean out o' their minds, arrived down from Lunnon with the law on his side, sayin' he'd take his daughter back to Lunnon, after I was workin' for Mus Dockett at Pounds Farm that summer, but I was obligin' Jim that evenin' muckin' out his pig-pen. I seed a stranger come tripsin' over the bridge agin Wickenden's door-'Twadn't the new County Council bridge with the handrail. They hadn't given it in for a public right o' way then. 'Twas just a bit o' lathy old plank which Jim had throwed acrost the brook for his own conveniences. The man wasn't drunk—only a little concerned in liquor like—an' his back was a mask where he'd slipped in the muck comin' along. He went up the bricks past Jim'r mother, which was feeding the ducks, an' set himself down at the table inside. Jim was just changin' his socks, an' the man let Jim know all his rights and aims regardin' Mary. Then there just about was a hurlybulloo! Jim's fust mind was to pitch him forth; but he'd done that once in his young days, and got six months up to Lewes Gaol along o' the man fallin' on his head. So he swallered his spittle an' let him talk. law about Mary was on the man's side from fust to last, for he showed us all the papers. Then Mary came downstairs—she'd been studyin' for an examination—an' the man tells her who he was, an' she says he had ought to have took proper care of his own flesh an' blood while he had it by him, an' not to think he could ree-claim it when it suited. He says somethin' or other, but she looks him up and down, front and backwent, and she just tongues him scadderin' out o' doors, and he went away stuffin' all the papers back into his hat, talkin' most abusefully. Then she come back and freed her mind against Jim and grandmother for not havin' warned her of her upbringin's, which it come out she hadn't ever been told. They didn't say naun to her—they never did. packed her off with any man that would ha' took her—and God's pity on him!"

"Um!" said Jabez, and sucked at his

pipe.

"So then that was the beginnin'. The man come back again next week or so, an' he catched Jim alone, 'thout his mother this time, an' he fair beazled him with his papers an' his talk, for the law was on his side, till Jim went down into his money-purse and give him ten shillin's hush-money, he told

me, to withdraw away for a bit an' leave Mary with 'em."

"But that's no way to get rid o' man or

woman," Jabez said.

"No more 'tis. I told Jim so. 'What can I do?' Jim says. 'The law's with the man. I walk about daytimes thinkin' o' it till I sweats my underclothes wringin', an' I lie abed nights thinkin' o' it till I sweats my sheets all of a sop. 'Tidn't as if I was a young man,' he says, 'nor yet as if I was a pore man. Maybe he'll drink 'isself to death.' I e'en a'most told him outright what foolishness he was enterin' into, but he knowed it—he knowed it—because he said next time the man come 'twould be fifteen shillin's. An' next time 'twas—just fifteen shillin's."

"An' was the man her father all this

while?" Jabez asked.

"He had the proofs an' the papers. Jim showed me what that Lunnon Children's Society had answered when Mary writ up to 'em an' taxed 'em with it. I lay she hadn't been proper polite in her letters to 'em, for they answered middlin' short. They said the matter was out o' their hands, but--let's see if I remember; oh, yes—they ree-gretted there had been an oversight. I reckon they had sent Mary out in the candle-box as an orphan instead o' havin' a father. Terrible arkward! Then, when he'd drinked up the money, the man come again—in his usuals—an' he kep' hammerin' an' hammerin' on about his duty to his pore dear wife, an' what he'd do for his dear daughter in Lunnon, till the tears runned down his two dirty cheeks, an' he come away with more Jim used to slip it into his hand behind the door, but his mother she heard the chink. She didn't hold with hush-money. She'd write out all her feelin's on the slate, an' Jim 'ud be settin' up half the night answerin' back an' showin' that the man had the law with him. For he had the law with him."

"Hadn't that man no trade nor business, then?" Jabez asked.

"He told me he was a printer. I reckon, though, he lived on the rates, like the rest of 'em up there in Lunnon."

"And how did Mary take it?"

"She said she'd sooner go into service than go with the man. I reckon a mistress 'ud be middlin' put to it for a maid 'fore she put Mary into cap an' gown. She was studying to be a schoo-ool-teacher. A beauty she'll make!... Well, that was how things went that fall. Mary's Lunnon father kep' comin' an' comin' 'carden as he'd

drinked out the money which Jim gave him; an' each time he'd put up his price for not takin' Mary away. Jim's mother she didn't like partin' with no money, an' bein' obliged to write her feelin's on the slate instead o' givin' 'em vent by mouth, she was just about mad. Just about she was mad!

"Come November, I lodged with Jim in the outside room over 'gainst his hen-house. I paid her my rent. I was workin' for Dockett at Pounds—gettin' chestnut-bats out o' Perry Shaw. Just such weather as this be—rain atop o' rain after a wet October. (An' I remember it eended in dry frostes right away up to Christmas.) Dockett he'd sent up to Perry Shaw for me—no, he comes puffin' himself—because a big cornerpiece o' the bank had slipped into the brook where she makes that elber at the bottom o' the seventeen acre, an' all they rubbishy alders and sallies which he had ought to have cut out when he took the farm, they'd slipped with the slip, and the brook was comin' rooshin' down atop of 'em, an' they'd just about back and spill the waters over his winter wheat. The water was lyin' in 'Jesse,' he bellers the flats already. out at me, 'get that rubbish away all manners you can! Don't stop for no faggotin', but give the brook play, or my wheat's past salvation. I can't lend you no help,' he says, 'but work, an' I'll pay ye.'"
"You had him there," Jabez chuckled.

"Yes. I reckon I had ought to have drove my bargain, but the brook was backin' up on good bread-corn. So, 'cardenly, I laid into the mess of it, workin' off the bank, where the trees was drownin' themselves head down in the roosh—just such weather as this—an' the brook creepin' up on me all the time. Long towards noon Jim come mowchin' along with his toppin' axe over his shoulder.

"'Be you minded for an extra hand at your job?' he says.

"'Be you minded to turn to?' I sez, an', no more talk to it, Jim laid in 'longside o' me. He's no bunger with a toppin' axe."

"Maybe, but I've seed him at a job o' throwin' in the woods, an' he didn't seem to make out no shape," said Jabez. "He haven't got the shoulders nor yet the judgment—my opinion—when he's dealin' with full-girt timber. He don't rightly make up his mind where he's goin' to throw her."

"We wasn't throwin' nothing. We was layin' into they soft sallies, an' backin' 'em up the bank 'fore they could back up the waters



"He turns him over an' opens his coat, and puts his fingers in the waistcoat pocket."

on to the wheat. Jim didn't say much, 'less it was that he'd had a post-card from Mary's Lunnon father night before, sayin' he was comin' down that mornin'. Jim, he'd sweated all night, an' he didn't reckon hisself equal to the talkin' an' the swearin' an' the cryin' an' his mother blamin' him afterwards on the slate. 'It spiled my day to think of it,' he sez, when we was eatin' our pieces. 'An' I've fair cried dunghill an' run. Mother'll have to tackle him by herself. I lay she won't give him no hush-money,' he says. 'I lay he'll be surprised by the time he's done with her,' he says. An' that was een a'most all the talk we had concernin' it. But he's no bunger with the toppin' axe.

"The brook she'd crep' up an' up on us, an' she kep' creepin' up on us till we was workin' knee-deep in the shallers, cuttin' an' pookin' an' pullin' what we could get to o' There was a middlin' lot the rubbish. comin' down-stream too --- cattle-bars an' hop-poles an' odds-ends bats, all poltin' down together, but it rooshed round the elber good shape by the time we'd backed out they drowned trees. Come four o'clock we reckoned we'd done a proper day's work, an' she'd take no harm if we left her. We couldn't puddle about there in the dark an' wet to no more advantage. Jim he was pourin' the water out o' his boots—no, I was doin' that-Jim was kneelin' to unlace his'n. 'Jesse,' he says, standin' up. 'The flood must be over my doorsteps at home, for here comes my old white-top bee-skep!"

"Yes. I allus heard he paints his beeskeps," Jabez put in. "I dunno paint don't tarrify bees more'n it keeps 'em dry."

"'I'll have a pook at it,' he says, an' he pooks at it just as it comes round the elber. The roosh nigh jerked the pooker out of his hand-grips, and he calls to me, an' I come runnin' barefoot. Then we pulled on the pooker, an' it reared up on eend in the roosh, an' we guessed what 'twas. 'Cardenly we pulled it into a shaller, an' it rolled a piece, an' a great old stiff man's arm nigh hit me on the face. Then he was sure. 'Tis a man, says Jim. But the face was all a mask. 'I reckon it's Mary's Lunnon father,' he says presently. 'Lend me a match and I'll make sure.' He never used baccy. We lit three matches one by another, well's we could in the rain, an' he cleaned off some o' the slob with a tussick o' grass. 'Yes,' he says, 'it's Mary's Lunnon father. He won't tarrify us no more. D'you want him, Jesse?' he says.

"'No,' I says. 'If this was Eastbourne beach like, he'd be half-a-crown apiece to us 'fore the coroner, but now we'll only lose a day havin' to 'tend the inquest. I lay he fell into the brook.'

"'I lay he did,' says Jim. 'I wonder if he saw mother.' He turns him over an' opens his coat, and puts his fingers in the waistcoat pocket and starts laughin'. 'He's seen mother right enough,' he says. 'An' he's got the best of her, too. She won't be able to crow no more over me 'bout givin' him money. I never give him more than a sovereign. She's give him two!' An' he trousers 'em, laughin' all the time. 'An' now we'll pook him back again, for I've

done with him,' he says.

"So we pooked him back into the middle of the brook, an' we saw he went round the elber 'thout balkin', an' we walked quite a piece beside of him to set him on his ways. When we couldn't see no more, we went home by the high-road, because we knowed the brook 'ud be out acrost the medders, an' we wasn't goin' to hunt for Jim's little rotten old bridge in that dark, an' rainin' heavens-hard, too. I was middlin' pleased to see light an' vittles again when we got home. Jim he pressed me to come insides for a drink. He don't drink in a generality, but he was rid of all his troubles that evenin', d'ye see. 'Mother,' he says, so soon as the door oped, 'have you seen him?' She whips out her slate and writes down 'No.' 'Oh, no,' says Jim, 'you don't get out of it that way, mother. I lay you have seen him, an' I lay he's bested you, for all your talk, same as he bested me. Make a clean breast of it, mother,' he says. 'He got round you, too.' She was goin' for the slate once more, but he stops her. 'It's all right, mother,' he says; 'I've seen him sense you have, an' he won't trouble us no more.' The old lady looks up quick as a robin, and she writes, 'Did he say so?' 'No,' says Jim, laughin', 'he didn't say so. That's how I know. But he bested you, mother. can't have it in at me for bein' soft-hearted. You're twice as tender-'earted as what I be. Look!' he says, an' he shows her the two sovereigns. 'Put 'em away where they belong,' he says. 'He won't never come for no more, an' now we'll have our drink,' he says, 'for we've earned it.'

"Nature-ally they weren't goin' to let me see where they kep' their moneys. She went upstairs with it—for the whisky."

"I never knowed Jim was a drinkin' man —in his own house like," said Jabez.

"No more he idn't, but what he takes he He won't tech no publican's likes good. hogwash acrost the bar. Four shillin's he paid for that bottle o' whisky. I know, because when the old lady brought it down, there wasn't more'n jest a liddle few dreenin's an' dregs in it. Nothing to set before

neighbours, I do assure you.

"'Why, 'twas half-full last week, mother,' he says. 'You don't mean, 'he says, 'you've give him all that as well? It's two shillin' worth,' he says. (That's how I knowed he'd paid four.) 'Well, well, mother, you be too tender-'earted to live. But I don't grudge it to him,' he says. 'I don't grudge him nothing he can keep.' So, 'cardenly, we drinked up what little sup was left."

"An' what come to Mary's Lunnon father?" said Jabez, after a full minute's

silence.

"I be too tired to go readin' the papers of evenin's, but Dockett he told me, that very week, I think, that they'd set on a man down at Robertsbridge which had polted and polted up agin so many bridges and banks like, they couldn't make nothin' out o' him."

"An' what did Mary say to all these doin's?"

"The old lady bundled her off to the village 'fore her Lunnon father come, to buy week-end stuff (an' she forgot the half o' it). When we come in, she was upstairs studyin' to be school-teacher. None told her naun about it. 'Twadn't girls' affairs."

"Reckon she knowed?" Jabez went on. "She? She must ha' guessed it middlin' close when she saw the money come back. But she never mentioned it in writing, so far's I know. She were more worrited that night on account of two-three her chickens bein' drownded, for the flood had skewed their old hen-house round on its postes. cobbled it up next mornin' when the brook srinked."

"An' where did you find the bridge?

Some fur down-stream, didn't ye?"

"Just where it allus was. She hadn't The brook had shifted but very little. gulled out the bank a piece under one eend o' the plank, so's she was liable to tilt ye sideways if you wasn't careful. But I pooked three-four bricks under her, an' she was all plumb again."

"Well, I dunno how it looks like, but let be how 'twill," said Jabez after a long pause, "he hadn't no business to come down from Lunnon tarrifyin' people an' threatenin' to take away children which they'd hobbed up for their lawful own—even if 'twas Mary

Wickenden."

"He had the business right enough, an' he had the law with him—no gettin' over that," said Jesse. "But he had the drink with him, too, an' that was where he failed like."

"Well, well! Let be how 'twill, the brook was a good friend to Jim. I see it now. I allus did wonder what he was gettin' at when he said that, when I talked to him about shiftin' the stack. 'You dunno everything,' he says. 'The brook's been a good friend to me,' he says, 'an' if she's minded to have a snatch at my hay, I ain't settin' out to withstand her."

"I reckon she's about shifted it, too, by now," Jesse chuckled. "Hark! That ain't any slip off the bank which she's got hold of."

The brook had changed her note again. It sounded as though she were mumbling something soft.

PEACE.

DEACE was the message of the Christ-Child's birth: Peace and good-will to all men upon earth. Nearly two thousand years, still man forsakes Peace for fierce warfare, sword of strife retakes.

Yet there, afar, beyond the battle's press, Gleams the white dove of Peace, all tenderness. If by their sacrifice be Peace restored, Not vainly has our heroes' blood been poured.

So that the message of the Christ-Child's birth-Peace and good-will to all men upon earth-No idealistic dream be proved at last, But based on truth and justice, firm and fast.

EDITH DART.

THE NOBLER SIDE

SOME HEROIC ASPECTS OF THE GREAT WAR

By W. G. FITZ-GERALD



HATSOEVER things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely and of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things." We hear the Apostle in silence. And pale

lips, singing in the dark, take up his theme with aching sweetness. "Your father was killed," the Russian mother wrote to her son. He, too, was killed, and the letter found upon his breast. "I send you on a sacred duty. Don't remember my tears, but only my blessing. What is our life? A drop in the ocean of beautiful Russia—she must flourish alway."

Two of our men, badly hurt, lay beside a wounded German. "What wouldn't I give for a drink?" said one. The German caught the word, so like his own, and moved uneasily. Only one of our men survived to tell the tale:—

"He kept pointing to his side as if he was saying 'Here—here!' We thought he wanted lifting, and it worried us. After a bit I hoisted myself and gave him a tug. Then we saw he was lying on his water-bottle. I found it full of wine and water, and held it to his lips. He turned away. 'No,' he says—'not me. I die—you trink.' And he died.
"We buried him proper, later on, and gave

"We buried him proper, later on, and gave him a headstone. Bit of paper it was. And, mind you, paper was pretty scarce. We couldn't think of much to put on it, so I just wrote 'A 1'!"

The flight from Antwerp was a blurred and tangled dream of horror. Lord Hindlip saw twenty miles of misery without a gap—the motor and the wheel-barrow, the centenarian and the babe at its mother's breast. It was a young mother who collapsed at the wayside

with a shivering child, her eyes on the dreadful night sky behind her, where shattering violence played in red-raw reflection. A clatter of hoofs—it was a Uhlan patrol! Snatching the baby, she cowered in the bushes, but her movement was seen. A trooper dismounted and flashed a lautern with savage words. But what he saw made a man of him. It was a cold night, and that Uhlan took off his cloak and wrapped the child in it, trying to tell the mother, in halting French, that he had a baby daughter of his own down by the Rhine.

War is ghastly enough, seen in the trench or the first-aid tent, but, as Anatole France admits, it can also educe shining qualities which would never otherwise appear. After all, there is sweetness in Treitschke's "drastic medicine"; the "last push" that Clausewitz urged can set human nature beside the angels. For war, like fire, has a purifying as well as a devouring side; muted music rises from what the prophet called "the confused noise of battle" and "garments rolled in blood."

Do you hear Captain Bradbury whispering "Morphia!" in his agony, so that his men might not be distressed by his moans? Do you see the French surgeon-major in bed, toying with la croix des braves, himself a classic surgical case with ninety-seven wounds officially recorded? Only at night could he search the fire-swept zone, that many-coloured cauldron of pain.

"And even then I felt like a glass bottle in a rifle range!" The doctor could laugh in a feeble way. "I crept here and there with an electric pocket-lamp, but, alas, it betrayed me! I could feel the searchlights groping—wheeling—pausing. At last they flashed me out and showed the way for a shell. A clap of thunder, a glare of bluish flame, and my horse went down, fairly riddled. And I—well, my back is holed like a sponge. I've lost an ear and my legs

are strangely tattooed. But it might be worse, mon bon. I might have lost my head—lost it literally, as did a captain of vour R.A.M.C. . . . A cigarette? Ah, ves!"

The wounded are extraordinarily cheerful in this war. But the surgeons and nurses run full combatant risks, owing to the great range of modern fire. A French school converted into a hospital, with forty-eight cases, was under one of our own medical Suddenly a shell struck the far end, killing a patient outright and severely wounding the two nursing orderlies who

Now consider the lot of our nurses in Antwerp under Mrs. St. Clair Stobart. She had one hundred and thirty cases, more or less severe. Suddenly, and with a rending scream, a great shell ripped the roof off the next house and blew a cavity six feet deep at the hospital door. Quick! To the cellars with the wounded—"three dirty little dens under our kitchen." Mrs. Stobart ran out into the Chaussée de Malines, looking up and down despairingly. And along came three strangely familiar 'buses-red "Generals" with Cockney place-names at the

side, and each one a rumbling ark of

salvation.

Never before were the wounded so tenderly cared for as now, or so miraculously healed. Before they go to war, science offers all manner of vaccine agents - inoculation against typhoid and tetanus, and the sepsis of wounds, a prescient blessing which saves untold lives, since some of the stricken lie forgotten for whole days. For the most part, however, the wounded are picked out of the trenches almost as they fall. Our first-aid waggons are the wonder of the Continent, so are our swift motor ambulances. In fact.

from trench to town all that forethought and money can do smooths the wounded way, and here at home great ladies vie with one another in offering carriages and country homes for the convalescent.

The soldier is no longer a pawn in the game of power, but a man—a husband and a father, whose dear ones are a sacred charge upon the nation. It is the same in France, where men recall with wonder the Peninsular campaign. Soldiers were mere gun-meat then, and preventive medicine unknown. The French had 60,000 killed, but 400,000 died of disease



A FRENCH CAVALRYMAN SPARING HIS OWN MONEY TO AID A STARVING BELGIAN REFUGEE.

were attending him. The room was wrecked; the walls blown in with deafening noise, mingled with the swish of heavy rain and high wind. The place was dark and full of smoke. .

"Breathless and exhausted," writes another English surgeon, "we reached cover. stopped to dress two badly wounded men when, with a terrifying row, two shells burst over us. We were nearly smothered with stones and earth; we gasped and choked in the horrid reek. I got off with a slight flesh wound in the forehead."

Somehow death itself has won a new grace these days. The lonely hillside grave catches the glint of dawn upon its upright lance-head. And there is a letter fluttering ... "I send you a hug and a kiss-" The pause is eternal. Below this a reverent hand has written: "Until the day break and the shadows flee away . . ." No wonder men's hearts turn to things of the spirit in such surroundings. "I offer my life for France without one regret," murmured the Abbé Delebecque to his fellow-prisoners. He was shot at half-past five in the morning. And his crime? The Abbé was carrying the last letters of the wounded—scraps of paper pushed into his cassock with love's expiring

here to picture the Old Testament and the New in calf bindings!"

Or here is the Belgian, fearless and calm as Dante in the "Inferno." On his right arm is a Red Cross band, and his country's colours round his broad-brimmed hat. Ay, and the German, too. Prince Max of Saxony is at the front as a field-preacher, the King's brother, but the humble servant of a greater King. These men make no distinction. "I caught a bit of shrapnel as big as a 'bus," says Gunner Ayres of the R.F.A. at Mons. "I lay near the gun-limber and heard in the dark a gentle voice half-whispering prayers to me in a lingo I couldn't understand. He knelt down by me,



Photo by] [Newspaper Illustrations.

BELGIAN SOLDIERS VISITED BY THEIR PRIEST IN THE TRENCHES.

effort. There was no finer figure in the whole Province of Valenciennes. "I offer my life for France——" He smiled at the tears on men's faces, and ten minutes later a scrap of his gown was seen straying out of his muddy grave.

The battle chaplain deserves a book to himself and a symbolic memorial by Rodin. The Breton Jesuit, banished from France, steals back to serve her sons in their extremity—a man of learning, of stooping pity and tact and love. Have you heard of Père Narp and Rabbi Ginsburger, two strange war-fellows in the field? They met at night in a barn, and shared their straw with the beasts. "It's a pity," the jovial priest remarked, "there's no photographer

opened my shirt, and took out the metal disc with my number and name on it. That man saved my life. He must have thought I had a chance. Anyway, he strode off and fetched the bearers, or I wouldn't be here now."

"It's Sunday," an English chaplain writes, "and we've had Holy Communion in a cowshed. In the evening we had another service in a barn, with a crowd of officers and men. Some of the familiar hymns were sung, and the commanding officer read a passage from the Book of Samuel, about Jonathan going up against the hosts to battle. The scene was impressive beyond words. Only camp-candles lit the place. The soldiers were rough and dirty with

the work of war. Some of them were just in from the trenches, others were just off there. And they might well be dead this time to-morrow night! The men sang heartily, but when prayer was offered for the dear ones at home, there were few dry eyes among those brave chaps who faced death daily. And all through that service we could hear the roar of guns sending forth dread messages of havoc and destruction."

"On my fourth Sunday," says another chaplain, "I crossed a river in the danger zone and held a service—without a surplice—for two companies who were sleeping in

a real sailor, living, eating, drinking, and sleeping with his flock, and sharing their deadly risks. So many years have elapsed since a naval war that the nation is apt to lose sight of the seafaring padre.

But wherever we look we shall find beauty, alike in nations and the individual. War has welded Russia into a spiritual whole. The Great White Czar has become in truth the "Little Father" of his peoples, from Finland to the Caucasian princedoms and the Moslem Khanates of the East. One of the Guard Regiments has formed two entire companies of men nobly born. Among these are thirty



hoto by] ["Photopress" War Service. FRENCH PEASANT WOMEN RISKING THEIR LIVES TO BRING FRUIT AND WALNUTS TO THE MEN IN THE TRENCHES.

bivouacs of straw in a wood, inches deep in water and with pools of mud all round a foot deep."

Surely these are men of God, men worthy of even pagan reverence. Nor must we forget the naval "padre"—the Rev. John Tar, as he calls himself, parson and schoolmaster, lawyer, counsellor, confidant and friend of every soul on board, from the commander to the cabin-boy. This chaplain faces death the moment the warship's guns begin to shoot and the submarine glides nearer to her giant target.

The Rev. John is a man of peculiar gifts,

Poles headed by Prince Zamoyski, who, discarding his high Court rank, dons the humble blouse of Ivan Ivanovitch—a simple private in the ranks.

France, too, is strangely sobered, and for the first time in fifteen years the Prefect of a Department sits in full uniform within the chancel rails when a solemn requiem is sung for the honoured dead. "France seeks God again," the Archbishop said, "so our dead have not died in vain. War can heal and unify as well as rend." His hearers presently came out into the autumn sunlight to the thunder

of guns and the glorious strains of a Beethoven march.

Grander still was the supplication in Notre Dame, with its appeal to Jeanne d'Arc and to the great archangel with his cuirass of light and flaming sword. The great fane held ten thousand women, a living sea of tremulous emotion that overflowed into side chapels and hid the huge plinths of massy columns. The organ throbbed with majestic hymns; the choir took up the deep sob of prayer and faith—the heart-cry of the women of France, the high and low, for all had loved ones in the bloody welter of the Marne and the Aisne.

This voice was the voice of maternal love, a prodigious angelic chant that died away as light died at sundown from glorious windows in the nave. Père Janvier preached, burning with patriotism and love, so that the multitude of mothers and sisters, wives and fiancées rose, at once heart-wounded and assuaged.

The new soul of France was born here, the France that mourns, from the orchards of Basse Normandie to the palms of the Azure Coast. Her fine ladies are changed, and all their fantaisies. No longer butterflies of the Bois, of Puteaux and La Boulie, but nurses in white linen and list slippers at the side of a bloodstained bed. Their chateaux are hospitals now, their lap-dogs collecting in the streets, and their pearls dissolved in the strong wine of suffering and self-sacrifice.

We see the same thing all over Europe, for moral forces are at work which cannot be weighed or measured by any material calculus. The Austrian Grand Duchess Maria Theresa has disappeared, but "Sister Michaelis" has a Red Cross hospital in the Hegelgasse, with noble assistants, the Baroness Beck and Countess Forgach. In London we see the duchess at her sewingmachine, her ballroom full of bandages, and her town house a teeming hive of mercy. "What can we do to help?" is the cry from eager lips that sang a different song last year.

"This war may be wounding the men," said the nerve-specialist of Harley Street, "but, take my word for it, it's curing the women. Caste-marks are fading; there's no more hysteria. Life shows our women new values nowadays—new places in a scheme of things which sends their menfolk to face hell upon earth. Yes, trouble is a tonic that works wonders. So is great grief. You've heard of bedridden people leaping up to dash out of the house in an earthquake or a fire? Well, the modern

malady of nerves has gone that way, and young girls of to-day will make fine women. They don't dance, but they knit and sew—and think! They've a new sympathy with the humble typist who lunches all the week on bread and dripping to get stuff for body-belts and comforts that bring joy in the wind-swept trench."

Self-denial—this is the nobler side, glowing brighter than the sullen skies of war. Out of the sunny shallows of life, out of the rose-hung way to the white ribbon of road pitted with howitzer shell and strewn with broken men. Here the unsacrificed find the larger love—not amor, but caritas. Here the Cockney does Christ-like things, there Jean Berger, simple soldat, holds a flask to English lips, and has three fingers shot away. Yet he gropes for food in his sack. His friend is eating when the two hear a delirious German close by. Our Guardsman rolls over to the man, but is too weak to help him.

"Jean!"

Now the one holds him up, the other pours the wine and water. All night the cannons roared around these three lads of the great warring nations. The German died before dawn. "We're thirsty!" the young Alsatian wailed. An Uhlan major heard him, and approached with revolver at the ready, until he saw his countryman with the empty flask beside him. It was not a German flask. The major called an orderly and cared tenderly for the two comrades.

Fine Prussian hearts are to be found. Prussian tears fell in Termonde—"a reeking brickyard, with the bricks strewn instead of stacked." There is lovely zeal in Berlin itself, where simple wedded folk exchange their gold rings for iron to help the funds, and where bereavement is a thing of solemn pride. "It was for the Fatherland he died," his mother says, with dry eyes that try to smile-"No man hath greater love than this." So the red harvest of peace is reaped. Death itself becomes a shrine where desolation masked in loveliness worships the soul that was, the lone star lit in the heaven of dear times gone: "I shall remember while life lasts, and in the Darkness I shall not forget!"

This serene spirit is everywhere exhaled, reaching its apogee in the smoking silence of Belgium, which has thrilled the world with a creeping climax truly Æschylean. Across the clash of warring millions Russia calls to one of the "little nations" for which

Paul Rohrbach tells us "the world has no

longer need."

"We have no country," the imperishable people say, "but we have a King!" And they have friends, too—friends dedicated and avowed, all the way from London to Los Angeles. To help Belgium was a lovely thing. Our country urchins picked blackberries to do it; the dumb appeal called America's "Christmas Ship" into being, with ten million children giving their pocketmoney for gifts. Oh, the magic argosy, with its wondrous freight of clothing and toys, sweets and food, guided into jealous ports through mine-fields, with the streamer of Christ above the Stars and Stripes bearing the one word "Inasmuch——"!

"Help Belgium!" Lady Bute took a

Canadian, Australian, and New Zealander ready to fight in line with Pathan and Sikh and Ghurka. The princes of India laid their forces and treasures—aye, and their very lives—at England's feet in the hour of need.

It was an epic transformation. "Kitchener's Call" was louder than pleasure, sweeter than ease or rank. Crime dwindled, political passions cooled, and Ireland spoke with one voice, knowing the mother of peoples no despot, but a trustee.

Duty was now the one delight. The shooting of game became a battue; the bags were shared among the hospitals where the wounded were. "If they tell me there's no other way to help," declared Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., "than to sweep a crossing in Whitehall, I'll call out for the



hoto by] [Cribb, Southsea.
BRITISH SOLDIERS GIVING MILITARY HONOURS TO A GERMAN PRISONER AT HIS BURIAL.

thousand of her women and children, our universities opened their halls to Louvain with words of stately cheer: "Sursum corda! Orietur in tenebris lux; ad vesperum demorabitur fletus, et ad matutinum latitia."

"If we have not despaired," came from the martyred nation, "during this hurricane of fire and blood, it is because we have never forgotten that you are watching over us... As little as may remain of Belgium, there will be no spot left as big as a heart where in blood and tears the flower of eternal gratitude will not bloom."

They saw Britain prepare to keep her plighted word—"a lighthouse fixed upon a rock," as the Swiss scholar said—"the guarantor of the liberty of the world." Belgium saw the rally of British Dominions;

broom!" Sir William Ramsay, the world's foremost chemist, was willing to dole out prescriptions behind a counter. Our officers and men were blood-brothers. "We're a battalion of pals," Captain Machell announced to the Border Regiment. "Badges and stripes don't imply social superiority, but only indicate our jobs."

"There was an artillery officer," says a wounded trooper of the 15th Hussars, "who gave up his blanket to a poor devil that had the shivers something awful. That officer caught pneumonia and died a week later at the base hospital." These are the relations which prevail in our volunteer army. "Jollier or kinder gentlemen you couldn't meet," is the soldier's testimony. "They'd give away their last cigarette"—a gift which appears

co-equal with life itself in these "degenerate" days! Our wounded in the field hospitals are visited by the Commander-in-Chief, Field-Marshal French; and Father James Molloy, a Catholic chaplain, describes the scene. Grave, tender words for one man and loud cheer for the next: "Good business, boy! How soon will you be out and back with us?"

"Sometimes," says Father Molloy, "the General would stay too long and couldn't get back to headquarters that night. Then he'd wrap himself in a blanket and curl up on a vacant cot or even on the floor, and go to sleep beside a wounded soldier. No wonder every lad of ours is strong for Sir John—a real man as well as a fine soldier." This is the spirit of our Army, so beautifully reflexed at home that the neutral nations send up wide continuous murmurs of praise.

"Since last August," says America's foremost paper, "there has been a marvellous change. Peer and commoner, capitalist and labourer, squire and peasant, have all flocked to the colours, taking their place, not as officers, but as private soldiers, regardless of birth and rank, of private interests or family ties . . . Britons have shown that they remain true to the original stock from which so many of us on this side of the Atlantic are proud to trace our descent."

Beyond question, war has power to bring out the lovelier aspects of humanity, the Gesittung der Menschheit, which the historian Treitschke saw in the crossing of swords and the fervid clash of national ideals. We see selfless love come forth in shining armour. Luxury is laid aside, the arts themselves are in abeyance. Scythe in hand, a Maeterlinck reaps a field; in Moscow station, Maxim Gorky awaits the ambulance train as a common porter. Chaliapin equips a hospital; Kreisler drops with a wounded arm under the flying hoofs of an Austrian charge.

I have spoken of the women, alert and tremulous with a vast desire to serve. I have seen a Queen acting as Red Cross clerk. The Czar's daughters are nursing stricken men; our girlish Princess Mary enters public life with "a wish that has long been in my heart"—an appeal for Christmas gifts "from the whole nation to every sailor afloat and every soldier at the front." It is the maternal instinct which men revere. Look now at this peasant pushing a barrow piled

high with potatoes. An old, old creature, panting and bent, but with a smile hid from all but heaven in the chilly dark of dawn, where tense sentries level their rifles with the "Halte-là!" which is the prelude of sudden death.

"He! Voilà, enfin!" Her last effort shoots the load into a trench. "For breakfast, my little ones. Ay, and faggots to roast them, too—regarde!" This new humanity is the lovely paradox of war. The war-horse is cared for in ways that Napoleon never dreamed of in that campaign across the Niemen, which cost him sixty thousand beasts.

The house-proud wife makes the Tyneside collier "gradely awhoam." He's one of the new recruits, grateful and shy, raking dead leaves for the "missus" before breakfast, or rolling and weeding the garden paths. Britain's sole anxiety is: "What can I do to help?" Beautiful good-will is abroad as the precursor of peace. And it spreads like fire, this all of love; it plays across the warring world like sunlight upon a vengeful sea.

The Empress Eugenie turns her English home into a refuge. America's greatest lady, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, figures as a kitchen scullion in Paris, with bare arms in soapsuds, and such a gown as Newport never saw, nor the "Diamond Horseshoe" at the Metropolitan. This lady is now a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, a distinction she prizes above that of Leader of the Four Hundred, whether at New York or Lenox, Long Island, or Palm Beach. Her Paris hospital is the last word in surgical equipment and staff. And illustrious painters act as concierges in the new atmosphere of serenity and love which pervades the France of to-day.

An ambulance train rolls into a wayside station, and ladies throng to the doors with dainty cates and fruit. But the wounded refuse with gay generous gesture and smiles. "Pas encore, mesdames! Go to the English—they're up in the front—and let them have the first choice."

And so beauty springs from the Terror as wine from the trampled grape. "The best word is a blow," says the German Emperor. It may be. But there is a Word of clear shining such as Isaiah saw, which "shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it!"

A LOVERS' TALE

By MAURICE HEWLETT

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen

CHAPTER I.

THE BROTHERS IN MIDFIRTH.



NTO Midfirth runs
the Mell river
through mudflats
and marl to mix
green water with
the salt waves. On
either side the land
is rich and wet,
giving fine pasture,
and you can hardly
see the snow peaks

beyond the fells from which Mell comes down cold and green and clear. There on the brae stood Melstead, and there it stands yet. Once it was the house of Ogmund and his wife Dalla; but he died before the tale begins, which begins with Dalla, a widow and blind, and her two grown sons—Thorgils and Cormac.

Dalla had been a fine girl when she married Ogmund, as he himself was a fine man, who had been a fighter and a Viking in his day. Between them they had this couple of fine sons, of whom Thorgils, the elder, favoured his father, but had little of his quality. A broad-shouldered, fair-haired, sleepy young man he was now, steady at his work, and in his ways mild and quiet. thought twice before he spoke, and therefore seldom spoke at all. If everybody did that, the world would be a peaceful place and much work done in it, but it would be very dull. Cormac took after his mother in looks, being vivid black and white. His hair was jet-black and curled freely, his face was very high in colour, that ran off to white in his forehead and neck. His eyes were light grey and rather fierce. He was a wild young man, but very friendly after the bout. He had no idea how strong he was; but his brother knew, though they were very good friends for all that. He had a keen eye for the flight of a bird or the play of a fish, knew the weather by the smell of it, and

could sing and make verses. Sometimes he made verses because he had been moved: sometimes he was moved because he had made verses; and often he did not know which way it had been with him. Although he had no notion of setting up for a poet, he thought about himself and his sensations a good deal, and had found out already that he did not greatly care to do anything unless he could watch himself doing it, and watch the thing done as it suffered the doing. That's a poet all over; but he didn't know It gave him the conclusion, however, that he was very unlike his father, the Viking, to whom the killing of a man was not at all the same as the killing of a pig. But Cormac, who had never killed a man yet, fancied that, to him at least, there would be no essential difference. He kept these ideas to himself, because he had nobody but his mother to whom he could have imparted them. She would have laughed at him and made him angry.

When this tale begins, Cormac was a full-grown man, strong for his age.

CHAPTER II.

When the whale came ashore at Watersness, Thorgils heard of it first. He went down to look at it, and found it was upon his land. It lay there, a mountain of distress, and the flies about it were as thick as a snowstorm. At home that night he spoke of it to his mother, and said that one of them must set to work cutting it up next day, or all would be spoiled. It was late autumn, very close, still, and hot, as it often is before the weather breaks up. Dalla said: "Cormac will never go to such a work. He hates to foul his hands."

"Then I must do it myself," said Thorgils, "but I had been going on to the fells to round up the sheep. It is fully time."

"Send Cormac after the sheep," Dalla said, "and let Toste go with him, and send some of the hands."

Just then Cormac came in. They heard him whistling outside in the dusk. stayed there a good time whistling, singing scraps of songs, then came in and looked at them, scowling from under his black brows. He looked as if he had been expecting to find nobody and was annoyed by a sudden roomful of people. But they took no notice of him, and his face cleared. It was like the sun coming out from behind a cloud. He threw his head up and laughed richly and snugly, as if to himself.

"What are you Dalla heard him.

laughing at?"

"You," he said, and she asked--

" Why so?"

He came and kissed her. "Because I love you, I think."

"That's an odd reason," she said, turning

up her sightless face.

"No, it's not," he said; "it's a very good reason. Whenever I come upon something I love, and find it, all closed in and ready to my hand, it tickles me. I laugh and think to myself: 'There's that pretty thing, snug against when I want it.' And then I go away and do what I've got to do, and remember that it's there all the time."

His hand was stroking her face, and she moved about to get the feel of it. She was very pleased. "Your brother here thinks you a madman, but I understand you," she said.

"So does he, when he wants me," said

Cormac, and sat down to his supper.

"I shall want you in the morning," Thorgils said after much reflection, and told him about the whale. Cormac made a sour face.

But he took a long draught before he spoke, and then he said: "That will be a dirty business, Thorgils. Can't you give me one more to my liking? You know I do ill what I have no taste for."

Thorgils said: "Well, you can round up the sheep on the fells, if you please. matters little to me. These things have to be done. There's snow coming when the wind changes. It is banking in the northwest even now."

This was a long speech for Thorgils, who had no more to say after it, and soon went to bed. Cormac sat up, telling his mother tales or listening to her stories of his father when he had been seafaring in Ireland; and before he himself went to bed he must needs go out of doors again. There was a full moon shining in splendour over the firth, and the sky was wonderfully clear.

could see over the fells to the white cap of Eiriks-jökul gleaming in the Southern sky like a dome. Below that, and three days' journey short of it, were the fells where the sheep lay, and Cormac must be betimes in the morning. He would go with Toste, who was the Melstead reeve, and worked the dogs.

But though he shortened his night by it, Cormac nevertheless walked about the shore under the glory of the moon; and many a verse he made and sang to himself as he looked over the full, flowing water or marked the ducks bobbing about like a fisherman's

floats in the broad path of light.

CHAPTER III.

CORMAC GOES TO NUPSDALE.

THEY rode out at sunrise, Cormac and Toste. with the dogs and house-carles, and worked all day fetching in the sheep. It was hard work, and the dusk came down early and found them still at it. Toste, who knew where they were, said that it would be well to put into Nupsdale-stead for the night. "They'll feed us well, and we shall hear some good talk," he said.

Cormac said it was all one to him where he stayed. He was ready to sleep out on

the fell, or go home, as Toste pleased.

Toste was for Nupsdale-stead. He knew the master of the house, and was known of him. "They will make you welcome, too," he told Cormac, "and you'll see the finest girl in the country, I believe."

"Who's that, then?" says Cormac.

"Why, Stangerd, Thorkel's daughter of Tongue. She's been fostered there these four years, and was like a spoiled hawk when I saw her last, three years back, I dare say. A handful, I'll warrant her—a breaker of hearts."

"We'll go to Nupsdale-stead," Cormac

said. "I should like to see her."

Then they went on through the acres to the homestead, which was a spacious place well sheltered from the wind; and soon they heard the dogs give tongue from the roof, and soon it was their business to fight them off and keep their own from dismemberment.

They were well received in the hall, where they found a company sitting at drink, a good fire, and a table where there would be supper by and by. Cormac looked about for the finest girl in the country, but there were no women in the hall—a son of the house served the new-comers with drink. At the further end was the high seat with two

great pillars carved with the heads of Odin and Thor; and on each side of that, curtains were hung so that there could be a passage all round.

Presently, as they sat listening to the talk, Toste gave Cormac a nudge, and, when he got his attention, looked towards those curtains.

Cormac nodded. "I know," he said.

"There are two of them there."

Behind the curtains were two pairs of bare feet shining in the light from the fire, and a hand stirred the folds, as if to keep them together.

Cormac watched them for a little, then began to sing softly, as if to himself—

"O eye-deceit or heart-deceit,
Lo, there, my blessing or my bane!
A lover at a lady's feet
Holding his heart, and there a pain!

A lady's feet, and there a lover: A patch of snow left by the rain Afield, or two tufts of white clover, And near beside a young man slain."

Then the white feet drew back; but presently Cormac saw another thing—or Toste did, and showed it to Cormac. The heads upon the high seat pillars had had empty eyes, but now the eyes of Thor were agleam.

"She is looking at you," said Toste.

Cormac nodded.

"She has bright eyes. The fire plays with them."

Then he sang again—

"The fire plays with my lady's eyes, And they make music in my head. The sea-blue bird that flashing flies Like a sword down the river-bed, Links the green earth and azure skies; And so with me is Stangerd wed, When light with light is handfasted."

Whether she heard him or not, her eyes remained shining in the empty sockets of Thor, and Cormac watched them. By and by the sockets showed empty; and, not long after that, Stangerd and a companion came into the hall at the lower end and sat down together on a bench and looked guardedly at the company. Stangerd was a tall and big girl, with corn-coloured hair, very fine and abundant, and, as Toste said, she was fire-hued and bold-looking, with blue eyes. Cormac looked at her and spoke to himself. He looked and muttered, looked and Then he broke out so that Toste muttered. could hear him, and others beside Toste. Stangerd herself could tell that he was talking verses, and be sure that they were about her. As for her friend, she revelled in it.

Cormac could see that the two girls were talking about him, for they looked sideways as they whispered together, but kept their faces turned away from him. He could not hear what they said.

Stangerd, it seemed, did not approve of him very much, but the other girl praised

him

"A fine young man," she said, "with a fine way of looking at you without offence. He looks at you as if you were a flowering tree."

Stangerd said: "He's like a magpie—all black and white. And I dislike a curly-

headed man."

"He has good eyes, sweetheart," said the

other girl. "He misses nothing."

Stangerd shrugged one of her shoulders. "Black eyes he has. They are treacherous. They see much and show little."

"They see you, my dear," said the other, "and so much, at least, they show. If I am not a goose, they show you a deal more than that."

Stangerd felt their scrutiny, and endured it for a good while; but presently she began to blush, and then must move, complaining

of the fierceness of the fire.

The men brought in the food for supper, and then, as the custom was, the women of the house waited on the men, pouring them their drink. Cormac's eyes followed Stangerd about from man to man. He said very little at table, but seemed as if he was bewitched. When she came to his side and stood above him to pour out the liquor, he did not look at her, but frowned at his platter. Nor did he watch her any more until she went out with her foster-mother and the other girls of the house.

He drank deeply from his horn, and then

looked at Toste as he sang—

"Full in the hall, rob'd in her white, She sat at ease with her arms bare, And gaz'd before her at the light, Dreaming—and her blue eyes astare Encompast me and gave me sight Of their mystery and intent—And when about the board she went, Serving the men with mead, and came And stood above me till I bent Before her, as before the flame The bushes in a forest bow And show all white—I had her name As if 'twas written on my brow: A Valkyr, Chooser of the slain! A storm-fraught spirit, fierce as pain."

Toste said: "You are badly hit, I see."
Cormac made no answer, and fixed his
eyes upon the girl until she left the hall
with her companion. The master of the
house, who was fostering Stangerd, and had
observed the effect she had had, came over

the hall and sat by his two guests. pledged them, and encouraged Cormac to

That was not at all hard, as the young man was excited, and had drunk enough to loosen stiffer tongues than his own. He talked freely, but very well. Men gaped, then laughed at him, then laughed with Very often he broke naturally into verse, and soon his was the only voice you heard. His father, Ogmund the Viking, was his best theme; he had a way of picturing the scenes in which his life had been spent. Once, he said, Ogmund rowed up a broad English river in his long ship with a raven at the prow. His ship was called Raven. They rowed up between great banks of grass and mud until they came to a town lying on a sloping ground —a close-huddled town of red roofs, with a church overtopping all. They sacked the town, and had all the plunder to share. They drowned the headman by tying him to a stake in the channel at low tide. Cormac said that the sea came up at him solid, in a wall of brown water, curling at the edge. It brimmed about his chin and then filled his mouth and his eyes. Then you saw it dimpling over the top of his head, and then for a long time the wave he made, swaying there, slanted over the flood from bank to bank.

CHAPTER IV.

CORMAC WILL NOT BUDGE.

In the morning Cormac went out of the house to the water-trough and dipped his head half a dozen times, and that was the best of his washing. Then he goes back into the hall and finds it empty; but voices of women come upon him from beyond the curtains, and one of them is Stangerd's. Straight as a hawk he goes thither, and finds the women's room, and Stangerd is there in her shift and petticoat, combing her long, yellow hair. He had never seen such hair in his life; it was deep gold in colour, and reached below her knees. Her arms and shoulders were very white, but her neck was burning, and so was her face. He stood looking at her in the doorway. The girl whom he had seen over-night was with her -a pale, slim girl, with light grey eyes and a laughing mouth. This girl, called Herdis, nudged her and whispered-

"Here is the fine stranger from the

shore."

But Stangerd's head was sideways to him, and her face averted.

Cormac said to her: "Will you lend me the comb?"

She looked up then, tossing her hair in a wave behind her. She looked very boldly, but her colour was high. She held him out the comb without saying anything, and began to rope her hair, that she might coil and pin it with a pin.

While Cormac was combing his hair, the girl Herdis stood between them and said to him: "What do you think of her hair?"

Cormac said: "It is like the silk which the worms make, when it is fresh carded."

"What hair were that for a man's wife to have!" said Herdis. "And her eyes what say you?"

Cormac said: "They are like the sea when the sun is behind you as you stand wondering at it. They are bluer than the sky when you stand in a narrow valley and look up."

Stangerd had a rope of her hair in her mouth, and was pinning a coil. She looked from Herdis to Cormac without fear or Then she took the hair from confusion. her mouth and said-

"You are a skald. I knew that yesterday.

I heard you singing in the hall."

"I sing when the words and music come to me," said Cormac. "Last night there was no trouble about it. I felt very greatly, and so sang greatly."

"I heard you," she said, "but not the words. What did you sing about?"

"My dear," said Herdis, "can you ask him that?"

"Why not," said Stangerd, "since I wish

"He sang about you," said Herdis.

Stangerd asked him fairly: "Is this true?"

"It is not true," Cormac said, "in the way she means it. Your name did not come into the song I sang. But the summertime came into it, and the yellowing of the corn-acres, and the stillness of the heat on summer mornings, and the hush of the noons, and the gentleness of the evenings; and the rising of the harvest moon, full and hot, and the brown intake she makes about her in the sky. All these things were in the song, but your name was not in it at all."

Herdis took Stangerd's arm, and the pair of them stood together before Cormac.

Stangerd asked him if he was going away that morning.



"He stood looking at her in the doorway."

"How do I know?" he said. "It may be that I shall be here talking to you. does not rest with me."

Stangerd smiled. "Does it rest with me?" "Yes," said Cormac, "and with no other."

"Here is one coming," Stangerd said, "who may wish to have a word in it." Toste came into the room.

"It is time we were away, Cormac," said "We have many a fell to beat over."

The eyes of Stangerd and Cormac met.

Then Cormac said—

"It is written that I stay here this day. You will find me here when you come off the hill."

"Now, where do you get that written?"

said Toste, with a grin.

Cormac said: "It is written in the heart of Stangerd."

"No, indeed," said Stangerd, "I don't read it there."

"But he does," said Herdis, and Toste

"A man can read his own runes, but not what is in the heart of a woman. Well, I wish you joy of your day; it will be better than mine."

So then he went, and Cormac remained all day talking to Stangerd.

In the evening Toste came back for him,

and he must go.

Stangerd came to the door of the house with him. She did not wish him to go, but she said nothing about it. They stood together at the door without speaking. Stangerd leaned against the door-post, and Cormac was near her, but not touching

When Stangerd was moved, her cheekbones showed, and the colour was fierce and high over them, as if she had been burned there. So they showed now. It grew dusk, but still Cormac could see those patches of red in her cheeks.

He said: "It grows late, and I must go after Toste. When shall I see you again?" She said: "I am always here. You will

see me when you come to look for me."

Cormac said: "That will be very soon, I Then he said, "Good-night, am thinking." Stangerd," but did not touch her with his hand.

She said, "Good-night, Cormac," and stood there a long time after he had gone

in the gathering dark.

Herdis came to her bed, and would have got into it, for she wanted to know all about it; but Stangerd pretended she was sleepy, and would not let her in.

CHAPTER V.

CORMAC IN LOVE.

CORMAC was very silent at home, and remained silent for several days; but he was intensely happy, feeling himself in bondage to Stangerd. He made up more situations for her than you would believe, and was not himself in one of them. his fancy he saw Stangerd beloved by everything in the world, and beloved by everything in turn.

After a while he told his mother of his

affair. Dalla looked rather grave.

"I hear she is a fine girl, much sought after.'

"She is a beautiful girl," said Cormac,

"and most reasonably sought."

"I am thinking that she will be too fine for your winning, my son. Thorkel will want a price for her. And he is no great friend of ours."

Cormac said: "There is no hurry. shan't speak to him yet awhile, but I shall

go to see Stangerd to-morrow."

"And what shall you say to her?" "That is as may be. If I feel called upon to say anything, I shall say it. All that I need now is to see her."

He went as he had foretold. He reached Nupsdale about noon, and, as he leaned over the wall of the intake, saw Stangerd through the open doorway of the kitchen, and two men with her, watching her while she worked. He watched her for a long time, speculating which of the two fellows loved her more, and whether either of them loved her as he did. The homestead seemed to him a holy place; everything about it was enhanced by her presence in it, moving familiarly about it; the two young men, her companions, grew tall and splendid to him. He felt more interested in them than he had ever been in any man.

He felt perfectly at ease. He wished the young men very well, hoped she was kind to them, "as kind as she was to me when I was with her all day." The thought of that day came back upon him like a flood of sudden warm weather. His heart beat. "Oh, I am a fortunate man, that such a beautiful woman should be kind to me, and let me be about with her all day!"

Presently Stangerd, having finished what she was about, came to the door and stood there; she leaned against the doorpost. She saw Cormac out in the meadow, but made no sign. He stood still looking at her, and then leapt the wall and came directly to her.

Two dogs rushed out of the house, barking furiously; but he took no notice of them, and kept his eyes upon Stangerd.

She coloured up, but he did not. He

came and stood before her.

"When did you come?" she asked him.

"A long time ago. I don't know when it was."

"Why did you not come to the house?"

"Because I was looking at you."

"Will you come in now?"

"I will come in if you are going in. If not, I will stay here."

"My foster-father will be in soon.

will ask me why you are here."
"You may tell him, if you please."

"What am I to tell him?"

"That I am come to see you."

"No, I shan't tell him that."

He laughed, but said no more for a time;

nor had she anything to say.

The goodman came home to dinner, and was not very pleased. Whatever he may have asked Stangerd, he took little notice of Cormac, but ate his dinner grimly and soon afterwards went out. Cormac stayed with Stangerd all the afternoon. It grew dark, and the moon came up over the fiord.

"Now it is her turn," Cormac said.
"She will light me down the fell, but her

eyes will be upon you all the time."

Then he said: "Will you come to the end of the court with me?"

"Why should I come?"

"The night is blue," said Cormac. "I wish to see you in the night's arms."

Stangerd said nothing to this, but she went with him into the air and as far as the end of the court.

He told her: "I shall come again to-morrow."

"You were wiser not," she said.

"It is necessary for me to see you."

"It was not necessary yesterday."
"It will be necessary to-morrow."

Again she had no answer, being neither able to agree with him nor to deny. He left her without a touch or a look, and was gone like a night-bird into the dusk that fleets far upon one stroke of his silent wings. Stangerd remained where she was for a while. Many men had loved her, but not in this fashion—to say at once so much and so little about it, to be so plain and so dark. After this he came to see her most days, and treated her in just the same way.

Stangerd was a beautiful girl, richly coloured and finely formed. She had been admired since she was ten years old, and

had often been told so. But she had never been admired as Cormac admired her, and had heard nothing like his admiration. Most men expressed themselves indirectly. by look or inference, by silence, by quarrelling with other men. If they told her in so many words that she was a beauty, they did it shamefacedly, and tried to make a joke of it. But Cormac from the first told her so plainly, and seemed to devote himself to making clear to her exactly how and exactly how much she was beautiful. He was, without doubt, making it clear to himself, but she couldn't have known that. everything that he told her was told in a plain, still voice, as if he were speaking about the weather or the crops, as indeed he thought he was.

Naturally, she was very much interested. Who in the world does not like to hear about herself?

He told her some very strange things, too, which she did not at all understand, but which none the less she accepted or passed over because they came from him. She would have been highly offended if any other man had so spoken.

He said that everything in the world was her lover. He said that in rhyme, and said it to her when she was sitting on the brae in full sunlight, with him kneeling on one knee

behind her.

So the winter passed and the spring came on; and so the year wore to the summer. Cormac spent most of the time with Stangerd, but did not declare himself in any way that you could take hold of. It seemed that he talked to Stangerd as if she were a beautiful landscape, a cornfield in heavy ear, or the fell when the heather was in flower, or a birch-wood in early spring, or the firth in the quiet of dawn. He never scrupled to say that she was as lovely as any of these, or that everything in Nature loved her. It never occurred to him to say that he, in particular, loved her. As for asking for her, Stangerd was sure that such a thought had never entered his head. Meantime she fed upon his talk as if it were bread and honey.

CHAPTER VI.

DOINGS AT TONGUE.

WHEN Thorkel of the Tongue heard what was going on at Nupsdale, he went up there after his girl. He did not see Cormac, but he called Stangerd to him and said: "I hear that Cormac of Melstead is often up

here after you. Now, come you back with

me, my girl."

So he brought her home to Tongue, and it was not long before Cormac heard that

she was there, and went to see her.

Thorkel saluted him fairly, and passed the time of day with him, thinking that he would judge for himself how things were going to turn out. Cormac sought out Stangerd and talked to her so long as the daylight lasted. Thorkel watched him closely, and didn't know well what to make of it. He didn't know, for one thing, why Cormac irritated him so much, but presently he found out. It was because the young man did not know he was there. It was because he behaved as if the whole house held nobody but Stangerd and himself. Thorkel's house, mindyou, and—if you come to that—Thorkel's No man could be expected to daughter. like that.

And so it went on for a time, and Stangerd used to watch for Cormac's coming, and to take it as a matter of course that he should be with her in whatever business she might have, and sit with her and talk. Many men were in the hall at Tongue, for it was a busy place. But when Cormac was there, Stangerd saw no other person, and Cormac saw none but her. The world, indeed, held but the pair of them, as it seemed.

Thorkel said little, but he did not like it, and did not like Cormac, who seemed to him too free of his house and child. He was a shrewd man of few words, and did not believe in Cormac. Such words as he let out were not hard to understand, and there were those about him who made the most

of them.

There was a rough man named Narve who was about the place, and there were worse than he. The two sons of Thorveig, the spae-wife, were very often at Tongue after Stangerd: the eldest of them was called Ord, a blusterous young customer, always at rough play. Stangerd had no liking for him, and Cormac at this time no jealousy at all; but Ord was very jealous.

However, Narve, who was a fool, was the one that began. He said to Thorkel one day: "Master, it's not hard to see that Cormac's visitings are not to your taste."

Cormac's visitings are not to your taste."
"Who told you that?" Thorkel asked

him.

"My wits," said Narve.

Thorkel said: "I am glad they are of some use to you. They are not far out this time. I know no harm of Cormac, yet I wish he would leave my girl alone."

"He can be taught that," Narve said.

" As how?"

"In the old way," said Narve—"by a better man than himself."

Thorkel glanced at him. "Do you mean by you, perchance?"

Narve said: "I do."

Thorkel had nothing to say to that; then Narve went on—

"Do you give me leave to deal with him?"

Thorkel said: "You need no leave of mine. Deal with him how you can—or if you can."

Narve took this for more than leave, and set his wits to work to provoke Cormac.

The year was wearing to the close. The harvest was all in, the sheep were in pen and the cattle in byre. Now was the time when men were killing beasts for salting against the winter. At Tongue that was Narve's work in particular; but everybody

was very busy.

Cormac came in there one evening and looked about, as he always did, for Stangerd. She was not in the hall, but in the kitchen, where the work was going on. She had covered herself with a great apron, and was busy with the rest. Narve was stirring a cauldron of black-puddings, and watched the pair. They met without greeting. Stangerd scarcely looked at Cormac, but was very much aware of him. As for Cormac, he did not take his eyes from her, but went and stood by her, very close. Narve could not see that they had much to say to each other, and judged that matters were beyond speech. Stangerd went on with her work under the eyes of Cormac. Presently Narve called out to Cormac: "Hither, runagate, and see my snakes in the kettle."

Cormac looked over to him. "What am I to see?"

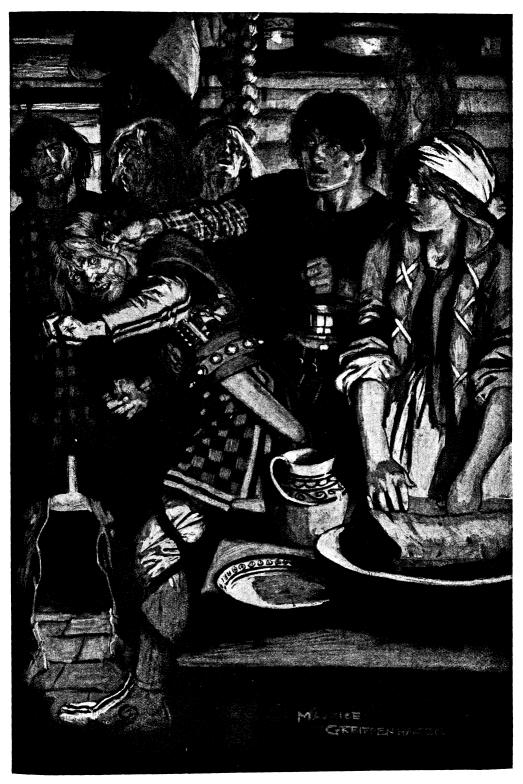
"Come and see how they boil and bubble. See them all in love with one another. They can't leave each other alone."

Cormac frowned, but he went to the cauldron. Narve stuck his prong in and fished out a pudding. "Kettle-snakes, I call them," he said. "Wrigglers and hankerers. What do you think of them?" He stuck the hissing morsel under Cormac's nose, grinning, gleaming at the eyes.

"Why, I think," said Cormac, "that I could see you writhing in there after a few more of your speeches; but you would foul the broth, and there are shorter ways with

you."

Narve said: "The shorter the better."



"Cormac took him suddenly by the ear and cuffed him soundly."

Then Cormac took him suddenly by the ear and cuffed him soundly, and flung him

away. Narve went out of doors.

Ord came in among them, and went to Stangerd, where she was salting the meat. He nodded to Cormac, but spoke to her: "Oh, Stangerd," he said, "you should be out on the brae. The moon is coming up, and the evening is very still and warm.

Stangerd said she was too busy; and then Cormac said: "She will go, but not with

you."

"With whom, then?" said Ord, with a

"With me, then," said Cormac.

Ord clacked his tongue on his palate, but held his ground, red and furious, as he well may have been, seeing he had known her the longer, and considered her in a sense his own. Cormac also was troubled—not angry, but troubled because his sense of intimacy was gone.

Stangerd bent to her work, but she flushed. She felt that she did not yet know Cormac, and that she must either pretend that she did, or drive him to explain himself. She did not wish to do this before Ord, lest Ord should think less of her, so she bent to her task and said nothing.

But Ord fretted and fumed, then broke

into scoffing.

"The skald is bold enough—with the tongue. Women take words for deeds, I believe; but men don't."

"Some men do," said Cormac. "Narve You have not yet been tried, but you may come to it."

"And if I come to it, Cormac, what

then?" Ord put back his shoulders.

"If I tell you," said Cormac, "that is tongue-work; but you ask for deeds."

Ord glared at him, very red, working his tongue about. Then he turned away.

"I won't ask—I'll do," he said. So Cormac held his place.

But Stangerd was cross.

She bit her lip, but her eyes looked kindly at him, and presently she went with him to the door, and stood without it in the dark with him.

And they both stood trembling together, and presently, without word said, they turned and kissed.

That was the first time that ever Cormac kissed Stangerd, and it was the first of many, for after that she let him take her in his arms and kiss her as he would, and bless Heaven for having made her, and cry to the stars to shoot from their sockets and make a wreath for her head, and she herself kissed him once or twice, and prayed him not to be foolish, and believed that he was not.

Cormac marched singing on his way under the stars. He went by the shore of the firth, and before he left the water he went in up to his middle and soused his head and

shoulders.

Then he went home to bed.

But at Tongue, over the fire, Thorkel sat frowning while he heard what Narve had to

say.
"The fellow is dull," said Narve, "or he shams dulness. I showed him as plain as I could speak that we had had more than enough of him. I insulted him; but no! It needs more than words."

"He had you by the ear, I understand," Ord said; and Thorkel said: "You're not

man enough."

Narve flamed. "Man enough! I'll show him how much of a man I am, when there are not women in the room; but there was Stangerd and a maid or two more, and you know what girls are about these things. Bloodshed? No, no—not before women. Don't ask me to do that.

Ord said to Thorkel: "My brother and I are at your service when you want us."

Thorkel said: "There's room here for a ready hand, seemingly. Come up here to-morrow, the pair of you, and we'll have him out of it."

They laid a plot between them before they went their ways. Narve said that he was ready for anything, and Ord said he would bring in his brother Gudmund.

(To be continued.)





A LITTLE SONG FOR EVALEEN

BY DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

Sing a song for Evaleen, only two years old,
Running laughing on life's path in her wilful way;
Christ-Child, Whom on Mary's knee her loving arms enfold,
Let Thy little angels come with this babe to play.

One to guide her either hand, so what deed it do, It shall neither give nor take grievous hurt nor pain; Let these little fingers pull blossoms fair and true For the glory of Thy feet, without thorn or stain.

One to whisper songs of joy in her listening ear,
So the sad world's bitter cries reach her but afar;
So that evil, on his way, finds no welcome here,
Let but white words come to her where Thy angels are.

One to guard her dimpled mouth, laughing in its glee,
So it say no cruel words, nor let anger call;
Let it make for all who hear golden melody,
So it raise some stricken heart where the tune may fall.

One to keep her baby eyes from despair and tears,
Let them find the lovely things of thy wondrous ways;
So they grow not dull with grief or too bright with fears—
Let them see but splendid deeds meriting Thy praise

One to guide her wilful feet lest they lose the way
On their perilous woman's path, where such dangers be;
Guide her little baby feet so they never stray
Far from where Thou art a Child held on Mary's knee.

One to bless her every deed, every thought new-born,
Bless her in the summer-time and in the winter's cold,
Bless her in the dark of night and in the dawn of morn,
This a song for Evaleen, only two years old.



THE VALLEY OF THE SWORD

By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo



HAD not seen
Twisden for six
years, and then I
met him in the
lift of an hotel
in London. He
was going up to his
bedroom, and I was
going up to mine.
The mutual recognition drove

sleepiness away, and we decided to come down again to the palm court and have a cigar and a talk.

The last time I met him he had just returned from the Riff Country, where he had been prospecting for gold. To-night he had just returned from Iceland, where he had been prospecting for metals in general and having a look at the disused sulphur mines at Krisuvik.

"I reached there by the first boat to arrive in April," said he, "and I was there till the thirtieth of June—that's a week ago. The sulphur mines are useless—the transport is too costly—there's no gold, there's no silver that I could find, but there's something better than gold to be found in Iceland."

"Diamonds?"

"Better than diamonds-radium."

"You have found radium?"

"My dear man," said Twisden, "I have located a patch of pitchblende, which, as you know, is oxide of uranium, and it's not more than one quarter the area of this palm court of the hotel, but it is simply living with radium. It is the richest radium deposit on this earth, and I've come back to London to get the money to work it and pay the Icelandic Government for the mining rights. Now, what do you say? I do not

want to get the ordinary financiers into this business. You are a man with money. Will you put up the money to work this thing,

and go half shares in the profit?"

I did not reply for a moment. I had absolute confidence in Twisden's integrity, and I knew him to be an expert in his But I knew also that he was a business. most terribly unlucky man. His bad luck was fantastic. Yet, strange to say, this man who could never make money for himself was always making money for other people. He was one of the foremost men on the Klondyke business, and all he got out of it was a frost-bitten finger, and he even lost that, for it had to be amputated. He was the discoverer of the New Potosi Mine in Mexico, and a flaw in his contract with the Government left him out in the cold. I could give you other instances, but those are enough. Yet he was a brave man and a straight man, and I liked him, and I am a bit of a speculator, and, in short, I said "Yes."

We fixed the whole thing up that night, and a week later we were both on board the *Botnia*, the mid-July boat for Iceland,

steaming out of Leith Harbour.

All my female relatives had given me mascots, and Twisden had been presented with a Billikin by some friend—he had no relatives. There was a black cat on the Botnia, and we sailed on the fifteenth, which was my lucky day. The omens were with us.

"I believe in luck and signs," said Twisden, "but if all the signs were set dead against us, it would not matter. Iceland can't run away or sink into the sea, and nothing else could stop us. Say, what shall we call the mine—something with both our names in it?"

"Let's wait till everything is finished," I

replied. "There is no use in naming a child before it is born."

We were passing through the Pentland Firth when this conversation took place, and northward of us lay the Old Man of Hoy, the sinister rock that has seen so many wrecks. To westward lay the sunset of fine weather—weather that held in an almost glacial calm till, on the evening of the fourth day of the voyage, Twisden led me by the arm right to the bow of the Botnia and pointed to the west-nor'-west, where, vaguely stretching itself like a grey pavilion on the sky, stood Vatna Jokul, the great ice dome that stretches from Tugnafells to the Hornafyordur on the Eastern Sea.

"That's Iceland," said Twisden.

It was Iceland indeed, and, even without the view of Vatna Jokul, the land would have told of its presence by the birds.

Coveys of red-billed puffins were paddling on the glassy swell, all diving like one bird at the approach of the ship; great gannets were hovering and fishing, falling like stones into the water and sending the spray yards high; a white tern or two, graceful as swallows, came flitting about us as if to inspect the ship, and a burgomaster gull came sailing across our bows, stern and fierce, a true predatory gull, pirate and overlord of the air.

But all these were nothing to the guillemots that greeted us next morning when we anchored to discharge mails and passengers at the Westmann Islands. They lined the cliffs by the thousand, and the storm of their voices followed us as we put out, steaming by the southern coast for Reykjavik, that coast where there is not a tree, or sign of a house or habitation, where the mountains stand in their desolation as they stood a million years ago, and where no movement breaks the stillness, with the exception of here and there a wind-blown plume of smoke rising from a boiling spring.

It was eleven at night when we cast anchor in the Faxa Fiord, with Reykjavik a biscuit-throw to port, and to starboard the fifty-mile-broad bay with Snaefel at its northern horn, the very same Snaefel down whose crater Jules Verne led his party on their expedition to the centre of the earth.

It was still broad daylight, and we landed in one of the shore-boats that surrounded the ship, and made straight for Zoega's Hotel.

I could scarcely believe that I had left London only five days ago. Here, walking up the street of corrugated iron houses, with its background of volcanic hills and the light of afternoon still lingering over everything, as though the sun had forgotten to sink, I seemed a million miles from London and civilisation and the whole world I knew.

"Did you notice the first man who came aboard the ship?" asked Twisden, as we tramped along through the street, crowded as though it were midday, for the whole population had turned out to welcome the *Botnia*.

"No," I replied. "What about him?"

"He had a squint."

I knew how superstitious Twisden was, and, as I knew superstitious people, I was quite aware that it was useless to talk of common-sense. Besides, my attention was distracted by a dramatic incident. Dismounting from a pony at Zoega's Hotel was a man whom Twisden pronounced to be Kellerman, a rival prospector, who had been in Iceland ever since May-end, and who had declared to Twisden his intention of leaving by the next boat after Twisden's. Instead of leaving, he had stayed on, and he had just now returned from a prospecting trip, to judge by the number of ponies that were unloading tents and equipment.

"And he has my guide," said Twisden. "I see it all. I have been given away. This chap has got word of the radium from the guide. I never said the word radium, but the guide would have known that I wasn't hunting for mushrooms, and he'd have known from my face, and from all the time I was pottering about there, that I'd found something. Well, he hasn't done me yet. If I can get first in the morning to the Government man who has the mining lands under control, I'll do him. Come right back to the Reykjavik Hotel; we'll stay there instead of at Zoega's, and so we will avoid him."

We turned in our tracks and went to the Reykjavik Hotel. It was now nearly midnight, but the extraordinary town of tin houses was still filled with daylight. People were walking in the public square, where the little stone Parliament House is, and the statue to Thorwaldsen, who was an Icelander. We could not sleep, and, though we had been travelling since dawn, we did did not feel a bit tired. You never feel tired in Iceland. We talked and talked and Lying in that bare double-bedded \mathbf{smoked} . room, we talked of radium, its value and its wonders, but mostly of its value. Then we talked of what we would do with our great

wealth when we got it. Twisden said, whatever else he did, he would build a Radium Institute. I, less philanthropic, declared for a steam yacht, an ocean-going boat built on the lines of Drexel's La Margharita; and we discussed all the steam yachts we knew till a man in the next room hammered on the wall with a boot-heel.

We were up at six and out at seven. There was no sign of Kellerman anywhere. At eight we were in the Government office that deals with lands and mining leases, and at half-past eight Twisden had in his possession a document giving him the right to search for and to mine for minerals in the Valley of the Sword—that was the Icelandic name for the location—a lease that held good for thirty-three years under a Government tax on all minerals and deposits found and exported. We would not have got the lease so quick only that Twisden, before coming to London, had put the thing in train. The Minister for Iceland was a friend of his, and a friend at Court like this greases the bureaucratic wheels wonderfully.

As we left the Mines Office, whom should we meet but Kellerman. I never saw a man so taken aback as Kellerman was when he

saw Twisden.

"So you are back," said Kellerman. "I thought you had gone for good."

"So I did—for the good of my pocket,"

replied Twisden.

Then he explained. He rubbed it in beautifully, and the stolid German stood like a sheep being scrubbed with sheep dip, not liking it, perhaps, but unprotesting.

"Ah, then, you are a lucky man," said Kellerman. "And where is this so rich radium deposit, if it is not asking you too

rude a question?"

"In the Valley of the Sword, beyond Thingveller," replied Twisden, giving the name in Icelandic.

"I have been there only three days ago," said Kellerman, "but I did not see any indication of what you say."

"Did you look in the dead centre of the

valley?" asked Twisden.

"No," replied Kellerman, "I did not."

"If you had, you would have found what I did. Well, there it is. I've got the mining rights and the Government lease and permit, stamped, in my pocket. Keep your eye on the money columns of *The Borsen Courier* nexth month, Kellerman, and see the price the shares stand at."

"Assuredly I will. What is the name of

your mine?"

"We haven't named it yet," said Twisden.

"What would you suggest?"

"Something local," replied the German.
"A thing that will have mostly a local interest should have a local name—the Reykjavik Mine, or, better still, the Geyser Mine."

"Geyser will do," said Twisden; "and as for only local interest, you watch *The Borsen Courier* and see. Confound him and his local interest!" said Twisden, as we went off to breakfast. "He'd give his left hand to have a share in the thing. I've never seen a man madder under the surface, though he kept his temper—I will say that for him."

That day, at eleven o'clock, we started with twelve ponies, a native guide named Olsen, scientific apparatus, picks, tents, and provisions for a fortnight. We were going to make a preliminary survey of our property, and we had instructed M. Helgi Zoega, that kind-hearted friend of travellers, to have all preparations ready to send a large staff of workers when we should telephone for them.

We crossed the Elethaar River and took the road by the boiling springs, where the town's washing is done with hot water provided by Nature free of expense. Up, up we went till we reached that tremendous plateau which stretches from the confines of Revkjavik to the sheer drop where begins the great plain of Thingveller. The road is the most desolate I have ever seen. It is the only road in Iceland—all other ways are bridle-tracks. Cairns border it, to give the traveller direction in the snows of winter, and the great Icelandic ravens perch on the cairns like evil spirits on the heads of men who have been turned to stone by enchant-There is no sound but that of ment. the wind and the cry of the whimbrel, that most musical and desolate of all bird cries.

Towards evening, Twisden, who was riding beside me, and who had been silent for some

time, broke out.

"I've been wondering," said he, "if Kellerman by any means has got the cinch on us."

"What makes you think of that?"

"I don't know. Seems to me he took the thing too coolly. Of course, he's a German."

"Why, my dear man," said I, "that's nothing. Germans have the name for being phlegmatic, but they are really the most emotional people on earth. But how could he have got the better of us? You have the papers giving us our rights in your pocket."

"I know; but there are so many dodges in this mining business, and I know

Kellerman is one of the shiftiest chaps that ever put pick to earth or pen to prospectus. It seems to me that calm of his was unholy, for I'm sure he's been after this job himself. He had my guide. What I'm thinking of is this: if I have made any flaw in the business,

about him. I may be wrong. But the fact is, he was with Kellerman after I left, and I believe he led Kellerman to the place. There are two valleys lying side by side, separated by a great cliff of basalt. Mine—the Valley of the Sword—is the most eastern of the two.



"'A million of money gone, and a geyser in its place!"

or mistaken the name of the valley, he'll have us, sure."

"How could you have mistaken the name?"

"Oh, I don't know. Only this—I had the name from the guide, and I have my doubts

Now, if that guide lied about the name, and if my valley is, let's say, the Valley of the Scabbard, and the other is the Valley of the Sword, we're done."

"Don't let's think of it," said I; "there's no use making trouble. Olsen, the man with

us, is to be trusted, and he'll soon tell us the truth when he sees the place."

"Ay," said Twisden, "he's to be trusted, right enough." And we left it at that.

We descended by the road over the River Oxara to the plain of Thingveller, a large lava field ringed with mountains, a veritable amphitheatre, just as it was when the Icelandic heroes fought together there in the days of Burnt Njal. In the centre of the plain there is a summer hotel made of corrugated iron and matchboarding. Here we put up for the night, starting again early the next morning on the road that leads to the great geyser. We pursued the road, or, rather, track, for some four miles; then, led by the guide, we struck off to the right and into a scene of the most tremendous desolation I have ever witnessed. It was a fine day and hot. The great walls of basalt lining the valleys we passed through cut the sky with their battlements; one could have sworn that they were fortifications built by man, for there were towers of basalt, over which the ravens fluttered like black flags, and the splits in the stone, running vertically and longitudinally, were so evenly placed that the stones seemed to have been laid by hand.

The evil spirit of these valleys lay in the mirage. The heated air shook so that hounds seemed racing along the basaltic ledges, and the far-off mountains seemed in

undular motion.

When the path reached an eminence, Iceland could be seen, far and wide, a tempest of basalt, crags, hills, highlands, all sweeping toward the vast and presidential heights of Vatna Jokul, and showing, amidst their far-off confusion, the snow-tipped cone of Heckla.

Towards evening Twisden, who had been silent for some miles, suddenly became

talkative and animated.

"We are nearly there now," said he. "When we reach that hill-top, half a mile away, we'll have the place right at our feet."

His manner from depression had changed to gaiety—he was flushed and excited. Half-way up the hill-slope we left the ponies to Olsen, and raced each other to the top.

There beneath us lay a narrow, mournful valley, and Olsen, who had just joined us, put our doubts to rest at once. The other guide had not lied to Twisden—the name was right.

"And there in the centre is where the mine is," said Twisden. "Yet the ground looks yellower there than it was. Good Heavens, can that scamp Kellerman have

done anything to it?"

As if in answer came a sound, faint and muffled, like the sound of a gong beaten in a cave, and away down there, in the quiet light of evening, a white plume slowly rose from the place where the radium location had been, stood stiff in the windless air for a minute and a half, and then sank and vanished. It was a geyser.

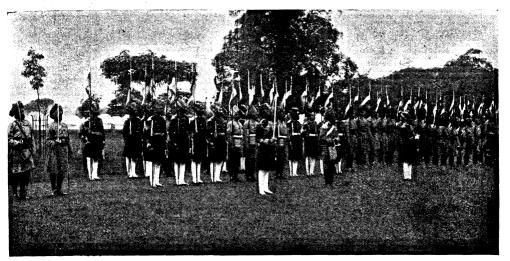
When, an hour later, we reached the spot where the pitchblende deposit had been, there was nothing but yellow mud, in the midst of which the geyser was playing again. Volcanic action had, since Twisden's location of the place, swallowed again the radium deposit born of volcanic action, but I wish it had not left that geyser.

"That's what Kellerman meant when he told us to call it the Geyser Mine," said Twisden. "Look at it! You'd swear it was mocking us. A million of money gone, and a geyser in its place! Well, Olsen, do

you call that bad or good luck?"

"Neither," replied the guide, whose face wore the sorrowful look peculiar to his countrymen. "Neither good nor bad luck—it's only Iceland."





OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S BODYGUARD.

INDIA'S MILITARY RESOURCES

I. HIS MAJESTY'S INDIAN ARMIES

By SAINT NIHAL SINGH

Photographs by George T. Jones & Son, Kingston-on-Thames.

BELIEVE this is the first time in the history of our Empire that the British mind has been able to disentangle itself from the preconceived notions that it has cherished for two centuries and more about India's helplessness from a military point of view. For the first time in the history of Indo-British relations, Britons have been responsive enough to grasp the facts that the classes and masses of Hindustan, brown-faced though they may be, are not the type of people who would embarrass Great Britain when she is engaged in a death-struggle with enemies of the same complexion and practically the same civilisation as herself, but, on the contrary, they are anxious to render aid in crushing the formidable foes of the Empire. Since India maintains over half a million men efficiently trained in Western modes of fighting with Occidental arms, and can readily and willingly increase this peace establishment to many times its present strength, this aid is not to be despised.

The army maintained in British and Indian India has been and is a bulwark of strength for the whole Empire, and large and

important detachments from it have served, not on one, but on divers occasions to acquire territory for Britain and defend its interests and honour in various parts of the globe. There is not a single campaign of any magnitude in which Britain has been engaged during the last sixty years in which Indian soldiers have not fought, and always fought like heroes. But public memory is proverbially short, and in expressing appreciation for the offers made by the British-Indian Government and the numerous Rajahs to participate in the fight on the Continent, the British people give the impression to the Indians who live and move amongst them during these critical days that they are ignorant of the blood that Indian armies have shed on the battlefields of more than one continent, on various occasions, remote and distant. It therefore seems advisable for me to remind them of the fighting that India has done in the past to keep the Union Jack floating over positions in grave peril. To make such a survey, it will be necessary to glance backward, commencing with the campaign nearest us.

The last struggle in which the British

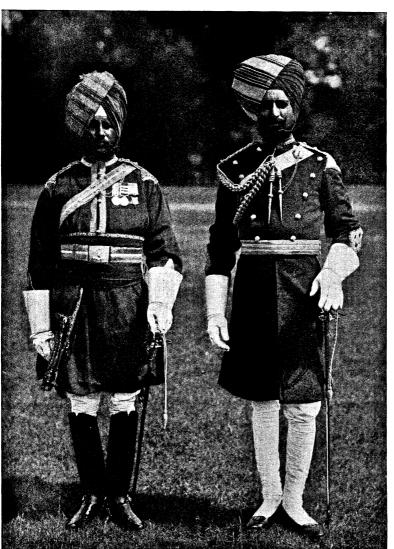
were engaged was the Boer War. The Government of India offered the War Office the use of Indian schliers, but this offer was not accepted. But although nothing came of the suggestion, it is interesting at the present time to remember that over 8,000

South Africa to organise and dispense relief to the sick and wounded. Indians in South Africa forgot the pride of their race and of their professional positions, and actually served as coolies to carry wounded Tommy Atkins from the firing line to the Red Cross hospitals.

The part that India played in the South African War is best illustrated by a story told me by an eminent British official. During the siege of Ladysmith, a Punjabi belonging to the lowly caste of water - carriers (Kahar) stood day and night on the wall, spying the movements of the enemy, even when flying shot and shells drove the British scouts to seek safety elsewhere. This man was honoured by Lord Curzon for the conspicuous bravery that he displayed on this occasion.

The chief campaigns in which Great Britain was engaged before the Boer War are the following, and in each of them Indians have served, either alone or by the side of the Britons: Tibet, 1903-1904: Somaliland, 1903; China Expeditionary Field Force, 1900-1901; the

Waziristan blockade operations, 1901–1902; the North-West Frontier Expedition, 1895 and 1897–1898; the Relief of Chitral, 1895; the Hanza Nazar Campaign, 1891; the Hazara Expedition of 1891; the Sikkim Campaign of 1888; the Burma Campaigns of 1885 and 1887; the Mahsud Waziri Expedition of 1881; the Afghan War



SIKH OFFICERS OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S BODYGUARD.

white troops belonging to the European Army of India, paid for by Indian, and not British, taxpayers, helped to defeat the Boers. Indian Rajahs, instead of being aggrieved at being forbidden to render active aid, supplied remounts, stores, etc. Indian physicians—among them at least one personal friend of mine—went to



of 1878–1880; the Bhootan Campaign of 1864–1866; the Ambela Campaign of 1863; the campaign against the Mahsud Waziris in 1860; the China Expeditionary Force of 1860; the expedition against the Kabul Khel Waziris in 1859–1860.

From this list, which is meant to be suggestive and not exhaustive, it will be readily seen that Indians have fought for Britain, not only in the Peninsula proper, but also on its north-western, northern, and eastern frontiers, and have even seen service in distant parts like China and Somaliland. Attention may be directed to the fact that these campaigns have taken Indian soldiers to fight on Himalayan heights, where the cold



SARDAR RAM SINGH BAHADUR, LATE SUBADAR-MAJOR, 15TH LUDHIANA SIKHS.

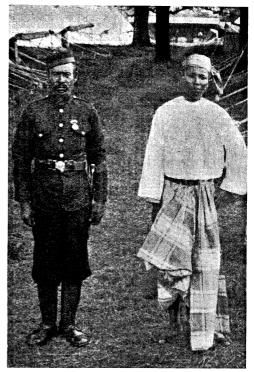


Photo by] [Underwood & Underwood.

GARHWAL INFANTRYMEN IN MILITARY UNIFORM
AND CIVILIAN DRESS.

was so intense and the snow so blinding that many of them suffered from frost-bite and snow-blindness, and to the deserts of Africa, where the heat was well-nigh unbearable even for those born in the Tropics. Service in lands with climates so widely different shows the wonderful adaptability of the Indian fighter, and is more than sufficient to disarm the fears of those who may be afraid that the Indian troops may find the cold on the Continent too trying.

Space forbids adequate treatment of the part that the Indian soldiers took in these and of the gallantry they campaigns, But it is admitted by all displayed. historians, British or otherwise, that were it not for the ready, enthusiastic, and efficient support that Indian soldiers, notably the Sikhs and Gurkhas, rendered to the hardpressed British garrisons during the Indian Sepoy Mutiny of 1857, the Indian Empire would have been irredeemably lost to Britain. All impartial historians further acknowledge that India would not have been conquered but for the important aid rendered by the Indian soldiers.

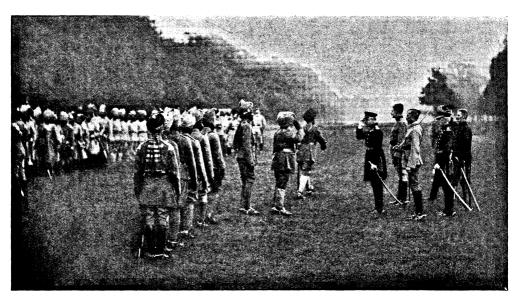
British generals and officers under whom

OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 15TH LUDHIANA SIKHS

they have served could be quoted by the score to show what admiration they cherish for the Indians' efficiency in handling Western weapons, and for their devotion to duty, their staunch faithfulness, and their fearlessness in the firing line; but space is wanting for such extracts. I cannot refrain, however, from relating a story showing the pluck of Indian soldiers.

Field-Marshal Sir Charles Brownlow, G.C.B., never tired of telling of a *jemadar*, or Indian lieutenant, of the 1st Punjab Infantry, an Islamite, Maula Dad by name, who performed a gallant deed during one of the expeditions to the North-West Frontier. The Indian troops were

over an hour the anxious officers and soldiers waited for something to happen. Finally they heard two shots fired in rapid succession, and soon after spied Maula Dad climbing up the spur down which he had disappeared. He wore a huge turban on his head, and, as he ascended, he pushed ahead of him a matchlock and two swords. He had located the mischievous enemy, killed two of them, and came back to lay his spoils at the feet of his commandant. So shy was he that no one ever was able to drag out of him the story of his exploit. All he could be persuaded to tell about his experience was that he had found them and shot them. The following day Brownlow raised



INDIAN OFFICERS AND MEN BEING REVIEWED BY H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

constantly harassed by the enemy, who "sniped" at them from the underbrush. The 20th Punjabis were in camp at a point a little lower than the 1st, and were most troubled by this guerilla warfare. day, when the complaints from the bivouac below on the Eagle's Nest had been especially bitter, one of the British officers sent for Maula Dad and explained the situation to The Indian, without hesitating for a moment, tore from his head the turban he was wearing, stripped himself to the waist, and, in the face of objections from his superior British officer, tucked up his trousers (pyjamas), and started out to hunt for his quarry. He would not allow anyone to go with him, but insisted on venturing out alone to vanquish the sharpshooters. For him to the rank of *subadar*, or Indian captain.

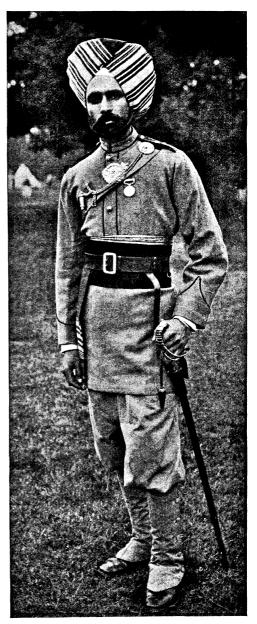
Three Indian religions chiefly contribute soldiers to His Majesty's Indian (Native) Army, namely, the Mohammedan, the Hindu, and the Sikh, each, roughly speaking, furnishing about one-third of the strength, which in normal times is about 160,000, exclusive of the 3,100 odd Britons who serve as superior officers. So numerous and diverse are the clans professing these religions which provide recruits that it is not possible to give details concerning them.

However, it may be said that practically all the fighting tribes in the Peninsula are more or less of mixed origin. Either Aryan, Scythian, and Tartar blood are blended

together in them in varying proportions, or one or the other, or all of them, have become mixed with the aboriginal Indian stock. This is responsible for a variety of clans



A CAVALRY OFFICER.



BALWANT SINGH BAHADUR, SUBADAR 23RD SIKH PIONEERS.

and tribes, all splendid soldiers, but of varying heights and features.

Take, for instance, the Sikh of the Jat clan, a majestic fellow, six feet high or thereabouts, full-bodied, and with regular features, and compare him with the Gurkha, seldom above five feet three inches tall, and with slant eyes and high cheek-bones. Or take the Afghan of North-Western India, with

his fair skin, strong features, and stalwart figure, and put him beside the Moplah of Madras, who professes the same faith—Islam—but is of medium height, and has a dark complexion and irregular features. Not all the Sikhs are stalwart. Some of them, like the Mazbis, are short, stoutish men with very dark faces and irregular features. Among the Hindus, Rajputs and Marathas are of about the same height, but the former have regular and the latter irregular features.

portion of his pay deducted each month to be used to finish paying for his mount and to meet any further recurring expenses, and provide fodder for it.

Both advance stage by stage, according to their merit, to the non-commissioned ranks, which are laice kaprel or laice naick, as the lance-corporal is called; kaprel or naick, corporal; havildar, or sergeant in the infantry; duffadar, or sergeant in the cavalry; and kot havildar or kot duffadar,

sergeant-major.

A few lucky ones advance to the commissioned ranks, which are jemadar, or subaltern; subadar, or captain in the infantry; risaldar and ressaidar, or captain in the cavalry; and subadar major and risaldar major. A peculiarity of the Indian Army is that a large percentage of these commissioned ranks are reserved for the men who rise from below. The rest are bestowed upon Sikhs, Rajputs, Marathas, Gurkhas, and Moslems of distinguished military families, who, on appointment, act as jemadars, and receive training before they are confirmed in their post.

The Indian major is always the man who has served the longest or is the bravest among the Indian officers with the cavalry regiment or infantry battalion. He

is directly under the commandant of the regiment, who is always a Briton. Each Indian major, in addition to acting as the assistant of the commanding officer, is in command of a company, as is each Indian captain.

When an Indian attains the rank of subadar major or risaldar major, whether his promotion be for length of service or for distinctions gained with either cavalry regiment or infantry battalion, he has reached the crowning point of his career. The double-company or squadron commanders,



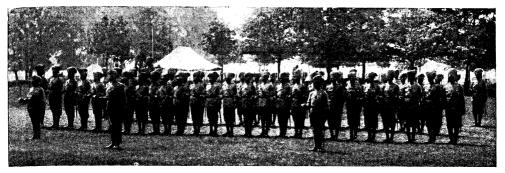
Photo by]

[Underwood & Underwood.

MEDAL MEN OF THE SAPPERS AND MINERS.

It is to be noted that there are Hindu and Moslem Jats as well as Sikh Jats, and that a very considerable number of Rajputs profess Islam, their forefathers having been converted to Mohammedanism during the time when the sword of the Moslems was all-powerful in the Peninsula.

The Indian, as a rule, enlists as a sepoy, or private in the infantry, or as a sowar, or trooper in the cavalry, the latter, as a rule, undertaking to pay a small sum of money towards the purchase of his horse and other equipment, and consenting to have a certain



A DETACHMENT OF MOUNTAIN BATTERIES

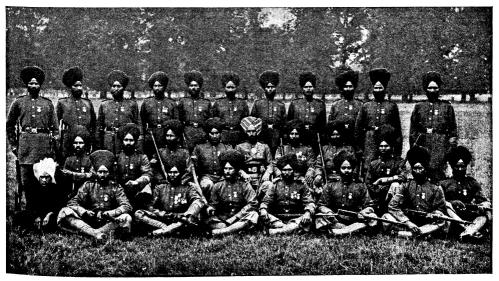
as well as the adjutant, in addition to the officer commanding the regiment, are all British. These last-named ranks are filled by commissions to Britons who have obtained their training in the United Kingdom. Lord Curzon, during his term as Viceroy, extending from 1899 to 1905, effected a small change by organising the Imperial Cadet Corps, with the object of training the younger sons of maharajahs and rajahs and of Indian nobles and aristocrats, who, in course of time, will hold some of the superior ranks now denied Indians. But the outlet thus offered is much too small to satisfy the Indian aspirations.

The Indian major receives only a small salary. As the captain of an infantry company, he is given about six guineas (Rs. 100) a month. For the performance of the duties connected with the post of senior Indian officer in the regiment, he is paid an additional three guineas (Rs. 50). If he is honoured with the First-Class Order

of British India, he is further paid two shillings and eightpence (Rs. 2) a day; while in case he has the Second-Class Order of British India, he receives one shilling and fourpence (Rs. 1) a day. Needless to add, the Indian officer has to pay for his board and for his uniform. The first-class carries with it the title of sardar bahadur (valiant chief), while the second carries that of bahadur (brave).

In addition, there is the Indian Order of Merit of three classes, with a regular scale of allowances attached to them.

The Sepoy receives only fourteen shillings and eightpence per month (not week). He feeds himself, but is allowed free fuel. It is estimated that the average man spends about four shillings and eightpence a month on his food. In times of scarcity and famine, when the private has to spend more than this sum, an extra allowance is granted him. The pay of the Sepoy, exclusive of food, is reckoned to be only about ten shillings a month.



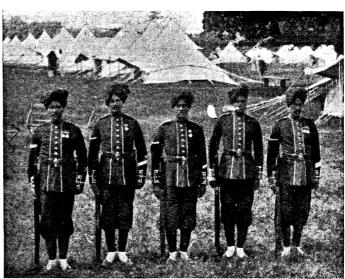
OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 23RD SIKH PIONEERS.

The trooper in the cavalry who supplies his own horse and feeds it receives about two pounds five shillings a month. But the cavalryman who does not find or feed his own mount receives less than a sovereign

per month. If the price of forage rises beyond a certain amount, the trooper is given an extra allowance to cover the increased cost of feed for his horse.

Soldiers of the line also get "good conduct pay," and, if they have been given the Indian Order of Merit for personal bravery, a graded monthly allowance according to whether it is first, second, or third class. Allowances are given while the troops are travelling or engaged in service, and when the Government does not arrange for their transport. These additions in themselves are not

end of twenty-one years' service, and are granted gratuities of small amounts for shorter periods of service, besides pensions for wounds and injuries received while on duty. If a soldier is killed or dies while on



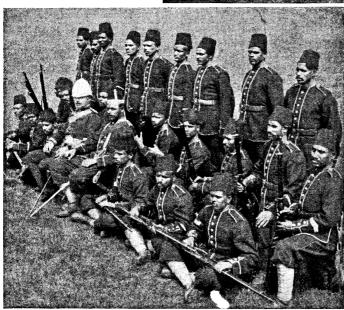
TYPES OF DOGRA SOLDIERS.

foreign service, a pension is granted to his surviving family.

It may be added, en passant, that Indians on the Reserve list, who number about 35,000, receive only a monthly pittance of two shillings and eightpence, and are not granted a pension until they have completed twenty-five years' service.

Besides the Indian (Native) Army, which, as already noticed, has a strength of about 163,000, including Indian and British officers and men, but excluding artificers and camp followers, there is a considerable body of mounted police, under various designations, and numbering about 35,000.

Over and above the Native Indian troops there is the European Army, 75,500 strong, maintained by the Government of India, and paid for by the Indian taxpayers. The latter consists of detachments of British

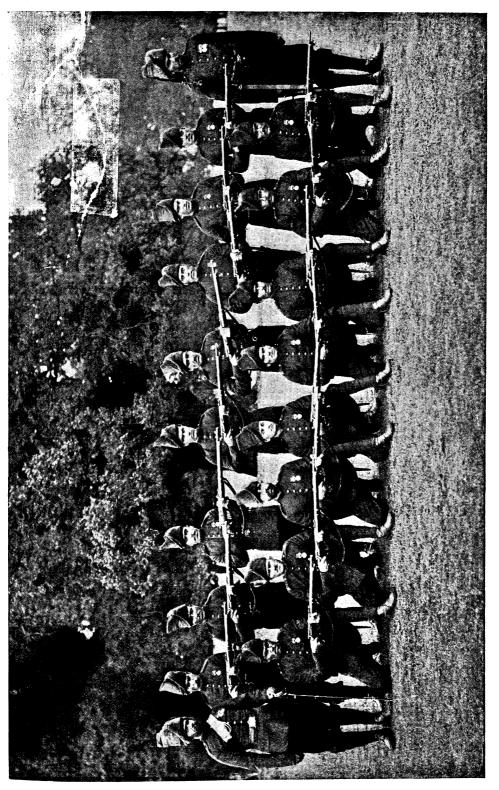


A MOPLAH RIFLE DETACHMENT.

Two photographs by Underwood & Underwood.

much, but, in view of the small pay received by the soldiers, they are a blessing to them.

Sepoys are given a pension amounting to five shillings and threepence a month at the



troops of all arms, serving in Hindustan. An ingenious system, which works with clockwork regularity, keeps convoying fresh troops from the United Kingdom to India and taking back those who have served their time with the colours.

In addition to these armies, large bodies of troops are maintained by the various Rajahs friendly to the British. The Maharajah of Nepal has about 50,000. The other Indian rulers have about 130,000, not including about 40,000 mounted police or light cavalry. In other words, the armies of the Rajahs exceed 220,000. I refer to them at length in a separate article in the next issue of The Windson Magazine.

In considering the subject of the armies in India, reference has not been made, so far, to the Volunteer Force, maintained in efficiency at all times. It numbers about

39,000.

Putting all together, the number of men that India can furnish to Great Britain at any moment considerably exceeds 500,000, belonging to cavalry, infantry, artillery, sappers and miners, mounted police, reservists,

and volunteers. What other unit of the Empire holds in fee so many men ready to rush to the firing line at a moment's notice to defend Imperial interests in any part of the globe?

It is only a truism to add that India's standing army, though large, can furnish an outlet for but a small proportion of Indians capable and desirous of bearing arms and possessing military traditions of the highest order, hoary with age. Prejudices and fears of different kinds have kept these men from being allowed to serve even as volunteers. The present strength of the volunteers in India is entirely composed of Europeans, Eurasians, Indian Christians, and Parsees. Hindus, Sikhs, Moslems, etc., are not allowed to join the volunteer ranks. The employment of Indian soldiers in the present war lays the axe at the root of the prejudices and misgivings which have kept Britain from making the best use of India's gigantic military resources, and all loyal Indians look forward to India being allowed to shoulder her full share of the Imperial burden of defence.



Photo bul

[Underwood & Underwood.

THE HAM

A RHODESIAN STORY

By GERTRUDE PAGE

Illustrated by Charles J. Crombie



was a red-letter day for Macpherson when O'Leary gave him a fine, big ham all for himself. He was farming in Rhodesia, and, as the nearest store was thirty miles distant, Mac found it much simpler to

put away his shillings and dream of the "splash" he would make in "Glasgie" one fine day than to send for good, nourishing food for his body. A tin of "bully beef" lasted him three days, with an occasional egg and a little rice-pudding, supplemented at such times as the monotony became pressing by those inspiring dreams of the future. At the same time he knew all about the taste of good food, and the mere thought of that fine ham all for himself twitched his "dour" mouth almost into the suggestion of a smile. He wondered why O'Leary gave him the ham instead of selling it to him cheap, "because," ran his reflections, "I would a' gie him twa shillings for 't. It must be worth ten, anyway."

He recalled O'Leary's words. O'Leary had dropped in after a twenty-mile shoot, and together they had finished the remains of a tin of "bully," more than half demolished.

"Begorra, man," said the Irishman, "you're doin' yourself too well these days! I haven't had such a meal for many a year. But I dessay you'd like a wee bit ham, an' I've got mor'n I can eat. Send a boy along, an' you shall have one."

Mac was a little puzzled, because it didn't seem much of a meal to him, and he thought very possibly O'Leary was sarcastic. However,

he dispatched a nigger the next day, and wondered what the mission would bring forth. When he saw the size of the ham and smelt its flavour, a gleam came into his eyes and he cared no longer whether O'Leary had been sarcastic or not. Said he to himself: "I'll have a real 'braw' appetite for that ham when I begin it. To-morrow is the meeting of the Farmers' Association at Merryweather's, and I'll just leave it for me supper, after the long ride."

The following day there was a goodly gathering of the farmers and ranchers, and Macpherson rode into their midst, looking so much less "dour" than usual that one or two members went so far as to chaff him about it. Young O'Meath unconsciously made a bull's-eye. "Why, Mac," said he, "you look as if you were on the brink of a smile! 'Jumped' something good coming over, perhaps? Some of Peel's tobacco, or Wainright's mealies?"

"I've plenty of tobacco and mealies where I've come from, thank you," grunted Mac.

"Then there's something specially appetising in your larder that you 'jumped' yesterday."

"I didna 'jump' it. I leave them tricks to whippersnappers like you."

O'Leary, with a wicked Irish twinkle in his eyes, had been listening, and now, as he turned away, the twinkle deepened. Before he finally started home it seemed to have spread to his whole face. For a little plot of his had succeeded admirably, and he had had the joy of overhearing four men invite themselves to be Macpherson's guests that night, and of watching the gloom dawn and deepen in Mac's face.

The first one was a big, hungry-looking farmer from away down Sesi direction, and in a good-humoured, masterful way he remarked: "Can ye put me up for the night, Mac? I'll be real glad if ye can. My horse is lame, and I must break my

journey home."

Muc's face fell a little. The man looked as if he might easily account for half the ham in a hungry mood. But colonial etiquette forbade anything but an invitation, and Mac managed to give it with a fairly good grace.

A little later Dicky Baird accosted him with distressing joviality. "I say, Mac, old man, can you put me up to-night? I've business to do with White to-morrow, and

it will save me a long journey."

The Hon. Dicky Baird was a sporting young farmer no one would wish to hurt, a general favourite all round, renowned for his hospitable board. Mac had enjoyed many a big feed there, and would have welcomed him gladly enough as the sole guest; but as one of two, certainly with a second healthy appetite, it was not easy to accede with as good a grace as he could wish.

If he had seen Dicky afterwards, having a laugh with O'Leary, he might have gleaned an idea; but he was too glum over what he deemed his bad luck to notice frivolities. Afterwards the two went up to King and

held another laughing consultation.

And, later, King solemnly accosted Macpherson. "Look here, Mac, can you give me a bit of scoff * to-night? I want to ride over to look at some land beyond the Mengi, and, if I could have a meal with you, I could get there about ten and camp for the night."

Mac's grey eyes grew a little stony. "There's lions there," said he. "Much better go through from here to-morrow."

"I've got to get back to my own place on Monday, though, as I've a man coming from town to see my tobacco."

"You seem in a mortal hurry to go in the

other direction "-a trifle sourly.

"Only that I'm half-way there now. But, of course, if you don't want me—" feigning a hurt expression.

"I never said I didn't want you. I only thought it a bit unkind of Providence to let

ye all want to come at once."

Then young O'Meath, for his own diversion, chipped in again. "Tell you what, Mac, I'll come along and help you with a bit of cooking. I'm convinced you've got something good tucked away in that larder of yours, and I'm

a dab at cooking anything a little special. It'll suit me A 1 to come round by your place, and I'll sleep on the stoep with pleasure."

"That makes four of ye," said Mac, a little savagely. "Why not the whole

bloomin' Association right away?"

"Oh, come, Mac!" broke in O'Leary's cheery voice. "It's just a lucky night for it to happen; you've got that ham, you know, that I sent you yesterday. You can't have eaten more than half. I'd come myself, only I've a sick dog I'm anxious about."

Mac groaned inwardly and turned away with his mouth back in the old familiar

grim lines.

But from the four self-invited guests broke a chorus of self-congratulation. "A ham! By Jove, what luck!" and "You can't keep it dark now, Mac; we are in clover!" while young O'Meath gave the finishing touch with "Great Scott, King! You'd better make a night of it, and we'll finish the beauty for breakfast." Finally, laughing and chatting gaily, in spite of a somewhat morose host, they all took the track to Macpherson's farm.

Now, it so happened on that particular day a theatrical party, filling two large motor-cars, set forth from the town of Salisbury to give a performance at the Esperato Mine. The distance was some ninety miles, and each car being overloaded, and the road leaving much to be desired for a sound, self-respecting road, it was not in the least surprising that difficulties quickly arose. First, both cars stuck in a drift, and, though it was only eleven o'clock, the efforts to dislodge them made the perspiring actors so hot and hungry that they decided to make a raid upon their scanty provisions, and trust to luck later on.

Thoroughly cheered and optimistic, they then continued their journey, and before long came to a hill so steep and loose that both cars had to be pushed to the top. This was the occasion of another considerable delay, and more perspiring actors clamouring for drink and sandwiches.

"You'll be starving before we arrive," remonstrated one of the women; but they paid no heed, merely declaring they would easily reach the mine in time for a good meal before the performance. It was not until four in the afternoon that they found they had gone off the track altogether, and were more or less lost on the veldt. Parties of twos and threes set out to investigate, having arranged for both motor horns to be

blown at intervals to keep them all in touch with their temporary headquarters. result was something like a fog at sea with the siren blowing. No one quite knew where they were, nor what sort of an object might suddenly loom up in front of them. Lions and leopards or fierce baboons might be lurking behind any rock, and people who give their lives to acting cannot be expected to be fearless, intrepid sportsmen as well. The most they could do, beyond blowing the motor horns, would be to perform a little scene introducing some prancing warrior or dare-devil knight-errant; but it was hardly to be supposed the wild beasts of Rhodesia would be taken in by such bravado, and, on the whole, the hideous sound of the motor horns was probably the greatest safeguard. So wild, unaccountable "tooting" rent the grand silence of the illimitable veldt, and such of Nature's denizens as happened to be in the neighbourhood either crept cautiously nearer to see what amazing type of human had now appeared in their domain, or slunk hurriedly away.

In the meantime, while the people at the Esperato Mine put the finishing touches to their impromptu theatre and furbished up their best clothes for the great evening, irritable actors and white-faced actresses proclaimed their woes in stentorian, imploring hoots to a world that paid no heed. In the end they had to go back a long distance in their own tracks, until they found the spot where they appeared to have branched off,

and then, so to speak, start afresh.

This time they were on the right road, but a puncture in one place and a jammed brake in another delayed them still further, and just when Macpherson's little "kia" hove in sight, they had realised it was quite impossible to reach the Esperato that night, or to send a message, or, in fact, to do anything at all except turn round and go back to town, leaving the eager audience to sit and stare at each other until they grew tired of it, and went home again likewise.

But, for the theatrical company itself, the tragedy of the moment lay in the fact that they had long ago eaten their last sandwich, and ten hungry people were face to face with a thirty-mile drive over a very bad road, by

moonlight, to the nearest hotel.

Then the leading chauffeur, with trained eyes for any object, descried the flickering light of a fire ahead.

"There's some sort of a house up there,"

he indicated.

"A house!" came in eager chorus.

"Well, maybe huts," he added; "but I think it is a white man's dwelling."

"Then drive on," said Wragford solemnly. "Where there's a white man, there is white man's food." Wragford's principal part was Julius Cæsar, so the practised wave of his hand alone, backed by the lofty tone of command, was sufficient to urge the chauffeur and motor forward. Ten minutes later the ten sorely exasperated, tired, and starving people alighted beside poor Mac's dwelling, and, alas, before them on the table, seen with fatal ease through the open door, was poor Mac's ham.

"No food!" repeated Wragford to the nigger cook-boy, who was dutifully fulfilling his master's orders when several strangers turned up. "No food!" And he turned his head slowly, with an expression no mere words could convey, to the open door.

The cook-boy looked scared, and said no more as the party filed in after their leader.

For in the emergency of the moment Wragford had unconsciously become Julius Cæsar—Julius Cæsar at his haughtiest and most autocratic moment. The rest of the actors and actresses could only follow him dumbly. The native cook-boy probably thought the Great White Chief himself had arrived from some vague Otherwhere. He stood in scared silence, and even the dogs stopped barking.

A moment later they had all collected round Mac's little table, and Wragford, or Julius Cæsar, called for plates and knives and forks. Only a very meagre supply proved forthcoming. Men dwelling alone in the wilderness do not stock their pantries, nor the 'substitute for a pantry, which is usually an old packing-case, with table appointments for ten and twelve

guests.

"It must be sandwiches," quoth Julius Cæsar, and to the scared native: "Garcong, bring all the bread you have."

Eager hands were ready to help, and if O'Leary had been having a little joke on his own account, Fate certainly seemed to be having one on hers—a two-edged one, for those four self-invited guests were not two miles distant.

In the end, not much of the ham remained except the bone, and no bread nor butter was left in the house. Having made hurried sandwiches of chunks of ham and chunks of bread, the raiders, led by their self-elected chief, scrambled into the two motors and went off as fast as they dared for that distant hotel.



"In the end, not much of the ham remained."

Half an hour later Mac and his guests arrived.

Mac had proved a taciturn, gloomy host throughout the ride, but the Hon. Dicky and young O'Meath seemed to have spirits enough for all and to spare. Even big, solid Had'ev wore a humorous expression in his eyes and about his mouth, for though he had been loth to remain absent all night from his farm, O'Leary's persuasion had been too much for him, with his graphic description of how Mac would certainly take the joke. And King, likewise, had had no intention of being away all night, and made no arrangements; but the sight of Mac's gloomy air of foreboding, as in his mind's eye he saw his

precious ham vanish down four jovial "red lanes," was comical enough to make up for a good deal, and he looked forward to the coming meal.

Later on his mood changed considerably, as also did Hadley's.

But Dicky Baird and young O'Meath, being humorists, laughed more than ever, quite able to overlook their own plight in the contemplation of the dejection of their fellows, when they stood around the empty board and realised there was not only no ham worth speaking of, but no bread and no butter at all—nothing, in fact, but one small tin of "bully" beef, and weak tea without enough milk to go round.



"And no bread nor butter was left in the house."

"Curse O'Leary!" King muttered under his breath. "That's the worst of an Irishman, with his idiotic love of a joke."

"I wish he'd come with us," growled Hadley. "We'd have given him the bone to take on the mat."

At which Dicky and young O'Meath only

laughed the more.

Then suddenly a gleam appeared in Mac's eye. "If O'Leary tried to score off me," he said solemnly, "I reckon I've scored off the four of ye—though it's through no fault o' me own—an' it's up to you to get even wi'him."

"Good old Mac!" roared young O'Meath.
"He's seen the joke! Never mind, me

braw laddie, we'll all get even with him one of these fine days."

"The thing that's puzzling me," said Baird, "is who has scored the highest? I know jolly well who is left the hungriest."

"Well, I reckon Mac has," said Hadley, with a resigned air. "Anyway, I know I haven't."

But perhaps it was just Rhodesia herself having one of those little jokes she so loves, and at which one can only learn to laugh.

For when O'Leary reached home that night, he found his boy had misunderstood him, and sent the very best and biggest ham he possessed, instead of the one he had intended, and which he knew tasted of saltpetre.

"Curse those fellows!" he growled. "They're all tucking into my best ham now, that I wanted for my Sunday shooting party. And hanged if I didn't put them up to it

myself!"

As for the theatrical party, hastening unduly to an hotel, they again became stuck in a drift, where they remained until morning; and the silver silence of the moonlit night resounded hideously to the soul-scaring sounds of the two horns, worked turn and turn about, while some tried to sleep, and designed to keep off wild beasts that were probably not within twenty or thirty miles of them at least.

And in the end Mac scored a buck, for young O'Meath got up at daybreak and went out with a gun to find something likely to appease his hunger. When he returned with a fat young Duyker, Mac's face once more relaxed.

"There you are, Maccy!" chirped the irrepressible youth. "That's a lot better than just one bally ham—and none of us can awhile to stay on with you, so you'll

get nearly all of it."

Mac, as usual, said very little, but he felt within himself that he could tell anyone quite easily, if he chose, who *had* scored in the end.

A BALLADE OF CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

THE streets are laughter-lit and bright,
As eager crowds press to and fro;
Electric lights, unwinking, white,
Look coldly on the throngs below,
Where here a noble youth doth go,
And there a maid, demure and fair,
Whose cheeks like summer roses glow,
For Christmas joy is in the air!

The shops present a gorgeous sight,
Like gleaming jewels in a row,
With gifts their windows are bedight,
And through their doors the people flow;
In one the sweetest flow'rs that grow,
Near by brocades beyond compare
Mingle with velvets white as snow—
For Christmas joy is in the air!

A child comes by, poor hungry mite,
And gazes at the tempting show,
Then sorrow changes to delight—
That box of sweets he'd longed for so,
Tied with a jaunty scarlet bow,
Is given him—he can but stare
To see what Fortune does bestow—
For Christmas joy is in the air!

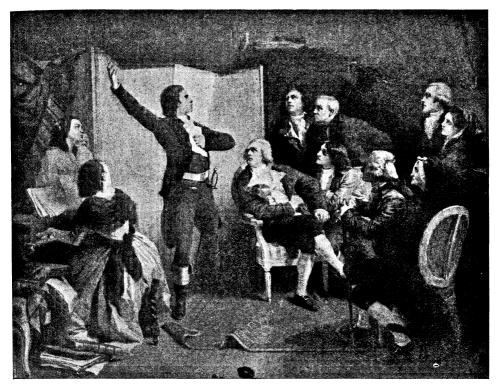
Envoy.

Away with bitterness and woe,

There's something here we all can share,
A magic quality, I know,

For Christmas joy is in the air!

LESLIE MARY OYLER.



"ROUGET DE L'ISLE SINGING HIS OWN COMPOSITION, 'THE MARSEILLAISE.'" BY J. PILS.

Reproduced from a photograph by Mansell & Co.

THE NATIONAL SONGS OF THE ALLIES AND THEIR FOES

By OLIVER HYDE AND F. A. HADLAND

HE power of the national song has only to be mentioned to recall to every reader Fletcher of Saltoun's famous saying: "Give me the making of the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." Particularly in a time of war is the music of a people potent for good or ill, for good in the ringing song of patriotic devotion, for ill in the sanguinary excitement of such a grim ballad as the "Carmagnole" or "Ca It is not always the "national anthem" proper that is the most inspiring force of a people, although it rouses the loyal emotions at its ceremonial performances, but some other song, not formally consecrated to the praise of Royalty only, but expressive of the grandeur or the high aspiration of the national spirit itself. France, perhaps,

is most fortunate of all countries in having for her national anthem a real war-song expressive of the loftiest patriotism, the very song for marching regiments. We ourselves have our ceremonial anthem, which carries its own impressiveness, but the really stirring patriotic strain of England is "Rule, Britannia!" Similarly, Germany has a ceremonial anthem of State and Royalty, and, in addition, a great enthusiastic song of the people, "Die Wacht am Rhein," or the presently more popular, because its vainglorious sentiment fits the moment, "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles!"

Both words and music of "God Save the King!" have been frequently maintained to be the work of Henry Carey, the author of "Sally in Our Alley" and other less

widely-remembered songs, of which he wrote both words and music. This general tradition, however, has but little real evidence to support it, and there are sundry reasons which go to prove that both the music and words of "God Save the King!" are of considerably earlier date, although the earliest printed version bears the date In the first place, neither words nor music ever appeared in print with Carey's name attached either in his lifetime or in the generation that immediately followed, nor is there any record of his having claimed the authorship himself, although in 1740 he republished, in a collected edition, what professed to be all the songs he had ever composed. If he had claimed the authorship of a song which had already won much favour with staunch Whigs, it seems strange that he should have omitted it from this collection of his work. Some time after his death in 1743. however, the statement was made in the "Biographia Dramatica," and reappeared in other eighteenth-century biographical works, that Carey wrote both the words and music of the anthem. Apparently this statement was first made by his son, who, in the very making of it, admitted that he had heard it ascribed to the reign of James I., and even to an earlier period, but said that he had ascertained from friends of his father's that he was both author and composer. other hand, the first printed account of the music is to be found in Ward's "Lives of the Professors of Gresham College," in which it is attributed to Dr. John Bull, the well-known musician, who was organist to James I. Ward's book was published three years before Carey's death, yet there is no record of his having disputed the statement.

Midway between the death of Henry Carey and the date at which Dr. Bull must have composed the music, since he fell from favour at the Court of James I., and left England in 1613, we can trace the air in a book of harpsichord lessons edited by Henry Purcell, which was published by his widow after his death in 1695; and a still earlier composition by Dr. Blow, published in the reign of Charles II., is written to words which are in part closely similar to certain of the lines of "God Save the King!" These minor points carry the question back nearer to the reign of James I., and not only is the actual title recorded amongst the works of Dr. Bull, but records of the Merchant Taylors' Company show that he composed the music which was performed

at the Merchant Taylors' Hall by "the gentlemen and children of the King's Chapel," when King James I., Prince Henry, his eldest son, who died in youth, and "many honourable persons," dined there on Thursday, July 16, 1607, and the King received congratulations "on his happy and wonderful escape from the Gunpowder Plot." If the anthem was composed for this occasion, there is more point in the lines-

Confound their politics, Frustrate their knavish tricks,

than can be found in applying such a sentiment to any particular moment within the period otherwise claimed as the date of the anthem's origin. It is also interesting to compare the close resemblance between some of these phrases and the prayer and "Suffrages" introduced into the Church's Service after the Gunpowder Plot. If, on the foregoing evidence, the tune be held to date from the performance at the Merchant Taylors' Hall, the authorship of the words is by the same process traced to Ben Jonson, since he wrote the several lyrics which were set to music by Dr. Bull for that occasion. This is clearly on record in the annals of the Company, although the manuscript of the words has never been traced. Their disappearance, however, might well be due to the destruction of part of the Company's hall in the Great Fire of London.

The tune of "God Save the King!" was fated to do duty in many countries. It has served for the National Anthems of Russia, Germany, Saxony, Denmark, Switzerland, and America. In 1790, Prussia adapted the air to words by Pastor Heinrich Harries, and this hymn, "Heil dir im Siegerkranz" ("Hail to thee with victory crowned"), is still the ceremonial anthem of the enemy. Saxony also used the tune to the words "Gott segne Sachsenland," written by Siegfried Mahlmann. Russia used it until 1833. In 1832 it found a home across the Atlantic, where Sam Smith wrote and fitted to the tune the familiar lines—

My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing.

Austria managed to escape it, but, as we shall see, our hymn had much to do with the making of that which the Austrians prize as the offering of Haydn to her Royal House.

Russia, in 1833, discarded our air for her own pleasingly melodious national hymn, "Bojé Tsaria khrani." The words were written by Jowkowsky. The air, if not very majestic,



HENRY CAREY,

Often said to be the composer of both words
and music of "God Save the King!"

is sufficiently appealing to ensure popularity. The composer was Alexis Lvoff (1799–1870), an adjutant to the Emperor Nicholas, who left the army to devote himself to music, and became, in 1836, Director to the Imperial Court Chapel.

So much for the variants of "God Save the King!" Musically, our anthem has a fine massiveness that suits it well to huge assemblies, but as a literary production it is nothing



DR. JOHN BULL,

Probably the composer of the music of
"God Save the King!"

to boast of. The lines in the last stanza, "Confound their politics," etc., seem nowadays almost too quaint for proper gravity. The only fine use ever made of that verse was its most apposite quotation by Miss Pross in Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities."

Very different is the true song of our sea-girt isle, "Rule, Britannia!" written almost certainly by James Thomson, and introduced into his masque of "Alfred," first performed at Cliveden House, Maidenhead, on August 1,1740. The occasion



Joseph Haydn,

Composer of the Austrian National Anthem. was the anniversary of the accession of George I. and the birthday of Princess Augusta. The music is by Dr. "Alfred" was altered into an opera and produced in that form at Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin, on March 10, 1744. bills of that performance announced that the piece would "conclude with a favourable ode in honour of Great Britain." On March 20,

1745, for Mrs. Arne's

benefit, "Alfred" was

given at Drury Lane. In the advertisement Dr. Arne first calls the ode "Rule, Britannia!" It is known to those who are particular in such matters that the true text is "Rule, Britannia; Britannia, rule the waves!" not "rules," as vulgarly misquoted, the imperative being properly continued throughout. Handel introduced a skilful allusion to the air into his "Occasional Oratorio," produced in 1746, the year the Rebellion was Every musician crushed. knows the delightful effect of the musical phrase set



JENNEVAL, Author of the words of the Belgian National Anthem.

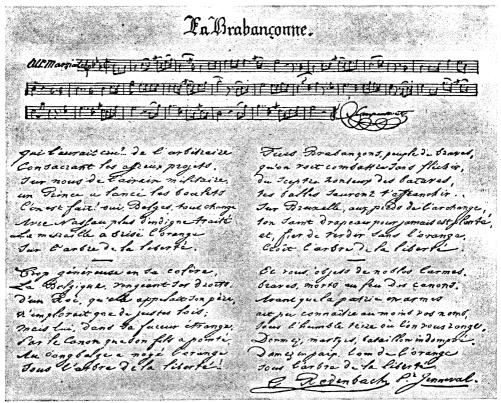


FRANÇOIS VAN CAMPENHOUT, Composer of the music of the Belgian National Anthem.

to the words "War shall cease, welcome peace," with its direct reminiscence of "Rule, Britannia!" This echo has led careless writers to state that Dr. Arne borrowed from Handel. The reverse is the case. Southey rightly says that "Rule, Britannia!" will be the political hymn of this country as long as she maintains her political power," which is true. But, strangely enough, not one person in ten could, if challenged, repeat off-hand more than the first stanza. They are worth

poems point unmistakably to his hand and to the inspiration of his Muse in the famous song, to the music of which, in Nelson's day, our ships used to move into line of buttle. Possibly they do so still, but the hand of picturesque description has been restrained as regards recent engagements. Still, it is pleasant to fancy that the old custom survives.

In the same class, that of splendid expressions of national enthusiasm, stands



FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF "LA BRABANÇONNE," PRESERVED IN THE BELGIAN ROYAL LIBRARY.

remembering, especially at the present crisis. Let us accept them as a good omen.

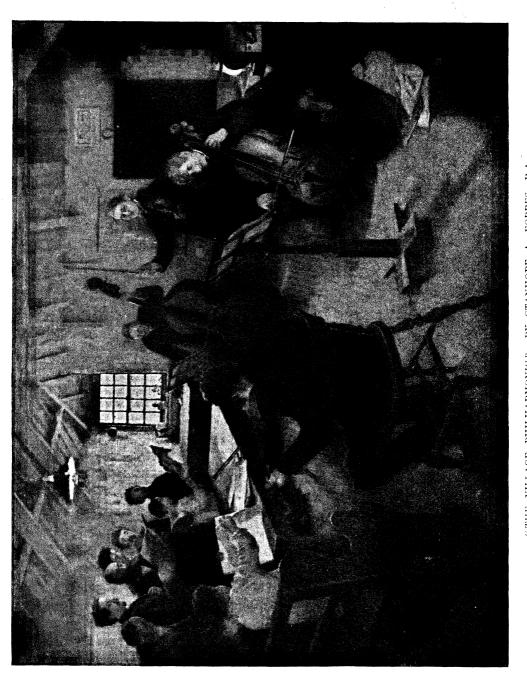
The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

For long a controversy raged over the authorship of "Rule, Britannia!" which was claimed for Mallet, joint-author of "Alfred." But beyond doubt it is Thomson's. Many passages in his "Britannia" and other

"La Marseillaise," the marching song of Republican France. Six-sevenths of it, at least, are Rouget de L'Isle's, and the music is all his own. Rouget was a young officer of the Republic, who, in April, 1792, was stationed in Strasburg. One evening, at supper at the Mayor's, he was challenged by friends, who knew his talent, to compose something for the troops to sing on their departure the following morning. M. Dietrich, the Mayor, said to him: "See, Rouget, you're a poet and musician; give us something worth the pains to sing. What they send us from Paris is mere negligible

"THE END OF THE SONG." BY G. C. WILMSHURST.



From the original in the Birmingham Art Gallery, reproduced by permission of the Art Gallery Committee of the Corporation. "THE VILLAGE PHILHARMONIC." BY STANHOPE A. FORBES, R.A.

rubbish, both words and music." Rouget at first modestly excused himself, pleading the difficulties, the lack of time. But his friends, a young and brilliant company, eagerly pressed him to try, and kept filling his glass with champagne. He yielded, and went home profoundly impressed with the idea. As he passed through the silent streets, blocked with guns, transport waggons, and stands of arms, his enthusiasm awoke. Going to his lodging, he seized his violin, and as he sang the air, so the words seemed to arise of their own accord and to fit themselves to the warlike rhythm of his thoughts. He wrote them down, he confessed, only to fix the order of the stanzas in the melody. That he sang it over to the Mayor's family, as the famous picture records, we have no The song was at first entitled "Chant de l'Armée du Rhin," and passed quickly to the chief cities of France. The revolutionist volunteers from Marseilles sang it as they entered Paris on June 30, on their way to storm the Tuileries. Hence, by a misconception of its origin, the Parisians called it "La Marseillaise." Banned under the Empire, the song regained its vogue during the Franco-German War. To-day it again resounds from many a hard-fought field, and cheers many a weary march. One stirring stanza must suffice. The air is known to everybody.

Allons, enfants de la patrie!
Le jour de gloire est arrivé.
Contre nous de la tyrannie,
L'étendard sanglant est levé (bis).
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes
Mugir ces féroces soldats?
Ils viennent, jusque dans nos bras,
Égorger nos fils, nos compagnes
Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons:
Marchez (bis), qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons.

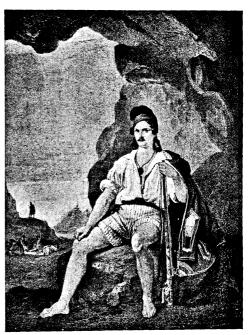
Singularly appropriate to the present time! Equally appropriate—indeed, surprisingly so—is "La Brabançonne," the national song of our incomparably gallant Belgian Allies. It arose in 1830, when the Dutch were trying to crush the Brabanters.

To-day we are all thinking of the brave Belgians, and it is interesting to recall the fact that when the nation was about to attain the dignity of an independent State, a poet and a musician came to the front and voiced the sacred feeling of patriotism in the stirring words and music of "La Brabançonne."

Louis Alexandre Hippolyte Dechez was born at Lyons in 1803. Under the name of Jenneval he made his first appearance as an actor at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, on April 29, 1828, in Delavigne's "Comédiens." At the beginning of the

year 1830 he left Brussels with the view of joining the Comédie Française, but a few months later saw him in Brussels again, when, with many of his confrères, he enrolled himself in the Town Guard. The agitation against the Dutch was rising, and Jenneval's strong Belgian sympathies found vent in the verses called "La Brabançonne," which he entrusted to a publisher named Jorez.

Jenneval had become acquainted with François van Campenhout, a native of Brussels and a capable musician, who had studied under the famous Plantade, and had been a fine stage tenor, enjoying wide



LAFEUILLADE,

The singer who, as Masaniello in Auber's "La Muette de Portici," first sang the Belgian National Anthem in that opera.

popularity, but who had left the boards, and was now devoting his attention to the composition of operas, and also Church music, including Masses and settings of the Psalms. Campenhout undertook to write the music for Jenneval's verses; but meanwhile the publisher had issued the poem with directions that it was to be sung to the tune, then well known, "Air des lanciers polonais."

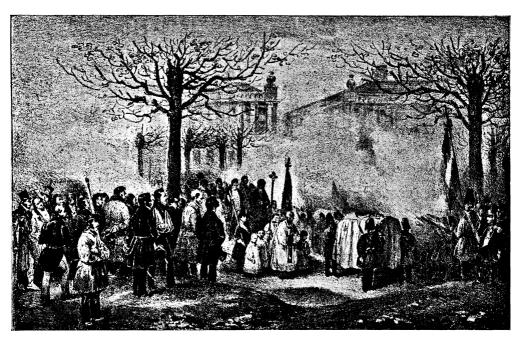
On August 25, 1830, a performance of Auber's opera "La Muette de Portici" was given, Lafeuillade playing the part of Masaniello. This opera, which had been produced in Paris two or three years earlier, has a plot founded on the rising against the

Spanish rule which occurred at Naples in 1647. The patriotic sentiment which runs through it had an electrifying effect on the audience, and at its conclusion they rushed into the streets, and a demonstration took place which gave the start to the insurrection.

Just as the newly-published patriotic verses were being read and recited everywhere, the Théâtre de la Monnaie, which had been closed, reopened its doors. This was on September 12, 1830. The house was decorated with flags, and when the tenor, Lafeuillade, stepped forward and sang the new National Anthem to Campenhout's

the Dutch. A pension was awarded to his aged mother, and Campenhout entered the household of King Leopold I. as maître de chapelle.

Campenhout's fame now rests entirely on his happy stroke of genius in providing Belgium with her national hymn. But in his day he was a noted musician. In addition to his success as a singer, his operas were heard in places as widely separated as Amsterdam, Bordeaux, and Lyons. The Belgian Order of the Iron Cross was conferred on him, and in 1845 he was pensioned. He died on April 24, 1848,



THE FUNERAL HONOURS PAID TO JENNEVAL, THE AUTHOR OF THE BELGIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

vigorous tune, the whole audience rose and joined in chorus.

About a fortnight afterwards, at the Estaminet "L'Aigle d'Or," Campenhout sang the air to an audience whose religious fervour was roused by an additional verse, and all present received it standing and in solemn silence—

Et vous, objets de nobles larmes, Braves, morts au feu des canons, Avant que la patrie en armes Ait pu connaître au moins vos noms, Sous I humble terre où l'on vous range, Dormez, martyrs, bataillon indompté! Dormez en paix loin de l'Orange, Sous l'arbre de la liberté,

Three weeks later Jenneval fell fighting before the walls of Antwerp, then held by aged sixty-nine, enjoying to the last the reputation which he had attained, and a medal was struck in honour of his memory.

It has been pointed out that the tune of "La Brabançonne" bears some resemblance to the march in Rossini's opera "Tancredi," and also to a once popular song "Au temps heureux de la chevalerie." But, at any rate, Campenhout produced the right thing at the right moment, and the hunters after plagiarisms may well be ignored.

The music had so often been modified by different arrangements that the Belgian War Minister in 1873 decreed that all military bands were to conform to a score by Bender, Inspector of Music to the Belgian Army. Its performance as scored for orchestra by



JAMES THOMSON,

Author of the words of "Rule,
Britannia!"

Sir Henry Wood, and played at the recent series of Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall, was well worth hearing. Once again the only existing translation is of the poorest, but it will serve to show how wonderfully this outburst of Belgian spirit fits the present sufferings of that martyred but indomitable nation. Substitute Hohenzollern for Nassau, and the picture is complete.

Who'd have believed such self-willed daring That his base ends he might attain, Avid for blood, a prince unsparing Bullets on us should rain?



DR. ARNE,
Composer of the music of "Rule, Britannia!"

Let it end! Belgians, be freemen, From Nassau brook no more indignity Since grape hath toru down the orange flying Upon the tree of Liberty.

With such a battle-song, no wonder the Belgians showed the world a feat of arms like Liège.

In 1870 "Die Wacht am Rhein" was a national inspiration. It was the voice of a cause believed by the German nation to be just. The subject need not be pursued with any remarks contrasting that day with this. It may merely be told that "Die Wacht am Rhein" was written by Max Schneckenberger,



ROUGET DE L'ISLE,

Author and composer of "The Marseillaise,"

and the music was composed by Carl Wilhelm in 1854. In 1871 the popularity of his song brought Wilhelm a pension of one hundred and fifty pounds. He died in 1873.

Austria's national anthem, "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser," is often called "Haydn's hymn to the Emperor." It is really a hymn to God on behalf of the Emperor. Haydn, during his visits to England, envied us our National Anthem, and longed to give Austria one of her own. Freiherr von

Swieten took up the idea and passed it on to Graf von Saurau, and the poet Hanschka was asked to write the words, which are on exactly the same poetical level and in the same strain as our own and the Russian Anthem. Haydn set the air to the words in January, 1797, when he was sixty-five years old, and it was first performed on February 12, the Emperor's birthday, in the National Theatre, Vienna, and in all the leading provincial theatres. It was the composer's favourite work. In his old age he constantly solaced himself by playing it over, and he wrote for it the variations known as the "Kaiserquartett."

The writer and composer of Servia's National Anthem, "Ustaj, Ustaj, Srbine!" are alike unknown. It dates from about 1848, and runs, roughly, as follows:—

Rise, O Servians,

Rise, O Servians, Lift your banners to the skies, For your country needs her children, Fight to make her free. Rise, oh, rise and crush our enemy Rise, and fight for liberty. Free the Sav and Drina flow, Let us, too, unfettered go.

The Servian song comes nearer poetry than many of the others.

Apart from the professedly patriotic songs, every army has some popular ditty of the day which it sings with fervent persistency. In the Crimea our soldiers sang Thomas Haynes Bayley's "I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree," and the present campaign has given first place to the music-hall ditty "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," which delighted the fair French fish-maidens of Boulogne. Together with this song goes the old catchword, revived for the occasion, "Are we down-'earted? No!" This the French piou-piou has made his own in a neat translation: "Est-ce que nous avons le cœur brisé? Non!" Marvellous is the power of rhythm. For the rhythm of the Marseillaise men go rejoicing to death.



KARL WILHELM,

Composer of the music of "Die Wacht am Rhein."



Author of the words of "Die Wacht am Rhein."



Photo by

A SKATERS' HOCKEY MATCH.

" Topical."

WINTER SPORTS IN THE ALPS

By W. W. LOWE

WITZERLAND in winter! What do the words mean to those who stay at home in England, and who look upon winter as a time of supreme discomfort; when the mackintosh and the umbrella are the weapons of defence against the onslaughts of the English climate; when fogs depress, and passing cabs splash mud, or country roads are ankle-deep in slush? Who can know Switzerland who only England knows? What a revelation for the man who, on his first journey to Switzerland in winter, leaves Charing Cross wrapped in a murky fog, and who, twenty-four hours later, is gazing at the cloudless blue of the sky! The same man who, but a short time before, was shivering under a well-lined great-coat, will be basking coatless and hatless in glorious sunshine, and that, too, at an altitude of 4,000 or 5,000 feet above sea-level. Though the thermometer registers a few degrees below freezing-point, the air is so dry that the cold is not felt. The climatic conditions are such that the skier, tobogganer, or skater can spend happy days of radiant warmth. No one Alpine resort need be mentioned in preference to another: the writer's experience is that they all have their special excellences. One place may have better facilities for skating, another for tobogganing or ski-ing, another may enjoy an hour's longer sunshine; but there is no monopoly of scenery or of air. Nor are the social attractions greater at one place than at another, for go where you will among the many hotels to which the English visitors flock, you will find the same genial comradeship and the same desire to banish dull care—at any rate, until it is time to go back to England.

It seems almost ungenerous to dwell too long on the delights of a winter holiday in the Alps, for the number of those who are fortunate enough to be able to spend the winter or part of it in Switzerland is necessarily limited. The object with which this article is written is not to tantalise the less fortunate, but to give advice to the novice as to the necessary equipment for tobogganing, ski-ing and skating.

It is as well to remember that you are more likely in the high Alps to suffer from sunstroke than from frost-bite, so avoid the mistake of being too heavily clad. It is not necessary to take garments that would be suitable for an Arctic expedition, though you must be prepared for an extremely chilly journey. But if you attempt to toboggan or to ski in the garments with which you defied

the insidious draughts of the train or the station platform, you will quickly find yourself in a pitiable plight. The under-garments should be fairly light, and the most serviceable external outfit will be a sweater, Norfolk coat and knickers, puttees and shooting boots. Woollen gloves are a necessity and snow boots a convenience, but dogskin gloves and leather gaiters are worse than useless.

Having suitably dressed the novice, we

tobogganing, but all he knows of ski-ing is that you tie two planks on to your feet, grasp a pole, and then do your very best not to sit down on your head. So he determines to solve the problem of the unknown, and with some inward fear and trembling, but with an outward show of nonchalance, he asks an obliging hotel-porter for a pair of skis. At last he is ready, and sallies forth gaily enough along the road from the hotel in search of a suitable spot to make his first attempt. He

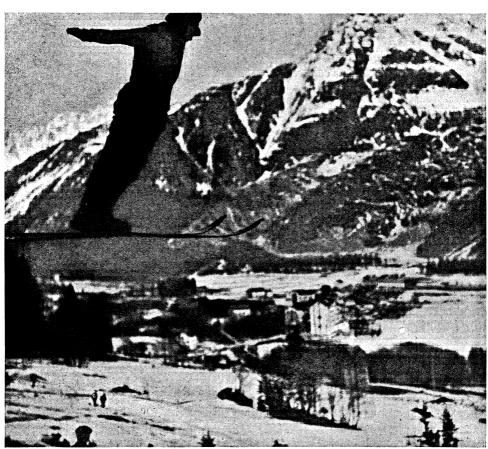


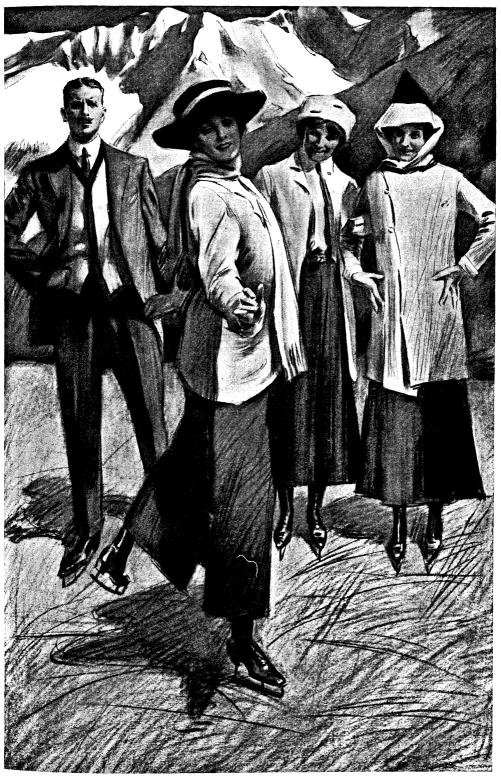
Photo by]

A GOOD JUMP.

[Sport & General.

will imagine that he has decided to devote his first day to the seemingly perilous sport of ski-ing. He has come out to enjoy his holiday, to renew his youth in a bracing climate, and, so to speak, to cast the slough of care. He has arrived at some Alpine resort where he finds that practically the only method of progression is sliding in some form or other. He is probably more or less familiar with that form of sliding known as skating, and in a lesser degree with that of

is just a little sorry that he was so anxious to disguise his inexperience as not to ask for advice, but he sees a likely-looking slope, and, being a novice, he thinks that the steeper the incline, the quicker will be his progress in the art. He is soon to remember the facilis descensus Averno of his youth, and after a breathless flight through space—how, he cannot tell—he seems to have sat on every part of his body at one and the same time; his eyes and mouth are full of snow, and one



"A SKATING LESSON: THE OUTSIDE EDGE IN THE CONTINENTAL STYLE." By G. C. WILMSHURST.

of his skis is madly careering downhill. He picks himself up slowly and carefully, and feels his limbs for the various compound fractures which he has sustained. he has at last, and somewhat reluctantly. assured himself on this point, he unfastens the remaining ski and goes in search of the He is now in a sadder and wiser mood, and is willing to listen to the words of one who has been there before. The writer remembers how he made his first attempt on a slope that would have called forth the best efforts of an expert. After performing

a dive which is never realised; if he were to lean back, the skis would slip away in front of him, and a fall would be the inevitable result. It is essential to keep the skis parallel and close together, one being about a foot in advance of the other. beginner must not be afraid of falling; the snow is soft, and it is not easy to hurt one-Though the statement may seem absurd to the novice, a little determination will do wonders in reducing the number of falls. One more word of advice as to skis: it is as important to be properly equipped at

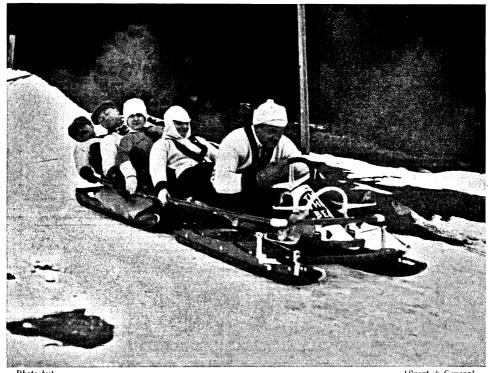


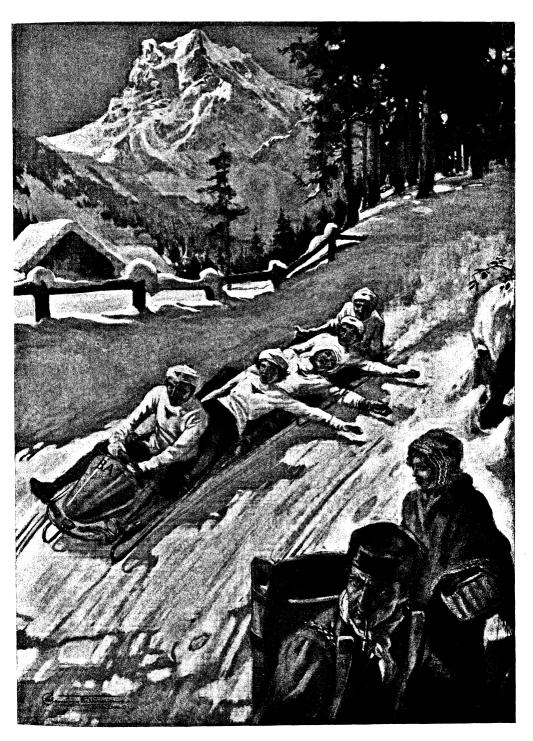
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BOB-SLEIGHING IN THE INTERNATIONAL RACES AT CHAMONIX.

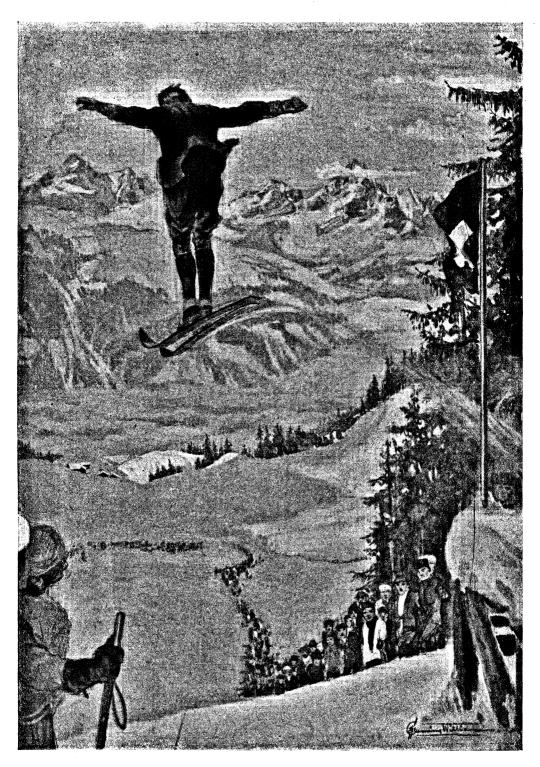
Sport & General.

many ludicrous antics against his will, and eventually rolling to the bottom of the slope, he returned to his hotel on less than speaking terms with his skis. The coolness was so marked that for the rest of the season he devoted himself to other forms of sport. His advice, then, to the novice is to practise on a gentle slope until he gains confidence. When he has got what one may call his skilegs, he may try something more difficult. He will find that the steeper the slope, the more he must lean forward. On a very steep slope, if he skis properly, the skier feels as though he were always about to take the beginning as it is later on. reader has serious intentions of learning the art of ski-ing, he ought to order a pair of skis from a good maker in Switzerland, and at the same time to send details as to height and weight. The order ought to be given some time beforehand, so that the owner may not be kept waiting and have to put up with a temporary pair of skis, which, perhaps, do not fit him.

The real delight of ski-ing is not fully appreciated until the learner has made sufficient progress to enable him to join an easy expedition, and later on to explore



BOB-SLEIGHING: "LOOK OUT!" BY C. FLEMING WILLIAMS



SKI-ING: THE JUMP. BY C. FLEMING WILLIAMS.

regions where he once believed only birds and madmen would venture in the depths of winter. Apart from cross-country expeditions, which should be attempted only by experts, it is a matter of no great difficulty to break new ground every day with the hotel as your centre. The morning is generally spent in climbing to some point, and there is no doubt that to a beginner the toil of a three hours' climb is rather severe. There is as much art in climbing as there is in making the descent, and as soon as the skier has begun to triumph over his wind and adipose tissue, the inward glow of satisfaction at his progress largely compensates

Now for the return journey. Though the beginner may envy the ease with which the more experienced runner dashes down steep slopes of frozen snow, he had better proceed cautiously until his chance comes on a long reach with an undulating surface. Here he may let himself go without fear of disaster; he will be filled with a sense of exhilaration which is hard to beat, and he will return to his hotel in exuberant spirits. Though so strenuous a day's work would have reduced him to utter exhaustion in England, he is now ready to spend the long evening in taking part in the indoor amusements which are among the many attractions of all the



Photo by]

CURLING.

[Sport & General.

for the severity of the exercise. When the climbers have reached a suitable spot, they take off their skis and sit down to enjoy their frugal lunch, which the sauce of hunger makes so appetising. And then the windless glory of the sunshine, the profound solitude, the magnificent snow-clad peaks — a man must be possessed of a very meagre soul who cannot feel the influence of the romantic scene. The valleys of the high Alps are indeed beautiful, but it is only the climber who can grasp the real romance of the mountains. So here the skier gains an advantage over the tobogganer and the skater.

Alpine winter resorts. Every big hotel has its amusement committee, which provides concerts, dances, gymkhanas, and theatricals. Unless he prefers bridge in a quiet room, the visitor cannot escape being entertained; but everybody enters into the spirit of the thing, and expends almost as much energy in the evening in delightfully frivolous amusement as in the more serious business of the day. At such times no one can accuse the English of taking their pleasures sadly. Evening-dress of the dinner-jacket and black-tie variety is worn on ordinary occasions; the swallow-tail coat also has its uses, and a fancy dress is not an altogether despicable adjunct.

After a day's ski-ing, a change to a day on the skating rink will give an added zest to the pursuit of pleasure. The size of the rink varies from that of a tennis-lawn to the wide expanse of such as the rinks at Davos and Villars. The rinks are usually situated close to the hotels, and much trouble is taken to keep the ice in good condition. By judicious sprinkling every night, a new sheet of ice is prepared for the skaters, and on some rinks, such as Grindelwald and Villars, the art of ice-making is brought to a high pitch of perfection. No beginner need be afraid of demeaning himself under the eyes

not improve as rapidly as the skier does, but with steady practice he will soon be able to hold an edge. He will be fascinated by the occupation of cutting weirdly-shaped figures, and it will not be long before he is talking glibly of "rockers" and "choctaws." As time goes on, his success in passing tests will be due to his perseverance in the early stages. For virtue is rather more than its own reward in skating. According to the gospel of the ardent skater, the refinement of pleasure is to be found in combined figure-skating; the art, he will say, bears about the same relation to ski-ing or tobogganing as a



Photo by1

SKI-ING: READY FOR THE RUN DOWN TO THE VALLEY.

[Sport & General.

of experts; there are usually more beginners than good skaters, and fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.

It will save trouble in the end if the beginner will call in expert advice as to the correct style in skating; otherwise his early faults will be hard to eradicate. A good outfit is essential; the skates must be screwed to the boots, and that pair of boots must be used for no other purpose than skating. For English figure-skating the best blades are those with Mount Charles fittings, radius 6 feet, and let care be taken about measurements, for the blades must not be too long. The skater will probably find that he does

wine of excellent bouquet does to a mug of beer—without necessarily disparaging the beer. To the uninitiated, the solemn going to and from a common centre must appear to be some barbaric cult of the orange, but the writer can say with assurance that the haunting cry of the caller, the "twice back and forward," the keen appreciation of good work, the rhythm and swing of it all, are apt to linger in the memory longer than the rush and excitement of more strenuous sports.

Probably most people have had some experience of snow-tobogganing in this country, and it is not necessary to make more than a passing reference to the ordinary form

of that pastime. Excellent sport can be obtained on the high Swiss luge, but the writer has a preference for the low toboggan with steel runners. This toboggan is much heavier than the luge, and is better adapted for ice-runs. It is a great advantage, too, to be able to lie face foremost on the toboggan and to guide with the toe of the boot, which must be shod with a fearsome-looking rake or scraper for ice-running. The real excitement in tobogganing begins when you are off for better or worse on a run like the Cresta at St. Moritz. You feel that you ought to have gone back to the hotel to make your

was found with his head telescoped into his chest.

Bob-sleighing and tailing are a more sociable form of tobogganing. The bob-sleigh is a long toboggan holding four or more persons. The front man guides, and the hindermost applies the brake; the duty of the intermediate bobbers is to swing over as the bob-sleigh rounds a corner. The high speed and the glorious uncertainty as to the successful negotiation of the next corner make bob-sleighing a most exciting sport. When a tailing party makes an expedition, toboggans are tied in pairs to a horse-sleigh,



Photo by

THE START FOR A TOBOGGAN CYCLE RACE.

[Sport & General.

will, but it is now too late to repine. You are off, or soon will be, if you do not keep on the course; but fortunately you have a good chance of doing so, as the track is specially designed with high banks at the curves to prevent your running off it. Of course, accidents do happen in this as well as in other sports, but the number of serious accidents is surprisingly small. While foolhardiness courts disaster, too great caution spoils the fun. Gruesome tales are sometimes told for the purpose of "pulling the leg" of the over-credulous—how, for instance, an unfortunate to-bogganer collided with a stone wall, and

and the Noah's Ark procession makes for some distant village where tea can be obtained. Though not a thrilling experience, tailing affords much amusement.

Even though your name is not McTavish or MacGregor, you can enjoy curling wherever a rink is found, and though you may not be able to talk Scotch, you can "soop in front of a stane" with the best of them. This pastime is not the restful diversion which some people consider it to be, if we may judge by the excitement of the curlers and the invective of an anxious skip.

And so must end our present brief description of the sports of the high Alps.

IN ACCOUNT WITH MR. PETERS

By ANTHONY HOPE

Illustrated by Fred Pegram

CHARACTERS.

WILLIAM MERCER. MR. PETERS. GUY MERCER. MRS. MERCER. ELAINE MERCER. SARAH.

THE SCENE is laid in the parlour of William Mercer's house in High Street, Weston-on-Ouze. The room is rather small, and is shabbily though solidly furnished. The door is up centre, the fireplace (with fire burning) right centre, a rather large window left centre. Half in front of window, a little below it, a couch. In front of the fire a writing-table with armchair. Another armchair left of table.

The TIME is eleven o'clock a.m., but the morning is foggy, yellow outside the window, and the electric lights (with ugly fittings) are on.

Mrs. Mercer is sitting on the couch, sewing. Elaine stands with her elbow on the mantelpiece. Mrs. Mercer is a young woman, about thirty, being Mercer's second wife and stepmother to Elaine, a girl of nineteen, and Guy, a boy of seventeen.

Both are dressed rather poorly, yet with an attempt at smartness—last year's frocks trying to look like this year's.

ELAINE: Fog again!

Mrs. Mercer: It seems to me there's always a fog down here in High Street. I expect it's quite clear up in North Park. Only yesterday week we had just such a thick one, and yet Mrs. Samuelson was photographing her dogs up at North Park in her own garden!

ELAINE: Why can't we live up there? Everybody else does—I mean our friends—everybody else in our position. We're about the only people—outside shops—who still live in High Street.

MRS. MERCER: Well, I'm sure I've done my best to persuade your father. But it's not the matter of fashion I mind so much, or the fogs either. It's those awful trams. Since they came, the front of the house has been simply uninhabitable. Right past the door every five minutes! Thank goodness, we can't hear them in this room! In my bedroom it's awful!

ELAINE: I get them too, in mine. Beastly! (Coming forward). I say, mother, do you think there's any chance of papa letting me go to the Riviera with the Pickerings? Wouldn't it be ripping? Out of this to the Riviera! Bright sun and blue sky and blue sea always—anyhow, always in the advertisements; and there must be some truth even in advertisements. I might break the bank at Monte Carlo! Tom says—Tom Pickering says that he knew a woman who did it with only ten francs to start with—ten francs she'd stolen, too.

Mrs. Mercer (laughing): We don't want a thief in the family, Elaine. But really it would be a splendid treat for you, and it's very kind of——

ELAINE: We should be a jolly party. Mrs. Pickering, she's an old dear, and Claire, and—Tom!

Mrs. Mercer (smiling): Last but not least—Tom!

ELAINE: Well, Tom said that, as a rule, he hated lugging girls about, but that he'd like me to come awfully!

MRS. MERCER: I think Master Tom has rather a clever way of putting things. But I'm afraid father'll think the journey too expensive. And you'd have to have at least a couple of new frocks.

ELAINE: Oh, three, anyhow—two day and one evening. And boots, and lots of things! You see, I might have to sleep with Claire, and——

MRS. MERCER: Of course! That's just it. I expect the standard's rather high on the Riviera—in dress, I mean.

ELAINE (sitting in armchair left of table): Well, considering how much it means to me, I think you might try to help me—just for once!

Mrs. Mercer (looking up quickly): Just for once? What do you mean by that?

ELAINE: Oh, I should think you can guess what I mean.

MRS. MERCER: No, Elaine. (She lays aside her work and sits looking at Elaine.) At least, if I do understand what you mean, I don't think you're at all just. If father says he can't afford this or that, what can I do? He knows his own affairs best.

ELAINE (not looking at Mrs. Mercer, but straight in front of her): Well, papa wasn't always like this. Guy and I remember him quite different. I mean before mamma—our own mother—died. But soon after you came——

MRS. MERCER: He was put to great expense over my illness and operation, after Elsie was born. Remember that, dear!

ELAINE: That's four years ago. I suppose the expenses are over by now. But there's still Elsie, of course!

Mrs. Mercer: Well, poor little Elsie doesn't cost so very much as yet.

ELAINE: Not as yet, perhaps, but—— Well, I think it's pretty hard on Guy and me.

Mrs. Mercer: On Guy and you? Come, my dear, we all share and share alike in what there is to spend.

ELAINE: Do we? Guy doesn't see it—he never sees anything, poor boy—but I see it plain enough. We're being starved—Guy and I—for Elsie!

Mrs. Mercer: Elaine, you can't think that!

ELAINE: It's not Elsie's fault, poor child, but there it is! (*Turning suddenly on* Mrs. Mercer.) Why was Guy taken from Felsted and sent to the grammar school here? Why was I taken from school a year too soon? Why do we live in this poky house, when everybody knows how well papa has got on? Why do we never have any fun? Why am I almost in rags?

Mrs. Mercer: So am I, if you come to that. I haven't had a new gown for-

ELAINE: I'm ashamed before the other girls. Oh, it's cruel—it's miserly!

Mrs. Mercer: Stinting you two to save money for my child! That's what you think, is it? So I suppose you hate me—and Elsie?

Elaine: It's—it's not very easy to go on loving you as—as I want to, mother. Why, when mamma was alive, she was always laughing about how reckless papa was. Reckless! (Laughs.) He's not that now—by a lot!

MRS. MERCER: It's terrible of you to think—I mean, it's terrible you should think that. (Rising and coming to Elaine.) Why, I love you and Guy almost as much—no, not almost—just as much as Elsie herself. Aren't you all three father's? Don't you believe me? Oh, don't sit dumb and numb like that! (She kneels by her and caresses her.)

ELAINE (making no responsive movement): It's since you came that he's changed—and since Elsie was born.

Mrs. Mercer: Of course I have added to his responsibilities, and I'm afraid he does worry a lot—about the future and so on, I mean. But if he's saving, why shouldn't he be saving for you and Guy too?

ELAINE: He showed no desire to do that so violently before. Oh, it's too bad! One's only young once. I don't want money when I'm old. I want life now—and fun—and—(springing up suddenly)—my chance! Yes, my chance! Other girls get theirs. You may be shocked, if you like, but I want to go to the Riviera with the Pickerings—with Tom. There!

Mrs. Mercer: I know, I know, my dear. Elaine, sit down again, dear. I—I've some good news to tell you.

(Elaine lets Mrs. Mercer take her hand and gently pull her to the chair again. Mrs. Mercer kisses her hand and continues to hold it.)

It's a secret still, and I'm not sure I ought to tell even you. But I must! Next week father's to be made a partner in the firm. You know we dined with old Mr. Warden last night, and he told me himself. He wouldn't let father tell me. He said he wanted to tell me himself and to congratulate me. He was so kind about it.

ELAINE: Will it make a lot of difference?

MRS. MERCER: Mr. Warden said father's income would be doubled at least. So perhaps we can live in North Park, away from the trams, and perhaps—perhaps!—Guy can go to Oxford, and perhaps you can go to the Riviera with Tom Pickering, and there'll be enough left for poor little mite Elsie, after all!

ELAINE (obstinately gloomy): We'd better wait and see.

MRS. MERCER: You're hard to me. Oh, I know it's—it's natural! (Almost breaking down.) Elaine, I don't understand it any more than you do, because I don't believe he has saved any money——

ELAINE: What?

MRS. MERCER: No, I don't believe—— Hush! There's a step. It sounds like your father's. (She rises hastily from her knees, but before she is up, the door opens and William Mercer enters. He is a man of forty-five, but active and quick of movement. His air suggests strain and worry, but his manner is pleasant and kindly. Seeing his Wife and Daughter, he pauses on the threshold, letting the door stand ajar behind him.)

You here at this time, Willie?

MERCER: Yes; I took an hour off from the office. I've got to see a man on business here. (Coming forward.) What are you two confabulating about? You look rather—well, tragic.

MRS. MERCER: Oh, it's nothing!

ELAINE (going to him): I'm so glad about the partnership, papa! (Kisses him.)

MERCER (to Mrs. Mercer): Oh, you've told her, have you? (Smiles rather ruefully.) Well, everybody in Weston'll know soon, and have something to say about it. Thank you, my dear. (Kisses her.) Where's Guy?

ELAINE: Riding. Tom Pickering mounted him. He ought to be back soon.

MERCER: Riding-in this fog?

Mrs. Mercer: I expect it's not foggy at all up at North Park.

MERCER: I forgot it was always fine at North Park. Like the Riviera up there! (He smiles at his wife, but Mrs. Mercer and Elaine are glancing at one another significantly.)

MRS. MERCER: How funny you should mention the Riviera!

MERCER: It was meant to be funny, my dear, in a small way. (He goes to the couch and sits, Elaine following and standing at his elbow.)

You tend to idealise North Park, Bessie.

Mrs. Mercer: I suppose it's because I don't seem likely ever to live there—not even though you're going to be a partner.

(Mercer moves slightly and restlessly.)

ELAINE: No, but it was funny because I've just been invited to go to the Riviera.

MERCER: To go to the Riviera? You? (He smiles.)

ELAINE: Why not me? To go with Mrs. Pickering and Claire—and Tom. We're to start next week if-if you let me go.

MERCER: Hum! I'd better talk it over with mother. Very kind of the Pickerings, of course, but—— Well, I'll talk it over with mother.

ELAINE: Can't you talk it over with me, papa?



"'You remember what's in it?""

Mrs. Mercer: Elaine dear!

MERCER (looking from one to the other in a puzzled way): Well, I might perhaps talk it over with mother first.

ELAINE: And then send for me and tell me I can't go!

Mercer: Is mother against your going?

MRS. MERCER: No, no, of course not! I want her to go if—if it's possible.

(Elaine shows impatience.)

MERCER: There's the fare, and she'd want some outfit, eh, Bessie?

MRS. MERCER: Oh, yes, she'd have to have some new things. And some pocket-money, of course.

ELAINE: Yes, I should want a little money spent on me for once; but if your income's going to be doubled——

MERCER: I don't quite think you need have—have gone into details with Elaine, Bessie. Besides, I—I can't tell that it'll work out as well as that. And a new position brings new claims. I can't tell yet, but we mayn't really be so very much better off—not able to spend much more on ourselves, I mean. You must leave me to judge of these things, Elaine dear. I'll do what I can for you. (He offers to take her hand, but she draws it away. He looks across at Mrs. Mercer, but she turns away and seats herself left of table.)

Leave mother and me to talk it over. Oh, and will you tell Sarah to show Mr. Peters in

here when he comes? I expect him in five minutes.

(ELAINE does not move.)

Surely you can trust mother and me to---?

ELAINE: Oh, yes, I can trust mother—(she emphasises the word spitefully)—and you all right. I know how it'll end—how it always does!

MERCER (rising in protest): Elaine! (Turning towards Mrs. Mercer.) Bessie, what——?

(Mrs. Mercer shrugs her shoulders helplessly, but does not turn to him.)

ELAINE: Look at mother now! Is she saying anything for me?

MERCER: Elaine!

ELAINE: Oh, papa, I—— Oh, I'm sorry, but—— (She is almost sobbing.) Oh, you didn't used to be like this! You used to love me and—— Oh, it's a shame—a shame—a shame!

(MERCER looks at her bewildered. She puts a hand over her eyes, bursts into sobs, and gropes her way to the door.)

MERCER: Come back, my dear!

ELAINE: What's the use?

(She opens the door and goes out, giving a sob as she draws it to behind her.

MERCER stands a moment looking after her. Then he turns and looks towards MRS. MERCER.)

MERCER: Of course it would be a jolly outing for her, but does it amount to as much as all that?

MRS. MERCER: It does for her, Willie.

MERCER: Why?

MRS. MERCER: Young Pickering. She as good as told me.

MERCER: What? Oh, well, I have fancied once or twice—— Does she like him? (Mrs. Mercer nods.)

A sort of trial trip, eh? (Smiles.) And, of course, her frocks would have to be fetching. Poor child! I say, I should hate to lose her, but it would be a good match—jolly good! Nice boy, too. But—(shaking his head)—I'm afraid old Pickering would stick out for a bit with her—an allowance, anyhow. (Pauses and sits on sofa.) Yes, I see now why she's so keen, but what I don't see, Bessie—what I can't see—is— Well, she didn't seem to speak very kindly of you. She seemed to think you'd be against her somehow.

MRS. MERCER: That's just what she does think.

MERCER: Oh, but it's silly and unjust! Whenever we've had a dispute—a discussion, I mean—about money matters, you've always put the children first—before yourself. Why, only the other day you said you'd be content to go on living here—in spite of the fogs and the trams—if only they could have what they wanted and Guy could go to Oxford. (Rises, comes to her and lays his hand on her shoulder.) You've been a real mother to my children, Bessie, and they're ungrateful cubs if they don't love you for it!

Mrs. Mercer: They're ready to love me—they're affectionate children. But they're beginning to hate me. At least, Elaine is, and Guy'll follow suit. She dominates him, and he'll think what she tells him to.

MERCER: But why, in Heaven's name, should she hate you?

MRS. MERCER: Elsie and me.

MERCER: Elsie? Hate Elsie? Oh, I say, let's have this out, whatever it is!

MRS. MERCER: She thinks you're stinting her and Guy to make a purse for me and Elsie.

MERCER: Good Heavens! Did she tell you so?

MRS. MERCER: Yes.

MERCER: Good Heavens! (Goes back to sofa and sits. He smiles ruefully.) Hum!

MRS. MERCER: And, of course, she puts it down to my influence. (Turning to him sharply.) Willie, if you make those children hate me, I shall hate you for it!

MERCER: Must we all hate one another because we're poor?

Mrs. Mercer: Are we poor, though? You've never told me your income, but you've been above Mr. Edmundson at the office, haven't you?

MERCER: Yes.

Mrs. Mercer: And he gets eight hundred a year. His wife told me so. We haven't been spending five! And now you're to be a partner. Oh, Willie, don't you see? They remember when you weren't like this, and they put the change down to me. And there is a change, you know. I've seen it, too. You used to be so free, so light-hearted (smiles), almost a prodigal! But now! (She rises and comes to him.) What are you doing with the money? Saving it all? Don't! It's not worth while. You're making misery and—and hate by doing it. It's not worth it. Just for the next two or three years spend it on them—let her have her treat and her frocks and her chance—let him go to Oxford. Never mind Elsie and me. As long as we have you, we're all right. You'll have plenty of time to save some more before Elsie wants to go to the Riviera with her young man—bless her!

MERCER: You're making a mistake, my dear. I haven't much money put by. It's very difficult to save much.

Mrs. Mercer: Then what have you been doing with it? You've been speculating, Willie!

MERCER: I should hardly call it that, but (slowly, choosing his words) I've been employing it in the way I thought best for—for the good of us all—Elaine and Guy, as well as you and Elsie. But it—it hasn't turned out lucrative. And now I'm not sure it was the best. Because, if it's to make us hate one another—well, there could hardly be a worse thing than that.

Mrs. Mercer: Nothing worse, Willie, nothing worse!

MERCER: If you'd all just hate me (smiling), and let it go at that, it wouldn't be so bad.

Mrs. Mercer (stooping and kissing his forehead): Willie! Whatever happened, I could never do that!

MERCER: But to hate one another, too! I'd never thought of that!

(A bell is heard.)

Hullo! That must be Peters. (Rises.) Will you leave me alone to see him, please? (He takes her hands, kisses her, and leads her up to the door.) I may have something to tell you, perhaps, after I've done with him. (He opens the door, and as she goes out, she turns her head towards him and presses his hand.)

(He shuts the door, comes down to chair right of table, and sits. He shakes his head and smiles.) That settles it!

(Enter SARAH.)

Sarah (holding door): Mr. Peters. (Stands aside and allows Peters to pass in, then exit, shutting the door after her.)

(Peters enters. He is an elderly man of healthy and cheerful appearance. He should suggest a jovial rogue. He is got up in a rather sporting fashion, and is smoking the butt-end of a cigar.)

PETERS: Hallo! I'm afraid I'm late! You've absolutely got to feel your way about in this beastly fog! (Comes to table and puts hat and stick on it.)

MERCER: It doesn't matter. I said I shouldn't be back at the office till after lunch.

Peters (sits chair left of table, and takes off his gloves, flings them into his hat, and smokes): Ah, you can do as you like at the office now. A partner! Well, Mercer, I congratulate you. (Holds out his hand across the table.)

MERCER: I don't think we do that when we're alone together.

Peters (laughing and unabashed): I thought I might find you in a specially charitable frame of mind this morning; but just as you like, old chap—only, in my opinion, when a fellow's got to take physic, he may as well take it smiling.

MERCER: No doubt; but sometimes it's too—nauseous.

Peters: Don't mind me, if strong language relieves your feelings.

MERCER: As soon as you telephoned that you were coming, I knew you'd heard about the partnership.

Peters: Edmundson told me.

MERCER: Because it's three weeks before your usual date of call.

Peters (rising and flinging his cigar-end into the fire): Well, the partnership does make a difference, doesn't it? Your stock in Weston has gone up considerably.

MERCER: And will be expected to pay higher dividends?

Peters: That's right—that's the ticket! You always had plenty of sense, Mercer. You always saw the thing to do, and did it.

MERCER: Well, I think I see it now, at all events. It's just on four years ago that I embezzled three hundred pounds of the firm's money.

Peters: Yes, that's right, too. (He resumes his seat.)

Mercer: I had some excuse, so far as a man can have for such a——

Peters: You had more excuses than any man I ever met. You bubbled over with 'em.

MERCER: I dare say I was—excited—when I came to you.

Peters: Excited! You were off your head, I think.

MERCER: I had to have the money to pay for my wife's illness and operation, and to take her away. I knew nobody who would help me.

Peters: Why, I'd have helped you. I'd have lent it you at, say, twenty-five per cent. But you were a mug. You sneaked it first and came to me afterwards, so I was in a position to charge you a lot higher.

MERCER: The firm had a binding rule against *employés* borrowing money. Old Pratt made that rule. It meant the sack.

Peters: As if I should have split to old Pratt!

MERCER: I believe you would; or you'd have blackmailed me just the same with the threat of it.

PETERS: P'r'aps I should, if I'd known the blasted rule, but I didn't. A sharp old dodger, Pratt! Not many things happened in the town that he didn't get hold of.

MERCER: Yes; he knew more about everybody's affairs than they did themselves. So, being cashier, I concluded that Pratt was less likely to hear of it if I borrowed money from him than if I borrowed it from anybody else. I had every prospect of being able to put the money back.

PETERS: That's what they always tell the judge, but the old blighter in red don't pay any attention to it.

Mercer: No more should I, if I was paid five thousand a year to safeguard the morals of the community. However, in my case it was a fact. Old Pratt's retirement queered me. They had to have a special audit of the books three months before the usual date.

PETERS: There's so often just a little bit of bad luck like that, Mercer. If there wasn't, honesty wouldn't have a chance.

MERCER: I might have weathered that audit—I've often thought since that I could have—only I had to take Bessie away to convalesce. That made it impossible to chance it.

Peters: Bad luck again, old man! But you were lucky in one thing—you had a friend in need.

Mercer: I came to you. You lent me the money. I replaced it to the firm's credit, and six months later I paid off my debt to you.

PETERS (smiling): There you are again, Mercer! Always that mistake! Six months later you paid the first instalment of interest.

MERCER: If you like! And I've paid interest ever since—pretty high interest.

Peters: Only about two hundred per cent. per annum. And I had absolutely no security. Where should I have looked for my money if you'd been copped?

MERCER: I don't know what sort of a blackguard you think you are. I think you're the worst sort going—the sort of blackguard who doesn't in the least know what an utter blackguard he is. (Slowly.) Peters, I've often wished you dead.

Peters: Yes, I suppose you'd do me in, if you could put it through safely, wouldn't you, Mercer?

MERCER (with a shudder): Murder you? No, I should never sleep at nights. But if wishing could kill—— (Laughs.)

Peters: Ah, it suits me to deal with a man of conscience. It wouldn't be safe for you, either, while that blue envelope's among my papers—ready for the executors.

MERCER: The executors'll think none the better of you, will they?

Peters: Why? The I.O.U. mentions no rate of interest. I'm not a mug, if you are, Mercer.

MERCER (pushing back his chair, rising, and standing with his back to the fire): You're making my life so intolerable that I've come to the conclusion that I can't stand it. My family's all at loggerheads. My wife thinks me a miser—or worse. My children think me an ogre and a skinflint, and they're taking to quarrelling among themselves over the dry bones which is all that you are kind enough to leave us out of my quite liberal annual salary. It's not good enough to go on, Peters. I'd sooner tell them I've been a thief straight away. I'm not going to pay you another farthing—either principal or interest.

Peters: You needn't look so heroic about it, old man, because, as it happens, funnily enough, I've come here to-day to tell you that I'm not goin' to ask you for another farthing—either principal or interest.

MERCER: What?

Peters: I've had hard on two thousand out of you, and conscience—I've got one too—whispers that it's enough. To prove it, I've got here (putting his hand in his breast-pocket) the aforesaid blue envelope, which I've extracted from the safe where it usually lives. (He takes it out and lays it on the table, under his hand.) You remember what's in it? I needn't read you the document?

MERCER: No, you needn't read it. You made me state the circumstances quite explicitly. Peters, I don't understand—I can't believe. Do you really mean to say that you're going to—to let me off, and—and to give me back that—that I.O.U.?

Peters: Yes, if you'll be friends with me, I will.

MERCER (smiling): Friends with you? Well, I—— Friends with you?

Peters: Why not?

MERCER: Well, after what you've just said, I don't like to—to say why not. But—friends with you!

Peters: Do you know my boy? Mercer: I know him by sight. Peters: He's a nice boy—good-lookin' too. There's nothing against him. He helps in the livery stable and motor business. A good business it is, too. But he's had nothing to do with any of the—the—er—

MERCER: Side-shows?

Peters: Thank ye, Mercer, that's the word I wanted. He knows nothing about 'em, nothing about our affair, for instance. He's quite straight. Well, Lionel—that's his name—wants to be friends with you, to come to your house. He wants to know your boy. Oh, he's been to a good school—he's a gentleman, he is. And he wants to know your girl. He's sort of struck with her appearance. She is a smart-lookin' girl. Well, what do you say? Not a bad idea, is it? You'd get all your own back with the boy—and a bit more besides—remember that. Mind you, I'm not askin' you to force the girl—that's out of date, ain't it? But—well, she's not bespoke, is she?

MERCER: She's not—engaged.

PETERS: Then she'll like my boy. He's got a way with him. At any rate, I'm willing to take my chance of that if you'll give him his chance with her, and if you and your missis'll just help the game along on the quiet, like, as the old folks generally can. Don't be afraid of me. I'm not a society man. I shan't want to be loafin' about your house. It's the boy, not me. Well, man, why don't you speak?

MERCER: I-I have some reason to think that my daughter has a-well, a-

PETERS: Fancy for another feller, has she? But she ain't promised; you said so. Just you leave that to Lionel. That boy's a wonder with the girls, he is really, Mercer. He'll change her fancy quick enough. You give him his chance and a little judicious backing, and there's your I.O.U., and no more charges on the new partner in Pratt and Warden—Pratt, Warden and Mercer, I should say.

MERCER (sitting in chair right of table): It can't be done, Peters.

Peters: Can't it? Why not? What have you got against my boy?

MERCER: Nothing, except that your boy is—yours.

Peters: Oh! And what's your girl's father, if you come to that?

MERCER: I know; but it's—it's a matter of feeling. I can't do it. I'd sooner go on paying you your six hundred a year—by Heaven, I would!—even if I had to make a clean breast of it to my wife.

PETERS: Hang the six hundred! Didn't I tell you I'd had enough? I want to know why my boy isn't good enough for you? My Lionel—why, he's—— Don't be an ass, Mercer. Look here, I'll tell you the mistake you've made all along. You thought you could do what you did and not pay for it. Well, you couldn't. You didn't pay the law, but you had to pay me. And pay you did, though you always snarled over it. Well, you've got to pay just this last bit more.

Mercer: Isn't your case much the same? If I thought I could steal and not pay the penalty, you thought you could blackmail and not pay for it. We were both mistaken. I've come nearer to having a sort of liking for you in the last five minutes than I ever expected to come, but take this from me—there's nothing I wouldn't do or suffer sooner than let your son come near my daughter.

PETERS: Suffer you shall! If I can't get my boy the girl he wants, at any rate I can make him thankful that he never got her—as he will be when he sees you in the dock. (He takes up the envelope, puts it back in his pocket, and buttons up his coat.)

MERCER: Well, there it is! (Points towards Peters's breast-pocket.) Going to take it to Warden?

PETERS: I am. Think again. It's ruin to you—partnership gone, living gone, reputation gone, and, as I should reckon, twelve months' hard labour.

MERCER: When a man's going to lose his living and his reputation, and has to tell his wife and children that he's been a thief, he doesn't so much mind throwing in twelve months' hard labour.

Peters: And who's going to marry your pretty daughter then?



"'Poor boy! It's not your fault."

MERCER: I don't know; but her children won't have your blood in their veins, whoever it is.

Peters: They won't be proud of havin' yours. Grandpa Gaolbird, eh?

MERCER (rising and crossing left towards couch): What thou doest, do quickly.

Peters: Eh?

MERCER: Matter of Scripture, Peters, profanely applied.

Peters: Well, I'm off to see John Warden.

Mercer: That's what I meant. But it's very thick out there; better wait till the fog lifts a bit.

Peters: The fog won't hurt me. Are you anxious about my health? You were wishing me dead a few minutes ago.

Mercer: I suppose not. I expect that the truth of it is that, as soon as you're gone, I've got to—to prepare my wife. We may have a strange visitor.

Peters: A strange visitor? Oh, I twig—but you must know most of the Weston police. (Takes hat and stick—puts on his hat and begins to put on his gloves.)

MERCER: There are different ways of knowing the police—

Peters: Yes, whether you want them or they want you, eh? Well, it's your last word, is it?

Mercer: Here we are, we two! By ourselves, we could fight to a finish, like honest brute beasts, or men of business, or we could bargain like sensible rogues. But you've got a boy and I've got a girl, and so————Rogues and men of business oughtn't to have children, Peters.

Peters: The population 'd go down, though not so much as at first sight. There's a lot of overlappin'. Your last word, is it?

MERCER: Hang it, it's much more absurd it should be yours, isn't it?

Peters: I promised Lionel to do my best—that's what I did. Of course it's not my affair whether your firm prosecute. They may only give you the sack.

MERCER: Possible, of course.

Peters: Well, so long!

MERCER: Isn't this in the nature of a final parting?

Peters: I forgot. Perhaps it is.

MERCER (going to bell by mantelpiece): I'll ring the bell for you.

Peters (at door): I can find my own way out. (He opens door.)

MERCER: All right.

Peters: Look here, I'll give you an hour's grace. If you call me up in an hour-

MERCER: Hang it, man, get it over quick!

(Peters shrugs his shoulders, goes out, and shuts the door.)

(Mercer sits in chair at table. Short pause.)

(Door opens and Elaine enters.)

ELAINE: I heard Mr. Peters go downstairs. May I come in, papa?

MERCER: Come in, my dear. (She closes door and comes to him right of table.) Do you want me?

ELAINE: Papa, I want to say that I'm sorry for speaking as I did—so unkindly and—and hotly. I know you must have lots of cares and responsibilities that I know nothing about. And I'm sorry I spoke so ungenerously about—about mother. And if I can't go to the Riviera with the Pickerings—well, it doesn't matter. (She is nearly crying.) At least, it dosen't matter—much. I'll stay here and—and try to bear up. (She stoops and kisses his forehead.)

MERCER (kissing her): Yes, my dear, try to bear up. It may need a bit of doing.

ELAINE: But—can't I go, papa?

MERCER (laughing ruefully): Oh, you coaxer! I—I must see mother. Send her to me, dear.

Elaine: Yes, papa. And, anyhow, whatever happens, I love you! (She kisses him again. As she does so, the door is violently opened, and Sarah rushes in in great agitation, leaving door open behind her.)



"'Time it was burnt."

MERCER: Sarah!

Sarah: Oh, sir, please, sir, a dreadful thing has happened! Mr. Peters, your poor friend, sir—a tram, sir—in the fog——

ELAINE: Mr. Peters!

Mercer: Peters! Good Heavens! Is he—?

Sarah: And, oh, sir, Mr. Guy's mixed up in it somehow. They're bringing the poor gentleman in here; it happened just outside, and——

MERCER: Good Heavens! The—— I must go to him at once.

(Goes off quickly.)

ELAINE: Is he—dead, Sarah?

SARAH: Dead or dying, miss. The wheels went right over him, they say.

ELAINE: Oh! And what in the world had Mr. Guy-?

SARAH: It was the fog, miss. Mr. Peters was crossing from this side, and Mr. Guy from the other. They didn't see one another, I suppose, and ran into one another, and Mr. Peters fell. It's awful slimy in the roadway, and——

ELAINE: How terrible!

(At this point the fog outside begins to lift, and it continues to grow gradually and slowly lighter. Mrs. Mercer comes quickly through the open door, and goes to a cupboard by window left. She unlocks it and takes out a decanter of brandy.)

Mrs. Mercer: Run down with this to the dining-room quickly, Sarah. Your master's in there with poor Mr. Peters.

SARAH: Yes, ma'am. (Takes decanter and goes out quickly.)

MRS. MERCER: I'm afraid there's no hope, Elaine. Father is with him, and has shut all those people out. Really their curiosity is indecent. Father was indignant at it, and soon had them out. Guy is telephoning for the doctor—and the police, of course.

ELAINE: Isn't there any chance?

MRS. MERCER: Your father doesn't dare to hope. The poor man is quite unconscious, that's one comfort.

(Enter Guy, very agitated.)

Guy: The doctor'll be here directly. (Going to Mrs. Mercer.) Mother, it wasn't my fault, really it wasn't. I saw the lights of the tram—you could just see them—and I had quite time to run across. I didn't see him at all. Just when I was on the rails, he seemed to sort of loom up just in front of me; he was running too. I couldn't avoid him. He put out his hand and pushed me aside. I made a bolt for it, and just cleared the line. I didn't see anything more of him. I only heard a cry. He must have slipped and—oh, I feel queer!

Mrs. Mercer: Poor boy! (She leads him to couch.) Come, sit down here. No wonder you're upset.

(They sit together on the sofa.)

ELAINE: What terribly bad luck, because it's getting clearer now!

(Enter Mercer slowly; he closes the door behind him.)

Mercer: It's all over, Bessie.

Guy: I can't forgive myself!

MERCER (coming behind sofa and patting his shoulder): Poor boy! It's not your fault—they all said that. Still, the police will want to ask you some questions, I'm afraid. Mother, you'd better take him to his room and let him rest a bit—till he's wanted.

(Mrs. Mercer rises and makes Guy rise. As they go towards the door, Mercer stops them for a moment.)

Don't take on. Things must happen the way they will. You had nothing to do with it, really.

MRS. MERCER: Come, do as father says. And I want to make sure that Annie's keeping Elsie upstairs. I don't want her to run any chance of—of seeing anything.

(Mrs. Mercer and Guy go out, closing door.)

(MERCER goes and sits in chair right of table. Elaine comes and stands above him.)

ELAINE: You look quite upset too, papa.

Mercer: I was alone with him for—for some minutes. It was very queer. In perfect health and strength in this room not ten minutes ago, and now—— Poor old Peters! He was a hard man in business—or so they say—but he had his points. A very affectionate father—or so I've heard. And the visit that brought him death brings us luck. He had some good news for me. I am relieved of—an old claim on me. It'll be all right about your little trip, my dear.

ELAINE: Oh, I couldn't think about that—not just now. But (kissing him) thank you, papa.

Mercer (low): And Oxford! and North Park for mother! No more trams and fogs!

And for me-

ELAINE: The fog's quite gone now. It lasted just long enough to kill the old man! That seems rather ironical, doesn't it?

MERCER: Queer! Queer!

ELAINE: Do have a glass of wine, or something, papa? You're all of a tremble.

Mercer: No, I'll have a cigarette. (Takes out cigarette case and with it the blue envelope, lays down the cigarette case and holds the envelope for a moment in his hand, then gives it to $E_{\rm LAINE}$.) You can put that in the fire for me, dear.

ELAINE (taking it): All right, papa. What dirty old papers you do carry about! (She smiles and puts the envelope in the fire.)

MERCER lifts cigarette case, but lays it down again absently.)

Time it was burnt!

MERCER: And that it should be Guy who——!

ELAINE: Papa, it was a sheer accident!

Mercer: Sometimes sheer accidents look very strange. You never know what may come out of what you do—what may come out of it in the end. And it all seems one's own doing.

(ELAINE kneels down by him. He clutches at her hand.) Don't leave me, Elaine. (He glances back over his shoulder for a moment.) The—the fog might come back. (He rises suddenly and speaks excitedly, pointing at the door.) I asked you to stay till the fog was gone—I did, I did! (He sinks into his chair again and buries his face in his hands with a sob. Elaine looks up at him in fright.)

CURTAIN.

BELGIUM.

WHERE the haggard Calvaries raise
Arms to bless the parting ways,
Where the cornfield guard alone
Is John the Baptist, wise in stone,
Where thrice a day, by town and field,
The Angelus to prayer hath pealed,
They love well cross and bell—
By road and river unafraid,
Belgian man and Belgian maid.

John the Baptist watches o'er Redder harvest than of yore. Angelus hath changed his note, Tocsin clangs from iron throat. Only Calvary's love untold Lifts through ruin manifold Arms that bless man's distress—Tall and strong against the skies, That he may know before he dies.

And the Calvary's shadow there,
Stretching onward, hath a care
To lie lightly on the dead,
Like a benediction shed
Over shattered home and stream
Where in red the pebbles gleam,
Guarding still, by wood and hill,
Where death and sorrow have betrayed
Belgian man and Belgian maid.

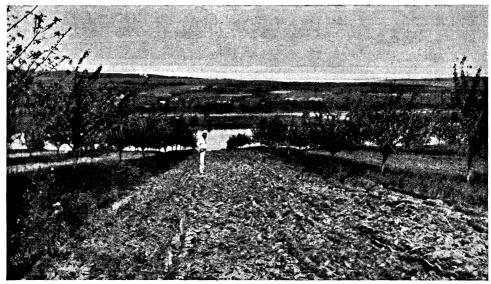
Shade of Calvary meets now
Crown of thorns on human brow
Ribald crown of ruthless power
Set on a nation for an hour,
Where Angelus hath ceased to ring,
And simple hearts go sorrowing.
God be fain that once again
By road and river unafraid
Go Belgian man and Belgian maid!

ENTERPRISE AND OPPORTUNITY IN NEW BRUNSWICK

By A. B. TUCKER

AST month reference was made in these pages to the reasons why Nova Scotia was so little known in comparison with the Prairie Provinces. What was there said about Nova Scotia is even more applicable to New Brunswick. The Province has suffered even more than Nova Scotia from lack of the abundant

treatment at the hands of those who write about Canada. An exception to the majority of these writers is Mr. H. A. Kennedy, author of "New Canada and New Canadians," a book which, from its title, would hardly suggest itself as one in which to look for instruction about a Province that is an old-time settlement. Here is what Mr. Kennedy



ON A SIX-YEAR-OLD ORCHARD NEAR KINGSCLEAR

advertising which has made the Canadian West so familiar to the man in the street. There is also the fact that, except in the winter months, the big passenger steamers do not call at St. John, the port of the Province, but take the St. Lawrence route. Tourists and travellers land at Montreal or Quebec, and travel across Canada Vancouver, and never see New Brunswick. Hence New Brunswick receives scant notice. I have lately looked at over a dozen books on Canada, written by men who, having spent a few hurried weeks in Canada, have forthwith produced books on the country. In all of them New Brunswick is hardly mentioned. The Province is off the beaten track in the summer-time, and many of the travelling scribes ignore its existence. New Brunswick deserves more considerate

has to say about a fertile valley in New Brunswick:—

A Word Picture of a Fertile Valley.

"I wish my readers could just drop down from a balloon into one of its beautiful orchards in the spring of the year, when the trees are all abloom, or in the autumn, when they are laden with fruit. As in the Motherland, and in any other country of my acquaintance, the weather has its variations. A gale, for instance, may bring down a lot of fruit before the owner has begun to gather it, or a season less sunny than usual may leave the apples deficient in colour. But these are exceptions which only 'prove the rule,' and the rule in a New Brunswick orchard is that fruit waits to be picked at the proper time, and is beautifully coloured

by the brilliant sunshine of summer and autumn." And again—

"The St. John Valley, and, indeed, any other district in which the fruit-grower would think seriously of settling, has the great advantage of being close to a great ocean port. There is no long railway journey, with high charges for carriage from orchard to the ship. At St. John the barrels of apples are put on board a steamer, which lands them, after a short crossing, in England. And there is another great advantage at St. John, in the existence of a great storehouse, the second largest of the kind in the Dominion, where fruit—as well as meat and other perishable wares—can be

experience is that the majority of young fellows with a little capital to lay out, who think of going to Canada, fix their hearts on fruit-growing. The St. John River Valley, of which Mr. H. A. Kennedy speaks with so much enthusiasm, occupies almost the entire western side of the Province, and has a length of 280 miles, with an average width of 100 miles. It is a wonderfully fertile district, and to the apple-grower it offers excellent opportunities. When in Canada, some two years ago, I devoted some time to investigating the apple-growing industry, especially in the St. John River Valley. From a prominent grower I obtained the following figures as to initial outlay on an



A FARM NEAR WESTFIELD.

kept at just the right temperature till the owner desires to ship them. The way in which this storehouse has been established is a remarkable example of the paternal and practical help given to agriculture by Canadian public men. The Federal, the Provincial, and the Municipal authorities all combined in this enterprise. The Federal Government paid nearly a third of the cost of the building; the Provincial Government guaranteed the Company's bonds to the extent of \$60,000 (£12,000), and the City Council agreed to charge no rates on the Company's property. It is enough to make an English company's mouth water."

APPLE-GROWING.

I have quoted the above because my

orehard, and the average profit to be looked for:—

Cost of a 10-acre Apple Orchard.

	\$1,000
ting and fertilising the	
, at \$15 an acre	150
ole trees at 25 cents each.	240
g, at 5 cents per tree	48
	\$1,438
ars' interest on \$1,438, at	
cent	$75 \cdot 40$
ears' cultivation, fertilisa-	
etc can be offset by	
eds from intercrop)	
,oas 12011 1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-	
etc., can be offset by eeds from intercrop)	

Total outlay \$2,013.40

Income

Theomr.	
Average yield of apples from fifth to tenth year inclusive:—	
(a) First grade, 4 boxes per tree, 3,840 boxes at net return of	
\$1 per box	\$3,840
(b) Second grade, $1\frac{1}{2}$ bushels per tree, at 40 cents per bushel	576
Average yield from eleventh to twentieth year inclusive:—	
(a) First grade, 2 boxes per tree	
per year, 19,200 boxes, at \$1 per box	19,200
(b) Second grade, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel per	ŕ
tree per year, at 40 cents per bushel	1,920
Average yield from twenty-first to fortieth year inclusive, after	
removal in twentieth year of	
fillers (every other tree):— (a) First grade, 4 boxes per tree	
per year, 38,400 boxes, at \$1	00.400
per box	38,400

\$67,776

3,840

This estimate shows that while the trees are coming to their tenth year, not only can the land be used for other crops, but that there will be an annual average income from the orchard from the fifth to the tenth year of \$736, when the orchard will be saleable at the rate of \$3 per tree, or \$7,680. If the owner does not sell, he can count on an average return per year for the next ten years of \$2,112, and for succeeding years at the rate of \$3,264. If we deduct 10 per cent. for unforeseen losses, we shall have an income after the tenth year about equal to the whole investment.

per year, at 40 cents a bushel.

MAKING THE LAND PAY WHILE TREES ARE MATURING.

While the trees are maturing, a profit can be made on what is called the intercrop—that is, on small fruits and vegetables planted between the trees—that will more than pay the cost of the trees and the labour in properly caring for them. The largest money-earning crop which can be grown, and to which the St. John River Valley is peculiarly adapted, is strawberries. A good yield of strawberries is from 5,000 to 12,000 boxes per acre. Growers have made as much as \$1,000 per acre on a year's strawberry crop. Raspberries, blackberries, currants, and gooseberries also do well, and

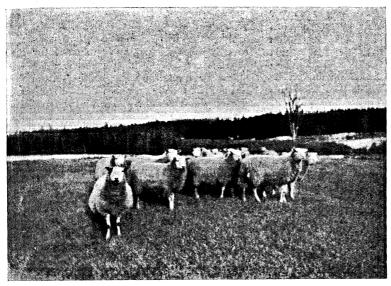
there is a good market for these small fruits in the large cities of Canada and the United States.

Potatoes, onions, beans, celery, and other vegetables are also profitably grown between the young trees. New Brunswick's gift of 100,000 bushels of potatoes for the use of the Army in the field is a reminder that the Province is famous for its potatoes. It is estimated that the potato crop this year will be 1,500,000 bushels. New Brunswick potatoes are shipped as far west as Winnipeg. where they command a high price by reason of their superior quality. Large quantities are also sent to Boston and New York. I was told of one case where 1,720 barrels of potatoes (each of $170 \ \mathrm{lbs.}$) were produced from 15 acres. The price of the potatoes was about \$2.75 a barrel, so that the crop was worth over \$4,000, or upwards of \$260 an acre.

POULTRY AND BEES.

No side line of farming goes better with orcharding than poultry raising, and in this branch much depends on the skill and There is a large ability of the grower. demand—at present insufficiently supplied for poultry and fresh eggs. Extremely good prices are given for these commodities, and handsome profits can be made by a man who understands his work. Then, again, orchardists find that the presence of bees while the trees are in bloom is of great advantage in securing the fertilisation of Bee-keeping in itself is the blossoms. profitable, for the flora of the Province is such that the bees can gather good crops of honey during the whole season. At present the Province depends largely for its honey on other countries, and the skilled beekeeper can make from \$6 to \$12 per hive. An orchardist who will keep from 25 to 100 hives can thus add materially to his income. And here I may say that the Provincial Government is generous in supplying experts to give advice to settlers in the management of such side lines of If a man is hard-working and resourceful, there is no need for him to wait for years, while his fruit trees are maturing, for his land to pay. I learnt from Mr. A. G. Turney, the Provincial Horticulturist, to whom I went for information, that for the intending settler who has not more than £100 or £200 available, the best results would be obtained by purchasing an inexpensive farm containing fertile land, even though the distance to market or point of shipment

ENTERPRISE AND OPPORTUNITY IN NEW BRUNSWICK. 107



SHEEP ON A MIXED FARM.

was ten or fifteen miles. If properly worked, the farm could later be sold at a considerable profit, thus enabling the owner to buy a larger and better farm in a more populous district.

MIXED FARMING.

I have devoted the bulk of this article to fruit-growing because, as I have said, the majority of young men with a little capital seem to prefer that particular branch of farming. But it must not be supposed that there are no opportunities for ordinary farming — farming such as done here in England. On the other hand, New Brunswick

is essentially an agricultural country, and the Provincial Government does all it can to help new-comers. During the Session of 1912 it passed an Act constituting commission "The known as Settlement Farm Board," which has for its purpose the purchasing of vacant lands and abandoned farms. improving the same where necessary, and selling them on easy terms to desirable settlers. There are a number

of these farms awaiting settlers. They vary in size from 75 to 200 acres, with from 20 to 100 acres cleared and ready for the plough. In many cases they are small orchards of good fruit trees. Adequate buildings, in some cases wanting repairs, but in most cases ready for occupancy, exist on these farms, and they are often worth the whole cost of the property. The Farm Settlement Board, after a careful inspection of these lands or farms, in regard to their situation, facilities for marketing, nature and condition of the soil, etc., buys such as it considers likely to be profitable. Up to the present, for every farm purchased by the Board, there has



MEADOW-LAND NEAR THE ST. JOHN RIVER.

been an applicant prepared to pay 25 per cent. of the purchase price, or 35 per cent. if it exceeds \$1,000, and to take possession under the requirements of the Act, which provides that the balance of the purchase price shall be paid in annual payments, the final instalment to be made at a date not exceeding ten years from the agreement of purchase, such annual payments to be with interest at 5 per cent. on the unpaid balance. The Board has already settled many farms throughout the Province. Applications from persons desirous of taking advantage of the Government's progressive farm settlement plan are numerous, and the Government is able to select the most desirable settlers. may be asked why there are vacant farms. The explanation supplied by the Government is as follows: Twenty years ago we did not have the local markets of to-day; times were bad; prices for all farm products, in many cases, were less than half what they are to-day; wages were very low for all classes of work, and employment was scarce. At that time, under the high protective tariff of the United States, employment was plentiful in that country; wages were high, and prices of all farm products were high; consequently, our young people flocked to the United States, leaving the old people on the farms, and when these died, there was no one left to work the farm. Everything has now changed for the better. Factories

have sprung up in Canada, railways have been built in all directions, and natural resources are being developed. The inevitable result is an ever-increasing demand for the products of the farm and dairy. might be quoted by the score written by settlers who have gone to New Brunswick within the past few years and have done Indeed, given the right man, he is bound to succeed. But the would-be settler must go to work in a sensible way. What has been said in previous articles of this series is true for the settlers in New He should not buy a farm Brunswick. before he has been to the country and looked round, and he would be wise to work as a hired man before making his purchase. Mr. A. Bowder, the representative of the New Brunswick Government in London, with whom the writer discussed the subject of this article, said: "I am glad you are doing something to make known the Province of New Brunswick. With its many advantages of climate, beautiful scenery, and abundance of game, it only requires to be known to be sought after by those who are desirous of starting life in a new country. I do not think you have overstated anything, and I hope the article will be the means of introducing some of the readers of The Windsor Magazine to a country which offers so many advantages to Old Countrymen."



THE FLAME OF LIFE.

L IFE, that in days of ease Flags, sinking low, Flames up in times as these, New heights to know.

Since men for bride take death, Anguish, sore hurt, Should we draw idle breath, Dreaming inert? Nay, ours to justify Such acts supreme; When men can gladly die, Life's no mere dream,

Leap up, fresh-kindled fires, Burn out our mean, Empty and soulless aims, Burn, making clean!

SAILORS' KNOTS

By S. MACNAUGHTAN

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier



HEN that muchrespected and
excellent citizen
Mr. James Vincent
died, leaving his
very considerable
fortune to his
only daughter, he
appointed as her
guardian, chaperon,
and general pro-

tector, his sister, Miss Isabel Vincent. Vincent accepted this duty, as she accepted everything else in life, conscientiously. so prone is the feminine mind to run on particular rather than on general lines, that while regarding the care of a large household and the supervision of Miss Vincent's fortune as but small matters, she concentrated her mind and all her attention upon one great danger, and she called that danger comprehensively, and in one short word, men. She was not afraid of poor men for Mabel, nor of rich men, nor of impecunious soldiers, nor designing curates, nor gay sailors, nor rapacious foreigners—she dreaded them And whenever she thought of the responsibility which her brother James had bequeathed to her, it was these terrible persons collectively that she had in mind. Probably there never was a young lady so efficiently—nay, so drastically—chaperoned as Mabel Vincent. Did but a clergyman stay too long to tea, Miss Isabel Vincent fidgeted. Was a young soldier home on leave, she avoided the house where he dwelt. military ball took place in the garrison town near by, she said decisively that Mabel had far better not go, and when she had yielded to persuasion, she fenced the innocent entertainment round with so many instructions and so many warnings that while, no doubt, it added to the thrill with which Mabel departed to it, in Miss Vincent's mind there existed so many dangers that she hardly took her eyes from her niece during the whole of

the evening. Once or twice she tapped the girl's shoulder with her fan and said: "Who are you dancing this with?" And when she heard the name frequently given of a certain delightful young sailor, she said warningly: "Not quite so often with the same gentleman, dear. It does not look well."

Needless to say that Mabel, being young and in gay spirits, disregarded her aunt's caution, and not only danced with whom she pleased, but piled her favours in the form of waltzes on the devoted head of Captain Wentworth Rose. The gallant young man was not slow in following his advantages, and so deeply cunning was he, and so strategical withal, that having won Mabel's heart in one splendid first engagement, he began to bombard the almost impregnable stronghold named by Miss Vincent her duty to her niece.

Captain Rose took her in to supper. He admired, very respectfully, her old lace, although he knew nothing whatever about lace, and having plied Miss Isabel with all the food she most preferred, and obtained cold grouse for her even when a waiter had announced that all the cold grouse had "gone," he boldly and without a quiver in his voice requested leave to call upon the ladies on the following day. The excuse he urged for his visit was the necessity of showing Mabel Vincent—both the ladies, in fact—how to tie nautical knots. According to him, no woman's education was complete unless this branch of it was mastered.

"You might be anywhere," said Captain Rose, "and utterly stranded unless, for instance, you could tie a reef knot or a bowline-hitch."

"My niece studies Red Cross work," pleaded Miss Vincent, "and I believe I have seen her try to tie a reef knot."

"Yes; but," said the sailor, "a reef knot is a very small part of the business. What would you do, for instance, Miss Vincent, if you found yourself stranded in a boat and

had a line thrown to you, and did not know how to fasten it?"

"I don't boat," said Miss Vincent.

"Lives are dependent upon this sort of knowledge," pursued Wentworth "Take another example. Suppose you found yourself on a desert island. A few barrels of provisions naturally float ashore. You don't know how to haul them up to your rough camping-ground because you don't know how to make a clove-hitch."

"Nothing will ever induce me to travel by sea," said the poor lady, "so there is not the least chance of my finding myself on a desert

island."

"Worse still," pursued the relentless young man, "your niece has fallen over a precipice. A man offers to rescue her, if he can be lowered down to her, but not one of that careless crowd on the brink—I say careless because, without a knowledge of knots, everyone may be called careless—not one of that crowd can lower away a man because of their ignorance in making a simple bowline."

By this time Miss Vincent had begun to feel very uncomfortable and to tremble a little. She thought within herself that she might have a railing placed, at her own expense, round the only quarry that she knew. But still she could not always be at hand to prevent her niece falling over precipices, and the desire to be able to tie a bowline became

imperative with her.

"Can you secure a rope end?" went on

Captain Rose.

"No, but I should like to be able to," she "Indeed, I think Mabel and I ought to learn at once."

"I will call to-morrow," said Wentworth

Mabel had pretty hands. She was, indeed, one of those lucky girls about whom nearly everything is pretty, and Captain Wentworth Rose had the brown, strong fingers of a sailor. Between them they had strands of cord, and opposite to them sat Miss Vincent.

She held the slack of a rope in her hand while the other end, according to Captain Rose's instructions, was secured round the handle of a heavy cabinet. The awkwardness of concentrating her eyes and her attention upon the rope thus placed, and at the same time keeping both fixed upon her niece, was felt by the lady to be a matter of enormous difficulty. Once or twice, when she glanced over her shoulder, Wentworth told her politely that he was sure she would never learn to tie a bowline-on-the-bight if

she did not pay attention to what she was

Miss Isabel remarked that she tied knots "more by the feel of the thing" than by

anything else.

"If you do that," said the sailor gravely, "you will learn far more quickly if you shut your eyes."

"I will keep them fixed on the ceiling," she said, looking over her shoulder again.

Mabel, meantime, was showing an alarming want of intelligence in the simple matter of twisting a cord in certain directions, while her instructor's patience knew no bounds.

Once he said to her: "It is excessively difficult for you, because, while I sit in front of you like this, you get everything from an opposite point of view, as it were. Now, if you will allow me to sit beside you——" beside you-

Miss Vincent withdrew her eyes so suddenly from gazing at the ceiling that it appeared as if she rolled them in a manner simply terrifying.

"That is much better," said Mabel. really do believe I see how it is done now."

"You take one end of the rope like this," said Captain Rose, "and simply turn your wrist like this."

"That's the difficult part," said Mabel.

"Not if I show you," he said.

He took her fingers between his own and gave Mabel's wrist an upward jerk.

"Oh, that's it!" she said with interest.

"Perhaps you would kindly sit by me now," said Miss Isabel, "and Mabel can sit opposite the handle of the cabinet."

"Really, you will soon get it quite all right," said Wentworth encouragingly.

"I believe it is humanly impossible," said Miss Vincent with conviction.

He took the cord out of her hand, and there was something very delightful about his cool, strong fingers as he slung the knot and guided her hand. When he touched her, she said to herself that it was purely accidental. When she had accomplished the knot, he said to her: "Now practise that with determination for a little time, while I see how my other pupil is getting on." then sat beside Miss Mabel Vincent again and bent over the terrible muddle in which

the younger lady had got her cord. "I am very stupid," she said.

"That's to my advantage," he responded

"Why?" she said.

"Because I have the pleasure of teaching you all over again."

He placed her hands in the right position, while telling her aunt that he now looked upon her as prepared for almost any crisis. Thus encouraged, she made fifteen bowline-on-the-bights in succession, while Mabel still tied grannies instead of reefs.

"You will have to come again," she said.

Miss Vincent, who was very hospitable as

Miss Vincent, who was very hospitable as a rule, said quickly: "I shall be able to teach you, Mab."

"But really your education is only just

begun," said the sailor.

He called the next day and on the following Sunday. Miss Vincent, meanwhile, had been tying knots on every bell-rope and curtain-cord in the house. No one could get a blind to come up or down because of the numerous knots in the cords, and she kept a piece of rope under her pillow for practice during the waking hours of the morning. Her one anxiety now was that Captain Rose would be returning to his ship shortly, and before she had acquired half his knowledge.

"He can come back and stay with us for the Jones's dance at Christmas," said Mabel, "if you really want to go on learning more knots." And this time Miss Vincent fell into the trap at once, or, as we are on the subject of rope, let us say she put her head blindly into the noose, and hardly knew when it was

drawn tight about her.

Aunt and niece lived on the outskirts of a large and most unattractive town of smoky chimneys and ugly small dwellings, which could be seen from their charming house. The garden furnished ample shade, and the lawns were smooth-shaven and vividly green, but fingers grew dirty that picked flowers in the borders, and wearers of tennis flannels had to be warned not to sit on the grass. large old-fashioned brewery had given James Vincent his handsome fortune, and he had always loved to see the big red building from his house on the hill. But Pickering had grown a very much larger town since the days when he had built his villa up amongst the trees, and now it was the centre of many other commercial concerns, which brought in their train fluctuations of fortune and sharp contrasts between rich and poor, and frequent strikes among workers. A pall of smoke hung over the chimneys and even ascended to the green hill where Mabel Vincent dwelt; but she was interested in the town and all that concerned it, and where her father had made his fortune, there she determined that some of it should be spent. She was foremost among the charitable ladies of the place,

and gave her money and her time with equal generosity.

This Christmas was a time of want, alas, among the poor folk of Pickering, and Mr. Jones, of the great flannel mills, was giving a large ball, chiefly to promote local business. He ordered a sumptuous supper at the confectioner's where he had dealt for years, and one of his clever daughters conceived the delightful idea of making the dance a fancy dress one, for which a prize would be offered, on condition that the dress had been made in Pickering. These facts, simple and homelike as they might appear, had promoted a very kindly feeling in the place, and the Jones's ball made a stirring event in the dull and lean winter.

Mabel Vincent filled her house for it, and to the dance came Captain Wentworth Rose in a sailor's blue-and-gold uniform, in which he looked an amazingly fine fellow. By this time, it may be unnecessary to observe, Mabel was so much in love with him that she would have thought he looked a fine fellow if he had come dressed in a sack with a rope round his waist. In a moment of expansion, and having no young friend in the house of whom to make a confidante of her tender feelings, she remarked to her aunt, in a tentative way, that she thought that a sailor's uniform was the most manly and most becoming dress she knew.

"I don't myself notice what gentlemen wear," said her aunt, in a very superior tone of voice.

"You couldn't help noticing Captain Rose," said Mabel, and she made an unguarded remark about seeing him look well even in a sack.

The words aroused Miss Vincent's suspicions at once. In spite of all her care, in spite of all her watchfulness, Mabel had fallen in love! What was to be done? Miss Vincent had guarded her, warned her, chaperoned her, and yet this awful thing had happened. What would poor James say if he were alive? Would he free her from blame, or would he say that she had not sufficiently guarded and cherished his only child? Looking back over the past, Miss Vincent could only say, while mentally wringing her hands, that she had meant well and had done her best. Looking into the unknown future, she felt a tragedy of responsibility in the momentous matter, and determined to avert, if possible, the supreme calamity of seeing Mabel become engaged to be married.

As a matter of fact, she had no aversion to marriage, and had been taught to regard it as an honourable estate, and her uneasiness was due to no more serious mental emotion than the dread of responsibility. For years she had kept men successfully at bay, and had continually interrupted conversations whenever she saw that Mabel was interested or amused. She had forbidden picnic parties, had scowled at duets, had positively put a veto upon palmistry, and now the thing she dreaded might any day come to pass. She had failed in her trust to James, and any day Mabel might announce her engagement. The only thing now to be done was to protect her in every possible way, and to strive even at the eleventh hour to avert a crisis. Captain Rose was coming to the house, but so watchful would Miss Vincent become that she would outwit even the strategical sailor, and prevent any intimate intercourse between him and her young relative. She would watch over Mabel even more carefully than before. She would forbid billiards, discourage walks in couples, and she would herself accompany any motorcar expedition that was arranged. would separate couples in church provide hymn books for each person. hoped it would be bad weather, that she might keep her guests in one room—the drawing-room for choice—and not let them wander in the distant corners of the house.

How one watchful pair of eyes was to accomplish all this supervision she did not know. How one pair of elderly legs was to follow rampageous young people upon their walks abroad puzzled her still more; and how to sit up late, in order to prevent conversations in corners, and yet be able to be up in good time in order to prevent confidential inquiries in respect of baconand-eggs and coffee in the morning, she knew still less. Once she thought desperately of saying to Mabel: "Keep close to me all the time." But she knew how emphatically these instructions would be disregarded by her niece. She could only be alert, omnipresent, and strictly watchful.

Had Mabel remained an old maid, it would have been the disappointment of Miss Vincent's life. But the thought of her beautiful niece, with her large fortune, being claimed by any man dismayed her. Had an archangel—who presumably does not marry—asked for the girl's hand, Miss Vincent's suspicions would have been aroused and her sense of responsibility at once engaged. Had a millionaire with twice

Mab's fortune sought her hand, she would still have felt that the trust of James the Brewer had not been kept. She rested long, before the guests arrived for the Jones's ball and their own Christmas party, for there were a strenuous few days in front of the spinster, and her heart melted at the thought of them.

Once she said: "Mabel, while there are guests in the house, do be careful." But when asked to say in what particular direction lay the danger, and in what form care was to be taken, she was at a loss for words to describe her fears. "It looks bad," she responded lamely, "and with gentlemen in the house a girl can't be too circumspect."

Now, of course, taking into account actual numerical superiority, the advantages of youth, and the fixed determination on the part of the guests assembled at Woolcote Lodge on December 23, 1913, to obtain both enjoyment and happiness, they should have been able to outwit one solitary opposing power, neither young nor nimble, calling itself Isabel Vincent.

But the staying powers of that lady were enormous. Her determination never flagged, and she was capable of outflanking the most skilful moves on the part of her hereditary foes. Did a gentleman suggest a walk with her niece, Miss Vincent wanted a walk, too. Did Mabel talk of driving her own motor-car, her aunt, whom this mode of transit completely terrified, would "fancy" a drive, and would enjoy sitting in the seat beside the fair chauffeur. If a game of billiards was proposed, Miss Vincent became the marker. Were church decorations in full swing, this devoted chaperon wove wreaths of holly and planted white chrysanthemums with the best. the Jones's dance she was ubiquitous, and interrupted a tête-à-tête supper which Mabel was enjoying immensely, and bore down full sail upon her when she was sitting in a dim corridor with Wentworth Rose.

When the dance was finished, she motored home triumphantly with a sad and dejected couple, and said to herself "Hurrah!" As she lay down on her comfortable four-post bed in her comfortable bedroom, she was exhausted but victorious. "Only one day more, and he will be gone. Mabel will be safe, and I can breathe once more."

The following was Christmas Day. Miss Vincent was down in good time for breakfast, and found her niece and Captain Wentworth standing by the hall fire. They

had evidently not had time to say more than to wish each other a happy Christmas. But even such greetings it was well to interrupt. At breakfast-time she sat between them, and when they walked to Pickering to church, she took good care to require Mabel's arm because of the muddy roads. By this time Miss Vincent was very nearly happy, and sang praises loudly in church. There was still lunch to get through, however, and in the afternoon Mabel proposed taking a basket of good things to a very poor family in the town. They were hopeless people, and she



knew them to be so, but there was a little sick boy in the family, and, as it was Christmastime, all the frailties and many backslidings of the Haggerts must be forgotten, and Mabel had prepared a basket of good things for the invalid Charlie and for the rest of his unsatisfactory relations.

"Are you going to motor to Whitehead's Alley?" said Miss Vincent at lunch-time. Mabel replied that this was her intention, as the basket was too heavy to carry. Miss Vincent asked politely if she might also go to Pickering, as she wished to inquire after

the health of the Vicar's wife.

"But I asked how she was, after church this morning, and the beadle said that she was much better," responded Mabel.

"Still, one likes to inquire," said Miss Vincent, who was scrupulous in the matter

of cards.

Captain Rose gave one despairing glance across the table. He had no time for speech with the object of his devotion after the meal was over, but those who followed his movements closely might have seen him busily engaged in scribbling a line on a sheet of paper at one of the writing-tables in the hall just before the motor-car started on its errand of mercy. There were white roses—delicate, fragile things—in a vase on the writing-table, and Captain Rose hastily drew one out of the water and wrapped his half-sheet of note-paper about it as Mabel came downstairs, muffled in velvet and furs. He had just time to hand the flower to her and to whisper hastily, "Wear this," before Miss Vincent, in a masterly manner, cut them both off by appearing on the staircase through a side door, and saying: "Well, Mabel dear, are you quite ready?"

They drove to Pickering together, and the motor-car left Mabel at the entrance to Whitehead's Alley, and then went on with its men-servants and her aunt to the Vicarage.

Mabel dejectedly toiled upstairs to the miserable home belonging to the large family of Haggerts. She was saying to herself—quite unnecessarily—that Captain Rose had sought for no opportunity of speaking to her, and that his affection must be less ardent than she had supposed, otherwise it would surely ere this have found expression. She had meant this Christmas to be the happiest in her life, and it certainly had been the most miserable she had ever spent. To-morrow her lover would ride away again, and it seemed to her that life would be a very sad and dull affair without him.

Thus thinking, she entered the humble

dwelling of Mr. and Mrs. Haggert, and was confronted by the spectacle of something not only so miserable, but so uncomfortable and so sordid, so pitiful in its commonplaceness and its ugliness, that she felt an overmastering sense of self-reproach for allowing her own affairs—even the absorbing one of love—to dominate her.

Poor Charlie Haggert was far worse than she had ever seen him before, and with far less, it seemed to her, to mitigate the misery of his lot. He was a crippled child who would never walk or be strong, but on her last visit she had noticed that the room where he slept was not very uncomfortable, and that he had warm blankets on his bed. To-day, the family exchequer being at its lowest ebb, the Haggerts had moved into one room, where they all slept together, and where, although there was a fire, the warm blankets had gone from the bed, and it would seem as if every available piece of furniture in the room had been sold.

Mabel Vincent felt ashamed even of her furs and the pretty woven basket, lined with a damask dinner napkin, which she had brought with her. She spread her present of food and toys upon the table, and mentally made a list of what she must bring another day. Mrs. Haggert was voluble in her thanks, as she was voluble in all her utterances, but Mabel only gave half her attention to the genuine tale of woe which the poor woman All her attention was concentrated upon the crippled boy, with his wasted hands and large eyes, who followed every movement of hers about the room, and whose delight over his parcel of toys was of a wan description so full of pathos that her kind heart was doubly moved to pity again. Mabel had never spared herself nor merely sent presents by the hands of others. She loved the poor people of this ugly town, and worked for all and sundry where she could. To-day the squalor of the room in which her little crippled friend lay appalled her, and with all her mind she tried to remember that the Vicar had positively forbidden her to encourage man who was habitually out of work, and who, when he had money to spend, spent it on himself with unsparing selfishness. No one knew how he lived. He drank beer and bought tobacco, and his wife and children starved. It is an old story, and has been so often told that it hardly succeeds in arousing the attention of a reader.

Mabel sat on the crippled boy's bed for nearly an hour before Miss Vincent, still triumphant with the success of her work in life, sent up a message to say that the motorcar was waiting at the entrance of the alley. As Mabel arose from her seat upon the humble couch, the sick child raised his great eyes to hers and said: "You might give us a flower, miss."

"I can't give you that, Charlie," she began, and was going to add, "because it was given to me by a friend." But she thought that a little boy of nine would never be able to understand that excuse, and that it would convey very little to him. He wanted the flower, and the lady was not going to give it to him—that was all that Charlie would know. And, being a very tender-hearted girl, with an instinct for humanity which is rare, perhaps, but always unmistakable, she unpinned the white rose from amongst her furs and handed it to the little boy on his bed.

"My, look at that, now!" said Mrs. Haggert. "We must get a mug of water and put it beside your bed, Charlie."

Mabel hastily left the room. She could not bear to see the slatternly woman handle her white rose. When she got home, she would find some means of telling Wentworth why she had parted with it, and he would understand. If it were not that she was sure that he would understand, it would have been more difficult to part with his gift.

Mr. Bram Haggert returned early that day from his so-called work, and found that his wife, with the extravagance of her class, and with the light-heartedness without which, perhaps, her class could not live, had taken her family, with the exception of the little crippled boy, to see a cinematograph. The money for the entertainment would have to be explained to the Vicar by Mabel, he having resolutely forbidden her to give relief except through organised channels.

Bram was a ruffianly-looking man, who was addressed by his children as "Dada." He sat moodily down by the window, and as he did not seem inclined for conversation, his son occupied his time with his new toys and in admiration of the white rose in the mug by his bedside.

Presently his father, in order to have some occupation for his idle hands, picked up a piece of folded paper that lay upon the floor near the window, and remarked in that curiously threatening tone of voice which many of the lower classes employ in asking a question.

"Look 'ere, how did this come 'ere?"

"I dunno," said Charlie, wondering whether he was going to suffer because of the piece of paper on the table. "Who left it, I say? Carn't you speak?"
"I believe it fell through the window,"
said Charlie, whose imagination in lying was,
through much practice, very great.

"Why didn't you give it to me long ago?"

"It only came after mother went out," said the boy loyally. After all, it was a pity that two people should suffer.

"Who brought it?" repeated the man.

"It just fell," said the cripple.

"Did ver see it fall?"

"No, I heard it. I thought it was a mouse."

"You've told me lies before, Charlie," said his father, "and I'll knock you silly if this is a lie." But Haggert's eyes were gleaming, and he did not look angry as he went out with the piece of paper in his pocket.

To be brief, Mr. Bram Haggert was a housebreaker by profession. Sometimes a successful one, sometimes not, but the life suited him, for it was full of excitement, which he loved, and nothing pleased him so much as the chance of what he called a "fresh piece of business." Now, it had been in the minds of himself and of two or three of his companions that there was far too much silverplate at Woolcote Lodge, and that it would be of benefit to himself and others if a redistribution of it were made. Consequently, there had been a great many quiet footsteps round the garden and walls of that comfortable mansion for some time past, and while Mabel and her aunt knitted socks and scarves for the Haggert family, it is sad to have to relate that the head of it was in pursuit of her spoons and forks. So far, Mr. Haggert had not seen any clear way to furthering his profession and filling his always empty purse, because at Woolcote Lodge there were heavy bars to most of the lower windows, there was a butler who slept downstairs, and there was a head gardener, a most unpleasant man, who, according to Mr. Haggert, "got nosin' about o' nights with a gun." Now, however, the Fates were going to be kind, as they had sometimes been in the past. Some entrance was to be found into the well-stocked house, and Mr. Haggert would enjoy his fair share of the plunder which he and his mates, by some reasoning known only to themselves, thought they so richly deserved. Mr. Haggert had, in fact, received a message which was not quite unexpected, although its mode of delivery was unusual. The note had been thrown through the window of his house, and it said in a clear small hand: "Come to the blue boudoir this evening at half-past seven."

It was the best time for a burglarious entry into a house, Bram knew. He had tried the midnight dodge too often. In the case of Woolcote Lodge, it would have been madness to try even to cross the pleasure grounds, for a man with ears like a lynx slept in the gardener's house.

It was Christmas afternoon. Bram Haggert straightened himself, indulged in an extra glass of beer, and walked forth into the Mabel Vincent, meanwhile, was playing billiards with one of her cousins, and feeling about as wretched as a girl can be. Miss Vincent was taking a brief rest because the cousin was quite innocuous, and Captain Wentworth Rose was sitting in a very pretty blue room, in the dark, waiting for his lady love. He had turned out the light because he knew that the watchful eye of Miss Vincent would discover it, and the boudoir would be raked from end to end by the searchlight of her spectacles before long. Captain Rose sat in a wide arm-chair between the window and the fireplace, and outside in the dark the steps of Mr. Bram Haggert approached nearer and nearer.

So that we have this situation—

Mabel in the billiard-room, too unhappy even to make jokes with a beloved cousin; Miss Vincent, with her feet on a sofa, enjoying a well-earned repose, with one ear cocked and one eye open; Captain Rose in the blue boudoir, and Mr. Haggert in the garden. And here we must pause to say that these worthy people were totally unaware of each other's location.

Captain Rose thought that Mabel was dressing early in order to have the half hour he had begged for in the distant blue boudoir. Mabel thought that he was in the smoking-room playing bridge. Miss Vincent held the belief that her niece was resting, and Mr. Haggert thought that the party would all probably now be upstairs in their rooms, engaged in that curious, unnecessary toilet which he had heard called "dressing for dinner."

The four persons thus described were not all in the most serene state of mind. Mr. Haggert was, perhaps, the happiest. He was in for a bit of Christmas fun. Miss Vincent, although rejoicing that her guests would all depart on the morrow, was still in a state of apprehension; Mabel was frankly miserable, and Captain Rose was torturing himself with the fact that, when Mabel returned at teatime out of the darkness and gloom into the firelit hall where tea was spread, she was not wearing the white rose he had given her.

Perhaps this was a gentle way of refusing him. In any case, she had not cared sufficiently for the flower to wear it. Captain Rose was waiting in what a young lady would call "an agony" until the door should open and Mabel should enter in one of her lovely dresses and with her dear face turned to him. The vision which he conjured up was almost too much for the poor young man, and he groaned when he thought that the lady's affections might not be for him, and that she might not keep the tryst which he had made with her.

Mr. Haggert meantime drew nearer, and had passed the house of the vigilant gardener, had crossed the lawn in the darkness, and had flattened himself against the outside wall of the house, where no ray of light fell. The boudoir, usually lighted up, was not illuminated now. One of the French windows was a little open, perhaps because it was a mild night. It was Mr. Haggert's intention to slip into the room and wait there till the party had gone in to dinner, when he believed that he might conveniently slip up the back stairs, raid every jewel-box in the house, and then coolly slip off with a couple of plate-baskets while the butler and the two footmen were in the dining-room. He knew the ways of the house well. Once, when Miss Vincent had bade him call about some work, he had taken a good look about him. In the deep shadow and across the slushy grass he crept noiselessly. His hand was on the window, which creaked ever so slightly, and then a strange thing happened. For the first time in his long and varied career Mr. Haggert heard himself addressed as "My darling!" someone laid fingers on his and exclaimed "At last!" opening wide the French window to let him in.

It was not the reception he had been expecting. In the words of Mr. Haggert, it "struck him all of a heap." He said in a hoarse whisper: "Who's coddin'?" and then quickly he added: "Is that you, Bill?"

Stranger still were the things in store for him. He found an immense pair of hands firmly wedged in somewhere between his neck and the collar of his shirt, and he was dragged into the room.

A sharp and short struggle ensued. Mr. Haggert was sadly out of training, and Wentworth Rose was as hard as nails, so that the result of the contest was preordained. The housebreaker lay full length on the carpet before long, and then the difficulty was to know what to do with him.

The electric bell near the fireplace was far from the sailor's hand, and he objected to shouting for help, as he did not like to make a fuss and a row in the house. "I can't sit on his chest all night," he said to himself. "All the same, I couldn't swear that this gentleman hasn't got a revolver tucked away somewhere, and he will probably get at it as soon as I leave his wrists." At this moment he discovered several long pieces of stout cord which lay, as if to his hand, on a small sofa quite near to him, and his heart usually a sound organ—gave one tremendous leap as he realised that Mabel had been practising the knots which he had taught her.

To acquire the cords and to begin tying them on his own account was, as writers of romance say, "the work of an instant." few turns round the man's wrists, and Bram was secure. A useful little revolver was extracted from his pocket and instantly confiscated, and the burglar made a return journey across the damp lawn much sooner than he had expected, and with an uncomfortable choking feeling at his neck, where fingers like iron were knotted in his scarf. and with an equally uncomfortable feeling his wrists. The gardener—that unnecessarily observant man-came out of his house and challenged him and his escort. and the three wended their way to the town of Pickering and to the local police-station.

Consequently, Captain Rose was late for dinner. Consequently, Mabel thought, first, that he had gone away because he had found out before it was too late that he was not in love with her, and, secondly, she assured herself that he must have been the victim of some alarming accident. He had not, after all, been playing bridge before dinner, and no one had seen him since tea-time.

Consternation was written on every face round the hitherto cheerful dinner-table. Even Miss Vincent melted, and asked so many questions of the butler while he was waiting that it was with great difficulty that anyone got anything to eat that evening. No light could be thrown upon the mystery. Captain Rose's room had been visited and found empty, and the sitting-rooms in the large house had been searched in vain. one in his senses leaves a house at eight o'clock in the evening, with dinner in full view and a damp, cold December night outside, unless under circumstances which are very compelling. Now, what could have compelled Captain Rose to quit the comfort and warmth of Woolcote Lodge, and where

and how would he next be heard of? look at the railway time-table convinced everyone that no convenient trains were running on Christmas night; besides, the distance to the station was a considerable one, and there was no note of apology written to say that the missing gentleman had been unexpectedly called away. He had vanished without having spoken a farewell to anyone, and without, as far as could be ascertained, receiving any message or telegram from the outside world which would account for his sudden departure. The much-questioned servants stated positively that they had not opened the door to let anyone in. Miss Vincent wanted to telephone to the police at Pickering, where she would, as a matter of fact, have got the information she wanted, and everyone's fears would have been set at rest at once. But there seemed some objection to this on account of the fact that "Rose hated a fuss," and it was urged upon the spinster that a hue and cry would be a pity just yet, and that the party assembled in the house might reasonably wait an hour or two before taking decisive measures. Dinner ended lamely. The dessert was left untouched, the crackers remained undrawn, while the twinkling holly looked mischievous and winked at the white cloth and said nothing, and the stars outside shone faintly through the murky night and guided Captain Rose and the head gardener, chatting amicably on their way home from Pickering.

As a matter of fact, they had forgotten all about the time, and when Wentworth at last took out his watch and discovered that it was nearly ten o'clock, the only audible words he uttered were: "No wonder I am hungry!"

For some reason, always unexplained, he re-entered the house by the way he had come. It may have been—he always thought it was—because he believed that he had left the window open, and if there were others of Haggert's gang about, it would be as well to close it. So behold him walking through the slushy grass again, and entering noiselessly the blue boudoir, only to find there a girl crying her heart out over a few pieces of cord lying on a sofa . . .

Miss Vincent made the supreme joke of her life that night, and many people considered that it was the real reason why she did not oppose her niece's marriage, when she alluded in one brilliant sally to the fact that sailors' knots become true lovers' knots. The applause that greeted her joke was deafening. This may have been because

Miss Vincent joked so seldom, or it may have been because of the real sense of relief which the pleasant party collected for Christmas at Woolcote Lodge were feeling.

Here and now it must be related that the two young people in the blue and blissful and ever-to-be-remembered boudoir had never even imagined that their friends might be frightened about the sailor's absence, and they never reported themselves in the drawing-room until nearly eleven o'clock.

By this time Miss Vincent was in tears, and had determined to sit up all night, and one or two young men had begun to write telegrams which there was no earthly chance

of sending off.

Hunger drove the famished sailor out into the open and back to his kind. The butler had once more been summoned, to be once more interrogated; the two footmen had been once more entrusted with telegrams which they could not possibly dispatch. Miss Vincent had once more been counselled to go to bed, when the door opened and Wentworth Rose appeared, blinking almost as if he had come out of the dark, and by his side was a radiant and beautiful young woman, who said that she was afraid that they were both rather late, and would her aunt be kind enough to order supper?

There wasn't a cracker left on the table undrawn, after all. There wasn't, so the butler always affirmed, a single glass left whole. They were all young people—even Miss Vincent was young that night—and they all wanted supper, although they had dined heartily about three hours before.

Cold viands appeared and disappeared like magic. Miss Vincent was called upon to give the toast of the evening, and then it was that she rose so magnificently to the occasion and made the one speech and the one joke of her life. That her allusion was unintelligible to most of her hearers did not matter in the least; that she forgot altogether the latter part of it was equally unimportant. She gained for herself once and for ever the name of being a great speaker when, with a burst of oratory and a graceful flourish of an empty champagne glass, she gave as the toast of the evening "Sailors' Knots," and remained ever afterwards, in her own and in other people's belief, covered with fame.



MOTHER-COUNTRY.

MOTHER-COUNTRY, land and sea Yield strong sons who die for thee; Gladly proffer, gladly give Life that thou mayst proudly live;

Offering up all life doth mean, Effort, conquest, aim, and dream; Manhood's strength, high zest, and power, Sink surrendered in one hour. Happy mother, e'en in woe, Such a breed of men to know For thine own; tears cannot hide 'Neath thy sorrow flashing pride.

Kinship in a surging flood Courses through thy children's blood, Joy, a valiant race to share; Honour, England's name to bear.

Mother-Country, land and sea Yield strong sons who die for thee; Through the years God grant that we Worthy of thy fallen be.

THE FALSE STEP

By E. F. BENSON

Illustrated by Dudley Hardy



RS. ARTHUR
BOLNEY ROSS,
when, three years
ago, she set sail, or,
rather, set screw,
for England, had
no very clear idea
of the campaign she
intended to wage
there, though a
firm determination

to win it, and had mentally arrived at no general plan beyond those preliminary manœuvres which our charming American invaders usually adopt when they first effect a landing on the primitive pavements She had, in fact, taken of Piccadilly. half a dozen rooms at the Ritz Hotel and a box on the grand tier of the Covent Garden Opera House. But she had also, for the six months preceding her expedition, secretly received daily lessons in the pronunciation and idioms of that particular (and, as she thought, peculiar) dialect of the English language which was in vogue among the section of the English-speaking race with whom she intended to have dealings. Rightly or wrongly, she had decided that the screaming drawl of New York, which a few years before had so captivated the English upper classes, and had led to so many charming and successful marriages, was now out of date, and would enchant no longer. So instead of being content with her expressive native speech, she learned with almost passionate assiduity the mumbling English diction, the inaudible Victorian voice, which she rightly considered would be a novelty to those who had so largely abandoned it themselves in favour of a more strident utterance. But she did not, in mastering the Victorian voice and intonation, suffer her knowledge of her native tongue and its blatant delivery to wither from misuse; she but became bi-lingual, and schooled her vocal chords

to either register without in the least confusing the two.

It was in this point that she showed herself a campaigner of no stereotyped order, but one who might go far, who intended in any case to go further than anybody else. The idea was brilliant. Others before her had become more English than the English, and had done well; others had remained more American than the Americans, and had done even better. But she, among the immense bales of her luggage, brought with her this significant little handbag, so to speak: she could sound American or English at will. She could say without stumbling, "Very pleased to make your acquaintance," or "How are you?" just as she pleased. And in this, so it seems to her historian, lay the germ of her success, and also the seeds of her final and irretrievable disaster, for in spite of her modulated voice and acquired idiom, she remained American in thought, with the regal impulses of a queen in Newport.

In other respects she was not, on her first landing, different in kind from our ordinary hospitable invaders. She had a real Arthur Bolney Ross in the background, who was capable of being shown and tested, if, so to speak, she was "searched," but who, since his mind had in the course of years become nothing more nor less than a mint, out of which streams of bullion perpetually issued, preferred to be left alone for the processes of production. Amelie was excellent friends with him, when they had time and inclination to meet, and it always gave her a comfortable feeling to know that Arthur was in existence. If they had met very often, it is probable that they would have got on each other's nerves, and, since she had an immense fortune of her own, have considered the desirability of a divorce; but in the meantime Amelie decidedly liked the feeling of stability which her husband gave She did not think about him much.

but she knew he was there. Husbands, she had ascertained, were going to be fashionable in London this year, or, if not exactly fashionable, were going to be "worn" in the manner of some invisible but judicious part of the dress, like a cholera belt, or, as Amelie would have called it when she spoke American, a gripe-girdle. Pearls also were worn, though not so invisibly as husbands, and Amelie had five superb ropes of these, which could be verified by anybody, and never got on her nerves at all. She had also, among her general equipment, a very excellent sort of social godmother, Lady Brackenbury, who, for a remuneration that made no difference to Amelie, but a good deal to her, was prepared to exert herself to the utmost pitch of her very valuable capabilities in the matter of bringing people to see her and in taking her to see people, and in preventing the wrong sort of people from having any sort of access to her. Amelie was willing to put herself into Lady Brackenbury's hands with the complete confidence in which she would have entrusted her mouth to a thoroughly trustworthy dentist, had her admirable toeth demanded any sort of adjustment. She could not have made a wiser choice: there was nobody, in fact, among possible godmothers in London, who would have been a sounder sponsor.

The two had met eighteen months before in New York, and subsequently, in the summer, Violet Brackenbury had spent a month with her friend at her cottage at Newport, which exteriorly resembled an immense Swiss chalet, and inside was like a terminus hotel. There, on ground for ever afterwards more historic than Marathon. had been fought the famous sixteen days' war, in which Amelie had so signally defeated and deposed the reigning queen of the very smartest set of New York society. The point to be decided, of course, was which of the two could give the most ludicrous, extravagant, and delirious parties, and thus be acclaimed sovereign among hostesses. Amelie, as challenger, had flung the gauntlet in the shape of a midnight lawntennis party, with hundreds of arc lamps hung above the courts, the nets covered with spangles, and the lines made of ground glass faintly illuminated by elecute lights beneath, while, by way of contrast with this brilliance, a number of men dressed like mourners at a funeral, with top-hats and black scarves, picked up and presented the lawn-tennis balls to her guests in coffinshaped trays. Here was a high bid for

supremacy, and it was felt that Mrs. Cicero B. Dace would have to do something great in order to eclipse the brightness and originality of this entertainment. bright and original she was, and when, two nights later, she gave her marvellous canary ball, it was thought that her throne had not yet tottered. On this occasion her admiring guests were thrilled to find that all round the walls of her ballroom had been planted mimosa trees, among the branches of which three thousand canaries had been let loose. after being doped with hard-boiled egg soaked in rum and water. These chirped and sang in a feverish and intoxicated manner. the end of the ball the men of the party, dressed as huntsmen and armed with air-guns, these unfortunate songsters presented the spoils to their partners in the cotillion.

Amelie had two answers to that—the first an indignant letter, printed in large type throughout the American press, denouncing this massacre, and the second another ball. The letter Mrs. Cicero B. Dace did not object to at all, since it but enhanced her notoriety, but she objected to the ball very much indeed, since Amelie's ingenious mind hit on the simple and exquisite plan of dispensing with the band, and having in its place a choir of three hundred singers, who, in batches of one hundred at a time, sang the dance tunes. The effect was contagious, and dancers joined in also, producing, as the press said, the "most stupendously lyrical effect since the days of Sappho." Then Mrs. Cicero B. Dace sat down and thought again, lighting upon the famous idea of the auction ball, in which a real English Duke acted as auctioneer, and before each dance put up the ladies for auction, to be bid for by the men who wished to be their partners. But Amelie swiftly sent for Arthur Bolney Ross, and he and a friend of hers, who was backing her in this struggle for sovereignty, continued to bid for her for so long that, out of sinister compassion for her hostess, she stepped down from the rostrum and refused to dance with either, for fear that there should be no more dancing for anybody. This completely spoiled the success of the auction ball, and while Mrs. Cicero B. Dace was still staggering from its failure, Amelie annihilated her altogether by giving her inimitable glacier ball on the hottest night of the year. refrigerating apparatus was rigged up on the walls of her ballroom, and their entire surface thickly coated with real ice. Glass

channels were made round the margin of the floor, to carry off the melting water, fringed with blue gentians, while accomplished members of the band yodelled at intervals to carry out the Swiss illusion. She and the auctioneer Duke—whom she had captured from under the nose of Mrs. Cicero B. Dace—dressed in knickerbockers, with a rope round his shoulder and an ice-axe in his hand, led the cotillion, and Mrs. Cicero B. Dace, having in vain tried to point out that the gentians were three parts artificial flowers, retired at 1 a.m. in floods of tears.

Such were Amelie Ross's social achievements when, unlike Alexander the Great, she bethought herself that there were more worlds to conquer, and decided to extend her dominions over England. Her godmother, of course, knew her history, having, indeed, assisted at the history she had already made, and on the night of her arrival at the Ritz Hotel, dined with her there in her charming room looking over the Green Park, before going with her to her box at the Opera. As regards this first appearance of her god-daughter, Violet Brackenbury had laid her plans very carefully, and explained them as they dined.

"I have asked nobody else at all, dear Amelie," she said, "because I want everybody to be wild to find out who you are, and nobody will be able to say—curiosity is the best sauce of all."

curiosity is the best sauce of all."

Amelie became thoroughly American for a moment.

"My!" she said. "Don't you mean that your folk over here haven't seen hundreds and hundreds of pictures of me in the

orpers :

"Probably not one, my dear. And I've only told one woman that you are coming. You are going to burst on everybody to-night, you and your lovely face, and your six feet of height, and your wonderful hair, and your wonderful pearls, and the most wonderful gown that you've got. I want all London for an hour or two to be wild to know who you are, and I have told the box-attendant to take your name off the door, and not to let anybody in between the acts. Afterwards I shall take you to the dance at Alice Middlesex's, which, luckily, ever so luckily, is to-night. She is the one person I have told."

"The Duchess of Middlesex?" asked

Amelie.

"Yes; and she is quite certain to ask you if you know Lady Creighton, that dreadful countrywoman of yours who is

climbing into London like a monkey and hopping about it like a flea. The tried to patronise Alice, and Alice won't get over it either in this world or the next. So tell her that Lady Creighton is not received in New York—which I believe is the case, isn't it?—and look very much surprised at the idea of knowing her. I can't tell you how important that is."

Amelie frowned slightly.

"But Elsie Creighton telephoned to me half an hour ago," she said, "asking me to lunch with her to-morrow to meet——"

"It doesn't matter whom she asked you to meet. If she asked you to meet the entire Royal Family, you would be wise to refuse. You don't want to climb into London on the top of a hurdy-gurdy."

"My! What's a hurdy-gurdy?" asked Amelie, whose English lessons had not taught

her that word.

"Hurdy-gurdy? Street-organ. It doesn't matter. You don't want to know people, if you understand: you want to make people want to know you. My plan is not that you should climb up, but that you should spread down."

Amelie instantly caught this.

"I see," she said. "I'm to begin at the top. But Elsie Creighton said there was a Prince coming to lunch to-morrow. I thought that was a good beginning."

"Not so good as the Creighton woman

is bad. Did you accept, by the way?"

"Why, yes."

"Then telephone to-morrow exactly at lunch-time to say you are ill, and lunch with me very obviously downstairs in the restaurant. In fact, it couldn't have happened better. It will mark you off very definitely from her and her crowd. I don't mean to say that there are not charming people among it, but it would never do to enter London under her wing. Perhaps just at present, darling, you had better ask me before you accept invitations. It is so important to cut the right people."

Amelie was completely cordial over this. "I expect that is what I have got the

"I expect that is what I have got to learn," she said. "And now for to-night—will my dress do?"

Lady Brackenbury regarded this admirable

costume and shook her head.

"No, I don't think it will," she said.
"It is lovely, but you want something more arresting. You, with your wonderful complexion, can stand anything. Orange, now—haven't you got a hit-in-the-face of orange? I want everybody to be forced to

look at you, and you'll do the rest. You see I have made myself as plain and inconspicuous as possible, to act as a foil. It is noble of me, but then I am noble. And all the pearls, please, just all the pearls, with the big diamond fender on your head. To-morrow, at the French Embassy, you shall wear the simplest gown you have got, and one moonstone brooch, price three-and-sixpence."

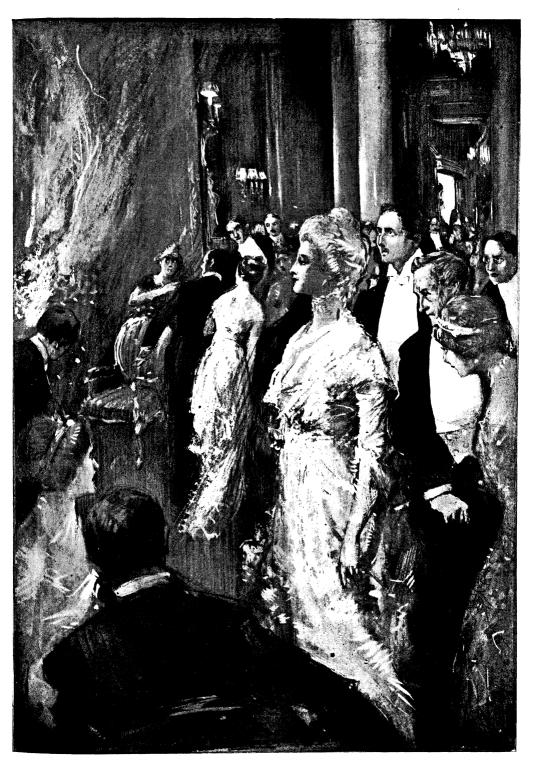
Such was the opening of Amelie's amazing campaign, the incidents and successes of followed swift and bewildering. Under Violet's capable guidance she began, not by collecting round her that brisk and hungry section of well-born London which is always ready to sing for its dinner, and by giving huge entertainments to bring together a crowd at all costs, but by attracting and attaching a small band of the people who mattered. Lady Brackenbury knew very well that even in the most democratic town in the world certain people, not necessarily Princes nor Prime Ministers, were large pieces in the great haphazard game of chess; the crowd meantime, after whom Amelie secretly hankered, would only get more eager to be admitted. In particular, Lady Creighton starved for her entry. She asked Amelie to dine any Tuesday in June, when she was giving her series of musical parties, but Amelie found, to her great regret, that she was engaged on all those festive occasions. But she gave a musical party herself— London was prey this year to a disordered illusion that it liked music—and Melba and Caruso sang there—informally, so it seemed, just happening to sing—to not more than fifty people, who sat in arm-chairs at their ease, instead of elbowing each other in squashed and upright rows. In vain did Lady Creighton spread an assiduous report that the artists had sung out of tune and that the peaches were sour. Everyone knew that she had not been there, and that she alluded to another sort of fruit. Brackenbury was successful in persuading Amelie not to send any account of this brilliant little affair to the papers, and to refuse all scraps to the jackals of the press. But she was careful to provide for a far more telling publicity.

Gradually, craftily, a reef at a time, Violet allowed her friend to let out her sails. She left her flat at the Ritz and rurally installed herself in a spacious house in the middle of Regent's Park. There was a big field attached to the house, and, yielding to a severe attack of Americanism, which she

thought it might be dangerous to suppress, Violet permitted her to give a haymaking party of the Newport type. Hay was brought in from the country and scattered over the field, and mixed up with roses and gardenias, while the guests on arrival were presented with delightful little ebony pitchforks with silver prongs, or cedarwood rakes. But this symptom caused her a little uneasiness, for it was obvious that Amelie thought her haymaking party a much brighter achievement than the previous concert.

The expansion continued. Amelie and her friend strolled into Christie's one morning, and found a tussle going on between two eminent dealers over the possession of a really marvellous string of pearls. At a breathless pause, after the first "Going!" that followed a fresh bid, Amelie said in her most ringing American voice, "I guess I'll sail in right now," and began bidding herself. The crowd of dilettante London, who delight in seeing other people spend large sums of money, parted for her, and she moved gloriously up the auction-room and took her stand just behind one of the Mosaic little gentlemen who wanted the pearls so badly. The recognition of her spread through the place like spilled quicksilver, and the auctioneer, with an amiable bow, caused the pearls to be handed to her for her inspection. With them still in her hand, as if it was not worth while returning them to the tray, she sky-rocketed the price by three exalting bids, the third of which was as a fire-hose on the ardour of her competitors. Her cheque-book was fetched from her car outside, and she left the room a moment afterwards, having drawn her cheque on the spot, pausing only to clasp the pearls round her neck. . . . And Violet, with a strange sinking of the heart, felt as if her pet tiger-cub had tasted blood again after the careful and distinguished diet on which she had been feeding it.

Amelie had a fancy to leave London early in July, and give a few parties at an immense house she had taken near Maidenhead for the month. She had had some gondolas sent over from Venice, with their appropriate gondoliers, and London found it very pleasant to float about after dinner, while the excellent string band played in an illuminated barge that accompanied the flotilla. Exciting little surprises constantly happened, such as the arrival one evening of artists from the Grand Guignol, who played a couple of thrilling little horrors in the



"Amelie's voice was heard in its quietest, most English tones."

ballroom, while on another night the great Reynolds picture belonging to the Duke of Middlesex was found to have put in an appearance on the walls. Amelie said that it was her birthday present to her husband, and made no further allusion to it. The frame had gone to be repaired, and it was draped round in clouds of silvery-grey chiffon that extended half over the wall. And had Violet Brackenbury known the outrage that her friend had planned, the frenzy of suppressed Newportism that was ready to break forth, it is probable that she would gladly have returned the cheque which she had that morning received from Amelie.

As it was, she felt wholly at ease, and inclined to congratulate herself on the unique and signal character of Amelie's success. Never before, so she thought, had a woman so dominated the season; never, certainly, had one of her countrywomen so "mattered." And all this, with the exception, perhaps, of the haymaking party and the incident of the pearls at Christie's, had been gained in quiet, unsensational ways; and, lulled to content, she did not realise that the spirit that inspired the queen of hostesses was ready to flare up like an access of malarial fever. Poor unsuspecting godmother, who fondly believed that those gondolas from Venice, those Grand Guignol artists from Paris, this gem of Reynolds's pictures, were a safety-valve, not guessing that they were but as oil poured on the flame!

The cotillion that night was to begin at twelve. Amelie was leading it herself with one of the Princes, and the big ballroom was doubly lined with seated guests, when on the stroke of twelve she entered, dressed in exact facsimile of the glorious Reynolds. As she advanced with her partner into the middle of the room, the band in the gallery struck up, and simultaneously a tongue of fire shot through the flimsy draperies round the picture, instantly enveloping it in flames. The canvas was blistered and bubbled, and in ten seconds the finest Reynolds in the world was a sheet of scorched and blackened rag.

The crowd leaped to their feet, but before the panic had time to mature, the cause of it was over. There was nothing inflammable within range of the swiftly-consumed chiffon, and only little fragments of burned-out ash floated on to the floor. But the fervent and instantaneous heat had done its work. Then for a moment there was dead silence, and Amelie's voice was heard in its quietest,

most English tones.

"Oh, isn't that a pity!" she said. Then arose a sudden hubbub of talk, drowning the sound of the band, which, at a signal from Amelie, had started again.

Violet stood with her friend before the blackened canvas next morning in the empty room, drawing on her gloves.

"I don't think you understand yet the effect of what you have done," she said. "No one doubts that the fire was intentional, and—and I think that Lady Creighton will be of more use to you in the future than I can possibly be."

FRIENDS.

¬OLD you are: and in my heart I have set you lone, apart; I have met you with shy bearing, Much esteeming, little daring.

There is nothing of surprise, Love, or shrinking, in your eyes; In your lips' retreated sweetness I have found no incompleteness.

Once I stumbled. Like a cry, Quick and anguished came your sigh: Something whispered that a dart Pierced you through the very heart.

For the sake of that short meeting, All my life shall give you greeting: Once, through all the distance round you, Once you sought me, once I found you.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.



"AWAITING SPRING'S RETURN." BY REX VICAT COLE.

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THE SEASONS IN ART

I. WINTER

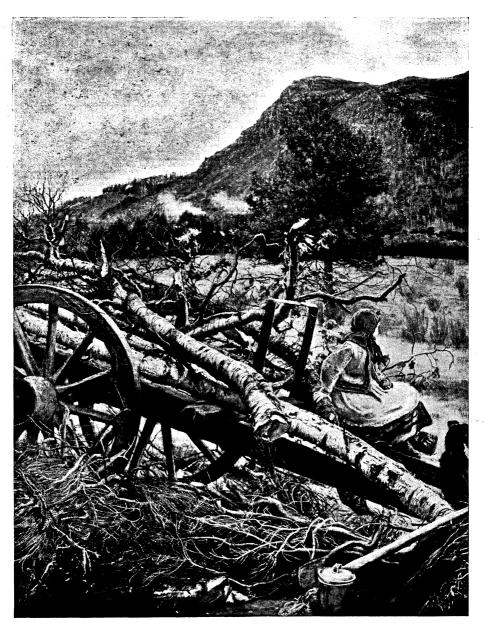
By AUSTIN CHESTER

THE gates are shut upon the harvest; the green lustre of the earth is bronzed; the fields are joyless, the land is unrejoicing; the sun has passed the equinox, and the days shorten; the leaves grow sere, the woods droop hoary heads; the tale of the garden is told—it is the dejected old age of the year.

The mutinous winds shake the green jalousies of the houses and leave their breaths congealed upon the glass; a tangle of silver threads is laid on every bush by frost, whose fierce touch, as he goes about his task, shrivels vegetation; through the misty air the sun glows like charcoal embers.

Before "Winter comes to rule the varied year," streams swell to rivers, and rivers rise in spate, the air grows chill, the skies frown. The sun, weak and wan, recedes from a dejected earth; heat follows in his wake; the streams are chained; "the old year's dead hands are full of their dead flowers"; the horses' hooves ring out on the hard roadway; it is Winter, "the Winter of our discontent." The cattle droop their heads and herd together; the sheep against the snow are coloured dun; the earth is sable cinctured.

There is, however, an aspect of the season other than this of leaden skies and spinning



"WINTER FUEL" BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.

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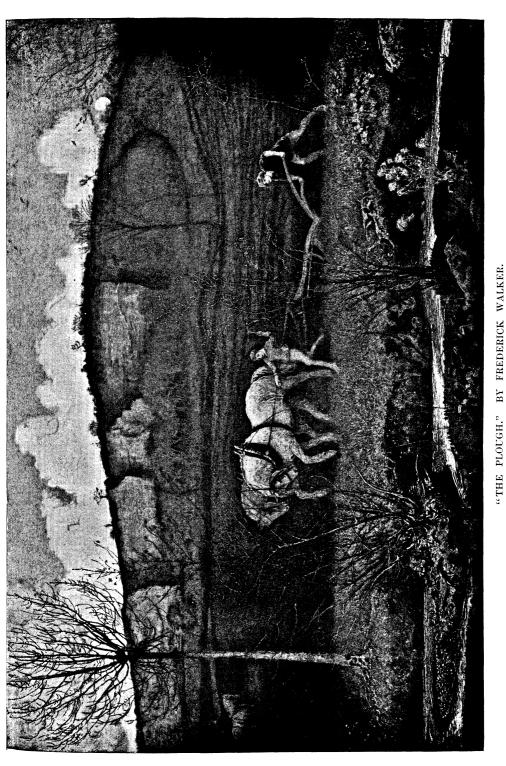
hail, of wrathful cold, of saddened woods, or even of country covered in the blinding lustre of sunlit snow, stained in its shadows to corrulean blue; and this aspect is the earlier one of latest lingering Autumn weather. Then golden leaves spray the dull ground, then the motley-minded months, forgetful of their dreary purposes, give us brightly burnished days and incense-laden air. Then is there abroad a sweet and

mellow, brooding tenderness which tells of Nature being in retreat, and happily at work at some secret loom, broidering new patterns for the robes of Spring.

We are not arbitrary in our ruling as to the "when" of Winter's advent. Petruchio

said of the constellation—

Now by my mother's son, and that's myself It shall be moon or stars or what I list. Changing the constellation into the season,

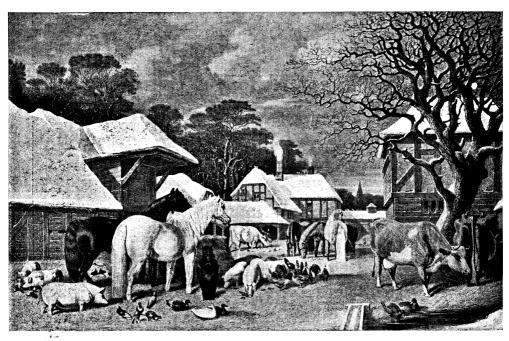


In the collection of the Marquis de Nisa. Reproduced from the large etching published by Thomas Agnew & Sons, Old Bond Street, W.

we, too, place it where we list. We are apt to welcome Winter with the first cold days, with the final fall of the last sere leaves of Autumn from the bough, and so it has seemed characteristic of the season known generally as "Winter" to include in our present group of reproductions some renderings of moments of rustic life and industry, such as Fred Walker's "The Plough" and Mr. John R. Reid's "Toil and Pleasure," which belong to a period in the waning of the year that would rank still as Autumn in a strictly scientific classification,

Melissus, the King of Crete, as feeding a hungry Jupiter with goats' milk, who, to reward her for her generosity and care, placed her in the heavens as a constellation. And then our thoughts wander, many centuries onwards from these myths, to that third night of the winter season when, without Jerusalem's walls, "shepherds abiding in the fields" kept "watch over their flocks," so closely are pagan and Christian themes grouped around these first days of Winter's solstice.

"The world and life's too big to pass in



"THE FARMYARD IN WINTER." BY J. F. HERRING.

for if we turn to the calendar to search for the exact time when Winter

Comes to rule the varied year, Sullen and sad, with all his rising train, Vapours, and clouds and storms,

it is to find that it is not until the thirty-fifth minute of the fifth hour of the morning of the twenty-second of December that he is officially ushered in. Then it is that the sun is announced as making his regal entry amongst the twenty-eight stars of the Zodiac, in the arrangement of which visionaries trace the form of a goat.

Capricornus—on the wings of hearsay comes its story; miraculously, fable is quickened in our memory, and we move about delectable "worlds not realised." We think of Amalthæa, the daughter of

speculation," however, so gratefully we turn from it to the words of a sane modern which tell us that it is the way of old customs and old states of feeling to pass into the realms of Art, in this way to inform the culture of a succeeding age, "for art is like a flower, which consummates the plant and ends its growth" by translating its nature into loveliness.

Fortunately,

We're made so that we love First when we see them painted, things we have passed, Perhaps, a hundred times, nor cared to see. And so they are better, painted—better to us, Which is the same thing. Art was given for that. God uses us to help each other so, Lending our minds out.

If Browning is right, as doubtless he is, in saying that "God uses us to help each

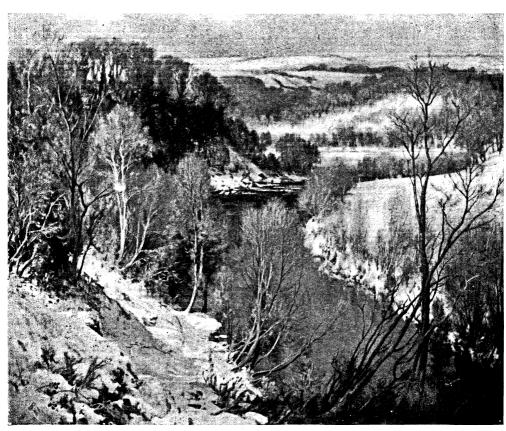


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other" by means of this "lending our minds out," our debt to artists is im-measurable. Living in an imaginary world of exquisite but abstract and colourless form, working with a vehicle subject to the strict law of limitation, the great colourblind Greeks through their art expressed their pagan faiths. Similarly, in the Middle Ages, the wonderful painters of Pre-Raphaelite days and of the days of the Renaissance nimbly and sweetly built up

eager observation, lifting his horizon and contributing greatly to his knowledge, has placed at the service of his art great and yet greater variety of subject.

In this article we take but an arbitrary selection from the varying aspects of Nature, and see how each painter whose work we reproduce has been impressed by some suave or some rugged scene, envisioned in some calm or some boisterous moment, and by means of his talent has given us his version of it.

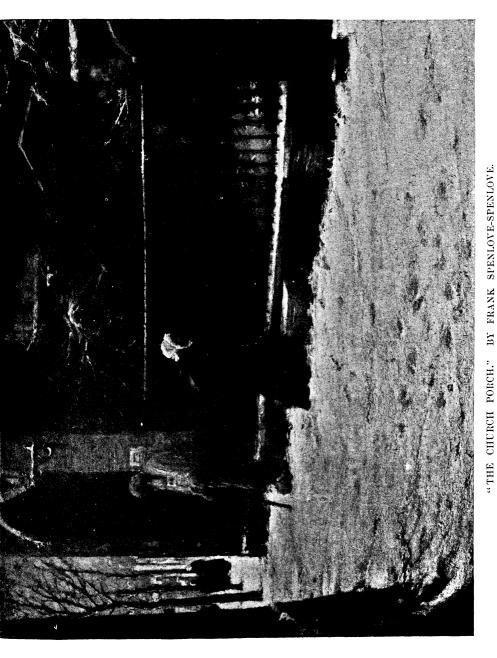


"WINTER MORNING." BY HARRY W. ADAMS. From the original in the collection of Alfred W. Whitley, Esq.

a mystic art on Christian tenets. The change of outlook from paganism to Christianity was due to the truth, admirably phrased, that the artist is "the child of his time."

If we bear in mind the facts that the "varying aspects of Nature, the types of human form and outward manners of life," which go to form his surroundings, colour his outlook, we can the more easily understand how the inconstancy and catholicity of modern thought, startling him into

One of the first modern painters to lead us into consideration of Winter's approach is John William Buxton Knight, with his picture, a Chantrey purchase, "Old December's Bareness Everywhere." It was not until after this artist's death that powers which were instinct with expression won in this country recognition; yet one would have thought that the refined colour, the distinguished and suggestive treatment, the exquisite sobriety of tone he employed, would have appealed to all lovers of fine



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work, so rarely endowed, so completely accomplished an artist was he.

"The Vagrants," by Frederick Walker, is a record of these same early days of Winter;

is to be ranked with the best of Frederick Walker's pictures, for, in spite of trivial faults, it holds that quality of completeness which is the sign-manual of great art.



"THE JOYS OF WINTER." BY CARL KRONBERGER.

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but here, as against "old December's bareness everywhere," we have a vision of Nature that is rich, luminous, and decorative, dyed with ripe and russet reds. "The Vagrants" It is not so great a picture as is his "The Plough," which is more pure in spirit, more classic; and the classic character of a work of art depends, as we know, on the



"BRAVING THE STORM." BY G. H. BOUGHTON, R.A.

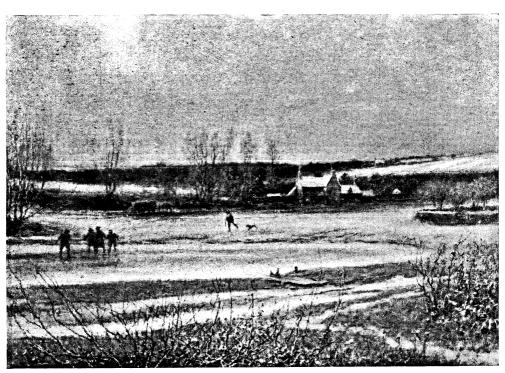
elimination of those elements of surprise and of emotion which distinguish the art which we term romantic. In "The Plough" there is none of that feeling of adventure which distinguishes "The Vagrants." Almost it might be a frieze, so extraordinarily does it hold, in spite of its "subject" and in spite of its exquisite colour, the quality of aloofness.

Faith in Nature is possibly at the base of all true art. We speak of "The Book of Nature," and in "The Plough" Fred Walker reveals how completely conversant

repute it occupies to-day, has shaped, adapted, and simplified the complex moment when

Hung o'er the farthest verge of Heaven, the sun Scarce spreads o'er ether the dejected day, Soon descending to the long dark night.

In this work Mr. Coutts Michie shows himself not only deeply interested in the romantic feeling of the hour he presents, but shows that he is possessed of a notable sense of design and of that close power to observe Nature, failing which no one can use her as fulcrum to his art.



"THE MILL POND ON A FROSTY NIGHT." BY G. H. BOUGHTON, R.A.

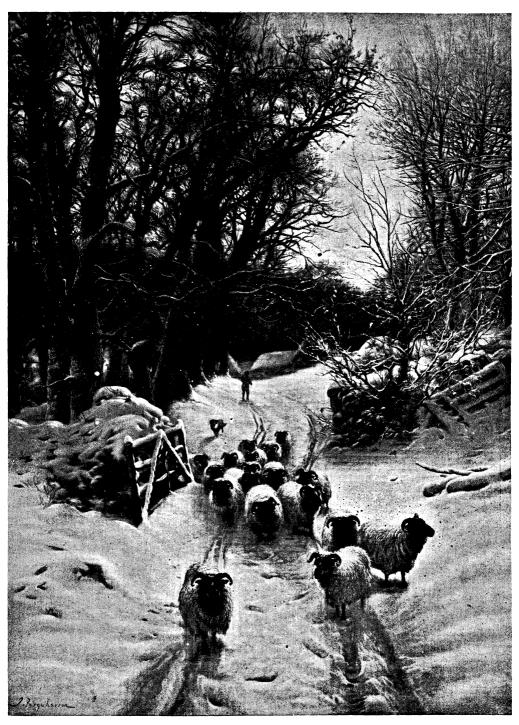
he was with that manual, that Holy Writ of beauty.

To the same last days of Autumn or earlier ones of Winter, whichever we choose to consider them, belong some of the delicate landscapes of Mr. Rex Vicat Cole, who gives us the crimson, the tawny, and the sere; and if he strips the forest of its green attire, his work shows us less that the golden hours are fled than that the advent of Spring is suggested even in apparent decay.

In "Winter's Crust," Mr. J. Coutts Michie, whose genesis in paint is to be sought amongst those who have brought Scottish landscape into the position of great We advance yet farther into the month with Mr. MacWhirter's "December"—

Lastly came Winter, clothèd all in frize, Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill.

—and "A Frozen Brook, Scotland," to the time when stillness seems to have enclosed the scenes as with wings, so completely are these two subjects set apart from human life. The air, which for so long has been close to tears, has become rarefied with joy; clouds which had curtained the earth have rolled away, and amber rays run like a smile across the face of the landscape. Certain of G. H. Boughton's graceful pictures belong to the same period of the year,



"THE SUN HAD CLOSED THE WINTER'S DAY." BY JOSEPH FARQUHARSON, A.R.A. Reproduced by permission of Frost & Reed, Bristol, owners of the copyright and publishers of the large engraving.

Sundry of the best works of Mr. Harry W. Adams display the land as having "entered into the treasures of the snow"—

The languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray;
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste.
... The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.

And then we come to that group of pictures in which Mr. Joseph Farquharson illustrates, by means of rural life, each aspect of this season, when the heart of Nature, frozen and constricted, seems to cease to beat.

myriad flakes which, like wide-winged moths, had before settled upon every branch. Almost we can hear the squeaking crunch of the shepherd's feet as he follows the flock home "Through the Calm and Frosty Air" after "The Sun had Closed the Winter's Day." Up hill and down dale he goes with his charge "To Winter Quarters," on and on through snow-clad pastures. We can believe that now and then, as he makes his laborious way, there come to his ears, to break the listening silences, salvos of detonation, as avalanches of snow force their way through

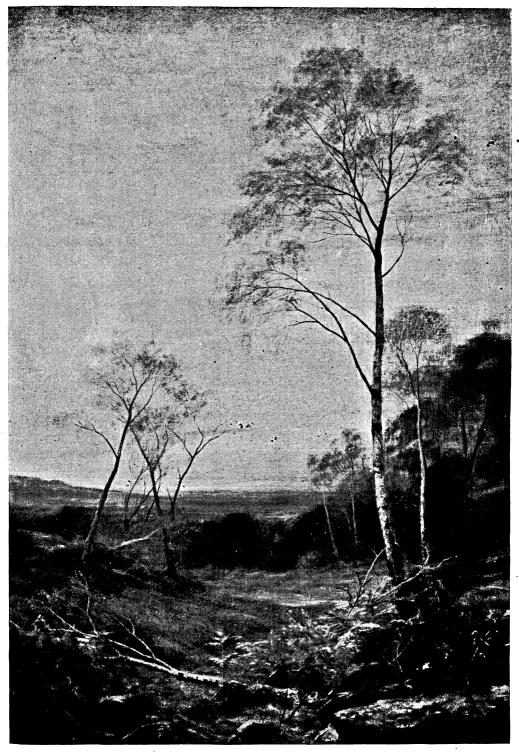


From the original purchased for the Nation by the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest, and now in the National Gallery of British Art, Millbank, S.W.

"The Joyless Winter Day," which is in the Chantrey collection, depicts, during a terrific snowstorm, a desolate moor, on which a shepherd with his two dogs guards a flock of sheep that searches hungrily for pasture underneath the snow. We can imagine it to be the same flock, caught now in "Blinding Drifts," now making its way through "A Blizzard," which is shown as further intensified in "Winter Comes with Stormy Blast," and that it is that same blizzard which, in "When the West with Evening Glows," has freed trees, ranked stiffly in line, of the

branches of the trees. "A Winter's Eve" closes the tale of this symbolic shepherd's day, for now there exhale, through the windows and through the open door of some hive of poverty, lights which pierce the gloom of night with a hopefulness which has almost a religious effect.

While Mr. Farquharson confines his attention almost entirely to sheep, Mr. Archibald Thorburn, Mr. Edwin Douglas, and other artists have treated of various phases of wilder animal life during the Winter season.



"DECEMBER." BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A. Lastly came Winter, clothed all in frize, Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill.

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With works such as Mr. Charles Vigor's "Christmas Eve," Mr. Blendon Campbell's "Christmas Sunshine" and "Christmas Eve," Henry Stacy Marks's "A Quart of Good Ale is a Dish for a King," we reach the Christmas season—

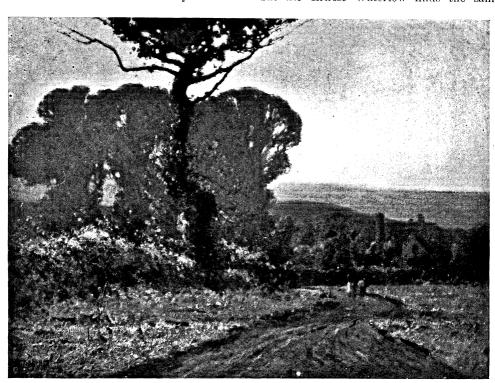
When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail,
And Top bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail—

and are brought to the New Year by Mr. F. Spenlove-Spenlove's "Vespers: New Year's Eve in the Low Country." Like

almost, if not quite, the story-teller has had precedence of the painter in that presentment of the funeral of a pilot at Southwold in the midst of heavy snow. For our present group we have chosen Mr. Spenlove's touching picture "The Church Porch."

Sir Ernest Waterlow, in "The Silent Woods," gave us, in this year's Royal Academy, a Winter scene to find the analogy of which we have to turn to the artistry revealed in another medium. Gray discovered in "Time" that

All the world a solemn stillness holds, but Sir Ernest Waterlow finds the same



"EARLY FROST." BY FRED MILNER.
Reproduced, by permission of the Artist, from a photograph by J. O. Douglas.

Mr. Farquharson, Mr. Spenlove has shown us "the cherished fields in their winter robe of purest white," but whereas Mr. Farquharson treats of wild wastes, Mr. Spenlove-Spenlove reveals how men

Amid the rigours of the year
In the wild depths of winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, seek sheltered homes.

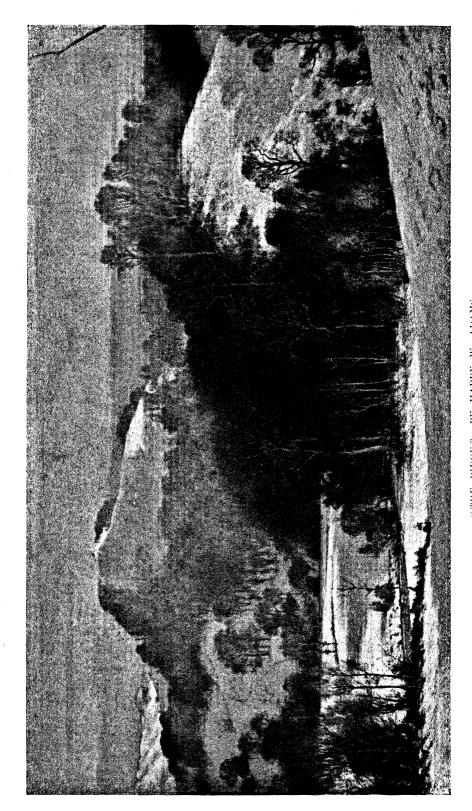
"Without: a Winter's Tale," "New Year's Eve in the Low Country," and "The Winter Shall Come," being each pictures of village life. Great pathos attaches to his picture of "The Last Voyage," and

quality in "Place." Here is the intense stillness which proclaims itself to be, not the end, but rather the suspension of previous movement. The erstwhile pliant branches are rigidly at rest. So quiet is the place that the fall of a fir cone would sound like a rifle-shot, and the crackle of the snow like distant artillery. The rustling of a squirrel, for which ordinarily no hearing is gained, would in these peaceful woods be individualised. In his two other pictures in this year's Academy, Sir Ernest Waterlow was still attracted by snow as subject, and so we had the "Schiltehorn," lengthening in



TOTAL TRANSPORT OF SOME IN THE STATE

Purchased for the Nation by the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest, and now in the National Gallery of British Art, Millbank, S.W.

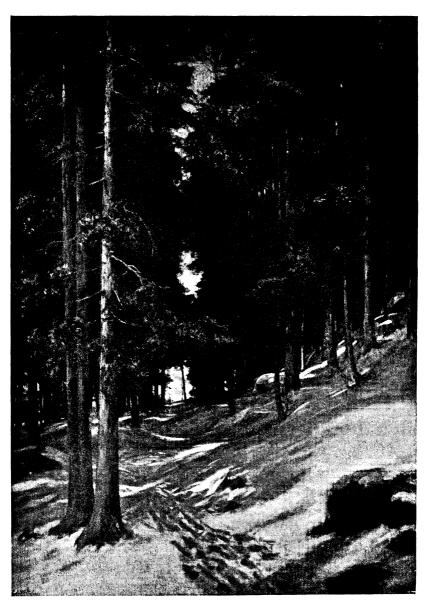


"THE RIDGE." BY HARRY W. ADAMS.
Reproduced by permission of the Artist.

solitude its dreary line, showing to eyes unaccustomed to the grandeur of the Alps something of the wonder of the world.

Millais, as Mr. Spielmann has told us, held

scientific objections, never attempted to paint a snow scene until the latter part of his career. Between 1888 and 1891 he painted three, however, and it will be interesting, in a long



BY SIR ERNEST A. WATERLOW, R.A., P.R.W.S. "THE SILENT WOODS." Reproduced from the plate published by the Autotype Fine Art Company, Oxford Street, W., owners of the copyright.

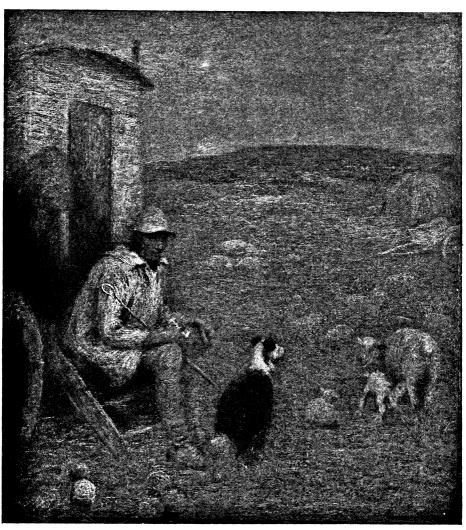
that the pigment white would not stand the inroads of time, and that, as a snow picture must necessarily, if it is to remain true to Nature, retain the vividity which it holds when first applied to canvas, he, for these

period of time, to know whether or no he was justified in making the experiment in his pictures "Christmas Eve," "Glen Birnam," and "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind."
"Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind," has

attaching to it the fact that it is a picture painted during an extraordinary effect of Nature—one which had not before been attempted for representation in paint: the branches of the fir trees are shown as being blown back with such violence that the underside of them is turned up and the sky is shown through them. This accidental aspect could but have been momentary, but the all-seeing eye of the artist noted and put it permanently upon record. For our present group we have chosen the less stormy mood of another work by Millais. "Winter Fuel."

The fine picture "Winter," by Mr. David Farquharson, with its varying qualities of light, with its suggestion of prodigiousalmost of oppressive—splendour half hid within enveloping clouds, has the effect upon the spectator of a dream-world.

With the truthful austerity of such recent works as Mr. Edward Stott's "Lambing Time" and those admirable examples of Mr. George Clausen's interesting and virile art, "A Winter Morning" and "The Rickyard," we are brought yet further from the period of Mr. Fred Milner's skilfully convincing "Early Frost," through the shortest days of Winter, towards the lengthening light of themes such as Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "February Sunshine" and Mr. Clausen's "Bird-Scaring in March," with which our Spring group of reproductions will open.



"LAMBING TIME." BY EDWARD STOTT, A.R.A. Reproduced, by permission of the Artist, from a photograph by W. E. Gray.

THE SECRET PROCESS

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

Illustrated by Charles J. Crombie



'VE got it, old man,
I've got it."

"Yes, yes," said Hendry soothingly. He was thinking that poor Bancroft had indeed "got it."

"Nobody knows," babbled on the sick man,

staring with fever-haunted eyes at his friend and nurse.

"Nobody knows," repeated Hendry, in a tired voice. He was quite worn out, working hard by day and nursing this dying man at night. He felt sure that Bancroft was dying. The doctor, of course, used the stereotyped phrases about life and hope. And Mary—professional nurse and friend—who attended to Bancroft during the daytime, declared her conviction that their patient must pull through. But Bancroft was exhausted by the ravages of double pneumonia, now rapidly approaching its After that crisis, would be have strength to rally? He had been worn out before his illness attacked him, a wraith of a man, falling a victim to a chill which a stronger constitution would have thrown off easily.

The two lived together, and worked hard for a great firm famous for its reproductions of engravings and mezzotints. Each had been fired by the ambition to discover some method by which a complex and expensive process could be simplified and cheapened. Already foreign competition was cutting deep into the profits of the firm.

"I've got it," said Bancroft, for the thousandth time.

"What have you got, old man?"

Bancroft never answered this question. In his delirium he had laughed wildly, winking at Hendry, and then chuckling to himself with almost insane hilarity. Now

suddenly, to Hendry's astonishment, he answered lucidly, although with slight impatience—

"The formula."

Hendry leant forward, speaking very quietly—

"What formula?"

"The formula for the new process. Pots of money in it, old man. Stumbled on it by a bit of luck, wrote it down—what? And then hid it—hid it! In a safe place, you bet!"

Had a measure of consciousness returned to him? Hendry saw clearly enough that it was not so. Bancroft was burning with fever. These were the babblings of a dying man, obsessed by the passion which indirectly had laid him low. Hendry asked a question—

"Where have you hidden it?"

He asked the question idly. Long ago, so he thought, he had taken Bancroft's intellectual measure. It was quite impossible to believe that Bancroft could succeed where he, infinitely the more clever, had so lamentably failed. He asked the question, not out of curiosity, but merely to satisfy and calm his patient. The attack of fever would culminate soon in a terrible sweat. Then Bancroft would fall asleep, to wake up an attenuated ghost of his former self, too weak to speak at all.

Bancroft answered in the same even voice— "I hid it in the laboratory. It's there right enough."

"Yes, yes."

"Oh, you don't believe me?"

"I do, old man, I do."

"No, you don't. Seeing's believing—what? I say, suppose it's not there? Suppose it's gone?"

His tone grew acutely anxious.

"It's there right enough," murmured Hendry.

Bancroft made a desperate effort to get out of bed. Hendry was obliged to exercise considerable force to restrain nim.

"I must see if it is there, old man."

"You can't, Jim. You're not up to that. Lie still, for Heaven's sake!"

Bancroft struggled and lay still. Then

he said imploringly—

"You go, old man. It may be stolen—see? You nip down. Look in the right-hand drawer. You'll find an envelope in the middle of a bundle of papers. It's in that."

Hendry humoured him. He went out of the room, closed the door, and smoked half a cigarette, listening to make sure that Bancroft remained in bed. Men in delirium are often strangely acute. The small laboratory which they used in common was at the end of a strip of garden, a disused tool-house. After five minutes' waiting, Hendry entered the sick-room.

"It's there," he said gravely. "Don't

worry."

Bancroft smiled feebly, closing his eyes.

Π

Mary arrived at eight the next morning. Hendry was due at the factory at nine. As a rule, he would talk for a few minutes with Mary, telling her about Bancroft. Then he would go his way, always wondering whether Mary really cared for Jim. Was pity for this weakling warming into love? That question consumed him, for he wanted Mary himself, wanted her with ever-increasing passion. She liked him, apparently in a cool, maidenly fashion; she attempted to play the mother to both. And it was reasonably certain that she liked the pair better than any other young men of her very limited acquaintance.

She arrived punctually, trim and sweet, as usual, carrying a bunch of violets. When she saw Hendry's haggard face, she said

dolorously-

"Oh, dear, are you going to be ill, too?"
"I'm not that sort," said Hendry curtly.
She hesitated, then she held out the

violets with a charming smile. "I brought these for you."

He looked into her clear eyes as he accepted them. She added softly—

"You are a trump, Tom."

She vanished into the sick-room. Hendry put on his hat and walked into the garden, a wilderness of weeds and broken crockery. He was smiling derisively as he filled his pipe, strolling towards the shed at the farther end. Just to make sure, he intended to open the right-hand drawer. There would be no envelope.

He unlocked the door. As he did so, his expression changed. Frowningly he surveyed the familiar objects, the jars of acid, the sheets of copper, the presses, the big camera, all of them bought and paid for by the most rigorous self-denial upon his part and Jim's. What fools they had been, groping blindly after this will-o'-the-wisp of fortune! Was it likely that they, hampered by poverty and lack of leisure, could succeed, when the head of the firm—a genius in his way, with all modern appliances at his hand—had given up so futile a quest in despair?

He opened the drawer. Yes, in a bundle of papers, there was an envelope unsealed.

A few seconds later he was reading a formula, holding it in fingers which trembled with excitement. He said aloud, gaspingly—

"By Jove, he has got it!"

He replaced the envelope and walked to his work. But all day long the terms of the formula danced before his eyes. A huge note of interrogation formed itself in his brain—

"Would the formula work?"

Obviously, Jim had stumbled upon something. By the luck of things, by sheer accident, perhaps—some blunder in the manipulation of acids—he had achieved an unforeseen result which might revolutionise the present process. So much he knew—no more. To put the matter to the proof meant much laborious work, undertaken with makeshift apparatus at odd hours. Patents, too, must be secured in England and foreign countries. He thought of poor Jim coping with these difficulties, swamped by them, accepting in the end some pittance of a reward from the hands of his chief.

And there might be nothing in it.

And, oddly enough, Jim's luck might have fallen to him, because they had worked upon parallel lines. He was thinking these things over when his chief entered the department of which he happened to be foreman. Hendry liked and respected his chief.

"How is Bancroft?"

"At death's door," replied Hendry.

"Poor fellow! This has been tough on you, Hendry. You look fagged out. Take this afternoon. Climb on to a bike and get a whiff of country air."

"Thank you, sir; you are very kind."

III.

HE spent the afternoon in the laboratory. For at least a month before Bancroft's illness Hendry had kept out of the laboratory. He perceived at a glance that Bancroft

had been testing the formula. After careful search he discovered a proof, which he examined under a strong magnifying glass. Outwardly it appeared to be exactly the same as the thousands turned out by the great machines belonging to the factory. Hendry, however, knew better. His experienced eye and brain identified the proof as the result of a new process, infinitely cheaper and better. With a pencil and paper he made a few calculations which quite confounded him.

Jim had indeed got it.

That same night Mary never went home. She and Tom Hendry fought together for the life of their friend. The doctor, hastily summoned at midnight, worked with them. The crisis came and passed.

Before leaving, the doctor said a word to Hendry as they stood together on the

landing—

"He has no strength left, not an ounce. He might sink at any moment. Send for

me, but, frankly, I can do nothing."

A few days passed. Bancroft lay in bed, breathing feebly, almost unconscious. Then very slowly life seemed to come back to him. As soon as possible he was removed to a convalescent home, but on the eve of his departure Hendry made a notable discovery. Bancroft's memory for the events preceding his illness had gone. His mind showed itself as the mind of a child.

Meanwhile Hendry had spent every leisure hour in the laboratory, working out in slow practice the terms of the formula. The day came at last when he stood triumphant—as Bancroft must have stood—staring at a proof of his own, which, given better conditions, was incomparably finer than any work turned out by his chief.

Till now no thought of stealing the property of another had entered his head. Jealousy, it is true, had ravaged him, but he had worked out the formula with the determination of achieving success for Bancroft—a success which might be handed to him, cut and dried, when his friend was restored to health and strength.

Would he be so restored?

The answer was extremely doubtful. He spent a Sunday afternoon at the convalescent home. The matron and the nurse were very pessimistic. Bancroft, so they said, would do no more work with either hands or brain. He had been strained to breaking-point, and he had been broken.

Hendry decided that he must act for Bancroft. At any moment some other lucky

fellow might stumble upon Bancroft's discovery. What a grim jest that would be!

At this stage of the proceedings Hendry, even if mistaken, was entirely honest. But his investigations in the laboratory had confirmed his first impression—that Bancroft had profited by his (Hendry's) initial experiments, and he felt as certain that Bancroft, if he recovered his memory, would be the first to admit this. Finally he went to his chief, exhibiting his own rough proof as work accomplished in a small and illequipped laboratory. His chief leapt to the conclusion that the discovery was Hendry's, and Hendry succumbed to the temptation of not undeceiving him. To introduce Bancroft's name would start endless complications. His chief offered cordial cooperation. Hendry was to be given a free hand with the firm's plant. If he succeeded commercially, the head of the firm promised a junior partnership and a percentage upon all profits. The firm would secure the patents. Nothing could have been fairer.

"Get to work at once," said his chief.

IV

Or course, the news leaked out, and came eventually to Mary's ears. Every man and woman in the vast factory knew that Hendry was at work upon a secret process which might make a rich man of him. Mary's father managed one of the departments. It was he who told Mary. She felt hurt that Hendry had not told her, and said so. His modesty, however, was disarming, and a pleasant surprise to her.

"I take no credit for it," he said haltingly. At that moment the impulse surged strong within him to confide in her, but he

resisted it.

"You are quite wonderful!" she exclaimed. Her nice eyes shone kindly upon him as he shook his head. She continued vehemently—

"You had this on your mind when you were nursing poor Jim. He used to be mad

about this new process."

"Talked about it to you, did he?"

She laughed.

"He talked of hardly anything else, but I knew that it was hopeless. Poor old Jim! In his delirium he went on raving about it. I dare say he was repeating what you had told him when you worked together in that dirty old shed." She added softly: "I used to be jealous of that dirty old shed."

Hendry nodded impassively, but he wondered whether it was Jim or himself who

had inspired jealousy. Mary continued softly: "Anyway, Tom, I forgive you for not telling me, and I do rejoice—I do indeed!"

"You are a dear and a sweet!" said

Hendry.

"You will tell me things now?" she leaded.

"Yes, I will."

At the factory he was working furiously. His chief had installed a new plant for his special use, everything of the best, the freshest films, the purest acids, new tanks, and the finest lenses. So much was at stake that this was insisted upon.

And then the absolutely unexpected

happened.

The results were—nil!

Hendry was in despair, perceiving suspicion lurking in the corner of shrewd eyes. He had made no mistakes. He was sure of that. He had succeeded beyond his hopes in the tentative experiments in his own laboratory. With everything at his disposal, he had failed.

"Have another go at it," suggested his chief.

He tried again and again. Failure gibbered at him. It was mysterious beyond words, so inexplicable that the man's confidence in himself oozed from every pore of his skin. For chemistry has inviolable laws. Given the right conditions, the right results must follow.

Hendry wondered whether he was losing

his reason.

During this dark hour Mary stood stoutly by him. Her father, brutally outspoken, said scornfully—

"Tom discovered a mare's nest."

"I don't believe it."

"Then, my dear, he's a fraud, playing with time and money that isn't his. He

may lose his job over this."

This crowning misfortune was spared him. Perhaps his chief may have been too shrewd an observer not to perceive that the young fellow had staked everything upon success. At any rate, he acquitted him of experimenting deliberately at another's expense. Hendry went back to his own department.

Mary wept. When Hendry beheld her face, he knew that she cared for him, and he had a vision of himself as she beheld him which he could contrast cruelly with the true portrait. A sudden revulsion swept prudence to the winds. To have her under false pretences seemed dastardly. He took her hands, gripping them fiercely.

"You care?"

"Of course I care. I am more miserable than you."

"It meant such a lot," he faltered.

" Yes."

"It meant—you," he whispered.

She hesitated for one moment, gazing at him searchingly, seeing that he would not speak, and that she must.

"You have me," she answered bravely,

"if—if you want me."

"As I am?"

"As you are, dear."

"Then, by Heaven, you must see me as I am!"

He told his story, extenuating nothing.

At the end he said firmly—

"I swear this—I had no intention of robbing poor Jim. I took up his job where he left it, for his sake at first, then for my own, and lastly for yours. I meant to tell you, but I couldn't."

She was about to speak, but he stopped

her with a gesture.

"Not now, Mary. Take your own time!"

He rushed from her, the most unhappy
young man in the kingdom.

V.

Next day he saw Jim Bancroft. matron prepared him for a change. Intelligence flicked faintly in his friend's Hendry was torn in two. If Jim recovered his memory, he must tell him. What an ordeal! Yes, that would be his punishment—the loss of Mary and Jim. He could feel the last twist of Fate's abominable screw. Mary would turn to And yet his heart warmed within him as he listened once more to the articulate prattle of his former comrade. Jim talked, like a child, of his food and the flowers, but it was really Jim speaking, not some attenuated counterfeit presentment of him. And he looked stronger. The doctor in attendance at the home spoke much more cheerfully.

"His memory may come back quite suddenly. We know nothing of these obscure cerebral lesions, this odd disintegration of certain brain-cells. A shock sometimes restores the normal functioning. If you could suggest to him some master interest, something which engrossed his energies and attention before he was taken ill—""

"I'll try," said Hendry.

He went back to Bancroft, who was lying in a pleasant garden. Jim smiled at him. Hendry sat down, taking Jim's hand.



"'He's fainted,' she said. 'What has happened?'"

"Jim, old man."

"Yes?"

"Where did you hide the formula—the formula?"

Bancroft's face clouded, his forehead

wrinkled, his eyes, now clear again, seemed

to grow dim.

"What formula?" he repeated.

"Your great discovery, Jim—the discovery which was to make you rich and famous,

You got it, didn't you?" He repeated the words slowly, with tremendous emphasis. "You got it."

"I got it," repeated Jim. "Yes, I got

it. What did I get, Tom?"

"It will come to you. Keep your eyes on mine. I'm going to say something

which will help you."

Word for word he repeated the terms of the formula. Jim listened, painfully alert. Then Hendry thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out the sheet of paper. In a clear, hard voice he exclaimed—

"Jim, you wrote that and hid it. Take it, look at it, and then answer! Where

did you hide it?"

Jim took the paper, stared at it in silence for at least a minute, then he answered slowly—

"In the right-hand drawer."

His eyes closed, his head fell back. A nurse hurried up.

"He's fainted," she said. "What has happened?"

"I think," said Hendry, "that his memory

has come back."

Late that night he returned to London, carrying to Mary the news that their friend was himself again. Perhaps Mary divined what had passed through his mind—all that the recovery of Jim's memory meant. She saw also that Hendry was unfeignedly glad.

"It's splendid," said Hendry.

"You will have to tell him."
"Certainly. Old Jim will forgive me. It will be a harder matter telling the chief."

"Must you tell him?"

" Yes."

VI.

HE did not see Mary till another fortnight had passed, for she went away. Hendry told his chief the facts. We cannot blame that great man for thinking of his own interests. He said cheerfully—

"Not another word, Hendry. I think you have paid in full. Perhaps Bancroft, when he is fully recovered, will explain the mystery. He can have the same chance that we gave

you."

Ultimately this came to pass. Jim's acceptance of his friend's confession brightened some drab weeks. He stoutly refused to believe ill of his pal. Hendry had acted for the best. Nothing would budge him from that comfortable position. As for the formula, it was O.K. As soon as possible he would accept his employer's challenge.

"The thing," said he, "is a cert."

"I thought so, too, Jim."

"But I got it. You missed something."
"No."

"It's quite obvious you did, old man."

These weeks of waiting were drab, because Mary made no sign, imposing silence. She admitted to Hendry that her view of him was obscured. The old friendly relations were resumed.

The mystery of the new process now deepens. Bancroft, given the same admirable conditions, failed as lamentably as Hendry. His chief may be pardoned for exhibiting impatience and slight temper. Oddly enough, Hendry was more disconcerted even than Bancroft. He was furious with his friend for accepting failure meekly. He said obstinately—

"You got it, and you've lost it. Now you

must find it again."

Bancroft, still a weakling, went back to his regular work, which was trying enough to absorb his energies. Hendry spent every

spare hour in the laboratory.

There inspiration descended upon him. It remains a nice question amongst experts to-day to determine to whom the credit is really due for the discovery of the Hendry-Bancroft process. Bancroft's original formula was workable in the old shed and nowhere else. Any attempt to use it upon a commercial scale had failed.

Why?

Hendry triumphantly answered this question.

For two years Bancroft and he had used the same acids, notably perchloride of iron. It occurred to Hendry that the specific density of this much-used acid might have changed. That was his inspiration. Analysis revealed the truth. The acid used had absorbed a certain quantity of copper. When the right quantity of copper was added to fresh perchloride of iron, the problem of failure was solved.

The Hendry-Bancroft process is too well known to be described at further length here. To-day Hendry and Bancroft are rich men, partners in the great firm which profited so greatly by their discovery. Bancroft is regarded as the golfing partner, but his handicap is eighteen. When Hendry asked Mary the reason which constrained her to become his wife, she replied sensibly—

"From the way you stuck to that old shed, I knew that you would stick to me through thick and thin."

Hendry did,

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By DORNFORD YATES

Author of "The Brother of Daphne."

Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst



HIS," said Fairie, "is too thick."

It really was. From a leaden sky snow was beginning to fall. The draughts—for there is no wind in London, only draughts—caught and flung it

insolently in the faces of passers-by. These received it, some dumbly, most with an ill grace, much as once lords and gentlemen-in-waiting endured the horseplay of the king's fool—with crooked smiles. A veritable prince among jesters, the weather. Never had monarch's fool so ample a licence.

From a club window Bill Fairie surveyed the scene gloomily. By his side his brotherin-law, Marlowe, busied himself with the delicate operation of piercing a slim cigar.

"Snow's all right," said the latter suddenly.
"Very seasonable. It is this sort of weather, brother, that has made us Englishmen what we are"

"I believe it is," said Fairie. "Incidentally, d'you know we've had twenty minutes' sunshine in the last thirteen days?"

Marlowe reached for a match with a frown. "I can see you've been reading the papers," he said.

"And that the average rainfall for March has already been exceeded, with another twenty-two days of the month to go?"

"Twenty-three," corrected the other pleasantly. "Don't you remember? 'Thirty days hath September, April, June, and Nov——'"

"There are times," said Fairie, "when I feel that I could offer you violence."

"Not really," said Marlowe. "Your better self——"

"At the present moment, for instance, I

could witness your immersion in a horsepond unmoved."

Marlowe sat up and laid down his cigar.

"The existing climatic conditions make that remark peculiarly offensive," he said. "You've made me feel cold all over. Only an old brandy . . ."

His companion grinned.

"You shall have one," he said, beckoning to a waiter. "And now replace your cigar. It does much to relieve the monotony of your face."

Bill Fairie was thirty-one. Nice-looking, clean-shaven, lazy-eyed, he strolled unconcernedly through life, to all appearances a leisured bachelor. Yet he adored his wife, with whom he had slipped into matrimony when he was twenty-eight. Between the two there existed a perfect understanding. Never far apart, they were seldom alone together, preferring to make two of a party. Their cousins, the Brokes—brother and sister—shared a house with them. The four pulled together excellently.

"Why don't you and Betty clear out?" said Marlowe, after a pause. "Just now

Biarritz——"

"Is probably rather colder than this, and gradually filling up with the sort of people one leaves England to avoid. Besides, we're hanging on for the Grand National."

"That, of course, settles it. Aintree ought to be rather nice if this weather goes

on. Got your panama ready?"

Fairie leaned against the wall and regarded his brother-in-law.

"He would be humorous," he said musingly. "I suppose it's being so much with me. Well, well! As I was saying, we both want to see the race, if only because—"
"Give it a miss and clear out," said

"Give it a miss and clear out," said Marlowe absently. "Pretty feet that kid's got. Over there, getting out of the car." He pointed across the street. "Awfully like Dolly Lair's. By Jove," he cried, springing to his feet, "if it isn't her! And I knew her little ankles at thirty paces. I must go and tell her."

The next moment he was gone. Fairie

looked after him. Then—

"I don't think this is quite decent," he said. "However." With that he moved to another window, the better to

observe what took place.

The car had stopped at a corner. For a moment the girl had been speaking with someone inside; now she turned to the chauffeur, clearly giving an order. The next second the great doors of an Insurance Office had swung-to behind her. The car slipped away from the kerb into the line of traffic. Only a bull-dog in a blue coat remained, a lead trailing from his collar. Seemingly, while the door was open, he had scrambled out of the car unnoticed. He had not seen his mistress pass through the tall doors, so now he stood bewildered, looking slowly about him, suddenly lost.

Marlowe appeared upon the scene hurriedly; it had taken a few seconds to find his coat and hat. From the club window his brother-in-law watched him amusedly. Quickly he glanced round for the car, by this time out of sight. Seeing it nowhere, he scanned the pavement carefully on either side. Fruitlessly, of course. So, by a process of exhaustion, he came to the buildings. It seemed certain that one of them must contain the lady. question was, which had that honour. After a critical survey, he rejected the Insurance Office, naturally enough, for a doorway, which admitted—so ran the superscription—to some temporary Exhibition of Water-colours. After a moment's hesitation he passed in.

A slow smile spread over Fairie's countenance. This was an opportunity not to be missed, and it had stopped snowing. Besides, the bull-dog, poor fellow, was getting

worried. . .

A minute later he crossed the street and picked up the trailing lead. The animal

blinked up at him curiously.

"Lad," said Fairie, "be of good cheer. She of the little ankles will come again. We're going to wait for her, and I simply love your coat."

Thus addressed, the bull-dog regarded his friend with big eyes, snuffling inquisitively. Fairie smiled back, stooping to stroke the broad brown head. With a sigh of relief the bull-dog accepted the situation.

The pair had not long to wait. In fact, they were still regarding one another, when my lady emerged from the building as suddenly as she had entered it. Very smart, if you please, in her blue cloth dress, heavy furs about her throat and shoulders; one hand plunged in a deep muff, the other grasping a little chain bag and a long envelope in its slight fingers. Her hair was hidden under a velvet hat, but gaiety danced in the grey eyes for all the world to see, and on the red lips hung a smile that her veil could not lessen. Oh, and the little feet. These were dainty indeed, shining, perfectly shod. It was a pleasure to watch them treading the broad steps.

As the bull-dog surged forward, an exclamation of surprise broke from his

mistress's lips. Fairle raised his hat.

"You are careless, you know," he said, with a smile. "It's one thing to leave your sponge in the bathroom, but it's quite another to leave your bull-dog on the pavement."

"But how—I don't understand," said the girl, her voice full of laughter. "I

didn't leave him."

"Oh, but you did," said Fairie. "I saw you. And he's very upset about it. You should have heard him sigh just now."

My lady bent over the bull-dog.

"Peter dear, you know I didn't mean to," she said. "But why did Peter get out of the car? Oh, naughty Peter."

The familiar expression of reproof appeared to afford its target immense gratification. He wagged all his hindquarters and squirmed with delight, snuffling furiously.

"I'm forgiven, you see," said his mistress,

looking up at Fairie.

"I think he's very tolerant," said the latter. "I wouldn't have forgiven you so easily."

"Ah, but then he's got a nice nature"—

with a mischievous glance.

"Ungenerous," said Fairie aggrievedly. "The remark, I mean. Not the look. I loved that."

The girl smiled. Then—

"It was splendid of you to take care of him. I'm awfully grateful. And now . . ."

She put out a hand for the lead. Fairie

looked at her.

"Er—Peter and I were just going to have some tea," he said. "Over the way there. At Rumpelmayer's."

"Were you, though?"

"Fact," said Fairie, with an anxious glance at the entrance to the Water-colours,

"We were wondering if—er—if you'd join us."

My lady raised her eyebrows ever so

slightly.

"If you can get Peter across the street without breaking the lead," she said slowly, "you can have tea together."

"And you'll join us?" The girl hesitated. Then—

"And I'll join you," she added, with a faint smile.

"Done," said Fairie, turning towards the

Directly he felt the strain on his collar, Peter looked up at his mistress. Clearly she was not proposing to move. Enough. Without giving an inch, he screwed his head round and gave Fairie an apologetic look. The strain continuing, the look became one of surprised protest. Another moment and the brown eyes turned contemptuously away. You would have sworn the dog had shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Oh, Peter!" said Fairie reproachfully.

A grunt of disgust and indignation

answered him. The girl looked on amusedly. "The silent knight," said Fairie, loosening the lead for a moment. "What's his horsepower?"

"I'm not sure. But he's pulling very well this afternoon, isn't he?"

Fairie nodded.

"An obstinate fellow," he said musingly.

Once more the girl put out her hand.
"Try 'determined,'" she said. "Good-

Fairie shook his head.

"No," he said simply. "Obstinate. That's the difference between us. I am determined. And now let's go and have tea. If you stand here any longer, Miss Dorothy Lair, you will catch cold."

With that he picked Peter up in his arms, settling him on his back like a baby, paused on the kerb for a break in the stream of taxis, and then walked easily across the broad street. After a moment the girl followed him. As she stepped on to the

"I didn't know I knew you," she said

coldly.

Fairie set down his charge and looked

"I don't think you do," said he, "or you wouldn't have spoken like that. And now good-bye."

So saying, he held out the lead. She took

it hesitatingly.

"Don't you want-"

"To give you tea? My dear, I should have loved to. So long, Peter."

He raised his hat and turned on his heel.

"I say," said the girl suddenly.

"I know you don't forgive people easily, but as we did arrange—I mean, I shouldn't like to disappoint Peter."

"I'm not at all sure," said Fairie, "that

I don't adore you."

"Thanks very much," said Dolly, with a little laugh. "And now, please, how did you know my name?"

Marlowe emerged from the Exhibition of Water-colours looking inexpressibly bored. Instead of the attractive Dolly, he had lighted upon an old friend of his father's, who had been abroad for three years—an encounter which, for all his cunning, had cost him ten slow-going minutes.

He crossed the street moodily, reflecting upon his infamous luck. Of course, the delay had spoiled any chance he had had of catching Miss Lair. Listlessly he began to make his way up the pavement, looking idly into the shop-windows. Looking idly . .

The sudden spectacle of Dolly and his brother-in-law engaged in obviously lighthearted converse over a dainty tea, behind the plate-glass of Rumpelmayer's, filled Marlowe with an emotion too deep for words. For a moment he stood as if rooted to the spot. Then-

"Hullo, old chap," said a soft voice.

His sister, Elizabeth Fairie.

Marlowe turned to her.

"Look at him," he said, pointing a shaking finger at the unconscious delinquent. "Look at the brute."

"Where? Who?" said his sister calmly. "Oh, it's Bill. And Dolly Lair. She's a dear kid. I wish they'd look round."

"So do I," said Marlowe grimly.

Within, the pair were holding high festival.

"If you'd only said you were Mr. Fairie,"

Dolly was saying.

"What's in a name?" replied her companion. "The Doll by any other name would smell as sweet."

"Will you be serious?" said Dolly,

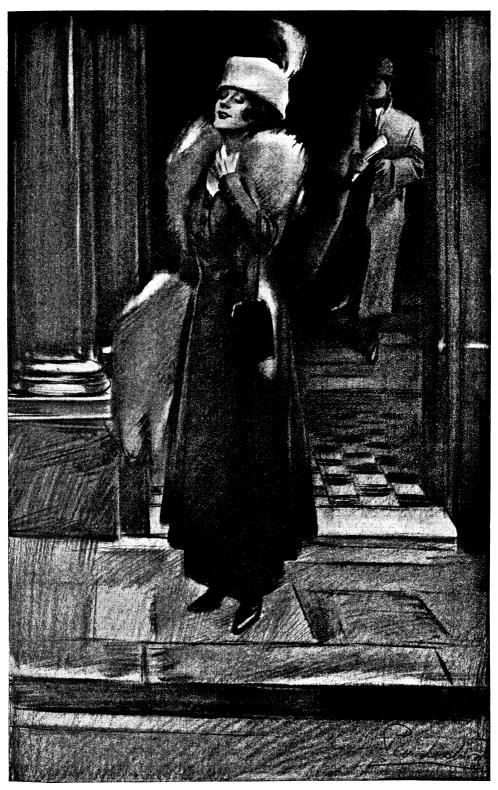
bubbling with laughter.

Fairie regarded her.

"How you dare have a mouth like that, beats me," he said. "Hullo! There's Betty. Oh, and Marlowe, too. Now, isn't that nice?"



"With that he picked Peter up in his arms."



"After a moment the girl followed him."

Coolly he beckoned them to come in. With a smile Elizabeth turned to comply with the request. Marlowe took off his hat with awful deliberation. His brother-in-law nodded genially, and Dolly bowed.

"How strange he looks!" she said.

"Always like that when he's been looking at pictures," Fairie explained. been to some exhibition or other this afternoon."

"I never knew he cared about art"

—surprisedly.

"Practically all he lives for," said Fairie, "And here's my helpmeet.

suppose I must get her a chair."

Elizabeth Fairie was a great beauty. More than that. There was an exquisite charm about her that was irresistible. Talk with her once, and you would remember it for all time. You might forget the big brown eyes after a while, but never the soft light glowing behind them, forget the proud curve of the mouth, but never the faint smile playing about it. The odds are, you would remember all four, probably with a sigh. The easy grace of her movements, her speech, her manners generally, was remarkable. With it all, she was perfectly natural. Sporting, too, and always ready for anything. She sat a horse better than most women sit a sofa, had no nerves, and usually wore a little air of amused gravity, which argued a strong sense

"Well, children," said Betty.
"Child yourself," said her husband. "You see in us a man and woman of the world."

"As bad as that?" said Betty, raising her eyebrows. "Anyway, you looked very sweet. What were you discussing so cheerfully?"

"Agriculture, if you must know," said Fairie. "Yes, some further tea, please. I suppose Pip's coming."

Pip Marlowe.

"I expect so. He seems rather bored

with you about something."

"Dear, dear," said her husband composedly. "But here he is. Now mark how a soft answer shall turn away his wrath." turned to greet the gentleman in question. "Hullo, old chap. How are the Watercolours? Any gems?"

"I will deal with you," said Marlowe, "at some future time." Here he drew up a chair. "Probably on a dark night, when there is no moon. I ought to have warned you about him," he added, turning to Dolly. "His sheepish exterior conceals a wolfish

heart."

"How awful!" said Dolly.

"Yes," replied Marlowe with unction. "Beneath a thin veneer of-

"Oh, look," said his sister. "It's beginning to snow again."

"Where?" said Fairie excitedly.

me get at him."

"Idiot!" said Betty. "All the same— "It is my firm belief," said Marlowe, "that there is a curse upon this unhappy

"I agree, brother," said Fairie. weather is, as it were, a foul plague. Presently we shall have frogs. Stacks of

"Yes, and then blains," said Marlowe.

"How many frogs go to the stack?" said Miss Lair.

"A hundred and forty-four," said Fairie. "Don't you know your tables? One man, one vote, four votes one gallon."

Dolly broke into silvery laughter.

"Don't encourage the fool, dear," said Betty. "If you knew him as well as I do-

"Let me put it like this," said her husband. "To know me is to love me. How terse! But to the weather. Pip says we ought to clear out."

"Leave England?"

"Certainly," said Marlowe. "Give the 'orse-race a miss and leave England. England," he added ecstatically, "this precious stone set in the silver sea (Bacon)." With a rapturous wave of the hand he indicated the scene outside—the dark wet street crowded with scurrying traffic, uncertain gusts driving the fine snow hither and thither, what dull daylight there was, failing. . . . Could he have seen it, old John of Gaunt would have turned his face to the wall.

For a moment they all sat silent. Then— "Have another eclaire, Peter?" said Fairie.

"You haven't been giving him éclaires?" cried Dolly, horrified.

"This," said Fairie, "will make his fourth."

"No, no! He mustn't have it, Mr. Fairie. He'll be awfully ill, as it is. Three éclaires! Oh, Peter!"

The latter seemed greatly moved by their attention. After sneezing twice, he sat quivering with expectation, looking from one to the other eloquently. His mistress gave him a piece of bread-and-butter. Nothing could have been more elegant than his acceptance of the morsel, unless it were his almost simultaneous expulsion of it as unworthy.

"You see," said Dolly. "You've spoiled him. Ah! Naughty dog!"

"Don't misjudge him," said Fairie.
"Perhaps he's giving up butter in Lent."

"Of course," said Betty, who was still regarding the whirling snow, "of course, I know it's rotten stopping here, but even if we decide to give up the Grand National, where are we to go?"

"Where indeed?" said her husband.
"Ireland is priest-ridden, Heidelberg's full
of smells. There's really only Bruges left."

"What about Rome?" said Marlowe. His sister shook her head pensively.

"No," she said. "And Biarritz appears to be like this. The Ludlows are back already, and they only went there last week. Jean says they never went outside the hotel for three days."

"Which, as is usual in these cases," said

Fairie, "reduces us to the Riviera."

"Unless you go to Rih," said Dolly suddenly. "It's only four days, and you'd love it. Both of you."

"Oh, Bill," said Betty. "That's an

idea."

"Yes," said Dolly, waxing enthusiastic, "and it'll be priceless just now. The flowers'll be so lovely. What with the bougainvilleas and jackaranda trees—"

"I beg your pardon," said Fairie.

" Jackaranda."

"Hush," said Fairie. "Not before the dog."

"Fool," said his wife. "Go on, Dolly."

"Oh, and the great blue sky and the hot sun and the lizards and bullock-cars—"

"The fauna!" said Fairie excitedly.

"Will you be quiet?" said Betty.

"And the dear warm slopes and cobbled roads and everything . . ."

Dolly stopped suddenly and looked round.

"I was very happy there," she said simply.

The others looked at her.
"You darling," said Betty with a swift

smile.
"I agree," said Fairie. "But about this

sun—hot sun. Is there any question about that?"

"I don't think so," said Dolly, a little flushed. "Somehow, it's just there—day after day."

"Give me strength," said Fairie brokenly.

"Day after day?"

Dolly nodded amusedly. "All day long," she said.

With infinite care Bill Fairie pushed back his plate. Then he turned to his wife.

"My dear," he said, "much as I would like to witness the hustle for the Blue Riband of the steeplechase world (sic), I feel that this phenomenon should not be missed."

Thoughtfully Betty regarded him.

"I was wondering," she said, "whether I'd take Falcon."

Now, Falcon was Mrs. Fairie's maid.

* * * *

An hour later the two passages had been booked. Also, a cable had been sent engaging rooms at an hotel—the hotel, according to Cockspur Street: they should know there. Bill and his wife were to sail in four days' time. So easily, sometimes, may strange steps be taken. Creatures of Impulse, the Fairies.

Impulse is a queer counsellor, too little honoured. There are who will ever rank him close after Gluttony and Sloth, counting him one of the Vices. Such are the regular-lived. And very nice, too; only . . . Habit digs deep grooves sometimes, almost graves, for his creatures. soberly suspect his advice, as a matter of course assuming it to be evil, until deep reflection suggests the contrary. And even then they are not quite comfortable. "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" But it is too late then, for the counsel of Impulse must be followed amain, or the charm of it is withered. So that only the reckless and irresponsible, undeserving heretics, who make few plans, neither abide by those they make, may know the fresh air of excitement short notice lends to an affair, the spice, very tasty, with which sudden resolve garnishes a holiday.

The Fairies leaving together, it was for Marlowe to see Dolly home—naturally. And before home, to Bond Street to choose some gloves. Whilst they were in the taxi—

"What I want to know," said Marlowe, "is how you and that serpent got into touch."

"Ah," said Dolly.

Her companion sighed.

"You know," he said, "I believe your life is one long series of indiscretions."

"Doubtless," coolly replied Miss Lair.
"But what were you doing at the Water-colours?"

"I went to look for a picture which wasn't there."

"How tiresome for him!" she murmured.
"Yes, wasn't it? Such a sweet picture,

too. The softest colouring. However, I found it in the end."

"But I thought you said-"

"It wasn't there? Nor it was, Dolly. When I struck it, it was having tea with the serpent."

"O-o-h," said Dolly. "Then that was

how----'

"Precisely. You see," and Marlowe

explained.

"The one redeeming feature about the whole affair," he concluded, "is that you have persuaded Bill to leave the country."

Dolly gave a little laugh. Then—

"I think Betty's very fortunate," she said. For a moment Marlowe sat silent. Then—
"You're right," he said quietly, staring out of the window. "She is. Bill's one

of the best, straightest, kindest——"
"Dear old Pip," said Dolly, slipping a warm arm through his. "But I wasn't

thinking of her husband."

At eleven o'clock the next morning Bill Fairie entered the library, an open letter in his hand.

"I have here—" he began.

"Hush," said Betty. "If you talk, I can't hear. Will you say that again, please?"

She was at the telephone, very intense, very adorable. Kneeling sideways upon a chair, she leaned far over the writing-table, propping herself upon her elbows, one white hand holding the receiver, the other's fingers about the mouthpiece. One little slipper had fallen off while she was talking, and now and again eight inches of black silk stocking would thrust out and down over the edge of the chair, till the toes of a shapely foot touched the ground, there to grope vainly for the elusive foot-gear.

The conversation proceeded.

"Yes, will you send . . . No, no. As well as the other pairs. Then I can see if I like them . . . That's right. Five o'clock will do. Yes. Good-bye."

As she hung up the receiver—

"What assignation is this?" said Fairie.

"Shoes for Rih, old chap. What were you going to say?"

Her husband displayed the letter.

"From Robin," he said laconically. "Listen.

"Dear Brother,—Thank you for your letter. I pass over the fact that so much of it as is legible appears to be couched in studiedly offensive terms. Were your intellect less stunted, I would give you a short but telling word-picture of the malignant weather which has prevailed here for the last six days. But it is, as you know, one of my rules never to cast pearls before swine. The fact that my sister, but for whose importunity I should not have made one of this ill-starred house-party, has contracted an appalling and, if I may believe her, most painful cold, affords me some little consolation. At the same time, the mental and physical discomfort which I myself have suffered, owing to continuous rain and an incredibly low temperature, has, I feel, done much to undermine a constitution more or less sound, perhaps, but never robust. these circumstances it will not surprise you to learn that we are curtailing a visit which we should never have paid. In short, the snowploughs have been ordered, the coroner has been informed, and I have already decided what is the least I can give the second footman. We shall make King's Cross to-morrow at six-fifteen. I shall want you to be there, but Asquith need not attend.—Robin."

Betty threw back her head and laughed. "They seem to have had rather a doing," she said. "Back to-night, too. Well, they'll hate it here, won't they?"

With a shudder, she glanced out at the

driving rain.

"They won't stick it for half a week," said Bill. "Robin's evidently fed right up, and, according to him, Fay's got one of the colds. I bet you they come with us."

"To Rih?" said Betty, coming across to

the fire.

"Every time," said her husband. "You see."

Here a servant entered with a telegram. Fairie opened it unconcernedly. Then—

"No answer," he said. "At least, not now. How very untoward!" he added musingly.

"What's the matter?" said Betty from the club-kerb, where she was sitting with her feet in the grate.

Her husband handed her the flimsy sheet. "Peter ill all night long," she murmured.

"Yes," said Bill. "Poor old Peter! Must have picked up something, I suppose. That's the worst of these well-bred——"

"Nonsense," said his wife. "It's the eclaires you gave him, of course. And poor Dolly's been up with him all night. She must be wild with you to trouble to send a wire."

"I don't see why she should be wild with me. The dog shouldn't have eaten them. Supposing you went to the Billows' and ate a lot of boiled mutton and—"" "That's enough," said Betty. "What

are you going to do about it?"

"Do?" said Bill, lighting a cigarette. "What d'you expect me to do? Take the animal some grapes?"

"You'd better ring her up."

"And get told off properly? Not much. No," he added airily. "I shall compose a discreet wire, indicative at once of my esteem, anxiety, and remorse. Tears will start to the eyes of all who see it."

"Dear fool," said his wife, putting up her face to be kissed. "I do love you so. And now I must go and get ready. I ordered

the car for half-past."

"Wearing apparel?" said Bill.

Betty nodded.

"Just a few things, you know. Summer things. Don't forget you've got to get——"

"Chorus," said her husband. "He forgot to get what he'd got to get together to get to Rih. Pom."

"Idiot," said Betty. "Some tennis-balls, I was going to say. And, if you're going to get any clothes, do see about them to-day. You know what it is if you leave everything till the last minute." And she moved towards the door.

"All right, m'dear. Let's see. What do I want? Gent's half hose, fancy neck-wear, flannel trouserings—which reminds me . . ."

But Betty had gone.

For the next two hours Fairie busied himself with correspondence. A large estate in the country took some managing and a lot of time. Also he was a vigilant and conscientious trustee. For a man of leisure, he worked unusually hard. Indeed, his labour was worth a good four hundred a year. More than that, really, for no one else would have done the work so well.

It was past one o'clock before he laid down his pen. Suddenly he remembered the telegram. Quickly he reached for a form and wrote a reply. Then he crossed to the fireplace and rang the bell. To the footman who answered it—

"I shall be in to lunch," he said. "And let that wire go at once. Perhaps it had

better be telephoned."

"Yes, sir."

"And tell William to come upstairs. I want to see him about my clothes."

The telegram was very short. It ran—
"Bowed with grief."

* * * * *

By the time he had been to his tailor's, purchased two dozen tennis-balls, and bought

twice as much hosiery as he had intended, Fairie was getting cold. After a moment's hesitation, he decided to go to the Club. There would be vast fires there, at any rate: once warm, gentle exercise about the billiard-table for, say, half-an-hour... Clearly the idea was a good one. He quickened his steps.

As he passed into the Club, the clock of St. James's Palace proclaimed the hour. Four o'clock. Five minutes later he was in an easy chair before the smoking-room fire.

Suddenly the door opened, and Marlowe came in—excitedly rather. For a moment he looked round; then he saw Fairie and came to his side.

"Well?" said the latter expectantly.

"Let's have it."

"You shall," said Marlowe, drawing up a chair. "What about a hundred and thirty-five pounds in one afternoon, my son?"

"Rot," said Fairie.

But he sat up. There was that in the other's face which there was no mistaking.

"Fact," said Marlowe, leaning forward to ring the bell. "Of course, I know it's only dross, still . . . Have a ninepenny drink?"

His brother-in-law regarded him.

"Is this the confidence trick?" he said.

"Two winners," said Marlowe. "One at seven, the other at twenty, thanks very much. Twenty. Think of it."

Fairie groaned.

"And you had-" he began.

"A fiver to win on both. Five times twenty-seven equals one three five. Am I right, sir?"

"Good Heavens!" said Fairie. "How did

you spot them?"

"Old Long gave me them."

"Jerry Long?" cried Fairie. "Well, why the blazes didn't he let me know?"

"I don't know," said Marlowe. "I tried to ring you up twice, as a matter of fact, but I couldn't get on. Anyway, he sent me a wire from Cheltenham this morning, just giving the names. Where's a paper?"

He rose and crossed to a table, returning a moment later with an evening paper. Quickly he turned to the "stop-press."

Then-

"Here you are," he said. "'2.30 Cheltenham, Peterill."

"Peterill!" gasped Fairie. "Peterill!"

"Yes," said Marlowe. "Queer name, isn't it? I've never heard——"

"One moment," said Fairie wildly. "Don't say the other was All Night."

"That's right," said his brother-in-law.

" But—_____

"Peterill, All Night, Long," quoted Fairie, his voice broken with emotion. "What have I done to deserve this? Who am I, to be singled out to be the sport of——"

"What on earth's the matter with you?"

said Marlowe.

"Go," said the other, covering his eyes with his hand. "Go, fat-head. Leave me alone. Pay for the drinks and go. I have been mocked, cozened, bewrayed."

"Drugged, you mean," said Marlowe

coolly.

Fairie sat up and looked at him.

Then—

"No," he said. "Not drugged, bewitched." Here he took a deep breath. "Yes," he added gravely, "bewitched. What you have just witnessed, brother, was a brain-storm. The air, however, is now clear again. Allow me to congratulate you upon your ill-gotten gains, and—oblige me by never referring to them again."

"The man's mad," said Marlowe. "This Rih stunt has deranged what little——"

"Listen," said Fairie. "I'm going to tell you a story, a good story, a true story. But, mark you, it's my tale—my own. Will you promise to respect my ownership, and never to tell it yourself."

"All right," said Marlowe. "Go on."

"Thank you," said Fairie. "You see, I've bought the copyright. It cost me a hundred and thirty-five pounds."

Then he told him.

The second story in this series will appear in the next number.

THE BRIDE.

WEAVE me no wreath of orange-blossom,
No bridal white shall me adorn;
I wear a red rose in my bosom,
To-morrow I shall wear the thorn.

Bring me no gauds to deck my beauty,
Put by the jewels and the lace;
My love to honour and to duty
Was plighted ere he saw my face.

I hear his impatient charger neighing, I hear the trumpets blow fanfare! His comrades ride, as to a Maying, Jesting and splendid to the war.

Why is my lady-mother weeping?
Why is my father grieved sore?
Oh, love, God have you in His keeping,
The day you leave your true-love's door,

Why should I weep? I am his for ever,
Whose name and ring I wear with pride;
Nor earth nor heaven shall us dissever,
Oh. love, one kiss before you ride!

Go glad and gay to meet the foeman,
I love you to my latest breath;
Oh, love, there is no happier woman!
See, I am smiling! Love—till death!

KATHARINE TYNAN.



AUSTRALIAN FIELD ARTILLERY.

THE NAVAL AND MILITARY FORCES OF AUSTRALASIA

AND THEIR WAR VALUE TO THE EMPIRE

By C. DE THIERRY

OR the past fifteen years Australia has led the Empire Oversea road towards Imperial unity, under circumstances which have been brought about mainly by racial and geographical conditions. For whereas Canada, through her propinquity to the American Republic, is partly continental in her outlook, Australia is a purely British and insular State. It really seems as if she has divined the secret of sea-power by instinct. How else should she have perceived the real issue in South Africa months before the declaration of war, and again in 1909, when the British Government admitted that Germany had thrown down a challenge to British supremacy on the sea? Though the Imperial spirit of our kinsfolk on the frontier, and the Anglo-Saxon habit of sticking together in an emergency, would have rallied them to the aid of the Motherland in any case, it was the prompt action of Australia and New Zealand in offering battleships which gave the movement impetus and direction. Nothing less dramatic would at that time have brought home to the people of this

country the vital importance of a large increase to the Royal Navy. The Empire, led by Australia and New Zealand, then, has contributed, both in a moral and material sense, to the maintenance of our sea-power in the present war.

Unless one realises that for fifty years Australasia has cherished definite ambitions on the water, it is impossible to understand how she alone of the Dominions is in a position to take an active part in the naval operations of the Allied Powers. As early as 1884 she was able to send a little flotilla of vessels to the Soudan, though it arrived too late for active fighting; and to China during the Boxer Rising she dispatched the *Protector* with a naval brigade of 460 men. Between 1887 and 1907, however, there was practically no increase in her floating forces, because she was induced to make a cash contribution to the upkeep of a British squadron in Australasian waters. But with the strategic changes brought about in the Pacific by the Russo-Japanese War, she quickly realised that she was a remote outpost of Western civilisation at the gate of Asia, within striking distance of fourteen foreign coaling-stations, and with a floating trade of £170,000,000 to protect. To depend on British naval power for her defence in such circumstances was, she felt, wounding to her dignity. What she wanted was a national sea service, which should enlist the pride and patriotism of her people.

While she was considering with the Admiralty as to the form it should take, a new situation was created by the German menace, and the Naval Conference of 1909 was called in order to devise a workable scheme of Imperial co-operation. The result

Navy, it took part in the daring exploit of August 28, when three German cruisers and two destroyers were sunk off Heligoland. Australasia alone has carried out her compact under the Naval Agreement of 1909. She has, moreover, extended her programme, which will involve her in expenditure amounting to £20,000,000, spread over a period of years. It is impossible to rate too highly the resolution, enthusiasm, and self-sacrifice of her people in the pursuit of their naval ideal.

They are told that it is a violation of "true strategic principles." If so, how did Admiral Tryon father it, and a whole succession of British officers encourage it



AUSTRALIAN CAVALRY: THE VICTORIA LIGHT HORSE.

Reproduced by courtesy of "The British Australasian."

was the Naval Agreement, by which four of the five nations were to provide ships for patrolling the outer waters. If they had all met their obligations, Great Britain would have a fleet unit* in the East Indies, with New Zealand's gift battle-cruiser as its flagship; Canada two cruisers in the North Pacific, and Australia her fleet unit in the South Pacific. Unfortunately, the ships of the two senior partners never materialised, and the New Zealand, at the urgent request of the Admiralty, was stationed in the North Sea, where, as a constituent of the British

with their advice and support? The truth is, British naval opinion on the subject is divided into two schools, one favouring centralisation and the other decentralisation, and Australasia is guided by the second. Their authority is the Report of the Richards Committee, which, twenty years ago, laid down the principles of British sea-power. The weakness of the centralist is that he continually quotes the Report on the consequences of losing the command of the sea without reference to the conditions which the three admirals considered necessary to the maintenance thereof. One of them was a mobile navy, together with a worldchain of fortified naval bases. It is these essentials of maritime power in the South

^{*} Fleet unit is the Admiralty's term for the smallest naval unit that can be regarded as self-contained for purposes of administration. It consists of a battlecruiser with its attendant cruisers and small craft.

Seas which Australasia is doing her best to create. Her aim, in short, is to develop a new centre of naval strength in a joint scheme of Imperial defence. The Royal Australian Navy, as the name implies, is in all things vital—spirit, thought, training, and organisation—uniform with the Royal Navy. Against her local control of the one in time of peace, many adverse critics urged that it could not become an integral part of the other quickly enough for the purposes of war. But on the day before hostilities broke out between England and Germany, the Federal Government expressed its willingness "to place the vessels of the Australian Navy at the disposal of the Admiralty when desired," and a week later, when the offer was accepted, an order was issued by which the transfer was made unconditionally for the period of the war. With good-will on both sides, the difficulty was a purely imaginary

The following table gives an idea of the Commonwealth's present strength in men and ships:—

Personnel.	Ships in Commission.	Ships Building.
8,599	1 battle-cruiser *3 light cruisers 3 destroyers 2 submarines 10 other vessels, more or less obsolete, but serviceable	1 light cruiser 3 destroyers

* One lent by the Admiralty.

She has also established a dockyard, a naval college, training schools, and before long will be able to manufacture her own ammunition and small arms.

It should be noted that the fleet unit is new, and its flagship, the Australia, larger than any vessel owned by the belligerent Powers, except Japan, in the Pacific. For Britain's only naval force east of Suez consists of obsolete ships and small craft, most of them, when the war broke out, on the China Station. It is therefore mainly due to the Australian Navy that the White Ensign floats serenely in the South Seas, guaranteeing therein the safety of British maritime, commercial, and territorial interests. In the Indian Ocean we have lately seen how the Emden has been able to terrorise our commerce by sinking and capturing merchant vessels. Then, by means of the Commonwealth's fleet unit, Australasia

is waging the war on its own account. not as a subordinate, but as a free ally. In the Pacific it has taken over England's task of harassing the enemy's trade and of mopping up his colonies—surely a new departure in our wonderful Imperial history. The young lions are, indeed, showing that they can roar like the old one—the only gay feature of the terrible world-conflict in which we are An Expeditionary Force from engaged. New Zealand, escorted by the Australia and Melbourne, captured Apia, in Samoa, one of the keys of the Pacific, without firing a shot. The German flag was next hauled down from the Marshall and Caroline Islands, and the Union Jack hoisted in its place. Only at New Guinea was there serious fighting. Here the Naval Brigade, under Commander J. A. H. Beresford, and military unit under Colonel Watson, were fiercely attacked by the natives, led by German officers, with several casualties resulting. The Australian Navy has paid the first instalment of the price of admiralty.

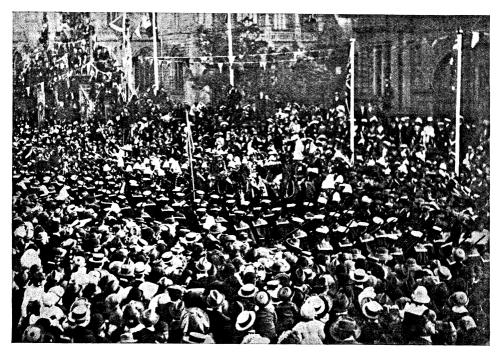
To England the new British possessions are of small importance, but they are vital to the security of Australasia. Long ago the Island-Continent saw herself the central State of Melanesia, and New Zealand of Polynesia; but, naturally enough, perhaps, the Colonial Office poured a douche of cold water on every effort of their young ambition to follow in Mother England's steps. When, therefore, through $\operatorname{British}$ concessions, Germany was planted at their very door, opinion in the Seven Colonies, as they then were, was deeply resentful. Her elimination by their armed forces, backed by British naval power, is therefore a matter of supreme satisfaction to them, and would of itself justify the heavy sacrifices they have made in strengthening themselves on land and They have made those sacrifices ungrudgingly, and already we have seen Wisdom once more justified of her children. Had they listened to the Centralists, they would not have been in a position to drive Germany from her South Sea Islands. The task would have had to be delegated to Japan, which, on the conclusion of peace, would hand them to the British Empire. That there would be perfect good-will on her side, no one doubts, but, as it is, they are a source of honourable pride, inasmuch as the winning of them has given Australian sailors a chance of proving that they are of the true British breed. Rear-Admiral Sir George Patey, under whose direction the

combined operations were carried out, is to be congratulated on his apt pupils.

Now that Germany's South Pacific dependencies are occupied, and their wireless installations dismantled, the Commonwealth's Navy is acting with the British cruisers of the China Station in hunting down enemy cruisers which are still at large. Another task before it is the re-establishment of cable communication between Australia, Canada, and Great Britain, cut by the Nurenberg at Fanning Island.

The military forces of Australasia, unlike its naval forces, are destined to play an

adopting the volunteer system, which soon translated itself into potent military terms in a joint Imperial undertaking in the Soudan Campaign, and, later on, in the South African War. But the driving power behind Australia's determination to create a floating force under her own control impelled her to be content with nothing less, for the protection of her territory and coasts, than a citizen army embracing her whole manhood. Early in 1909 universal service was made the law of the land in a scheme introduced by Mr. Deakin. Under it every able-bodied male from twelve to fourteen is

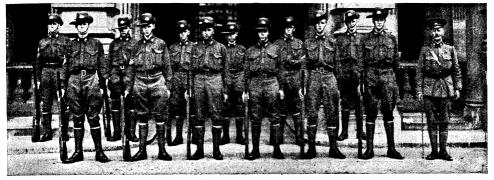


A REVIEW OF TROOPS IN NATIONAL TRAINING AT SYDNEY.

Photograph by Alex. Casserly, North Sydney, by courtesy of "The British Australasian."

active part in the main theatre of the war. It is through them the two Dominions mean to strike a blow for the freedom of the nations against embattled German despotism, and forge yet another link in the chain of British solidarity. Just as the strategic concentration of the British Navy in home waters, to meet the danger in the North Sea, by isolating the Dominions stimulated their practical interest in national and Imperial defence, so had the withdrawal of the British garrisons two generations The outside pressure to vigorous reliance was, however, not then applied by Germany, but by Russia, all the Colonies

trained in junior cadet corps, from fourteen to eighteen in senior cadet corps, and from eighteen to twenty-six in the Territorials. The idea underlying it is that military training, which begins at the most impressionable age, and is steadily continued for fourteen years, but without any break with civil life, combines the advantages of both the voluntary and conscript systems. The Australian citizen soldier gives about the same time to qualifying himself for the defence of his country as the Territorial in England, but it is turned to better purpose, since before he joins the National Guard he has been thoroughly grounded in the



SENIOR CADETS.

elements of his training. It was the popular experience of the disciplinary value of the voluntary cadet system which enabled the Federal Government to carry the compulsory clause of the Defence Act of 1909. The measure was distinguished by the approval of Lord Kitchener, who made a personal visit to Australia in order to give her military authorities the benefit of his advice. He specially urged the establishment of a military college for the education of officers on the model of West Point, which has since been done. Already the Dominion has enough trained and fully-equipped soldiers to man her defences and to provide a mobile striking force as well.

About the same time New Zealand adopted the principle of compulsory training, following the Australian model in the organisation of her male population with a view to defence. The total strength of the military forces of the two Dominions is as follows:—

	Terri- torials.	Rifle Clubs.	Senior Cadets.	Total.
Australia New Zealand .	34,537 29,650	48,580 6,780	88,708 42,279	171,825 78,709
	Total for Australasia		250,534	

That substantial progress has been made towards the "nation in arms" which Australasia regards as a condition of its liberties, is evident from the recent report of General Sir Ian Hamilton as Inspector-General of the Oversea Forces. Large as the Expeditionary Force now on the water

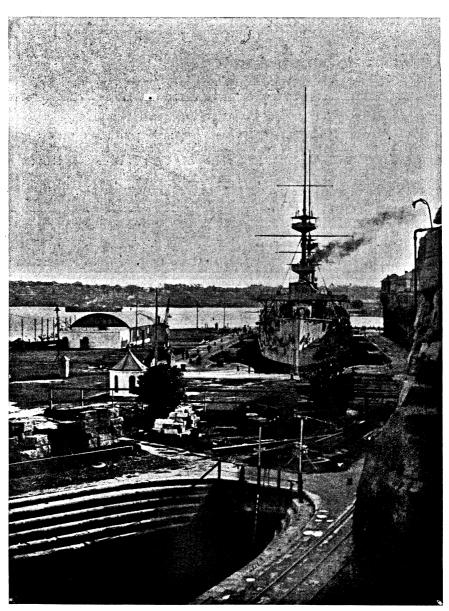


JUNIOR CADETS IN CAMP.

Two photographs reproduced by courtesy of "The British Australasian,"

for the Front is, in relation to the population, its dispatch entails no great strain on their military resources. It consists of picked men, with a nucleus of South African

they will not take kindly to the severe discipline of European warfare. A similar fear was entertained with reference to the Australians as sailors, but events have

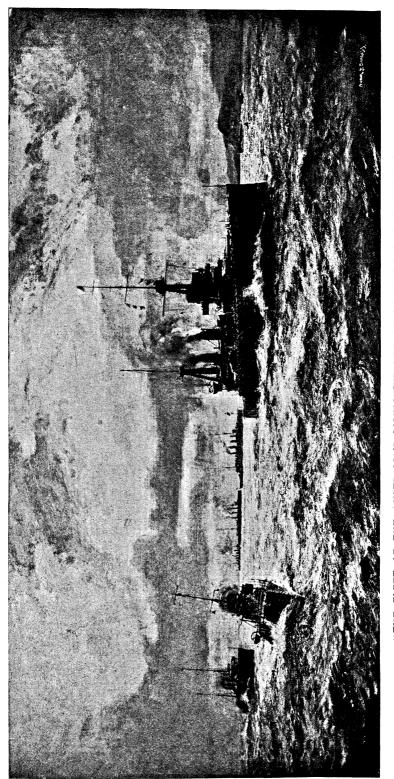


THE DOCKYARDS, SYDNEY HARBOUR, LATELY ACQUIRED BY THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT FOR BUILDING WARSHIPS FOR THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY.

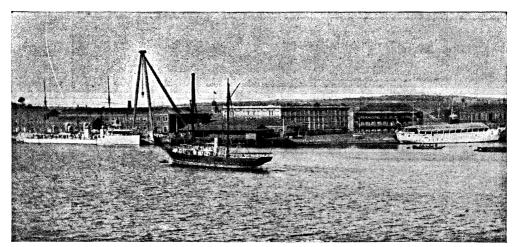
Reproduced by courtesy of "The British Australasian."

veterans, and every one more or less of a soldier, who has undergone a fuller and harder training than British Territorials. In some quarters the fear is entertained that

falsified it. In South Africa the men of the frontier were at home, and rather inclined to underrate the difficulties of leadership. But in the strange conditions of the



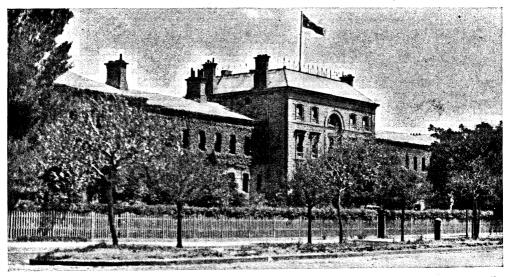
"THE FLEET OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH AT SEA." BY A. J. W. BURGESS,



GARDEN ISLAND, SYDNEY, THE PRINCIPAL NAVAL BASE OF AUSTRALIA.

Continent they will be the first to recognise the imperative necessity of obedience to orders. Just as the South African War was an infinitely greater undertaking than the Soudan Campaign, so the life-and-death struggle between England and Germany is greater than the South African War. Not a single Australasian who goes to fight in the British lines but will have his heart nerved by his consciousness of tremendous fact. As a fighter he will. perhaps, need his horsemanship less in closely-cultivated Europe than in the wide spaces of Africa, but not so his resourcefulness, eye for country, and ability to take care of himself, which always have a high military value in war.

The first of the Oversea Expeditionary Forces to start was New Zealand's. The reason is that she learned the lesson of the difficulties raised by the dispatch of the contingents to South Africa. Imperial Conference of 1902 the late Mr. Seddon proposed that the Dominions should each organise an Expeditionary Force ready to go anywhere and do anything. But he found no support except from the British Government, and so the project was dropped. It was revived by Colonel Allen, whose ability as Minister of Defence showed itself with his accession to office. He thoroughly studied the question of Oversea aid to the Mother-Country in time of war, and, in personal consultation with the War Office,



THE OFFICES OF THE DEFENCE DEPARTMENT AT MELBOURNE, HEADQUARTERS OF THE ORGANISATION OF THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

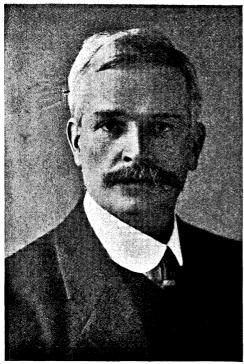
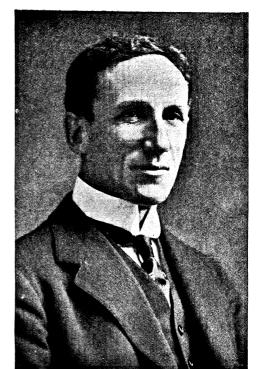


Photo by [Elliott & Fry.
THE HON. ANDREW FISHER,
Prime Minister of the Commonwealth of Australia.



'hoto by] [Elliott I]
THE HON. W. A. HOLMAN,
Premier of New South Wales.

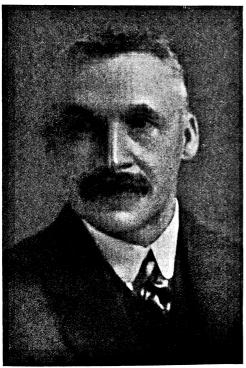


Photo by [Elliott & Fry.

THE HON. A. H. PEAKE,

Premier of South Australia.

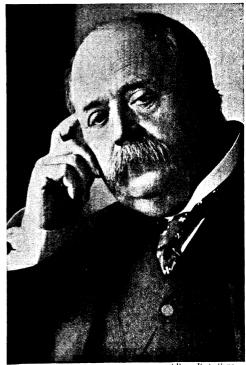
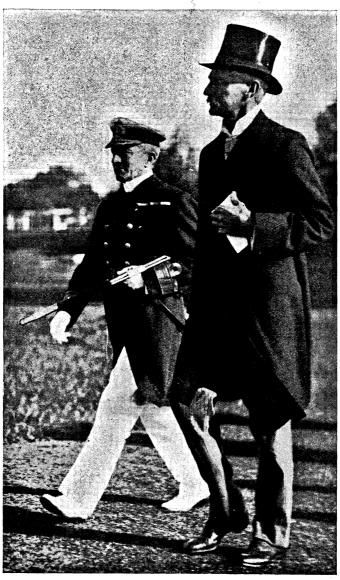


Photo by] [Russell & Sons.
THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE REID,
High Commissioner for the Australian Commonwealth

worked out in detail a scheme by which, in an emergency, each Dominion might know the strength, composition, and equipment of the quota it should provide to the Imperial Army. The machinery was therefore already declaration of war, and within twenty-five days thereof the little force that captured German Samoa had traversed 2,000 miles of ocean. New Zealand, at any rate, has cause to congratulate herself that she took a leaf out



ADMIRAL PATEY, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY, WITH THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF AUSTRALIA, SIR WILLIAM CULLEN.

Photo by Alex. Casserly, North Sydney, by courtesy of "The British Australasian."

in existence for the rapid mobilisaton of the Dominion's first Expeditionary Force, which, with the loyal co-operation of the entire community, women not excepted, was ready to embark within three weeks of the

of the German book in the matter of military organisation.

Like our own Territorials, the citizen armies of Australasia are enrolled strictly for home service. The Expeditionary Forces,

THE NAVAL AND MILITARY FORCES OF AUSTRALASIA. 169

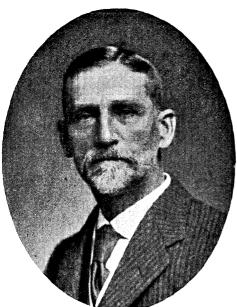


Photo by] [Elliott & Fry.

THE HON. DIGBY DENHAM,

Premier of Queensland.

therefore, consist of volunteers. In the Commonwealth's, every arm is represented, with originally a total strength of 20,000. But a second and then a third brigade of



Photo by] [Illustrations Bureau.

THE HON. JOHN SCADDAN,

Premier of Western Australia.

Australian Light Horse, which is unsurpassed in the world, were offered to and accepted by the British Government, raising the number to 30,000. New Zealand's little army of 8,000 men, whose strength is to be kept up by frequent drafts, too, is destined in due course to take its place in the mighty battle-front of the Allies. A picturesque feature of her further military aid to the Empire in this supreme crisis of its history is the detachment of Maoris, which is to go to Egypt for garrison duty. It is 200 strong, but it might be 2,000, so anxious are all the tribes to serve. So far, indeed, New Zealand has kept up her record in the South



THE HON. FERGUSSON W. MASSEY, Prime Minister of New Zealand.

African War, in which her contingent was the first to land in Cape Town from the Dominions oversea. She alone is represented by a unit in the fighting line in the North Sea, and it took part in the first naval engagement of the war. Her soldiers were the first of the Empire to haul down the German flag and put the British ensign in its place. Her Expeditionary Force was on the water very soon after the Indian one. The Dominion is not aptly named the Britain of the South for nothing.

To the German mind, with its passion for uniformity and rigid organisation, the looselyknit British Empire was to go to pieces at the first blast of the German war-trumpet. That it might have unity in diversity, Germany was spiritually incapable of perceiving, and so she is the unwilling instrument of destiny in helping to evolve a living Imperial consciousness in all the subjects of the Empire, without distinction of race or colour. From all the Dominions and India additional contingents will be available as long as the war lasts, without any decline in fighting quality.



ENGINEERS IN THE BUSH, NEW SOUTH WALES.

SIGHT.

THAT I have been permitted to behold

The late sun sinking in a sea of gold;

To note at night the silver stars' return,

Some like still stones, some like blown candles burn;

To mark the light at morn resume its reign,

Spread from the hills and flood along the plain;

Or, nigher noon, to see day's glory steep

Each rood of earth, each acre of the deep,

I give much thanks; but oh, for faultless sight,

To see, when summoned, the celestial light!

EDGAR VINE HALL.

THE LITTLE OLD **GENTLEMAN**

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

Illustrated by Balliol Salmon



HEN the red-haired girl had got up and walked away, the shabby little old gentleman in the top-hat hitched himself along the bench in Madison Square until he reached the shabby young man with

whom the girl had been talking.

"That's a very pretty young woman," the little old gentleman said. "What's she got tears in her eyes for, hey?"

The shabby young man looked up at the

shabby old one and scowled.

"She hasn't given me permission to publish her sorrows. You'll have to ask her yourself."

"Very well," said the old gentleman, who had a nut-cracker face that was always, and apropos of nothing at all, making the most ferocious contortions, as if it were trying to "Very well, I will. frighten somebody. What's her name?"

"You'll have to ask her that, too," the young man replied, and stuck his hands in his pockets, for it was Christmas Eve, and he had

no overcoat.

"Ho!" said the little old gentleman rather "Shall I, though? All right. What's your name, then?"

And the young man said, "Scott."
"Is it, now? All right! But you needn't be so proud about a name like that. Millions of people call themselves Scott — millions of 'em. Pshaw! You might be a lord, by the way you talk."

"Well," said the young man morosely, "so I might. So I shall be, one of these cold mornings, if I don't starve first. My father's

a lord, and he's expected to die almost any day—at least, he was, the last I know."

The old gentleman made a sound like a

scornful snort and bobbed his head.

"Likely story! Where's your overcoat, if you're the son of a lord? Where is it, hey?"

"I'm wearing it inside this season," the shabby young man said lightly. "I ate the last of it yesterday. I see you've got yours still."

The little old gentleman made a frightful face and at the same time a kind of doddering

giggle—"He-he-he!"

"I've got three or four overcoats—a dozen overcoats—car-loads of them. I'm rich, I am!" The other regarded him with some care from his battered top-hat to his boots, but especially the boots, which were hidden beneath a gigantic pair of those overshoes that are fastened in front by a clasp, and are sometimes known as "Arctics."

"I thought you weren't quite the real thing," he observed. "Well, I hope they keep you warm enough—all those overcoats of yours. Have any of them got fur linings?"

"Dozens of 'em!" boasted the little old gentleman, giggling. And the young man

shivered.

"Good! There's nothing like fur. wish I had some of it about me now."

The old gentleman stopped "teeheeing" abruptly and looked a little frightened.

"When I said I was rich," he explained, "I didn't mean that I had any money with me here. I haven't anything to give away —not a cent."

"Haven't you?" said the young man, eveing him. "Well, just you wait until you're asked for some of your money before

you begin getting nervous about it, will you?" He stood up with an angry jerk, as if he were going away, but dropped back again rather limply, and began examining his hands, which were a little bluish, while the little old gentleman fidgeted about in his seat and snorted and "pshawed," and cried—

"Now, now! Now, now!" and other

deprecatory things of that kind.

"Flying out at an old man that's done you no harm! Pshaw! Did you go to Eton?"

"Yes," the young man said listlessly. "Yes, I went to Eton, and afterwards for a couple of years to Oxford—Magdalen. Sent down for playing the fool. I knew a very decent little American chap at Eton. In my house. His name was Cole—Timmy Cole. Ever hear of him?"

"Cole's as common a name as Scott," the little old gentleman sneered, and the

Englishman nodded.

"Yes, no doubt. But he was a decent little soul. I liked him. What then? Oh, I played the fool again. I'd got the habit of it, you see. And after he'd settled up for me two or three times, my uncle, who's got all the money—the poor governor's stony—gave me the sack. He sent me a ticket, second-class, to New York here, and said he was done with me for good."

"Did he mean it?"

"Bless you, no. He's a good old soul at heart. People think he's not, but that's wrong. He's a good old soul. He's been very decent, in his snarly way, to the governor. You see, I did let him in for a good bit once or twice, and though he paid up like a little man, for the sake of the family name, he was annoyed."

"What's your uncle's name?" the old

gentleman asked.

"Scott—same as mine. Austin Scott. He's one of those company johnnies, you know—mines and rubber, and all that. He's fairly rolling in it."

"And what's your father's name?"

"Oh, he's Lord Eveshot. The place is in Oxfordshire—what's left of it. It's a bit of a ruin, and no mistake. And the poor old governor doesn't live any too high. In fact, he lives like an Irish peasant, worse luck!"

"You said he was expected to die," said the old gentleman, making a face. "Why

ain't you with him?"

"Well, the truth is, we didn't get on any too smoothly, not of late years. When I was a youngster, it was different. There was more money about the place then, and he

hadn't got sour and bitter and ill. Once, indeed, we went off on a long sea voyage together—I was only ten or twelve then. We went to the Cape and to New Zealand, and to the islands of the South Pacific. By Jove, I loved it there! I've never forgotten those beautiful islands, with the palm trees and the strip of yellow beach and the still lagoons and the splendid brown chaps who treat you so well. I wish I was down there now. But all that was long ago. We drifted apart, later on, the governor and I. We were too much alike, I fancy. He'd thrown me out before my uncle did."

"You sound a pretty fairly bad lot," said the old gentleman, and the Englishman

nodded cheerily.

"Yes, don't I, though? For all that, however, I think Eveshot's the place for me just now. The old boy's an unforgiving beggar, but men soften when they come to die. And—well, after all, he's my own father, and I ought to be there to wish him Godspeed on his last—his last journey. What? That's what I wrote to my uncle a fortnight ago. I said just about that, and I said I knew I'd been a fool in almost all the known ways; and I said I should be glad to come back to England and take a job in one of his companies for a pound a week, or whatever I might seem to be worth, since I couldn't seem to make any headway out here. Oh, I ate humble pie in that letter! I confessed that I was beaten and down. You see, I'd been thinking of the poor old governor dying alone at Eveshot, and it-it took the last bit of stiffening out of me.

"I told my uncle," said the Honourable Mr. Scott, "that if he would answer by return post, his letter would come out on the *Mauretania*, the Christmas ship. I told him that it would be a kind of Christmas gift to me, this permission to come back once more and for ever to my country and my home

and my own people.

"And so," said the shabby young man, smiling brightly across at his elderly friend, "so I think the worst of my troubles are over. The *Mauretania* arrives to-day at noon or thereabouts. I looked it up this morning in a newspaper that a man had thrown away. Late this afternoon or early this evening I shall have my uncle's letter, saying: 'Come home, lad. You've been away too long. Your father wants you and I want you. Come back to your own place.'

"And, by Jove, I shall be glad to go!

Oh, Heavens, shan't I be glad to go!"

The old gentleman nodded soberly.

"I expect you haven't had too gay a time

here."

"Gay? Gay? Look here, I have been in New York seven months, and in that time I have had just thirteen jobs and lost them, one after the other, because they were temporary jobs, or because I wasn't trained for the work, or because a friend of the superintendent wanted my place, or because I wouldn't join a union, but mostly because I wasn't trained and had no references."

"Not because you were too dainty, hey?"

sneered the little old gentleman.

"Dainty! I've shovelled snow in the streets, loading it into wagons, without gloves on my hands! I've carried ash-cans—I've scrubbed bar-room floors!"

The little old gentleman made a clicking noise with his tongue that may have been meant to express pity, but Scott laughed and filled his big lungs with air and stretched

his arms out before him.

"Oh, I don't mind! That's over now and done with. My uncle will come to the rescue. I'm sure of that. After all, he's a Scott, and a decent soul at heart. He's kept the poor governor going—after a fashion. He won't fail me when I really need his help."

"What if he does?" piped the little old gentleman suddenly. "What if he tells you to go to the devil? What if he says to you: 'You've made your bed; now lie on it, and be hanged to you'? What if

he says that, hey?"

The young Englishman looked up for an instant with terror in his eyes—a terror so prompt, so ready and alive, that the other man must have seen it had been there,

lurking and hiding, all the while.

"Oh, he wouldn't do that! Good Heavens! You don't think he'd do that, do you? No, no, you don't know him. People think he's hard, but I tell you he's a decent chap at heart. And he's my own uncle—my father's brother. He couldn't!"

"Yes, but what if he did?"

The young Englishman drew a little sigh

and hung his head.

"I'm rather tired," said he. "And there's always the river"—a speech which seemed to annoy the little old gentleman very much, for he coughed and made dreadful faces, and said "Pah!" and "Pshaw!" and several other things, and fidgeted about in his seat and blew a reverberating blast on his nose.

And for a little while after that the two were silent, looking out across the square towards Fifth Avenue and Broadway, where the street cars ground their course up and down, and the buses rocked and trundled, and horses with jingling chains pranced as if it was great fun to be out, and beautiful shining motor-cars slipped by in scores and hundreds. It wasn't proper Christmas weather, for the air was soft and mild, despite the grimy remains of a fall of snow, but there was a gay spirit of Christmas about the place, for all that. From where the two men sat they could see wreaths of holly in many windows, and the tobacco shop in the flat-iron building had a whole Santa Claus and reindeer scene, with trees and roofs and chimneys and cotton snow and innumerable lovely presents and lifesize figures of the saint and his steeds. They could see also, on each of the near-by corners, a shivering Salvation Army worker with a red cape, and a pot hung from a tripod, and a little bell, which she rang wearily while she stamped her feet to keep warm. And the people who hurried by, the well-dressed, comfortable people with red cheeks and bright eyes, they all had parcels in their arms and smiles at their lips, as if they could see the glee on litt'e happy faces when those parcels were opened very, very early to-morrow morning. And down along the Twenty-Third Street kerb men were selling Christmas-trees from a wagon. The pleasant acrid smell of the balsam pine came right across the square.

"There's that red-headed girl," the little old gentleman said at last. "She's walking up and down the path on the Madison Avenue side of the square. She looks as if she still had those tears in her eyes. Let me see. You said she'd lost her job, didn't

7011 ? "

"I didn't," answered the young man, but she has." And the other shook his head.

"She's pretty. It's too bad to be without a job when you're as pretty as that. How did you come to know her?"

The Englishman looked at him for a

moment doubtfully.

"She did me a good turn, and I had to thank her for it, and then we fell to talking. I'd like to tell you what that plucky little kid did for me. A fellow here in the square snatched a sandwich out of my hand—all I had to eat—and ran down the path with it. That girl saw him and jumped up from the bench where she was sitting—she was working

then, but it was the noon hour—and got in front of him and threw her arms about him and held him till I came up. He was a He might have knocked her big chap, too. about badly."

"And so you got your sandwich back? What did you do to the fellow who'd snatched

it ? "

"Oh, I kicked him into the snow," said the Englishman indifferently. "But that's not the point. The point is the pluck and the sporting spirit of that girl. You wouldn't expect it, you know, from one of her class."

"Class!" cried the little old gentleman, in a sudden snarling fury. "Class! the devil are you to talk about class? starving loafer in Madison Square, a snowshoveller, an ash-can carrier, a floor scrubber! Class, indeed! Young man, if you haven't the intelligence to see, after eight months, that there are no classes in this country, I don't wonder you can't hold a job and have to beg your relations to keep you alive. Class! Pah! Look at that girl! Look at her, where she's walking yonder! Look at Look at the way she holds her head! Look at her fine little nose and mouth and chin! Yes, look even at her hands! haven't seen 'em, but I'll take 'em on trust. Class! I'll just bet you the ten dollars you haven't got that child's blood is better blood than you have inherited from the parcel of fat toadies and cut-throats that wheedled an estate out of a king, or stole it from somebody else, and passed on their name to you. bet you she's a finer and better human being in every way than you are, and I don't even have to bet that she has a whiter soul—I know it!"

"So do I know it," said the Englishman, breaking into this astonishing flow of language. "Good Heavens, of course I know it! I never said she wasn't better than I am. I just—oh, well, what's the good of arguing? When I said 'her class,' I meant the shopgirl class. I meant that among those people you don't expect to find quite as much—as much—I don't know what. I suppose I was thinking of London and not New York. Perhaps here it's different. But, after all, breeding and the tradition of certain ways of living, they're worth something, I suppose. Aren't they?"

"They may be," said the other man, growling like a little old dog. "Coronets are worth something, too, but kind hearts are

He got up, stamping his feet in the gigantic "Arctic" overshoes.

"She's hovering about yonder. She wants to speak to you. I'll give her a chance. But, young man, you mark my words!"
He leant forward, wagging one long forefinger in an intimidating fashion.

"You mark my words!" he said again, and seemed to change his mind about what he had been going to say, for he straightened up again, though not so very straight, and pulled the battered top-hat down a little farther over his skull, and turned round and departed towards Twenty-Third Street.

And presently, approaching by degrees and indirections like a cat, the red-haired girl came up and sat down where he had

She was pretty, as the shabby old gentleman had said. She deserved the inspection he had invited. She walked nicely and held her head high, even when there were tears in her eyes. She had, as he had said, a fine little nose and mouth—a very lovely mouth —and chin. And she had dark blue eyes, the least bit reddened just now with weeping, and across the bridge of her nose some freckles, but not very many. Her hands were hidden in well-darned black cloth gloves, and in a bright light you would have seen that her neat black clothes were worn, and here and there a little shiny, and that her tiny hat had known both sun and rain; but she wasn't quite shabby yet—she was only going to be shabby soon.

The young Englishman looked at her, but he wasn't examining her in all this detail. He looked at her wet eyes, and was hurt deep down within him somewhere because this poor, plucky, nice little kid should be made to cry. It wasn't right at all. He gave her

a sorry grin and asked—

"Well, Molly!"

"Mr. Scott," she said, looking down at her poor little darned gloves—"Mr. Scott, I've been thinking about what you said, and I think you're right. We—we poor people can't afford to be proud. We daren't give up work just because there are drawbacks about. P'r'aps I was too proud when I left my place. I didn't tell you about it, but, if you don't mind, I should like to. And you could tell me if I did right or wrong, and maybe you can tell me if I ought to go and say I'm sorry, and ask to have my work back again. You see, I've got to find work, Mr. Scott. I've just got to, or—or—"
"Get on with it, Molly!" said the young

Englishman. She looked so pretty and pathetic and little and storm-beaten that he found himself wanting to take her hands and hold them, just by way of showing how sorry he was; but he didn't. She said-

"You see, it's a shop in East Twenty-Third Street, not far from here, and that's why I used to come to the square at noon to sit in the sunshine. It's a shop where they make imitation flowers out of tissue-paper and wires and paste, and I learnt to be rather good at it. I got six dollars a week. Mr. Levy—he's the proprietor—used to tell me how good I was, and he made the forewoman give me a window-seat, where the light was best, and the big flowers to do-poppies and roses—because they aren't so hard on your eyes. I thought he was such a kind old gentleman—he's not really old, but he seemed so to me. And then last Friday he stopped me as I was leaving, and told me he wanted to see me in his office, and—and then I found out why he'd always been so kind and I ran. I ran out of the place.

"The next morning the forewoman told me I needn't come any more. I asked for my money, the five dollars for the five days I'd worked that week. She said that was Mr. Levy's business. I went to his office and stood in the door, and asked for the money, and he said he didn't know anything about any five dollars, that he hired people for six dollars a week, not for a dollar a day, and to get out because he was busy. So I did."

The red-haired girl looked up at the

Englishman piteously.

"P'r'aps I oughtn't to have been so—so abrupt with him, Mr. Scott. I made him angry, didn't I? Maybe, if I went now and explained and asked for my place back, he'd give it to me. What do you think? I'll do whatever you say I ought to do. so much wiser than I am.'

Scott asked for the name and number of the shop in East Twenty-Third Street. She told him, wondering, and he got to his feet.

"I think I'd better go and see the man, not you. Will you wait for me here?"

She clasped her hands, looking up at

him.

"Oh, Mr. Scott! Oh, will you truly? You're so good—so good! I hated the thought of it. I was afraid. Will you truly do it? Nobody was ever so kind to me as you've been."

"If you say anything more like that, little 'un," said he, "you'll make me cry. I shan't be gone long. Will you wait? You're not

cold, or anything?"

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" she cried. "I'm quite warm. And you are so good!" He turned and walked away into the dusk that

was beginning to gather, and the red-haired girl followed his tall, broad-shouldered figure worshipfully until it was lost to view. When she turned back, she found a little shabby old gentleman in a top-hat sitting at her side, and jumped and wondered how he had got there.

"You don't mind being spoken to by an old man that might be your grandfather, do you, my dear, hey?" said the little old

gentleman. And she answered—

"Oh, no, sir. Oh, no, indeed. I'm sure it's very kind of you." And after a moment

"Besides, I saw you, a few minutes ago, talking with Mr. Scott, and he wouldn't have talked so long unless you were—

"Socially eligible," prompted the little old gentleman, and the girl made a noise like rippling water and said: "Yes, sir."

"You think that English fellow is a judge, then, do you, hey?" And she

looked almost shocked.

"Oh, yes, indeed. He's travelled and known people, and he's so wise and good and kind. I'll just tell you something I saw him do once. A man, a very ragged poor man, snatched a sandwich from Mr. Scott's hand here in the square, and ran away with it. Mr. Scott ran after the man and caught him and took the sandwich back, and kicked him into a pile of snow. Well, this poor ragged man sat there on the snow and began to cry like a child. You see, he was very hungry and miserable and weak, and he'd used up all his strength in that little bit of a run. So Mr. Scott gave him back the sandwich and apologised for kicking him."

The little old gentleman made a face.

"I've heard a different version of that story. I've heard that you caught the fellow for young Scott." And at that the girl blushed quite red, as if she'd been found doing something shameful, and said she'd merely got in the way, as anybody would have done.

"But let me tell you another thing." And she told the little old gentleman what she had told Scott-about losing her place, and that Scott was going to try to get it back for her. The old gentleman nodded and shuffled his feet.

"Yes, yes. It's plain you think well of the fellow. I suppose you know he's the son of a lord?"

"The son of a-" She stared at him, quite aghast.

"Lord? Oh, dear! Oh, my goodness gracious! Mr. Scott! Why, I thought he was poor and out of work, just like you and me. The son of a—— And will he be a lord, too, some day, when his father dies?"

"Yes, I expect he will."

"It'll be soon, too, won't it? He told me the other day that his father hadn't long to live. But, oh, dear, why is he masquerading like this? Why is he pretending to be poor?"

"He ain't pretending," said the little old gentleman with relish. "He's as poor as Lazarus. He's as poor as Job's turkey. I'm the one that's pretending. I'm rich."

This didn't seem to interest her much.

"But—but sons of lords, they aren't poor. Oh, dear me, they're rich and grand, and wear wonderful clothes and despise poor people."

"Known many of them?"

"Me? Heavens, no! How should I, sir? I've always been poor, you see, or almost always. But I've read about them in stories. And to think that I've actually sat and talked to one at last! Just to think of it! It's like being in a story She seemed to struggle hard with this overturning of a cherished tradition.

"I've always known he was different. But I thought that was because he was an Englishman. He says everything so beautifully, you know, like—like an actor on the stage. He'll make a wonderful lord, won't He's so tall and handsome. I think he is the handsomest gentleman I ever saw. And he's so good, too. When he's a lord, he'll never despise poor people. He'll go about helping them—doing kind things, as he has done for me."

The old gentleman "pished" and "pshawed" a great deal over this; it seemed, for some obscure reason, to annoy him. $\mathbf{A}\mathbf{n}\mathbf{d}$ he made the most horrible faces, too, but the girl with the red hair didn't seem at all afraid. Perhaps she wasn't looking.

"You said," he began, when she gave him a chance, "you said you've been 'almost always poor.' When weren't you

"Oh, long, long ago, in-three or four years ago. It seems longer than that. I lived in the country then, you know, with my aunt and my cousin, who's a cripple. Of course, we were poor even then, but not frightfully poor. Then my aunt died, and the money—what there was of it—stopped, because she'd only had the use of it while

she lived, and there was only a wee bit left, not enough for my cousin and me both. And she was a cripple, and so I came away to New York to work. I've been boarding with a kind of distant relation by marriage; but she's just got married again herself, and I—I think I shan't be able to live there much longer."

"Know anything about your parents?" the old gentleman asked, as if he was cross

about something.

"Oh, yes, sir. I have photographs of them both and some little keepsakes. My father was a soldier—I've got his sword and my mother was very, very pretty, and played the piano and sang. I remember one song she used to sing to me when I was quite tiny—a French song. She wrote verses, too. I've a whole book of themnot a printed book, just a written one, but the verses are lovely."

"You're pretty much alone in the world now, hey?" said the old gentleman.

And she said with a little quaver—

"Yes, sir, I am, aren't I? And soon, now, he'll be gone."

"'He'? Who's 'he'?

"Oh, I didn't mean to say Nobody, sir. Nobody at all. I didn't mean it."

"Ho, didn't you?" snorted the gentleman. "No, I expect not."

looked at her sidewise.

"I'm pretty much alone in the world, too, you know. Wife dead, son dead, friends mostly dead—all gone. I've got a daughter, but she lives in Washington, and dines out every night, and has forgotten that there's such an old man as me still cumbering the earth."

He made an awful face.

"All but forgotten it. Writes once in a month or so. Got her last letter here. I'll show it you, if you like, as an example of what a hard woman with a dead heart can write to her own father. Pah!"

He clawed in the pocket of his overcoat and withdrew a letter, which he threw at the red-haired girl rather than handed it

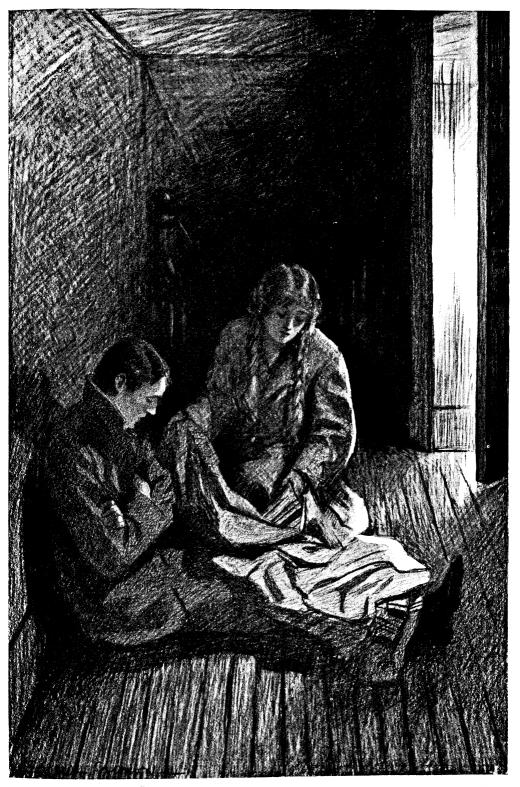
"Do you mean me to read it?" she asked him in astonishment, and he nodded, looking

When she handed it back again, he said,

sneering-

"A fine lot of natural affection in that, ain't there?"

"Yes, sir," the girl said, "I think there is." He turned on her with a kind of yelp.



"She took the blanket from his bed and laid it over him,"

"Wha' d'you mean? Wha' d'you mean, hey?" And his shaggy eyebrows worked

up and down like a gorilla's.

"I think, sir," the red-haired girl said, "I think that is a letter from a lady who is very lonely and a little bitter, and starving to be told that you love her and need her. That's what I think."

The old gentleman began to tremble.

"D'you mean that?" he asked in a kind of whisper, and the red-haired girl said firmly—

"Yes, sir, I do."

The dusk was gathering fast, and lights had begun to shine in the windows over by Fifth Avenue and Broadway. They could hear newsboys calling the evening papers, and the tinkle of the Salvation Army woman's little hand-bell on the near-by corner.

The shabby old gentleman sat for a little while bent over his stick and muttering to himself no one knows what. But after a few minutes he got up and dragged the battered top-hat from his head. Perhaps he was ashamed of having betrayed a momentary gleam of emotion, for he didn't meet the girl's eyes. He said—

"Thank ye, my dear, for talking to an old bear. Thank ye kindly. I must go now. I want to send off a cablegram or two, and maybe—maybe write a letter. P'r'aps I shall see you in the square tomorrow. Good night to ye!" He bowed stiffly, as if he wasn't used to it, clapped the shocking bad hat back on his head, and turned away.

And when he had been gone, perhaps ten minutes, there came another figure down the path, a tall familiar figure that walked with lagging steps. The lord's son stood before the red-haired girl sorrowfully.

"I've failed, Molly," said he. "I've failed altogether. I haven't been able to help myself these past months. Now I can't even help you." He dropped down beside her, and the red-haired girl, after her first little moan of disappointment, caught one of his hands in both hers and squeezed it hard to show how sorry she was that he minded, and how she didn't mind herself, not the least in the world.

"Dear Mr. Scott, you mustn't care. I don't. Truly I don't. I never expected anything to come of it. It was silly to let you go and try. Truly—truly it doesn't matter a bit."

"It matters a lot," he said, shaking his head. "I knew it mattered, but I couldn't

pull it off. I'm no good, Molly, no good!" He clenched his fists.

"That filthy Jew! That beastly greasy little cad! I found him in his office. The workpeople had gone, and he was alone there except for a kind of office-boy, who went upstairs when he'd let me in. He's a low scoundrel. But I tried him. I told him I was your cousin, and had come to speak for you. You'd made a mistake—misunderstood him. You were a good worker. Could you have your place back? He said very short, no, you couldn't.

"Then I tried to wheedle him. I said you needed the job. I said it was Christmas Eve. I said he'd be doing the decentest act, making the best Christmas gift of his life, if he'd make you the present of a chance to earn an honest living. Oh, I went on to

him like a parson!

"He jeered at me and told me to get out or be thrown out. Then I said I'd take the five dollars he owed you. He laughed at that. So I hauled him across his desk and beat him till he couldn't scream or move. I left him there on the floor. Of course, I could have looted your five dollars from his pockets or his desk, but—well, that would have been plain robbery, and I knew you wouldn't want me to do that."

"No, Mr. Scott," she said — "oh, no, indeed!" And after a moment, when Scott sat still beside her, his shoulders drooping, she said with a little touch of fierceness—

"I wish I could have seen you thrashing him. Oh, I wish I could have seen that!"

"The fellow won't have a very merry Christmas," the Englishman said, and fell

once more into gloomy silence.

"Please," begged the girl, after a little while, "please don't be sad about me. It doesn't matter at all. I couldn't have gone back to that place. You saw that. Don't be sad, Mr. Scott. I can't bear it. And as to the five dollars—why, five dollars isn't much to mourn about, is it? No."

He didn't speak, and so presently she asked—

"Have you been to your lodgings to see if the letter has come from your uncle?"

That brought his head up.

"No—no, by Jove, I haven't! It ought to be there by this time, oughtn't it? I must go." He gave a little unsteady laugh, that came not from mirth, but from sheer nervous tension, and got to his feet.

"You won't be sailing to-morrow, by any

chance?" she asked, and he said—

"No, not until Saturday at the earliest, Molly! Poor old girl! I wish I could have pulled this thing off for you to-day. I wish there was some good luck coming to you, too. I do most awfully." He bent over and patted her awkwardly on the shoulder.

"Good night, Molly! I shall see you to-morrow, shan't I? Look here, you're cold. You're shivering all over. Cut

along home, child, and get warm!"

She nodded her head without looking up.
"Yes, I will presently. I'm not so very cold. Good night, Mr. Scott. And please don't worry about me. I'll find something."

He hovered for a moment. He seemed obscurely unwilling to go, but his face was flushed with eagerness, and his eyes were turning eastward where that letter might be awaiting him, and presently he got

away.

He had a little room at the top of a shabby house in the shabby neighbourhood of East Twenty-Third Street. On the stairs he found Gracie, his landlady's daughter, playing with a thin kitten, and asked the child to inquire if a letter had come for him. She returned, saying there was none, and he went on up the three flights and sat on the edge of his bed, waiting.

One wouldn't suppose him capable of sleep in such circumstances, but the truth is, he had been none too well fed of late, and he was weak. Somehow he dropped off, and awoke in the dark, hours later. He stumbled downstairs and found it was past nine o'clock. Had a letter come on the late delivery? It hadn't, his landlady said. Well, these heavy Christmas-tide mails—sometimes there was a bit of delay in distributing them. But he was bitterly disappointed, and turned away sick at heart.

He went to the little shop round the corner where they give you a bowl of soup for five cents, and coffee and bread for five more. The food put heart into him again, and he went out, for he wasn't sleepy, and the thought of sitting still in his bare room wasn't a pleasant one. He had eighty cents left.

He began to think about that poor, plucky little girl with the blue eyes, and how she'd taken his failure to help her without the faintest whimpering. It may have been the thought of her that led his steps unconsciously to Madison Square. He never knew. But all at once he was there

among the benches and the naked trees, and far down the winding path a little bowed black figure sat huddled into the corner of a bench.

It couldn't possibly be that child, but there was something in the appearance of it. He glanced up at the lit clock of the high Metropolitan Life tower, and it was ten o'clock. He walked slowly down the path, and while he was yet a long way off, he knew the little bowed black figure was she, so he went faster, and went on and stood before the bench where she was.

Her head was bowed on her breast, and when she became aware of a man standing over her, she got up, without raising her eyes, and tried to slip away. He caught her by the arms, and she gave a weak scream. He called her name—

"Molly! Molly!" And she fell against

him, weeping aloud like a little child.

"Molly!" cried the Englishman. "Molly, what, in Heaven's name, are you doing out here in the cold at this time of night? Why aren't you at home?"

"I haven't got any home," she said against his coat. "They—they won't let me come back any more. They told me this morning I wasn't to come back. Her new husband doesn't want me."

"You knew that this afternoon, and didn't tell me?"

"Oh, I didn't want to bother you. I didn't—I didn't! Only to-night I was sorry because it was cold."

"And now what am I to do with you, my child?" said he. She said—

"Oh, anything!" And he laughed, but

there were tears in his eyes.
"Come, then! Can you walk a little

"If you'll just let me hold on by your arm," she said, "I could walk for ever and ever." And they set off eastward.

He took her first to the little kitchen round the corner, and sat by her while she

ate a bowl of soup and some bread.

She refused the coffee, but accepted a charlotte russe in a paper ring, and Scott laughed. And though she must have been starving, she ate, he told himself, like a princess in a fairy story. He wondered at her.

Outside the house door he looked down at her. She still clung to his arm, as trustful as a baby. He patted her hand.

"I'm going to put you in my room, Molly, and put myself on the stairs. We must go

up as quietly as we can, because the landlady's rather a terror at times."

It wasn't possible to mount those three long flights without a good deal of creaking, but they did their best, and at last reached the top. Gaslights were burning dim on the landings, and Scott lit up his box of a room.

"It's not the Ritz, but it's better than a bench in the square. Turn the key in the

lock, will you, when I'm gone?"

"Oh, Mr. Scott"—she looked up at him with wet eyes and her lips trembling—"I can't take your room from you. I can't. I'm being just what I didn't want to be—a bother."

"You'll just do what you're told!" he said to her, affecting a gruff severity. "Good night, child! Make yourself as comfortable as you can and go to sleep. Oh, and don't forget about the key." He patted her once more and went out, and after a long time he heard the sound of a sob and the key turning slowly in the lock of the door.

It wasn't very warm on that bare stair landing under the skylight, but it wasn't very cold, either. He sat down and leant his head against the wall. He was rather

sieepy.

Then he heard feet on the stairs and opened his eyes. It was his landlady, Mrs. Spee, a very stout woman, partially bald, with a red face and a luxuriant moustache. She saw him sitting there on the floor, and halted two steps from the top, glowering upon him fiercely. He ran to the woman and took

her by the vast shoulders.

"Listen, Mrs. Spee. That's a poor little girl yonder who's lost her work and been turned out of her home by some blackguardly relations. I found her to-night sitting on a bench in Madison Square and freezing to death. I know her. She's as good as gold and as white as an angel. You can't turn that kind of a girl out into the street on Christmas Eve. You can't do it. She's going to have my room, and I'm going to sleep out here. The door's locked on the inside."

The fat woman mounted the last two

steps, went to the door and tried it.

"You're a sentimental young fool," she said morosely, "and me, I'm a sentimental old one, but Heaven knows I couldn't turn an alley cat out into the street on Christmas Eve, and it coming on to snow. You can go downstairs and sleep in the kitchen if you want. It's warmer there."

Scott laughed.

"You're a good woman, Mother Spee. I knew it well. But I'll stay here, I think. It's warm enough."

"Suit yourself," she said, and started off down the stairs, but, after a bit, turned

back.

"Here's a letter come early in the evening. That nigger Tilly took it in and put it on the kitchen mantel and forgot it."

The man sprang up with a cry.

"Thank God! Oh, thank God! It's what I've been waiting for. It's my call back home again, Mrs. Spee. It's my

reprieve!"

He tore the thing open and ran to the gaslight to read it. It wasn't a long letter, the landlady judged, only one side of a sheet. Young Scott read it through almost at a glance. It fell from his hands to the floor, and he dropped on his knees, grovelling for it, and crouched there and read it through again.

"Is it," asked Mrs. Spee after some time, and in an unaccountably hushed tone, "is it bad news you've got there, then? You look

that white!"

He raised his eyes, crouching still on the floor, and glanced at her. He seemed, she thought, quite dazed.

"Eh? Bad news? Oh, yes—yes, Mrs. Spee. Bad news! He—he doesn't want me, my uncle doesn't. I'm not to go back—not to go back!"

The fat woman stood on one foot and then

on the other.

"There sure is the devil of a lot of trouble in this world," she ventured diffidently. "I know because I've never had nothing else. It comes hard, though, when you're young, don't it? Well, you'll feel better to-morrow." She looked back at the man over her shoulder and started to speak again, but only shook her head. And after a bit she went on down the stairs, walking rather like an elephant on its hind legs.

Then presently the bedroom door opened and the young girl slipped out. Her red hair was down in two great braids, and she wore a bath robe of Scott's—a relic of better days—one of those heavy robes made out of something like bath towels, and coloured a deep orange. She said—

"Oh, Mr. Scott, I couldn't help hearing!

And I'm so sorry for you—so sorry!"

"He doesn't want me, Molly!" the young man said very bitterly. "My own uncle doesn't want me! Nobody wants me!" But at that she cried out in a kind of fury—

"It isn't true! You shan't say such a thing! I tell you it isn't true!" Her eyes were shining, and her cheeks, above the orange-coloured bath robe, were very bright. She went back and stood in the doorway.

"I'm a wicked girl and you'll hate me, but I'm glad, glad, glad you're not going away!" And she shut the door hastily and

locked it.

But an hour later she peeped out again. The man was still crouching there on the floor, his hands hanging beside him, his head sunk on his breast. And he was asleep.

She took the blanket from his bed and laid

it over him, tucking it round with delicate care. His face in the dim light looked very white and drawn and bitter. She had to bite her lips to keep from sobbing.

He was safely asleep. He would never know. And she would run away presently and lock herself again into the room. For just a moment—for a few little precious stolen minutes! She dropped down beside him on the floor and laid her face against his arm that she had covered up with the blanket.

It was quite safe. He would sleep like that for hours. She crept a little nearer and closed her eyes.

(To be continued.)

A WINTER WOOD SONG.

ALL winter long
The fir trees of the hill, in a ring together,
Stand deep in rusty heather;
Aye sweet and warm and green through the bitter weather.

All winter wild

The cherries of the wood, with boughs rain-glistening,

Keep watch together, listening,

Hoarding their crystal cups for the violet's christening.

All winter drear
The bracken and the beech, on the moor together,
Dream through the snowy weather,
Hooded and cloaked as red as robin's feather.

I, too, would stand,
With the dusky fir-ring on the dim hill, waiting,
Until the frost's abating,
For the whistle o' thrush, the call of linnets mating.

I, too, would dream,
With bracken and with beech red-cloaked a-sleeping,
Their happy secrets keeping,
Awhilst the wind athwart the snow is sweeping.

And watch would keep
With the cherry of the wood, her tresses flinging,
Bare to the blast's sharp stinging,
To await the ouzel's singing;
Until the darkness lifts, the snow-clouds pass,
And gloaming lights lead on to Candlemas.

ALICE E. GILLINGTON.

THE PENANCE

By J. C. SNAITH

Illustrated by Stanley Davis



HY, of course, she married him for his money."

George Lawrence, passing from the club smoking-room to get his hat and stick from the lobby, felt the words strike him at the back of the brain.

"Why, of course, she married him for his

money."

He did not know the voice, he did not know in whose ear it was half whispered, he did not catch the words that went before or those which followed after. It was just one of those little scraps of talk, one of those conversational banalities a man is always overhearing and always forgetting, almost without realising that they have ever been heard at all.

As the evening was fine, George Lawrence walked down Piccadilly, the longest way home, for the good of his health. It was May, and spring was on the trees of the Green Park at the other side of the railings; it was in the voices of the birds; it was in the very air of London. Moreover, it was displayed conspicuously in the persons of his fellow-citizens, whom he did not see, upon whom he did not bestow a thought. The soul of George Lawrence had suffered an eclipse which ten minutes ago seemed very unlikely to overtake a man so sane, so secure as himself.

"Why, of course, she married him for his

money."

At Hyde Park Corner, at all times a terrible trap for the unwary, and particularly at this season of the year, only a series of miracles saved George Lawrence from a death by violence.

"Well, and if she has——" he muttered, as he emerged upon the threshold of St.

George's Hospital, almost from under the wheels of a motor-bus.

George was fifty-three, and two years ago he had married a wife rather less than half his age. Of course, he had been guilty of a very rash act. It was a tempting of Providence, especially on the part of a crusted bachelor.

Some subtle instinct told him that the little world of his friends and hers had shaken its head a good deal over the affair. The knowing ones, no doubt, were watching with interest this union of the dull fogey, with more money to spend than was good for him, and the highly-strung creature, all fire and charm, who had never had a shilling to call her own.

They had a large and comfortable house in South Audley Street, and this evening the husband, with a sense of bitter disillusion, was going the longest way to it across the Park. It was an abode for the rich, very gay to the view, and wonderful just now, with its window-boxes of spring flowers. It was enough to bring a thrill of real pleasure to the heart of any man; but this evening George Lawrence was in no frame of mind to harbour any such emotion.

His latchkey was about to turn in the smartly - painted door, when lo! it opened from within, very gently, very quietly, at the instance of a servant who was bowing a visitor from its portals.

"Why, Jim!"

"My dear old boy!"

Jim Halkin, a queer fish if ever there was one in the sight of his present beholder, was stealing out of the house, if not exactly like a thief in the night, yet with a look of guilt upon a singularly handsome countenance.

"Why, it's years-"

"One at least."

They actually shook hands to prove that they had not met for that period.

"You must come back and explain vourself."

"No, I've hardly a minute to live, my dear old chap," said Jim Halkin breathlessly.

"You never had."

"I know. There's so much to do in the world and so little time in which to do it."

"Then why waste it by coming here at all?"

"Important business. Unfortunately, I can't stop now to explain it, but your wife has kindly asked me to dine here next week. You shall then hear all about it. Good-bye, old man! Haven't a moment now! See you next week!"

Jim Halkin was gone. There he was, running as if his life depended on it along the chaste length of South Audley Street, a most unseemly spectacle for gods and men no gloves, no umbrella, frayed trouser ends, wretched hat, collar undoubtedly clean, but neck-tie hitched up to left ear, a not-a-minuteto-live sort of manner, and a pronounced Cockney accent. George Lawrence was just enough of a prig—it is very difficult for the George Lawrences of the world entirely to escape that malady—to be hurt by these things. Poor old Jim, a few degrees madder than ever! And this was the hero of his youth at school and at Oxford. In those far-off days he had been a wonderful natural phenomenon, an athlete of undoubted prowess, and a man of real originality and charm. The honour of Jim Halkin's friendship was in those days a passport to fame. speech at the Union in his last term! hit at Lord's, when he sent a ball from Giffen over the tavern! The man upon whom all the graces had been lavished, the man who might have done anything, to be running along South Audley Street with frayed ends to his trousers and his neck-tie hitched over his left ear, for all the world as if seven devils pursued him!

George entered his wife's drawing-room a sad and perplexed man. Somehow the sight of Jim Halkin had upset him. That a man so lavishly endowed, who had been given the key to all that the world had to offer, should account it so little! And, above all, the accent! A Halkin, second son of a peer, with an accent unmistakably Cockney! The soul of George Lawrence was sickened, as the souls of the George Lawrences of the earth

are sickened by such things.

His wife was immersed, as she so often was, in some new volume from the circulating library, and, as usual, it had a rather portentous "high-brow" look. He kissed her dutifully -nay, more than dutifully. In his sight, for all that they had been married two years, she was the only woman possible for him. But at the moment his lips touched her cheek. that strange, that terrible phrase he had heard half an hour ago went like a sword through his brain.

"Jim Halkin's been here," he said

abruptly.

"Yes." As she looked up, he saw there was sudden light in her eyes.

"He seems madder than ever."

She did not say anything, but returned quietly to her book. And then all at once her air of indifference wounded him. There had been a flicker of animation when he mentioned Jim Halkin, but it was gone as soon as he showed a disinclination to carry that topic further. He returned to it in order to watch her light up again.

"What brought him here?"

"He is full of a new scheme." There her eyes went again. "He wants money and

support."

"Everybody wants that," he said sourly—her eyes were so bright. The next moment he would have liked to kick himself for his disloyality to one who, with all his foibles, was the finest chap in the world.

"He is coming to dinner next week, so

that he can talk about it."

How her eyes shone! And, with the underside of his mind, George Lawrence remembered that Jim Halkin, in spite of his recent fall from grace, had always had more of the dynamic power that appeals irresistibly to women than any man he had ever known.

"He's really doing something, you know." George could not remember ever to have seen quite that look before in his wife's face. And a deadly poison was already at work in his veins. Suddenly he dismissed the subject of Jim Halkin.

"We are dining early, aren't we?"

"Yes." There was no mistaking the look and the tone of her indifference.

"Oh, well," he said resentfully, "don't come unless you like. I thought it might amuse you-that's all."

"There are only two plays in London at present that are in the least amusing, and we've seen those already."

"But they say this is not bad."

"I dare say."

And with a yawn, not very well concealed, she turned again to her book.

George suddenly flamed up.

"Oh, don't come!" he said. "By all means, don't come. I'll go alone."

"Very well."

It was not kind, but he had not been kind either. With a sudden irrational gust of anger, for which he was wholly at a loss to account, the jealous, disillusioned, tormented husband walked out of the room.

Η.

His stall at the play gave him opportunity for further reflection. But before he could gain that rather undesirable bourn came the ordeal of entrance into the theatre itself. George Lawrence, the least self-conscious of men, seemed somehow to feel that the attention the whole house was mysteriously concentrated upon him. "Why, of course, she married him for his money." He could hear the whisper upon a hundred lips as he sat down with rather less of elegance and deliberation than was his wont. He felt himself to be the cynosure of every eye.

Yes, the piece was undeniably stupid. And unless it was a play of the first class and some subtle force was always at work in the "healthy" mind of George Lawrence to keep him clear of things so dangerous—a play had to be very stupid indeed not to give him pleasure. His wife had been wise not to come. Undoubtedly she would have been bored to tears.

But, after all, had she been wise not to come? At the end of the first act, that was a question George Lawrence was asking of Heaven. Was it playing quite fair to let him down in this way? Even if she had married him for his money, oughtn't she to -wasn't it her duty-to put the best sort of face on things she could? He was dull, of course, her inferior in mind, and all that, but he had honestly tried to keep his side of the contract. All that he had to give was hers. Had he not kept her supplied with every luxury? And he was quite willing, since she liked it so well, to buy the lease of that shooting-lodge in Scotland.

The poison in his heart began to work sad havoc in the course of the evening. Several times, as the chance phrase recurred to him, he could hardly sit still. the acts he paced the corridors like a maimed and angry lion. Finally an acquaintance said to him: "This is the best play I've seen for years. And splendidly acted, don't you think?"

That was too much for poor George. left the theatre at once, vainly regretting that he could not throw a bomb upon the stage, and took to the pavement to ease the

pressure of his thoughts.

The evening was wonderfully fine, and the walk home in the cool air was not at all unpleasant. He covered the ground at a great pace, but, do as he would, he was quite unable to check the tumult that was now raging in his mind. "Why, of course" - the phrase was ever recurring - "she married him for his money."

It was somewhere between Bond Street and Berkeley Square that he made his resolve. Whatever happened, he must set his doubts The very uncertainty seemed to add to their power. And then, almost in the moment that his resolution was finally taken, some perverse demon showed him how to

put it into immediate execution.

The next morning, at the breakfast table, was the time and the place he chose. The plan was simple to the verge of the ingenuous. A night of aching doubt had wrought a new George Lawrence. The old one, the straightforward, easy-going man of the world, whose code of honour was rather above that affected by the average of his type, had, at the first assault of the passion that so easily undermines certain natures, suddenly given place to something else.

Yes, it was a new George Lawrence who sat at the table, toying with the morning's post, which he was merely pretending to read. He did not waste much time in preliminaries. He was well aware that, if the thing were not done quickly, it would

not be done at all.

It was just after his wife had handed him coffee, with that bored and listless air which had troubled him for so many weeks, that. he opened an imposing-looking document, which, however, was an appeal for subscription to an orphanage, and then gave a loud exclamation. Indeed, it was so loud and so unexpected that she looked at him with a startled face.

"Why, what is the matter, George?"

He paused a moment for the sake of dramatic effect.

"It is simply that we are ruined—that's

His calmness sounded rather uncanny.

"Ruined!"

"Yes."

Narrowly, with eyes of discreetly veiled intensity, he watched her.

She rose at once and came to his side.

"You can't mean that?" she said.

She was very pale, her voice trembled, the pressure of her hand on his shoulder was almost more than he could bear. Somehow he felt like a man who has committed a mean and callous crime. But he was entirely desperate. He must go through with this thing now.

"Yes," he said, with his unnatural calmness, "it means practically the loss of

all we have."

That was her only comment; and then she asked, in a curiously matter-of-fact voice, if he would have some more coffee.

A WEEK passed. In that time George did not venture again to refer to the subject. It was simply that he had not the courage.



"As she spoke she rose . . . and came across and flung her arms round George's neck."

A deadly pause followed.
"All?" Her voice was strained, incredulous.

"Yes, practically all, I'm afraid. A hundred or so a year may be left for us, but it means the giving up of all the things we have been used to.

" Oh!"

He was already despicable in his own sight —he was branded with infamy. But, as he was soon to learn, the matter could not be allowed to rest where it was.

On the morning of the seventh day following the announcement, his wife informed him that she had been house-hunting in the suburbs. There was a light in her eyes, an animation in her manner which her husband had not seen for many months. She had found three houses—one at Ealing, one at Tooting, one at Golders Green—any one of which might meet their straitened circumstances, and yet provide the little strip of garden for which her soul craved.

Her eagerness to be of use to him, to help in this financial crisis, was rather pathetic. But there was not the least need to pity her. She was a woman transformed. There was an air of quiet but inflexible determination about her that astonished George Lawrence considerably. During that week of silence she had done much. And no longer was she bored and listless. In her eyes was the old look of eager interest, in her manner was the old decision which once had charmed him. Yes, she was a woman transformed.

That evening Jim Halkin fulfilled his promise—he came to South Audley Street to dine. There was no one to meet him. He had stipulated for that, in his odd way, when the invitation was given. As he said, he had rather got out of the ways of civilisation; besides, he wanted to talk very

seriously to George.

It was near the end of the meal, as he was paring an apple, that Jim Halkin began his

serious talking.

"Look here, my boy," he said, with the abruptness that was so like him, "I've been thinking that you are one of the chaps who ought to be doing things."

"I dare say you're right," mused George.
"But tell me—what is there for a one-horse sort of fellow like me to do in the world?"

"Well, you are rather a drone in the hive at present, aren't you?" said Jim Halkin persuasively.

"Agreed."

"Now, there's this Settlement we've started down in Kent." It was really wonderful how the light suddenly shone in the eyes of Jim Halkin. "It's going strong, my friend —it is going very strong indeed."

"Another of these missions for the thriftless and undeserving poor," said George Lawrence warily. He often boasted of being "a plain man," who never felt sentimental

towards the poor.

"Well, if you put it like that," said Jim cheerfully, and then he had a really shocking relapse into his Cockney accent. "You see, we take poor kids out of the slums—poor kids who, if they were left where they were, would not have a dog's chance of becoming decent citizens."

"Oh, I dare say it's good work," said

George. "Don't misunderstand me. And I admire the people who can do it. But I never feel the slightest call towards it myself. And a man has got to feel a very decided

call to take on a job of that kind."

"Yes, I quite think so," said Jim Halkin. The eyes of his hostess had grown strangely bright. "But even if personal service is beyond you—and I don't say for a moment that you have any obligation in the matter—somehow I do feel that a man who is as rich as you are, George, might help enormously if only he would."

The silence which followed was strangely

awkward.

"George is no longer a rich man," said his wife softly.

"No?" Jim Halkin gave an incredulous glance round the room.

"We are giving up all this," said Mrs. George, in a low voice. "George, you know, has recently been ruined."

"Ruined!" Jim's face was a study as he looked from wife to husband, and back again from husband to wife. "Why—why, surely you can't ruin Crœsus!"

"Oh, yes," said George nervously. "The richest man alive can ruin himself if he plays about with the things he doesn't

understand.

The miserable wretch ended with a noise in the throat that was meant for a laugh. He simply dare not look in the direction of his wife.

"Well, well!" said Jim Halkin. Again he glanced from one to the other. His vivid temperament had plunged him into acute misery. He despised money, and he pitied profoundly the people who made it their god; but these were his friends, and he knew—at least, he thought he knew—what the possession of money meant to them.

He watched George covertly. How pale and miserable he looked! Money undoubtedly meant very much to him, poor chap. And if it meant so much to George, who was a man, how much more—how very much more—must it mean to the weaker vessel who was George's wife! For a moment Jim Halkin had simply not the courage to look at his hostess.

"Why, how serious you are about it!" The clear tones of Mrs. George were a positive refreshment to the sensitive soul of Jim Halkin. "You don't mean to say that you can possibly feel about money in the way that George and I do." And her laugh rang as brave as truth.

"But, my dear woman," said Jim Halkin,

"do you mean to say that you, who have possessed a great—at least, a considerable fortune, can laugh at the loss of it?"

"Why not?" The voice was steady and level, the honest eyes clear as truth. "I really think that this loss is the very best thing that could possibly have happened to George and me."

And, as she spoke, she rose, an impulsive child of Nature, from her end of the table, and came across and flung her arms round George's neck.

IV.

AFTER dinner, in the drawing-room, George was silent and embarrassed. He could not meet the eyes of his wife, he could not endure the note of triumph in the voice of his friend.

"Yes, it's a big thing," said Jim Halkin, recurring again and again to the subject which seemed to absorb his whole life. "A very big thing indeed. We provide a home, an education, a career for two thousand of the poorest kids in London, and I've only one regret."

"What is that, pray?" asked Mrs. George,

with a little quiver in her voice.

"That the number isn't twenty thousand instead of two. But it will be, one of these days. Mark what I say." Jim Halkin was like a boastful boy.

"I am sure it will be," said Mrs. George softly. "But it's a great pity George has lost all his money. He might have done so much for you." She looked almost gaily at the husband who did not venture to look at her. "I would never have let him have a moment's peace, you know, until he had given you at least twenty thousand pounds."

"Yes, a great pity," Jim Halkin agreed.
"But, as he can't give us his money, may I suggest that he gives us something more

valuable?"

"Pray, what is that?"

"Himself."
"Himself?"

"You see," said Jim Halkin, "it so happens that we are advertising for a resident superintendent. Four hundred a year and a house. Must be married. Preference given to public school and university man. Now, what do you say to it? Of course, it isn't South Audley Street, but it's an uncommonly nice part of Kent. And it would be a rare stroke of luck for us if you and George really went into it. You both have such a grip on things that it is in your power to help us wonderfully."

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Mrs. George. "I would undertake it myself without a moment's hesitation, but I daren't answer for George. He simply hates the lower orders."

"Yes, I know," said Jim Halkin, shaking his head sadly. "And so did I at one time. But I love 'em now, and the lower they are, the more I love 'em—that is, if they are young enough."

"Yes, yes," she said wistfully, "but poor

old George is not like you."

"Well, I can remember the time," said Jim Halkin stoutly, "when I was remarkably like George. I used to sit in my club and hear the latest gossip, and my only concern in the world was the exact position of the thirteenth trump. And then the time came when the girl I wanted to marry wouldn't have me, simply because I wasn't good enough, and that was the best and kindest action ever done for me by anybody."

"But you are more than good enough for any woman now," said Mrs. George softly. "Think so?" said Jim Halkin, with an air

"Think so?" said Jim Halkin, with an air of genuine surprise. And then he added humbly: "Anyhow, she married a better chap than I shall ever be."

"I should like to meet him," said Mrs.

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"You are beginning to make old George horribly jealous, aren't you?" said Jim cheerfully, as he turned to his friend.

"Jealousy is not one of George's

weaknesses," said his wife.

"Well, now, this is a dead straight proposition," continued Jim. "Four hundred a year and a house. Of course, it's nothing at all for people like you, and it will mean real hard work and responsibility. But suppose you take it on for a year. Take it on for a year, my friends, and do penance for the arrogance of the idle rich."

"It's a splendid idea," said Mrs. George. But George shook his head sourly. To him the idea was anything but splendid.

"It's a magnificent idea," affirmed his wife—"simply magnificent. It would make a new man of you, George—at least, I know it would make a new woman of me. Besides, four hundred a year and a house and a garden, I think you said, Jim—"

"Did I say a garden? There is one, anyhow. Quite tip-top. Acres and acres. Peas and cabbages and potatoes, and so on. In fact, we depend upon it for the veg."

"For the what?" said George, with a

frown.

"For the vegetables, you old fool," said

Jim Halkin heartily. "There are two thousand mouths to feed."

"Oh!" said George, like a man suffering acutely.

During the pause which followed, the ardent gaze of Jim Halkin transfixed man

"Well, now, what do you say to it?"
Jim's eyes seemed to burn. "Four hundred a year and a garden. You'll be keeping the wolf from the door, and you'll be earning

your corn."

George turned involuntarily to his wife, to the woman "who had married him for his money." For very shame he hardly knew how to meet that splendidly expectant face.

"And you really don't mind?" he said

weakly enough.

" Mind?"

"The great unwashed, and potato-growing, and so on?"

"I'd love it—I'd simply love it! We should really be doing something—something to justify all the good things we've had, which we have not learned how to appreciate."

To the mind of George Lawrence this, of course, was mere sentimentalism. But he was quite unequal now to the task of reproving it. He was dishonoured in his own sight. Moreover, was there not in his wife's face that which he had never hoped to see there?

Yes, after all, it was right that some penalty should be exacted. Let him make reparation for his miserable blindness. It was quite true that he had a deep-rooted dislike of "the lower orders"; also, the cultivation of potatoes and kidney beans and cabbages did not appeal to him at all. But something was due to this woman of whom he was totally unworthy. And although others need never learn his dismal secret, it surely behoved him to make payment in kind before he could even begin to think of reinstatement in his own sight.

"You really mean what you say?"

"I was never more in earnest in anything," said his wife. "I think this idea of Jim's is splendid. And I think it would save us both from drifting into—drifting into ennui and Heaven knows what besides."

"But I put it to you, suppose we are not exactly ruined, after all? Suppose I have

exaggerated a bit?"

"It doesn't really alter the case in the least."

"Is that to say that if you were given the choice between carrying on here as we are, or going down into Kent and helping to run this Settlement, you would not hesitate?"

"Not for one moment—not for one single

noment.''

"Very well," said George. "But perhaps I ought to tell you that I may not be hit quite so hard as I thought. Besides, the wolf doesn't come very easily to the door of a man with as many rich relations as I have. It may not be a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, after all. In fact, I think we shall be able to go on just as we are."

"He's hedging shamefully," Jim Halkin

broke in.

"Yes, shamefully." And Mrs. George

was very near to tears.

"Oh, no, I'm not," proclaimed George, with a wry smile. "I've made a fool of myself, that's all. Jim, I've decided to accept this appointment of resident superintendent to your Settlement—if that's what it calls itself—that you've been kind enough to offer me, and I shall do my honest best to earn my corn."

Jim Halkin jumped up from his chair and stretched out an impulsive hand. "Bravo!" he cried, with the shout of a boy. "It's a great thing for us—a very great thing for

us!"

"You really think that?" said Mrs. George

softly.

"Î do, indeed. Old George is the clearestheaded man I know."

"It doesn't say much for the company you keep," said George sourly. "But I'm only going to do this for a year, mind—one calendar year, dating, shall we say, a month from to-morrow?—and pray don't think it is out of any sentimental regard for humanity."

" No?"

Jim Halkin and Mrs. George smiled at one another. Both were amused but completely baffled by the tone of angry vehemence.

"No, my friends, I don't care a row of little apples for 'humanity.' I hate the sound of the word, and always did. I'm simply going to do penance for having touched humanity's lowest level, that's all."

Suddenly Jim Halkin and Mrs. George

began to peal with laughter.

George's face was as irresistibly comic as his manner. He was really rather delightful when he was "in one of his moods."



THE "HOSPITAL" FOR DAMAGED PARCELS.

CHRISTMAS AND WAR-TIME AT THE POST OFFICE

By EDWARD BENNETT

Photographs by Clarke & Hyde.

OBODY thinks of the average postal official as a particularly warlike individual. His Department represents one of the permanent victories of peace, and the duties which belong to it are, in thousands of cases, of a peculiarly humdrum character. Moreover, the fact that the position of the postal servant is secure, without any undue anxiety or strain on his part, might be expected to destroy in him the sense of adventure. Possibly it does so in the older men; but while the official has youth and vigour on his side, he has often a latent sense of rebellion against the monotony of his life. Anyhow, the call to arms has had quite an astonishing success in the General Post Office. Out of 240,000 employés of all grades, no less than 25,000 are with our Forces at the present time, and the number is increasing. That figure represents a very good percentage, and reflects great credit on the patriotism and esprit de corps of the Post Office.

Many well-known faces among our postmen will be missed this Christmas, but our miss will be nothing compared with that which our soldier and sailor postmen will feel when they are confronted with no Christmas pressure, and they become interested in our millions of Christmas cards and parcels only as possible recipients. They will probably miss most of all our Christmas-boxes.

Christmas, indeed, is an exceptionally good time to talk about the Post Office, and of the various ways in which the Department ministers to us. The very regularity of its operations induces us to think of it as a huge machine. Let us, in gratitude to those postal servants who have joined the colours in their country's need, endeavour to discover the man behind the machine.

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It is natural for us to think first of the Post Office in connection with the postman. He is the outward and visible sign of the Department to us. He brings it to our Postboys, mail coaches, and mail trains have in turn carried our letters at varying rates of speed across country, but the last stage of the delivery is still left to the postman. Possibly his average rate of speed is the same as it was two hundred years ago. He is certainly not a fighting man when on his duties. Probably his chief antagonist has always been the dog, who resents bitterly his aggressive familiarities with our front doors. A postmaster told me of a case where a postman's progress to a house was opposed by a dog. The lady of the house called out: "It's all right, postman. The dog won't bite you. he's wagging his tail." The postman drily replied: "Yes, ma'am, but I wasn't looking at that end."

It is curious how this idea of the ineffectiveness of the postman in action has grown up. Yet he has many opportunities of rendering services on his daily round apart from his official duties, and many Royal Humane Society's medals are held by him. None the less, we think of him as a rather tame individual. In a little boy's essay on the postman occurs this amusing and on the whole truthful description: "The postman has to be up erly in the morning to meet the males at the station. Then he takes them to the G.P.O., where they are soughted out. Then he ties up his streets in bungles, and goes quickly from door to door, because the passengers don't like to have their letters delaid. On his way back he collects the pillow-boxes. Inside the postmen they are stamping letters. postman is a simple servant, because he works for the government and wears a uniform. He has a good time at Christmas. I should like to be a postman then. gets plenty of Xmas boxes, and can read all the picture-postcards."

No one of all our different officials is so welcome at our doors as the postman. The rent-collector, the tax-gatherer, and the gasmeter man must envy him his popularity. We all like to be on good terms with him. He often holds our fates in his hands, and, as a rule, he does not presume on his position. There are, perhaps, fewer complaints about him than of other postal servants. But a lady wrote ones in a temper to the Department about the conduct of her postman. In her rage she became somewhat mixed in her

language. "It was not the postcard I valued; it was the postman's rudeness to me." Possibly she was provocative, and no doubt some of us are very trying to postal officials. A postman who was reported for drinking while on official duties replied in his own defence: "Felt unwell. I thought I was doing no harm in obtaining the stimulant to my faded feelings." If he had been climbing several stairs of London flats, we should have been disposed to let him off with a caution. We feel "faded" ourselves after one climb.

But the Post Office gives us not only a house-to-house delivery. We have a ship-to-ship service on the Thames. Think of the many vessels which are daily collected in the Thames, extending over many miles. The river postman visits them on a daily round. Nor are our fishing fleets neglected.

But, of course, the real travelling post office is the mail train, with its ingenious arrangement for lifting and dropping mails while the train is in motion. The apparatus is to be seen at work at many places on our main lines, yet I suspect very few people have taken the trouble to wait at one of these points for a mail train to pass, and to see how the machinery is at once set in motion.

The Christmas season is a great strain on all grades of postal servants. Every year, in the late autumn, the Post Office mobilises on an extensive scale to meet the rush. Temporary officers are appointed in great numbers; vans and carts are chartered from private firms to assist the Post Office vans in delivering parcels. The motor-car has been adopted largely by the Post Office in town and country, and the mail motor-car rushing through our country villages recalls to our old people the days of the mail coach.

Every year the Post Office endeavours to lessen the Christmas strain by persuading the British public to spread the season over a longer and longer period. It is the Post Office which is chiefly responsible for the fact that Christmas now begins quite early in December. Fifty years ago there was comparatively little Christmas pressure: the great night at the Post Office was then the eve of St. Valentine. This was always a one-day rush, because the romance of the valentine required its delivery on one special day. The effect on the Post Office was a sort of tornado, which came as suddenly as it went.

The parcel post at Christmas tries our officials more than the letter or the postcard.

Few people can pack a parcel properly, and as a very large proportion of parcels at this season contain perishable matter, the consequences of ill packing are sometimes quite tragic. "I have received to-day," wrote a complainant, "through the post three pairs of thickly buttered pyjamas, and I write at once to inform the Department that, as a rule, I wear the trailing garments of the night unbuttered. On applying at the above address, you can have the remaining few pounds of butter which still adhere to the exterior of the parcel."

Somebody made the facetious remark that people who complain of things broken in

A weary sorter one Christmas night ventured on a parody of Shakespeare—

Round about the cauldron go,
And in the sealing compounds throw:
Bit of string, a stamp or two,
Blues and forms two twenty-two,
Wedding cake and blobs of ink,
Things to wear and things to drink:
Rotten eggs and Christmas cheer,
Toilet oils, and scent and beer,
Vermin, sweets, and locks of hair,
From broken parcels all get there
Anything O.H.M.S.

A sticky, stinking, simmering mess.

Chorus of Witches.

Stir up, sorter; postman, hustle, Make a lively din and bustle.

The reports of postmasters, written in

hurry at Christmas-time, often betray unconscious humour. Complaint was once made of the deterioration of a leg of lamb through delay in delivery of the parcel containing it. The postmaster was asked. before compensation was decided on, for evidence of the condition of the meat at the time The delivery. reply was: "The contents of the parcel were unfit for human consumption at the time of delivery. - Signed Thompson, 011behalf of post-



THE RIVER POST ON THE THAMES.

the Christmas post should remember that the parcel-carrying record is one of them. Possibly this year, with the innumerable parcels which will be sent to our soldiers and sailors, all previous records will be passed.

There is a separate branch for looking after the damaged parcels. It is called "The Hospital." At times all manner of strange articles are found loose in the parcel baskets. In "The Hospital" the officials do their best to heal the wounds of the damaged parcels and to enable them to go to the front again, or, in official language, "to be put in the way of delivery."

master, who is on sick leave."

The natural inference from this was that the postmaster had tasted the meat.

But the British public give themselves away on paper quite as frequently as the officials. "I signed the form," wrote a man, "because my father can't. He is obliterate."

Postal servants are supplied with an infinity of regulations to meet almost every emergency. It would never do, in a huge department, to have one way of dealing with a case in one town, and another way in London or in a different part of the country. So everybody acts under the same orders. In many offices the officials are even given

draft letters, which they are instructed to use, containing the usual reply in particular cases. In this way the official often gets stereotyped phrases on the brain, and misuses them. For instance: "I beg to forward papers referred to, which were overlooked in due course."

A postmaster wrote: "The Department sent me a book telling me how to reply to complaints. Now, last week the Archdeacon's wife informed me that she entered my office and asked the counter-clerk to sign a petition against the Insurance Act. He declined to listen to her, and she holds that he had no right to take up that position. What reply should I have made? The book does not say." This story illustrates the

to be lost in London. He has only to sacrifice his pride, turn himself, in imagination, into a parcel, and be conducted by express messenger to his destination. We fancy this service would be better supported if it operated at midnight or in the small hours of the morning, when certain festive members of the British public are temporarily uncertain as to their whereabouts.

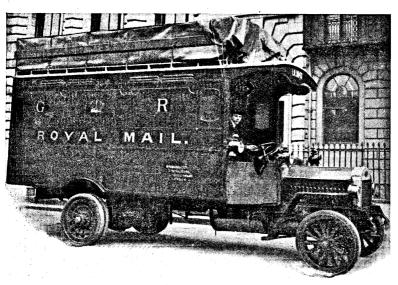
Postal officials are well trained for their duties. There are schools for teaching the new entrants. If a London sorter is to be of any use, it is necessary for him to have at his fingers' ends the geography of London, and he must know intimately the subdivisions of the metropolis into the various postal districts. Space does not allow me

to speak of the telegraph schools, or of the vast telegraph and telephone business of the Post Office; but these departments are not specially affected by the Christmas pressure. Telephone messages have not yet taken the place of Christmas cards.

The Post Office Savings Bank is, however, particularly affected by the season. There are thousands of depositors who seem only to save for Christmas and

Bank Holidays. During the week before Christmas there is a tremendous increase in withdrawals, and this branch, like the letter and parcels departments, has to mobilise for the occasion.

During the days immediately preceding and following the war, there was a financial crisis in this country, which showed itself among depositors in a foolish run on their deposits. Now, if any financial institution in this country is safe, it is the Post Office Savings Bank, for it has behind it all the resources of the British Empire; but in the bewilderment caused by the war, people did not realise this. The idea possessed them for the time that they must themselves handle their money. In one instance the home safe seemed to leap to the mind as a

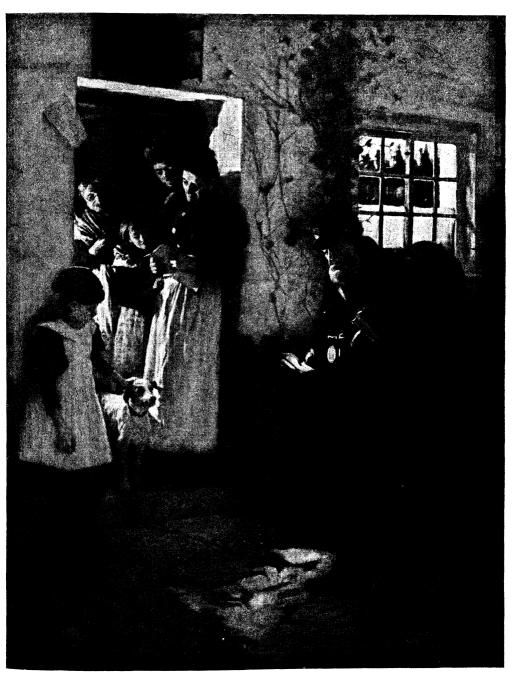


A MODERN PARCELS DELIVERY CAR.

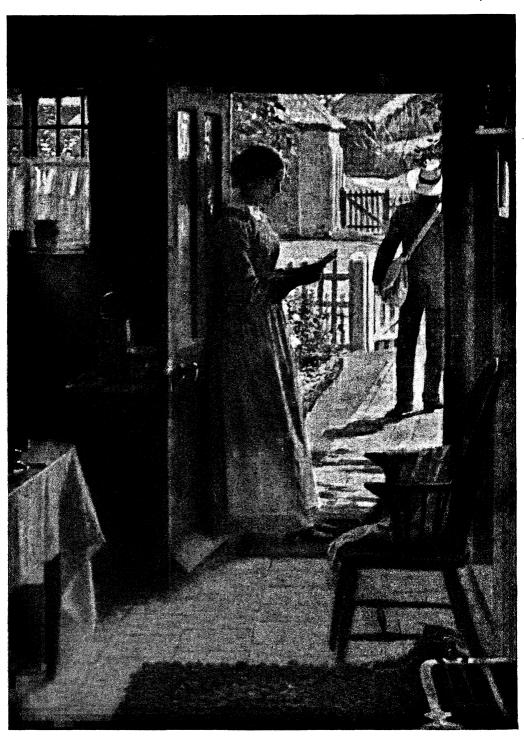
defect in a system of minute organisation; it takes away the power of initiative from the individual.

Postmasters receive curious applications sometimes. Here is one: "Please could you give me some stamp-edging to stick a poultice on, and oblige H. T." At a time when our new King George stamps were denounced fiercely for their design and colour, it was a consolation to the officials to think that their stamp-edging was still popular.

I have not mentioned one useful function the Post Office performs which is, perhaps, not as generally known as it ought to be. "Postmasters may arrange for the conduct of a person to an address by an express messenger." There is no excuse for anybody



"THE LETTER." BY STANHOPE A. FORBES, R.A.
From the original in the Art Gallery, Plymouth, reproduced by permission of the Committee.



"THE POST." BY E. BLAIR LEIGHTON.

Reproduced by permission of the Artist.

stand-by. "May I ask," wrote one depositor, "if it is necessary to take my money out of the bank during the present crisis, and have a home safe to keep it in?" This was not at all an isolated case of the bewilderment which possessed people when they were first made aware of the temporary scarcity of gold.

Indeed, a very large proportion of the depositors who hurriedly took out their money redeposited it at once when they found they were not being paid in gold, and that their money could be had for the

asking.

the security of the deposits which it holds can be disturbed to the extent of one penny, but because people will not be able to maintain their previous rate of saving. Numbers of the clerks have joined the Forces, but the probable shrinkage in the work will enable them to be spared easily.

The Savings Bank touches very closely the lives of the British people. Some of the letters received from depositors are real human documents. "Dear Sir,—I should be much obliged if you will kindly return the old deposit book, together with the new one, as it kind of cheers me, when I'm broke, to



EXAMINING DUTIABLE GOODS SENT THROUGH THE PARCELS POST.

It was refreshing to the officials, after dealing with selfish depositors, who were thinking first of their own profit and loss during a great national crisis, to come across a letter such as the following. It was written by a servant-girl, and she held £5 1s. 3d. in her account. "Please, sir, make up my book, and send half to the Prince of Wales's Fund and half to the Belgian Fund." It was her little all, but the contents of her unaffected letter showed that, in her own eyes, she was doing the inevitable thing in the circumstances.

No doubt the Post Office Savings Bank will feel the strain of a long war as much as any institution in the country. Not that

look at it and see how much I did have once."

The Savings Bank holds £190,000,000 of the people's savings, and the depositors are drawn from all classes of society. In addition to this money, the depositors hold upwards of £26,000,000 Stock, purchased in small sums through their accounts. Large numbers of these belong to the working classes, and the problems they sometimes put to the officials are like the unanswerable questions of our children. "Supposing," wrote a working-man, "the price of Stock disappears entirely below vanishing point, what will be done by the Government?" This is the sort of question of which the

Postmaster-General, when in the House of Commons, likes to have private notice.

The postmasters, too, have their difficulties with depositors. A lady was informed of some irregularity in her account. We use the postmaster's words: "Thereupon she threw the book at me and told me to keep the lot, giving me no opportunity to say anything further."

Men are much more shy in post offices than women, and are seldom at their best when served by members of the opposite sex. Here is a pathetic confession: "The reason for the difference in my handwriting is because I can write all right when by myself, but when anyone is near, especially a female, it seems to affect my sight, and I cannot write properly. I expect it must be nervousness. Hope this will give satisfaction."

A little boy named Johnnie opened an account last February with a deposit of two shillings. Across the first page he wrote: "This is for Percy when I die." But during the week before the Easter Bank Holiday, when so many depositors yield to the temptation to use their savings on the pleasures of the moment, little Johnnie withdrew his two shillings and closed his account. Let us hope he shared the money with Percy.

The Savings Bank is, indeed, paved with good resolutions. Just as Christmas week sees the largest number of withdrawals of any week in the year, so the first week of the new year sees the largest number of deposits.

And now let me close this article in the same way that I began it, and refer briefly to the Post Office in war-time. outbreak of every war in which this country is concerned, the Army Post Office Corps is mobilised. It consists of postal servants who volunteer for the purpose. Their duties are to receive, sort, and distribute correspondence, to sell stamps, and, in fact, do most things we expect of the Post Office at With the constant changes in the position and composition of our troops, the difficulties of getting letters and parcels into circulation are enormous. Many, alas, come back with the endorsements "Killed in Action," "Missing," or "Gone Home."

The service is not without its risks or opportunities for brave action in the field. In the South African War the Post Office Corps consisted of 648 men, and 453 men served in the Royal Engineer Reserve. Several of these were killed in action.

Every ship of His Majesty's Fleet has a post office in charge of a duly qualified officer.

No doubt our Army and Navy post offices will have a busy time this Christmas. The season itself will be a reminder to our men of the ideals of peace and good-will for which it is no paradox to say they are fighting. The letters and parcels which the Post Office will bring them will brighten and encourage them in their tough job, and a kindly and humanising influence will be exercised by the Department. The Army Post Office will be a witness to our men that the victories of peace endure even in war.



THE AIGRETTE

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Author of "Hoof and Claw," "The Feet of the Furtive," "Neighbours Unknown," "Kings in Exile," "More Kindred of the Wild," etc.

Illustrated by Paul Bransom



HE Girl, sitting
before her dressingtable, looked at the
fair reflection in her
great mirror and
smiled happily.
Those searching
lights at either side
of the mirror could
find no flaw in the
tender colouring of

her face, in the luminous whiteness of neck and arm and bosom. Her wide-set eyes, like the red bow of her mouth, were kind and gay. The brightness of her high-coiffed hair was surmounted by a tuft of straight egret plumes, as firm, pearl-white, and delicate as a filigree of frost.

The Girl had never looked so lovely. Never before had she worn anything that so became her as that ethereal plume. She knew it; and the glances of her maid, straying from her business with filmy garments and dainty adornments, told her so. She threw a wisp of silken gossamer over her arm and tripped eagerly down to the drawing-room.

The Man came forward to meet her, his eyes paying without stint the tribute she was craving of him.

"There will be no one there to compare with you!" he said softly. "There is no one anywhere to compare with you."

"It is becoming, isn't it?" she answered, glowing at his praise, and nodding her bright head to indicate the ethereal white plume

"It is, indeed," he asserted heartily. "But nothing could heighten your beauty. You did not need it, and I'm rather afraid the bird did." He kissed her finger-tips as he spoke, lest she should think he was being critical.

The Girl pouted a little, being very tenderhearted, and loth to be reminded of

unpleasant things.

"I know what you mean," said she quickly, withdrawing her hand in displeasure. "But the poor bird is dead, anyway; and if I didn't buy the thing, some other woman would. And it's horrid of you to speak of it now!"

The Man laughed.

"It can't make you more beautiful, but if it makes you happier, that's quite enough for me," said he. "I'm afraid that a very little pleasure for you is of more consequence in my eyes than a thousand million birds."

And upon this assurance the Girl forgave him.

The wide lagoon lay windless, shining like milky-blue glass under the blaze of the southern sun. It was shallow, its surface broken here and there with patches of tall gold-green reeds. Its shores seemed half afloat, fringed as they were with gnarled, squat bushes growing directly out of the water. This irregular bushy growth, with the green-shadowed water beneath its branches, stretched back for several hundred yards from the open lagoon to a dense wall of jungles, a banked mass of violently green leafage starred with cream-white and crimson bloom.

Not cream-white, but of a coldly pure silver-white, like new snow, some two or three score long-necked, long-legged birds flapped angularly between the milky blue of the water and the intense, vibrant blue of the sky, or stood half-leg deep in the shallows, motionless, watching for their prey. They looked like bits of a Japanese screen brought to life and sown broadcast in this sun-steeped southern wilderness. High overhead, a black speck against the azure a

hawk wheeled slowly in vast spirals, staring down desirously upon the peaceful lagoon. That peace he durst not invade, for he knew and feared the lightning strokes of the long dagger-like beaks of the white egrets.

In the top of one of the gnarled bushes at the edge of the open, right over the water, was built a spacious but rickety-looking nest of dead sticks. It was the most un-nestlike of nests, a mere crazy platform, with no apparent qualifications as a home except the most perfect ventilation. One might reasonably suppose that the first requirement in the nest of a bird should be that it would hold eggs securely. But this unsightly collection of sticks looked as if that was the last thing it could be depended on to do. It was so loose and open that the eggs ought to fall through into the water. It was so flat that any eggs which dodged falling through should surely, according to all known laws of Nature, be blown off by the first vigorous gust. Nevertheless, it was clear that the rude structure had held eggs, and proved not unworthy of its trust, for it was now occupied by four young egrets.

They were grotesque and solemn babies, these nestlings, sitting up quite motionless on their leg-joints and half-feathered rumps, with their long legs thrust straight out before them over the sticks, their long beaks resting contemplatively on their nearly naked breasts, their round, bright, unwinking eyes staring out blankly upon their little world of gold and blue. Scattered here and there over the sweep of fringing bushes were a dozen or so more of these rickety platforms of sticks, each with its solemn group of stiltlegged staring young, motionless as statues, interested in nothing upon earth save the quantity of fish or frogs which their untiring parents could supply to their unassuageable

appetites.

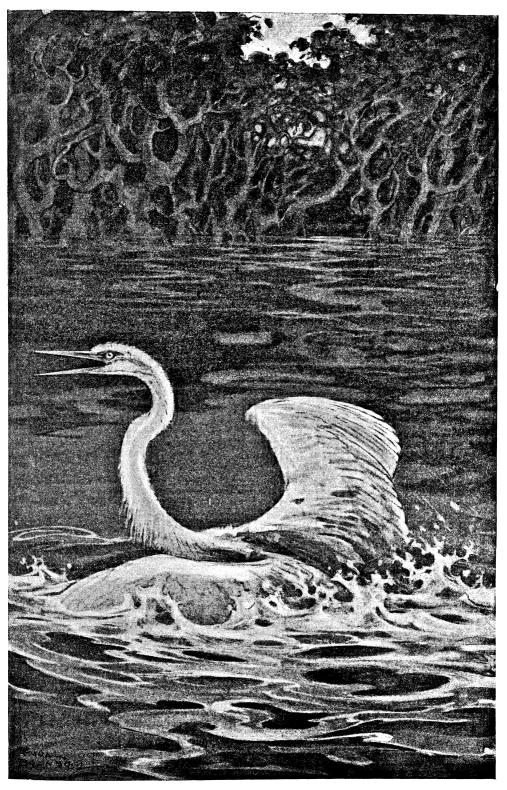
Above this outermost nest, with the four fledgelings in it, hung for a moment, hovering on wide wings, the great white mother egret, with a shining orange fish in her beak. dropped her long legs, as if feeling for a foothold, and alighted on the edge of the crazy platform so softly that not a stick protested. At her coming four long beaks were lifted into the air, gaping hungrily and squawking with eagerness. All four seemed equally ravenous. But the mother-bird knew well enough which she had fed last, and which was most in need. She jammed the prize, with what seemed scant ceremony, into the beak whose turn it was to get it. The fish was thicker than the youngster's long thin neck, but it was promptly swallowed head first. It went down slowly, with a succession of spasms which looked agonising, but were, in fact, ecstatic.

Before flying off again to resume her quest of fish, the mother egret remained for a few moments on the edge of the nest, to rest and preen herself. Her snow-pure plumage shone in the sunlight like spun silver. Her neck feathers were prolonged in fine drooping lines far down over her breast. From the centre of her back, between the shoulders, grew a bunch of long, exquisitely delicate plumes, as white and apparently as fragile as the frost-flowers on a window. These were her festal adornment, worn, by herself and her mate alike, only in the nesting season.

Having preened herself well, and shaken her long, snaky neck as if to take the kinks out of it, she spread her shining wings and lifted herself into the air. She rose, however, but a few inches, and then, flapping and squawking wildly, she was dragged down again by some unseen force. Her frantic struggles knocked off a corner of the nest, and swept off one of the awkward nestlings, which fell kicking and sprawling through the leafage and disappeared with a splash. A moment more and the mother, for all her wild fight against the unseen fate, was drawn down after him into the shadowed Then a little flat-bottomed boat, or ducking-punt, with a man crouching in the bottom of it, came worming its way through the narrow lane of water between the stems of the bushes. The man seized her by the dangerous beak, jerked her into the punt, put his knee upon her neck, detached the noose of a copper-wire snare from her leg, drew a keen hunting-knife, and deftly sliced the snowy plumes from the flesh of her back.

Then he hurled her out into the open water, that she might not be in his way while he rearranged the snare upon the edge of the nest in order to catch her mate.

Half stunned, and altogether bewildered by her agony, the mother egret flapped blindly upon the top of the water, her snowy plumage crimsoned with her life-blood. After a few moments she succeeded in getting into the air. Flying heavily, and lurching as she went, she flew across the lagoon, blundered in among the bushes, and fell with her legs in the water, her twitching wings entangled in the branches. There, after a few vain struggles, she lay still, dying slowly—very slowly—her beak half open, but her eyes wide open and undaunted.



"The mother egret flapped blindly upon the top of the water."

Not long afterwards the male egret, who had been fishing far down the lagoon, and knew nothing of what had happened, came back to the nest with food. He, too, was caught in the fatal snare, dragged down, scalped of his nuptial plumes as the red savage of old scalped his enemies, and thrown away to die at his leisure. The law of that country forbade the shooting of the egrets in the nesting season, when alone they wore the plumes which women crave. The plumehunter, therefore, felt that he was evading the law successfully if he hacked the prize from the living bird and released it while still alive and able to fly. If the bird died agonisingly afterwards, who was going to swear that he was the slayer?

Throughout the morning the like swift tragedy was enacted at one nest after the other. The deadly punt slid murderously, silently, up and down the hidden water-lanes among the bushes, and the man with the knife did his work noiselessly, save for the threshing and splashing of his victims.

In the course of an hour, however, for all the marauder's stealth, the whole heronry was in a state of desperate fear. dozen birds had been snared, and the others, flying high overhead and staring down with keen, terrified eyes, had detected the slaughterer in his hiding under the branches. They had seen him, too, resetting his snares upon the edges of the nests. And in spite of the fact that, after doing so, he withdrew to some distance among the bushes—as far as the cords attached to the snares would permit —they dreaded to approach their nests again. But there were their younglings, solemn and hungry, quite uncomprehending of the doom which hung over them, hoarsely and trustingly petitioning to be fed. The parent birds could not long resist those appeals. Love and tenderness triumphed over fear, even over the clear view of mortal peril after another the great white birds came back, trembling but devoted, to their nests. One after another, sooner or later, got a foot into that implacable wire noose, was dragged down beneath the bushes, and thrown out There was no weltering in its blood. escaping a trap thus baited with the appeals of the young. And before the lagoon had taken the first of the sunset colour, there was not one adult egret in the whole heronry which had not paid the bloody price of its devotion.

At last, when the lagoon lay like a sheet of burnished copper, the man with the punt came out boldly from among the bushes

and paddled off toward the outlet with his bleeding trophies. As he vanished, three or four birds, stronger and more tenacious of life than their fellows, came flapping back to their nests, their backs and wings and thighs caked with blood. Swaying as they perched upon the stick platforms, they managed to feed the nestlings once more. Then, dogged in their devotion, they flew off to continue their tasks. They never returned again, but fell in the shallows where they stood trying to fish; and if the Fates of the wilderness elected to be merciful, they were drowned

quickly.

All night, through the star-strewn summer dark, the orphaned nestlings kept up their harshly plaintive cries of hunger and loneliness. A pair of owls, hearing these cries, and guessing that all could not be right with the egret colony, came winnowing up noiselessly and took toll of the defenceless nests. After daybreak, the wheeling hawk dropped low to investigate, then struck wherever he found the nestlings fattest and most tempting. Toward noon, under the pitiless downpour of the unclouded sun, the little ones wilted like cut grass, thirst and hunger stilling their pitiful complaints. Long before night there was not a nestling left alive on the whole lagoon.

The Girl, with snowy aigrette in her bright hair, her gloved fingers resting on the Man's arm, stood upon the kerb outside the theatre, waiting for a taxi. A light dogcart came by. The horse, sleek and spirited and spoilt, was in wayward humour, and took it into its head to give its driver trouble. The driver tried to soothe it, but it would be soothed. It began capriciously. The driver cut it smartly with his light whip.

"Oh," cried the Girl, "see how he's beating that poor horse! What a brute!"

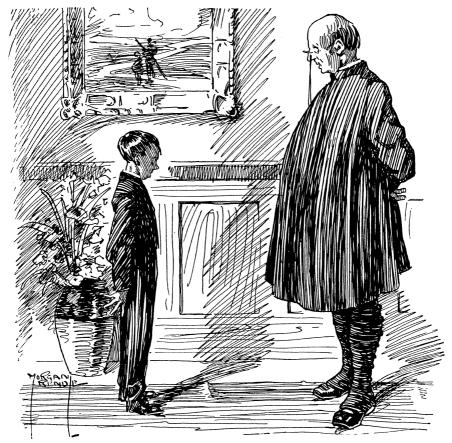
"It's hurting the horse about as much," said the Man, "as if you struck it with your fan! Moreover, the horse is behaving very badly, and must be made to mind. It's endangering the whole traffic."

The Girl flushed, bit her lip, and withdrew her hand from the Man's arm. Just then the summoned taxi drew up at the kerb.

The Girl stepped in.

"What brutes men are!" she said. "Perhaps they can't help being cruel! They have no intuition, so how can they understand?"

The Man glanced at the aigrette, smiled discreetly, and said nothing.



TRUTHFUL JAMES.

"When you took the mistletoe from the hall into the kitchen, why did you stick dough over the keyhole?"

"Because we were run out of stamp-edging, my lord."

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

DOROTHY was a carefully brought up little girl of five, and she returned in high glee from a Christmas party. "I was a good girl, mamma," she announced, "and I behaved nicely all the time."

"Did you remember to say something nice to Mrs. Wilford just before leaving?" asked her mother.

"Oh, yes, I did," responded Dorothy. "I smiled at her and said: 'I enjoyed myself very much, Mrs. Wilford. I had lots more to eat than I expected to have."



I love the Christmastide, and yet I notice this, each year I live: I never like the gifts I get,
But how I love the gifts I give!

"Father," said the small boy, "Johnny Burton's goin' to have a birthday party next week, and he said he'd invite me. An' I've got to take a present."

to take a present."
"A present?" said his father. "What for?"

"A Christmas present for Johnny," replied the youth. "All the kids take presents."

"That's all nonsense," declared the parent.
"Every day or two it's a present here or a present there. If you can't be invited without taking a present, you'd better not go."
The boy made no answer. The next day the

The boy made no answer. The next day the father regretted his hasty words, and said to his son: "George, I bought a couple of books to-night for you to take to Johnny's party."

"It's too late now, father," said George gloomily. "I licked him to-day, so that he shouldn't invite me."

TO THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

How often in the days that now are over, The piping times of peace and idle strength, Have I, a weary Continental rover, Deplored your two-and-twenty miles of length.

When stretched on deck, in chair of canvas, limply, To simulate a fast-departing ease, I've felt my visage copy pure and simply The verdant tint of your perfidious seas.

How often has your breeze been my undoing, Your buoyant gaiety my source of woe, When I, a steward staggeringly pursuing, Have felt the time has come to go below.

A young man recently went to a poetical friend and asked him if he would help him to write some verses as a Christmas greeting to a certain charming girl.

"Well," said the poet friend, "what do you

want me to say?"

"Why, you ought to know about what's the proper thing," said the young man. "Something rather tender, but at the same time, remember, I don't want to commit myself in any way.'

"Well," said the poet, "you don't want a poet to draw up your greetings. You want a lawyer."



THE GIFT OF REPARTEE.

SERGEANT: Now, then, don't you know how to hold a rifle? RECRUIT: I've run a splinter in the finger.

SERGEANT (exasperated): Oh, you 'ave, 'ave you? Bin scratchin' yer 'ead, I suppose?

But now my grief is swallowed in rejoicing, My fierze reproaches all are turned to praise, Your endless honour still would I be voicing To hide the rancour of the former days.

Loud be your storms, your winds fly helter-skelter, High be your waves and Hades-deep your sea, Long may your cold and cruel waters welter Betwixt Germania's stalwart sons-and me.

E. G. Moore.



SAID an agitated young mother to the nursemaid: "Oh, Jane, I'm afraid baby has swallowed a pin!" "Never mind, ma'am; it was a safety," was the unruffled reply.

"So you saw the woman drop her purse," said Jones to his friend, "but lost her in the crowd. Did you advertise?

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "but I didn't get an answer. I put this in the papers: 'If the plain woman about forty-five years of age, wearing a dress and a hat of last year's style, who lost a purse containing seventeen shillings and threepence in Oxford Street on Saturday, will apply to ---, the property will be returned.

"Good Heavens, man," said his friend, "no wonder you didn't get an answer! No woman in the world would own up to that description for seventeen and threepence.'



"THE OFFICERS' MESS." BY G. E. STUDDY.



"OUT OF SPIRITS." BY LAWSON WOOD.

A girl student, in taking leave of a famous don at the end of the term, said: "Good-bye, Professor; I shall not forget you. I am indebted to you for all I know."
"Oh, I beg of you," replied the professor,

"don't mention such a trifle."

"And what do you call yourself," contemptuously inquired an indignant wife -"a man or a mouse?"

"A man," answered her husband bitterly. "If I were a mouse, you would be on that table by now, calling for help."



THE RIGHT POINT OF VIEW.

MRS. McHooley: I'm wondherin' now if we cud shpare one of th' blankets fer th' throops.

"Look here," said the indignant mistress of the house to the small pedlar, "do you call these safety matches? Why, they won't light at all!"

"Well, ma'am," said the pedlar suavely, "wot could you 'ave safer?"

"I TRUST, Miss Browne," said the benevolent employer to his secretary, "that you have something in reserve for a rainy day."

"Yes, sir," said the earnest young woman. "I am going to marry a gentleman named Mackintosh.'



SOUND ARGUMENT.

FIRST Boy: Your father must be an awful mean man. Him a shoemaker, and makin' you wear them

SECOND BOY: He's nothin' to what your father is. Him a dentist, and your baby only got one tooth!



A CHRISTMAS WINNER.

My whole horizon's looking rather black, Last night May had a Christmas card from Jack.

"Of course, old girl, you had one, too?" she said. I told the bitter truth, and shook my head.

She shrugged her shoulders, looked away, and smiled.

Then left me, feeling absolutely wild.

From all his honest, hazel eyes expressed, He made me understand he liked me best.

All men are-well, my heart's not going to break. I only thought he loved me-my mistake.

The postman's knock! A parcel long and slim, All sealing-waxed and registered, from him!

A ducky fan, where Watteau lovers greet. "A Toi," across the sticks. That's rather sweet!

I'll write my thanks, the nicest things I'll say, But first of all I think I'll ring up May!



Jessie Pope.

"Mrs. Smith invariably has abominable weather for her afternoon teas, hasn't she?' said a woman to a man guest.

"Yes," said the man, as he reached for his hat and stick; "she never pours but it rains."

"No," complained the Scotch professor to his students, "ye dinna use your faculties of observation. Ye dinna use them. For

Picking up a jar of chemicals of vile odour, he stuck one finger into it and then into his mouth.

"Taste it, gentlemen!" he commanded, as he passed the vessel from student to student.

After each one had licked his finger, and had felt rebellion through his whole soul, the old professor exclaimed triumphantly—

"I tol' ye so. Ye dinna use your faculties. For if ye had obsarved, ye would ha' seen that the finger I stuck into the jar was nae the finger I stuck into my mouth.



"FATHER," asked the young woman one day, "the piano is really my very own, isn't it?"
"Why, yes, my dear."
"And when I marry," she continued, "I can

take it with me, can't I?"

"Certainly, my dear," replied the father. "But don't tell anyone; it might injure your chances."



Bobby had been taught to remember all his relatives when he said his prayers. One night, as he knelt at his mother's knee, he did not mention the name of a favourite aunt.

"Why, Bobby," said his mother, "you didn't

pray for Aunt Beatrice."

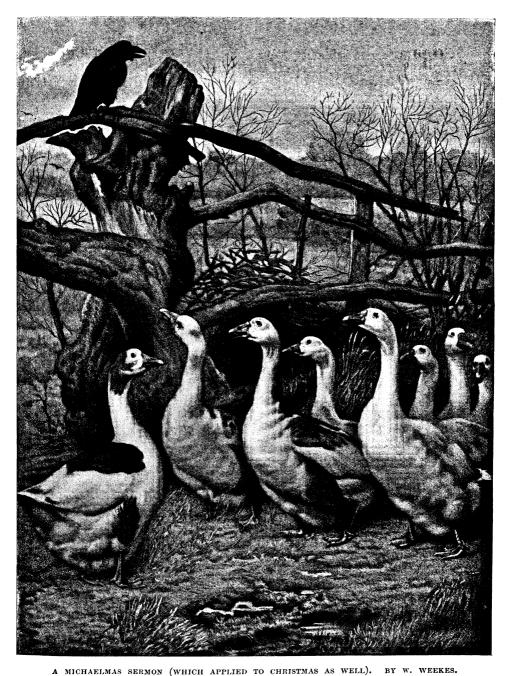
"But, mother," replied the little boy, "I don't have to pray for her any more. Aunt Beatrice is engaged."



AFTER A VOICE TRIAL.

MANAGER: I am afraid your songs won't do for me; I can't allow any profanity in my hall.

Would-Be Star: But I don't use profanity. MANAGER: No, but the audience would.



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LITTLE Willie wanted to have a Christmas party, to which his mother consented, provided he asked his little friend Tommy. The boys had had trouble, but, rather than not have the party, Willie promised his mother to invite Tommy.

On the evening of the party, when all the small guests had arrived except Tommy,

the mother became suspicious and sought her son.

- "Willie," she said, "did you invite Tommy to your party to-night?"
 - "Yes, mother."
- "And did he say he would not come?"
 "No," explained Willie. "I invited him all right, but I dared him to come."



THE REAL ECONOMY.

VISITOR: But surely, Mrs. Boardem, you are taking considerable risk in letting your young men owe two or three weeks' board?

MRS. BOARDEM: Yes, there is some risk. But then, you see, they worry over it so that they lose their appetites, so I save money in the long run.

GOLFERS' AILMENTS.

It's one of those astounding facts Which Nature might, but won't explain, How sensitive most golfers are To sudden pain.

A man may meet you for the round; He looks as well as well could be; He really seems as fit as a Proverbial flea.

His skin is pink as schoolboy's cheek, His eye is clear and bright and placid; It's patent he's completely free From uric acid.

He's cheery, socially disposed, Praises the view, the links, the weather. But-if he chance to drive his ball Into the heather,

He'll wrinkle up his Roman nose And screw his eyes in sudden pain. His tiresome old rheumatic joint Has gone again.

I've always found it thus. Whene'er I look like winning half-a-crown, And my opponent's going to be, Perhaps, two down,

His previous glowing state of health Appears to undergo a check-It seems that all the time he's been A perfect wreck.

I've played with all sorts-wise men, fools, Men who were poor and men with wealth-But never have I beat a man In perfect health

Adam Squire.

THE aged lady next door had been quite ill, so one morning Willie's mother said to her

"Willie, run over and see how old Mrs.

Smith is this morning."

Willie departed, but in a few moments he came running back and said-

"She says it's none of your business."
"Why, Willie," exclaimed his mother, "Why, "what did you ask her?"

"Just what you told me to," said Willie; "I said you wanted to know how old she was."



THE artist was on a sketching expedition, and seeing a very picturesque old house in a village he passed through, he asked a labourer if it was an old manor house. "Manor house? No, sir, that it ain't; it's an old widder ooman as lives there."



"YES," said the severe maiden lady, "the word 'mule' is only 'male' spelled wrongly."

"I suppose so," responded the crusty bachelor; "but according to the Latin dictionary, a woman is 'mulier.'"



Diogenes was looking for an honest man. "What luck?" asked the wayfarer.

"Oh, pretty fair," replied Diogenes. "I still have my lantern.'



AMBIGUOUS, AT LEAST.

AFFABLE TRAVELLER (unfortunate in choosing his words): If you ever come within a mile of my house, I hope you'll stop there.



COLONEL JOHN BULL: "I believe in having plenty of reserves and in getting them in good condition."

JOHNNIE WALKER: "You are quite right—that's been our policy since 1820."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

A STRAIGHT TALK.

"Good morning! A Merry Christmas!"
"Why, hullo, Santa Claus! When did you drop down?"

"Oh, I've been here all the time, only you didn't see me—I'm always hanging around.

"Yes, Santa Claus, that's the trouble with you; you're an expensive person to maintain. We think you only come at Christmas, but you begin-

"Yes, I begin about the first of October and last until nearly Easter. But look here, I have been hearing some cruel news about myself, and I want you to set me right with the public.'

"What's the charge?

"Well, they say that I cater only for rich people—that I'm a snob."

"Are you a philosopher?"

"Heavens, no! I am guilty of almost anything but that."

"Well, then, good-bye; I was going to explain, but I won't now."

"Oh, you might just as well, as you are here. Tell me what you think about yourself."

"Well, here's the point; believe it or not, as you will. These things are true. I have been commercialised; I have been discriminating in favour of the rich, but the fact is, that I am what anybody makes me."

"How's that?"

"Simply that I am what you think I am. If you happen to be sour, then I am a hypocrite and a sham; but if you happen to have sympathy and fancy and imagination and



NOT GUILTY.

BURLY SPECIAL CONSTABLE: Now, then, what are you hauging about here for? LITTLE DIBBS: It's all right, sir. I'm just waiting till the chemist's shop is empty, then I'm going to buy a baby's feeding-bottle.

"That seems reasonable."

"Oh, they are insinuating all sorts of things about me. They say that the quality of my toys has been steadily deteriorating. There was a time when a toy would last for several years, but now it's apt to fall to pieces in two weeks."

"Well?

"They say also that I've been multiplying."

"Multiplying?"

"Yes, that I've been putting out duplicates of myself, so that any old Christmas bazaar can use me for commercial purposes."

"You seem to be making a pretty good case

out of yourself, Santa."

"Look here, you don't understand me. In the first place, I admit it. Everything I have said is true, but that isn't the point.'

"Well, what is the point?"

aspirations, then you can make me just what

you want me to be. Do you see?"

"Well, Santa Claus, I don't know whether I see or not, but I will take your word for it, and I will tell any of my friends who are unbelievers that there is something real about you, after all—something undying and sentimental and true for those who wish to believe in you. Is that right?"

"That's right. I must be off. Very busy just now. Much obliged. Good-bye!'



Teacher: Tommy, this greatman about whom we have been reading is called an unconscious humorist. What is an unconscious humorist?

SMALL Boy: A joker that's fainted away.



ERVE is **eve**ry whit necessary to success intellect, for fortune still favours the bold. How often in the practical affairs of life do we not see nerve plunge in and achieve success, while intellect hum's and ha's and stands shivering on the brink?

Civilization, says an authority, wants less nerves and more NERVE.

To force a child to endure the darkness it fears, develops nerves. To shield such a child from the darkness until a riper experience teaches it how little there really is to fear, cultivates nerve.

Therefore, use Night Lights, and use the best.

Price's Night Lights

ROYAL CASTLE or CHILDS'. For Small Light

To burn in a saucer containing water.

PALMITINE STAR, For Medium Light.

To burn in a glass holder without water.

CLARKE'S PYRAMIDS.

For large light and heat. The only lights suitable for use in CLARKE'S PYRAMID NURSERY LAMP and FOOD WARMER.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.



'HE most artistic and pleasing effects in the illumination of a Dining Table or a Drawing Room can only be obtained by the use of a soft light; otherwise subtle contrasts in light and shade are impossible. The mellow light of

PRICE'S **CANDLES**

casts the softest of shadows. Its restful rays emit no enervating glare, while, to quote the words of an authority on the subject, through hereditary association of ideas, its warm, orange-yellow colour suggests to the mind brightness and mirth."

GRAND PRIZE PARASTRINE SHADE CANDLES

for use under shades that descend automatically.

GOLD MEDAL PALMITINE CANDLES

for general Dining and Drawing Room use. Of all Dealers in High-grade Candles.

PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE COMPANY LIMITED,

LONDON, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, GLASGOW

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

CASEY: 'Tis hard luck about Kearney. Oi hear he had t' have his leg cut off between th' ankle an' th' knee.

CASSIDY: Ay, th' docthers decided that to save th' whole leg they'd have t' cut off part av it.

Patient (feebly): Doctor, that new treatment of yours has given me an extraordinarily high fever.

DOCTOR: My hearty congratulations!

PATIENT: What for?

Doctor: Why, my dear sir, that fever indicates the presence of several other diseases which we didn't even suspect!

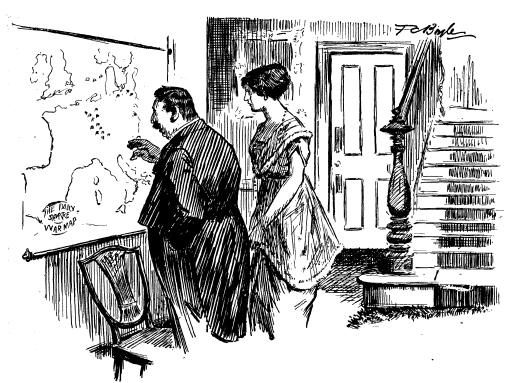
THE PASSING FACE.

Where are the ears of yesterday? Her hair has hid them all away-Those shell-like ears I once adored, In whose pink curves my vows I poured To hirsute wads I cannot pray-Where are the ears of yesterday?

Someone, I think, should interfere, Lest other features disappear. Next year, perhaps, eyes will be gone, Then chins, then noses won't be worn, Until regretfully we say:

'Where is the face of yesterday?"

Katharine Perry.



UP-TO-DATE.

"Well, my dear, it may be a very reliable map, but in my young days the town was the othe side of the river.

"Oh, yes, father; but you remember the Russians blew it up only last week!"

An American with a weakness for telling tall stories received an invitation to dine at an English house, and the friend who was accompanying the American made him promise that he would not tell any of his tall yarns. All went well until the fifth course, when a fellow-guest was mentioning the huge dimensions of his conservatory. This was too much for the American, who broke in thus, quite forgetful of his friend's admonitions: "Why, that's nothing! Out West we have a conservatory five miles high and ten miles long"—here he got a kick under the table— "and-and an inch broad."

A JUDGE in a Western town had declared that he would stop the carrying of firearms in the street. Before him appeared for trial a tough youth charged with getting drunk and firing his revolver in a crowded street.
"Twenty dollars and costs," said the

magistrate.

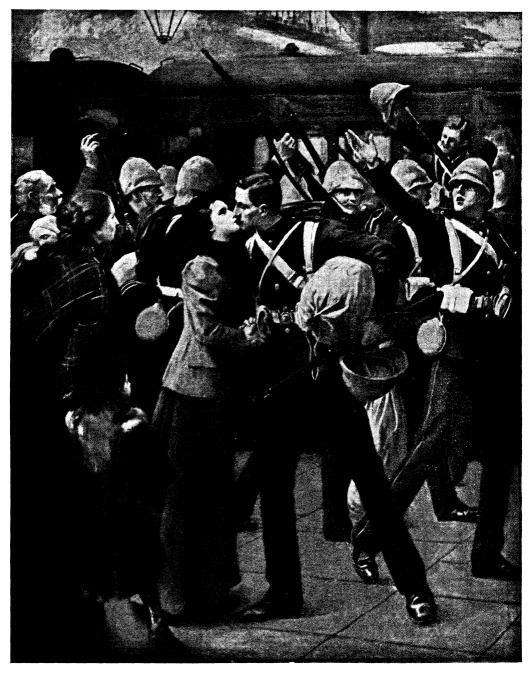
"But, your honour," interposed counsel for the prisoner, "my client did not hit anybody."

"Why, you admit that he fired the gun?" "Yes, but he fired it into the air," explained

the lawyer. "Twenty dollars and costs," repeated the

judge. "He might have shot an angel."





"GOOD-BYE!"

THE 3RD BATTALION OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS LEAVING WATERLOO STATION FOR SOUTH AFRICA IN 1900-BY GEORGE HARCOURT.

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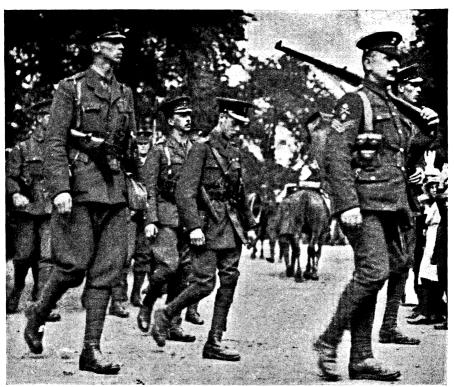


Photo by [The Daily Mirror.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH HIS REGIMENT, THE 2ND GRENADIER GUARDS.

MEN OF MARK IN THE WAR

By ERNEST A. BRYANT

SECOND ARTICLE

THILE every day of the war has its claim to historical record, two events of dramatic and poignant interest combined to render one particular period of the conflict especially memorable to the entire Forces of the Allies in the fighting line. With the tide of his life already setting towards eternity, Lord Roberts made his valedictory pilgrimage to the battlefield, to exchange greetings with those stern fighters from the East who proudly owned him Colonel-in-Chief. His greeting to the Indians was a welcome to the West, a welcome and farewell. almost within sight of the trenches, and with the sonorous diapason of the guns for requiem, the hero of a hundred victories

yielded up the valiant spirit which the peril and difficulty and all the manifold hazards of tempestuous wars had failed to daunt. The Armies of the Entente mourned the man whom they considered the greatest soldier of his age; the Indians mourned the man who had been to them as a father. But while they thus mourned, they were raised to a condition of enthusiastic exaltation when, all unexpectedly, the first-born son of the great British Raj passed quietly over the waters and appeared in their midst. "Bobs Bahadur" was invested by the Eastern mind with semi-regal status as well as incomparable military attributes, and to the Indians it seemed that the heir to the Imperial throne, coming to win his spurs in

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their company, filled by royal right the post which the dead warrior had vacated.

The advent of the Prince of Wales to the theatre of war evoked as much enthusiasm at home as at the Front. Six weeks earlier, Lord Kitchener had advised the King that the Prince's military training was not sufficiently advanced to warrant his going to the war; but youthful ardour and persistence had now won their reward, and for the first time since the Black Prince crossed the Channel to gain imperishable renown as the victor of Poictiers, the Heir-Apparent to the British Crown fared He went not in the forth to the wars. manner of Prussian princelings, pretending to command an army; he went to the Army, of which he is destined some day to be the



Photo by] [Elliott & Fry.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. DE B. DE LISLE.



Photo by [Elliott & Fry. LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.

titular head, as its youngest, humblest officeras a second-lieutenant, serving as a modest A.D.C. to Sir John French. That is the British way. When the Duke of Connaught won distinction in command of a brigade in Egypt, his one fear, and that of the Duchess and of Queen Victoria, was that the friendly admiration of the then War Secretary might prompt the proposal of honours in excess of those awarded to other officers. "Only the same distinction as the other brigadiers receive," the Duchess urged; "nothing more than theirs." And the Queen heartily approved. The Prince of Wales is in reality much more highly trained than the majority of officers of his age, but he was prepared respectfully to touch his cap to a thousand young men a step above him in seniority.

The Prince was not the only one of Royal blood at the Front. Prince Arthur of Connaught, who met him as he stepped on to French soil, had but newly left the grave of the first member of the Royal Family to lay down his life, gallant Prince Maurice of Battenberg, whose two brothers, Prince Alexander and Prince Leopold, were still in the thick of the fighting, while Queen Mary's brother, the Duke of Teck, was but

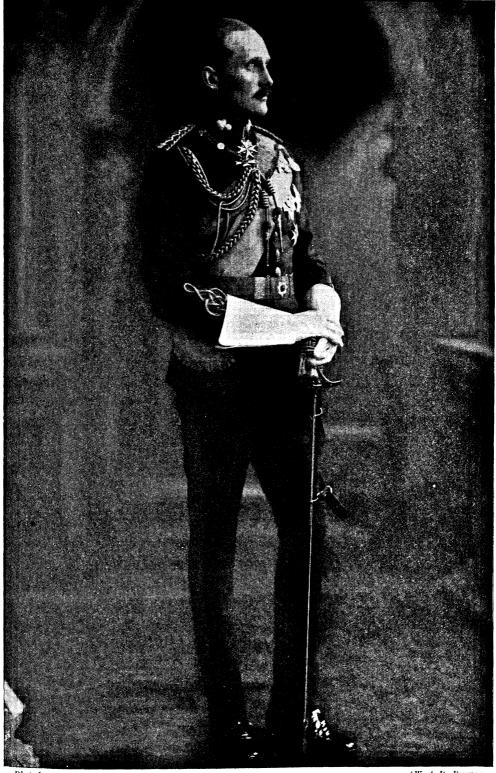


Photo by]

H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT,

[W. & D. Downey

temporarily absent, invalided. Prince Arthur of Connaught went to the war in his father's old regiment, the 7th Hussars, leaving for the Front within a few days of the birth of his son and heir. There was a rather sinister might-have-been in the situation of Prince Arthur. He might have been numbered with our enemies in this war. In succession



Photo, copyright]

[Exclusive News Agency.

GENERAL RUSSKY.

to his father, who had renounced his rights, Prince Arthur was for some time heir to the throne of Saxe-Coburg, but passed on his Duchy to the Duke of Albany, the balancing of whose sympathies between his adopted country and the land of his birth, to which his State is opposed, must be a matter of some delicacy. Happily, the Prince is spared this painful dilemma. He is very British, and, during King Edward's reign, was the Envoy of Empire. He represented the King at all the Courts, West and East. presented the Garter to the Emperor of Japan; he was at Madrid to welcome the little heir to the Spanish throne; he was at Lisbon to soothe the agonies of the Queen of Portugal when the King and Crown Prince were assassinated: he was with the

King and Queen of Italy when the Italians celebrated the jubilee of their national existence, when there was a very significant demonstration in honour of Great Britain. The Prince, like his father, is named after the Duke of Wellington, and the French, with whom he is fighting against the common enemy, will like him none the less when they know that his soldier-father was taught to play the military kettledrum by a man who fought as a private at Waterloo, and rose to command the force which captured the Malakhoff in the Crimea. That man was the veteran Amable Pelissier, Duc de Malakhoff, who was French Ambassador in London when the Duke of Connaught was a small boy. Prince Arthur of Connaught is a proficient linguist, and Sir John French has on this account been able to employ him, as he says, with great advantage on



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[Exclusive News Agency.

GENERAL VON RENNENKAMPF.

confidential missions of importance. Prince Arthur could write history, if he chose.

It is into heroic company that the young Prince is introduced. He comes in touch with Sir Douglas Haig, who, since our last issue, has been promoted General for distinguished skill and bravery in the field, and is immortalised by the glowing tributes

which he received in Sir John French's dispatches from the Marne. He meets, too, one of the most gallant and expert of cavalry leaders in General H. de Lisle, of the Second Cavalry Brigade, a man after Sir John's own heart. Throughout, his work has been

support to the endangered Division, espied what he considered an opportunity for an assault upon the enemy's flank. Like a flash he was away at the head of his men, and gallantly they galloped into the jaws of death. For jaws of death they found—

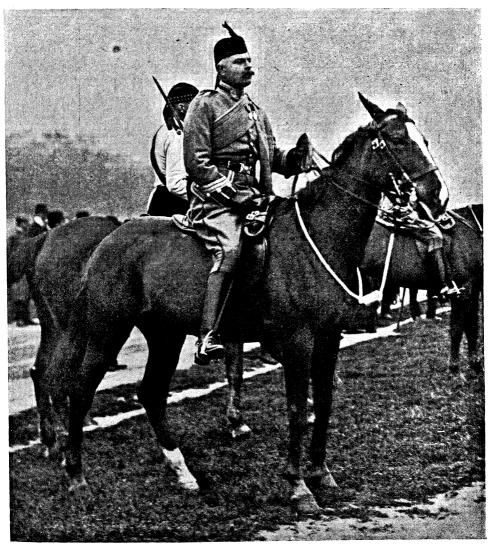


Photo by

COLONEL MALCOLM,

[Newspaper Illustrations, Ltd.

In command of the London Scottish.

admirable, but there was one crisis in the great retreat from Mons in which it was inspired. When Sir Charles Allenby, with his Fifth Division, was in peril of annihilation by overwhelming numbers, General de Lisle, while General Allenby drew in his cavalry in the attempt to bring direct

murderous concealed wire entanglements, five hundred yards from the objective. Terrible punishment was suffered by the 9th Lancers and 18th Hussars, but, when the daring General led back his men, he had the gratification of knowing that the Fifth Division was saved.

No man has had better reason for pride than Colonel Malcolm, commanding the London Scottish, whose now historic charge, under conditions which might have shattered the *moral* of seasoned troops, brought a ringing message of felicitation from the Commander - in - Chief. Colonel Malcolm

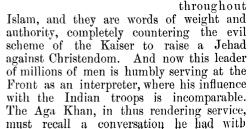
must have contrasted this début of his splendid fellows with the inauspicious opening of some of our volunteer units in South Africa. These, before they got the hang of the Boer tactics, were entrapped and rounded with monotonous frequency, so that the enemy, after depriving them of their arms and personal possessions, would liberate them with the remark: "You may go; we can catch you any day."
Colonel Malcolm, however, saw his untried levies of

stalwarts write their name in letters of gold at their first venture.

Photo by]

In bridging the difficult gulfs that lie between Eastern and Western armies, we have received an extraordinary and unexpected reinforcement in the person of His Highness the Aga Khan. This distinguished Indian statesman and patriot was holidaying in England at the outbreak of the war, and volunteered for the Front, adding, with noble humility, that he was prepared to serve as a private in any Indian regiment. But he has had an influence greater in value than a whole army corps. He is not an Indian territorial chief; he is not even an Indian, but a Persian, a

member of the Persian Royal Family. He is, moreover, the spiritual head of the Khoja community-Shia Mohammedanswho number millions throughout the regions of Islam. His Highness issued proclamations, at the outbreak of the war, to the entire Moslem world, calling upon them, in stirring language, to remain loyal to Great Britain and t h e Entente Powers, and ruthlessly exposing the perfidy of Germanyand Turkey. His words have travelled





THE AGA KHAN.

[C. Vandyk.



Photo by]

[R. Haines.

the Maharaja Scindhia at the Coronation Durbar. The Aga, noting the appearance of the Maharaja's orderly, asked: "Is he one of your Imperial Service troops?" "All my troops are for Imperial service, and I am an Imperial soldier," was the proud reply. And the Aga Khan is an Imperial soldier of the most exalted description.

General Gallieni has made history. When the time of danger came, and the foe was advancing on the French capital, Parisians called out for a strong, resourceful man as

military commander of the city. The Government chose, and chose wisely when they appointed the old-time Governor of Madagascar. He put the case in a sentence. "Give me five days, and I will make Paris impregnable," he said. He had his five days. He had more, and utilised them well. The Government hied them to Bordeaux, and left the care of the capital to him; and though we were all prepared to see Paris fall, we realised, too, that the Germans, to capture it, would have had the most terrible fight of their lives. One cannot but feel that a Gallieni would be of service in dealing with the German marauders. He suppressed slavery, brigandage, outrage, and murder

in Madagascar, and evolved law and order out of chaos.

The military commander of Paris, noting the Czar's prohibition of the sale by Government of vodka throughout Russia, may reasonably consider this edict a handsome justification of his own attitude, for throughout his career he has consistently enforced total abstinence principles upon his troops and upon the people whom he has had to govern. But this sweeping reform in Muscovy is symptomatic of the spirit of the

new Russia. The army is fighting for an intelligible object, and, in spite of inevitable ebb and flow, has been fighting marvellously. It had no heart for the war in Manchuria. There the wonderful organisation which carried 600,000 men of all arms to the distant front ended short of the battlefield. One of the good men wasted in that war was General Rennenkampf, who, in command of the Trans-Baikal Cossack Division, was ordered away into the mountains, where an enemy never was nor could be.

All this is changed. and the officers now commanding the Russian armies are efficient younger men or those who proved themselves worthy on the disastrous fields of Manchuria. General Rennenkampf, who, within nine months of the conclusion of proclaimed peace. that a still greater war would come, and has since then strenuously prepared for it, has had a great part in the present struggle To him fell the duty of leading the advance into East Prussia, to take the pressure off the Allies in the western theatre when the Germans were making their great rush for Paris. Rennenkampf charged his mission with courage and skill, though it cost

kill, though it cost him two corps and the heroic Samsonoff at Tannenberg. Retiring fighting from Königsberg, Rennenkampf drew to his front forces which the Germans badly needed further south, and then, reinforced, plunged afresh into East Prussia, to the Kaiser's infinite discontent.

Farther south-west, General Russky won the smashing victories over the main Austrian forces which laid great part of Galicia at the feet of the Czar, and converted the triumphant parade of the enemy to



Photo by] [Elliott & Fry.

THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL SIR CHRISTOPHER CRADOCK



THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, THE RIGHT HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., WITH HIS TWO HIGHEST EXPERTS, ADMIRAL SIR JOHN JELLICOE AND REAR-ADMIRAL CHARLES MADDEN, SECOND-IN-COMMAND.

From a drawing by F. Matania.

Lublin into a dismal and bloody rout. His outstanding feat was, of course, the capture of Lemberg, but that served in reality only to afford a local habitation and a name for a great campaign revealing the boldest strategy and most dashing of tactics, in which the swift advance of his troops deprived the "steam-roller" analogy of its applicability. General Russky was Chief of Staff in the Second Manchurian Army, and profited by

the opportunity of learning how things should not be done. Since then he has been closely associated with General Sukhomlinoff, the Russian Kitchener, the master-organiser of the forces of the Tsar.

Naval affairs at the time of writing had left us mingling sorrows with gladness—with command of the seas unimpaired, yet with grievous losses to mourn. Although his return to the Admiralty was the outcome



Photo by]

[Maull & Fox.

REAR-ADMIRAL A. H. CHRISTIAN.

of a resignation which all deplored, Lord Fisher, back as First Sea Lord, was heartily welcomed. He returned after four years' retirement—seventy-three, but still in the youth of old age—to resume the brilliant administration which marked his office in years gone by. He fought in the Crimea, when we had paddle-steamers and wooden sailing-ships, when men one-armed and timber-toed were included in the personnel of our A.B.'s; but he lived to introduce the Dreadnought, to put gunnery on a new plane, to evolve the strategy upon which the safety of the Empire depends.

Antwerp, the German raid on Yarmouth, and the disaster in the Pacific, have necessarily occasioned anxiety to Mr. Churchill. The Antwerp expedition, though it unfortunately led to a couple of thousand of our men losing themselves in Holland, has been declared to have been of vital value to the Allies' campaign in Belgium and Northern France. The Yarmouth raid is at the present moment unexplained, as, indeed, is the Pacific mishap. But, as outsiders see more than those at

home, it is significant that the First Lord has been the subject of a glowing eulogy in the Italian press, and it is certain that he enjoys the unbounded confidence and esteem of the Navy. The cordial relations between Mr. Churchill and Sir John Jellicoe have produced results unparalleled in history—the putting of an army across the Channel, the maintenance of supplies, reinforcements, and munitions, the conveyance of troops from all parts of the world, the safeguarding of the bulk of the trade routes—all this while the second largest fleet in the world was safely interned.

We have had to pay the price of admiralty in distant seas as well as home. What seems a tragedy of the time-table and a breakdown of the information service, brought inferior British cruisers against excessively powerful German opposition off the Chilian coast. It cost us two cruisers and the lives of valiant men. We could ill spare Rear-Admiral Sir



Photo by}

[C. Vandyk.

COMMODORE R. J. B. KEYES.

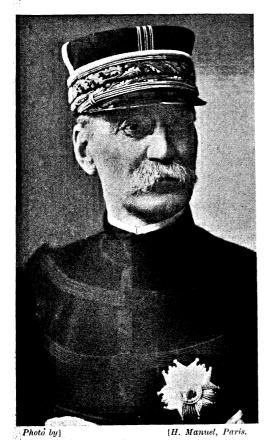


Photo by]

[Lafayette.

Christopher Cradock, who went to a fighting seaman's death when the Good Hope plunged blazing to the port of no return. He had had a fine career, and it was gloriously, if unavailingly, crowned in this last fight. "I am going to engage the enemy now," were the words he sent out, as he steamed into his final engagement. The words constitute his epitaph, the most inspiring that sailor could have.

Happily, while we mourn the dead, there remains occasion to acclaim the living, in whose hands the glorious traditions of the Navy remain untarnished. There is a warm place in the hearts of us all for Rear-Admiral Arthur Christian, whose flag flew on the Euryalus when she led the cruisers into action in the Bight. His report upon the action rigorously excluded all mention of himself, but the share he had in the battle forms an addition to our naval history which we all read with pride. Just praise is bestowed by Admiral Christian upon



GENERAL GALLIENI,
Military Governor of Paris.



Photo by] [Talma, Melbourne.

SIR ALEXANDER PEACOCK,

Premier of Victoria.

Commodore Roger J. B. Keyes, commodore of the submarines engaged in the action. This gallant officer, whose ship is the *Maidstone*, led his submersibles in the *Lurcher*, which, with other destroyers and the submarines, had been keeping watch and ward over the Bight while the Expeditionary Force was being transported. In the great scoop in the Bight, Commodore Keyes, in addition to looking after his diving boats, had a share in the destruction of the *Mainz*. When she was sinking, he gallantly placed his vessel alongside and rescued two hundred and twenty of her crew, and afterwards, finding the *Laurel* and *Liberty* limping, escorted them in safety to the care of the cruiser squadron.

Two of the younger men have won laurels in distant waters. It was Captain Glossop, on the *Sydney*, to whom fell the glory of at last laying the piratical *Emden* by the heels. It was a dramatically interesting contest, for Captain Glossop was striking the first blow ever aimed by the young navy of Australia. The blow was well and gloriously delivered. The Australian cruiser was so handled as to give her the advantage of her superior speed

and gunfire, and from the moment she received the S.O.S. from Cocos Island until the *Emden* crashed ashore, a crater of flaming ruin, the issue was never in doubt. Captain Glossop had his crew perfectly in hand, and their shooting was magnificent. Early the *Emden's* rudder was shot away, and all the spirit fizzled out of her fire, which had terrorised so many helpless merchantmen.

men deserve the V.C., but there was one officer who all the troops who witnessed his conduct swore had above others merited the honour. That officer was Captain Francis Grenfell, of the 9th Lancers, who rode in the wild charge under de Lisle, who towered like an avenging spirit above his fellows in a madly heroic swoop upon the massed forces of the enemy's infantry at Andregnies, in a

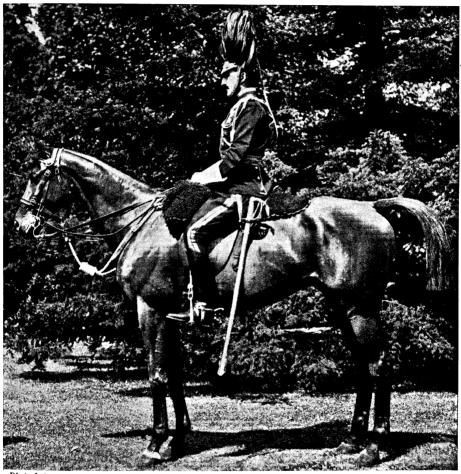


Photo by]

CAPTAIN FRANCIS GRENFELL, V.C.

[W. A. Rouch.

Next her first funnel was carried away, then her mainmast, then her second and third funnels. The bogus fourth was the only one to escape. The heavy death-roll on the *Emden* tells the tale of the effectiveness of the *Sydney's* fire, and the result of the engagement marched harmoniously with the Commonwealth's watchword: "Advance, Australia!"

Many officers have declared that all their

rearguard fight such as the British Army has, perhaps, never before in all its honourable history had to make. But as a swollen torrent sweeps all obstacles before it, the multitudinous enemy came on, and little detachments of our forces, left behind to stay the rush of the German hordes at the risk of almost certain death, were repeatedly getting overflowed and smothered. When pressure was at its height, the guns of the



Photo by] SQUADRON-COMMANDER SPENSER D. A. GREY.

[Sport & General.



Photo by]

LIEUTENANT S. V. SIPPE.

Sport & General,





LIEUTENANT C. H. COLLETT.

[F. N. Birkett.



Photo by]

[F. N. Birkett.

LIEUTENANT R. L. G. MARIX.

119th Battery of the R.F.A. were on the point of capture. Captain Grenfell dashed like an equestrian hurricane into the fight, and with his help the guns were gloriously brought off. In his case the acclamation of the rank and file has met with appropriate response at the War Office, and to-day he wears the V.C., the first to be announced in the war.

The men of the Royal Flying Corps have been winning laurels for unprecedented Lieutenant - General Sir David Henderson is the first man in any army ever to command a corps of air-fighters. He took up aeronautics as a hobby when tendency was to sniff at this department of military work. He has established for himself a position of unique importance as the eyes and ears of the Army. Generals French and Joffre have both shown that the ordering of the Allies' plans has been determined by the infallibly accurate reports of the men under Sir David's orders. The only complaint these men had was, not that they had to fly fast and far day by day under the fire of friends and foes, but that they could not get a sight of one of the vaunted Zeppelins. So as Zeppelin would not come to the aeroplanes, the aeroplanes went to Zeppelin. The Düsseldorf raid, carried out under the leadership of Squadron-Commander Spenser Grey, R.N., in company with Lieutenant R. L. G. Marix, Lieutenant S. V. Sippe, and Lieutenant C. H. Collet, was the most dashing little foray in the history of aeronautics. They had Cologne at their mercy, but were too chivalrous to bomb it, lest, owing to the fog, they should kill women and children. But Lieutenant Marix got home a bomb on the Zeppelin shed at Düsseldorf, and shed and contents, including one of the veritable aerial Dreadnoughts, were his reward. For he scored

a bull's-eye, and the three came home triumphant. Since then members of the corps have retaliated upon the Germans for the attempts of the Taubists to kill King Albert, and it was their searchlights which in mid-air revealed the coming by night of the Prussian Guard—to destruction.

There are men remote from the firing-line who are fighting in this war. It is a far call from Australia to the Allies' battle-ground, but our cousins under the Southern Cross, like those of our other Dominions, are making a superb answer to the unhallowed hope of the Kaiser that our overseas possessions would welcome the opportunity to break away from the Motherland. "The last man and the last shilling for the Empire!" is the retort of Australia, and Sir Alexander Peacock, Premier of Victoria, is prominent in translating words into deeds. This is what his whole career had taught to expect of him, for, Australian born and bred, he was an enthusiastic Federalist, striving for closer bonds with the Old Country long before most men had dreamed of a Commonwealth. School-teacher, gold miner, mine manager, legislator by turns, he is a brilliant example of the type of hardthinking, hard-working men whom the great island continent produces. He has a wonderful hold upon the public imagination, and that not only in Australia. Young men write to him from London as to an elder brother. A youth in a Chancery Lane office wrote to him: "Can you get me a berth as a farmer? Father does not know I am writing, but if I may say you have given me a berth in Australia, he will let me go." Alec may expect more of this sort of letter, not only from would-be farmers, but from sailors, for the lads of the Homeland will be anxious to join that fine little Australian navy which has come so gloriously into its own.

A further group of portraits of other Men of Mark in the War, not here represented, will appear in the next number.



A LOVERS' TALE

By MAURICE HEWLETT

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Into Midfirth, in Iceland, runs the Mell river through mudflats and marl to mix green water with salt waves. On either side the land is rich and wet, giving fine pasture. There on the brae stood Melstead, and there it stands yet. Once it was the house of Ogmund and his wife Dalla; but he died before the tale begins. Which begins with Dalla, a widow and blind, and her two grown sons. Thorgils and Cormac. Thorgils, the elder, was a broad-shouldered, fair-haired young man, steady at his work, and in his ways mild and quiet. Cormac took after his mother in looks, being vivid black and white. He was a wild young man, but very friendly after the bout. He had no idea how strong he was; but his brother knew, though they were very good friends for all that. He had a keen eye for the flight of a bird or the play of a fish, and could sing and make verses. Sometimes he made verses because he had been moved; sometimes he was moved because he had made verses; and often he did not know which way it had been with him. Although he had no notion of setting up for a poet, he thought about himself and his sensations a good deal, and had found out already that he did not greatly care to do anything unless he could watch himself doing it, and watch the thing done as it suffered the doing. On a day in late autumn Cormac went up to the fells with Toste, the Melstead reeve, to round up the sheep. The dusk came down early and found them still at it. Toste said that it would be well to put into Nupsdale-stead for the night. "They'll feed us well, and we shall hear some good talk," he said. So to Nupsdale-stead they went, and there Cormac saw, for the first time, the beautiful Stangerd, daughter of Thorkel of Tongue, who had been fostered there for some four years. Cormac's gift of impromptu song attracted the girl's attention as much as her beauty fascinated him, and he returned to Nupsdale-stead more than once to sing further songs to her, though it never occurred to him to say that he loved her. As for a

CHAPTER VII.

FIGHTING AT TONGUE.



HEY laid a trap for Cormac at Tongue, which Stangerd perceived, though she did nothing to prevent it, since not a word was said of him throughout their preparations. You do not ask a girl who respects

herself to talk of her heart-concerns to men. She will never do it. Moreover, her father was about the house all that afternoon, the last person in the world to whom she could talk of Cormac.

The first thing was that Ord and Gudmund came to Tongue carrying weapons of war. They had swords and shields. With them came Narve, who had been out in the meadow since dinner-time, looking for them. He brought a scythe over his shoulder.

They shut the front door and shot one of the bolts. Then the scythe was hung upon a nail, with the blade across the entry, and on the other side of it two nails were driven aslant, so that a sword leaning upon them cut across the corner of the door itself. Both of these things must fall when the door was opened. Such preparations were made, and the men sat about drinking mead, not saying very much above a whisper.

Ord tried to sit with Stangerd, who had her yarn to wind, but she was very indignant, and would have nothing to say to him. Thorkel came in and out, but towards the time when Cormac might be looked for, he went into the kitchen and waited there, Stangerd saw him through the peering. crack of the door. She continued to wind her yarn, and busied herself over it. had no fear, however, for Cormac; it was not that which troubled her. She was convinced of his better mettle and more fortunate star. It would take stronger, stiller men than Ord to put him down. But she was enraged at the injustice of her father that he should abet Ord's jealousy, and, knowing nothing against Cormac, yet take rank against him. Because he didn't relish song-making, was song-making, therefore,

shameful? Her heart burned in her breast, and the edges of her cheek-bones burnt her cheeks.

The barking of the dogs declared the coming of her lover. Narve, the fool, could not keep still. He jumped in the air and cracked his fingers. Ord and Gudmund looked at each other, but said nothing. Then presently they heard Cormac's step in the court, and the sound of his voice singing.

The door was tried. He found it bolted. He drave against it with some staff or other which he was carrying. Gudmund tiptoed to the door and shot back the bolt. Cormac drave into it again with his staff, and it flew open. The scythe and the sword came down together and met in midway, falling with a clash and shiver. Scythe, being heavier, break sword. Cormac stood, smiling and bright-eyed, looking on. He saw Stangerd in her white gown, and was going directly to her over the wreckage at the door, when Thorkel bounced out.

He was in a high rage. He shook his hand at Cormac. "You worthless rascal! You night-worker, get you gone! What have you been to this house but a cause of scandal and bitterness? Get you gone with your mouthful of folly and wind!"

Cormac laughed pleasantly, and made him

worse

"You grin, you grin! But there shall be a ruefuller grinning for you before long."

He went into his hall and took Stangerd by the arm. "Up with you, mistress, and come with me. Here is mischief enough for your fine eyes. There shall be no more."

She had risen, red and troubled herself. Holding her by the upper arm, he bustled her through the hall and out by the women's door. He thrust her into the byre and shut the door upon her, locking her in. "Stay there till we have scared out this gadfly skald," he said.

Meantime Cormac had gone into the hall. Narve was not there, but at the further end he saw the two brothers, with their bare swords on their knees.

"What is afoot?" he asked, looking from one to the other; but they said nothing.

He stood doubtfully, looking first at them, and then about the hall, next at the ruins on the floor. He stirred them with his toe.

When scythe and broadsword come to blows, Plain men take heart, and meadow-grass. But there's no pasture for the ass, However fair the home-mead grows. Cudgel your wits, I'll cudgel your hides, Ye greedy pair of hoody crows.

They sat glum, glowering at him from

beneath their brows. So far Cormac had not been in a rage, but now he got suddenly angry. He walked up to the brothers.

"What is the meaning of this foolery? What have I done to Thorkel or to you that I should be received in this manner?"

Ord said: "You are not wanted here. Is it not plain enough? What more can a man do than take his daughter out of the house the moment you come into it?"

Cormac answered him: "He can see that worse men than myself are out of it first. But he lets his house fill with smeary scamps, and then bolts them in lest he lose one of them. You are none of you fit to sweep the floor for Stangerd's feet. You make that foul which was only gritty with good dust before." He turned suddenly and saw Narve in the entry of the bower. In a flash he was upon him and had him by the ear. "You dish-washer, where is Stangerd?" He screwed his ear round, and Narve writhed.

"She's locked up in the byre, then," he

said in a hurry.

Cormac loosed him and went straight through the house and out of the women's door, where the maids were clustered together, and saw him go. He shook the door of the byre and called: "Stangerd, are you there?"

She answered him: "Yes, I am here."

"I must see you," he said.

But she said: "No, no, you can't get in."
"Can I not?" said Cormac, and took a
short run and butted into the door with his
shoulder. It burst at the lock.

She was alarmed; her eyes were bright. "Oh, you are mad to act so! My father

will set on you."

"He will not, then," said Cormac, and took her in his arms. He had never been so eager to hold and kiss her before. He had always seemed afraid of her, but now he was not at all afraid. Stangerd was glad of him, and very proud. Her father did not come near them, and there they stayed till it grew dusk. Then she bade him go, for fear they should set upon him in the dark, and Cormac himself thought it was the better way.

"Farewell, my sweet," he said, with his lips to hers. "I think I never loved you

like this before."

"No," she said, kissing him.

"You were goddess to me," he told her, but now you are woman."

"I like it better," she said.

He felt a sudden chill at the heart. He knew—something told him certainly—that it was not so good a way. Then he left her

and went through the house to go home. The house was empty so far as he could see.

Beyond the court there were the meadows stretching downwards to the brook, with stone walls about them. Then came the valley bottom, where rushes grew and some sycamore trees. Beyond the water the hill rose, and here was your path if you were going to Melstead.

Stangerd went to the door presently and watched Cormac go through the meadows.

He went fast, vaulting wall after wall. She wasn't sure, but she believed that Thorveig's sons were waiting for him in the bottom. When Cormac came to the last wall, she was sure, for he stood on the top of it and remained standing for a while. Then when he jumped down, and she could only see his head and shoulders, she saw the men come out of the trees. Her father was not one of them. They were Ord, Gudmund, and Narve. Ord aimed a spear at him. She saw it fly.

Cormac had seen the ambush before he got to the last stone wall. He stood on it that the ambushmen might know that he saw them and come out into the open. They all came out together, but when they were within hurling distance, they separated. Narve hung back in some alder bushes. Gudmund went to the left, and Ord to the right. Cormac jumped off the wall and went between them. He had an axe.

Ord ran a little way forward and hurled his spear. Cormac met it with the axe, and it glanced off and stuck in the moss. Then Gudmund, who had been running, doubled up, came behind him to cut him off from the wall; but Cormac was too quick for him, and was on him like a gust of wind. He swung his axe as the spear came, and cut it in half as if it had been a bulrush: then he whirled the axe round back-handed and caught Gudmund in the neck with it and brought him down. If he had not been giving ground at the moment, his head had been off. As it was, the blade did not hit true; but he gushed blood from nose, mouth, and ears, and fell like a stone.

Cormac turned and waited for Ord, who, having shot his spear, now came at him with a sword.

Stangerd, watching by the door, turned quickly when she heard a man's foot in the hall, and saw her father coming out with his bill. Her eyes burned.

"What are you going to do, father?" she said.

"Get out of my way, you," he answered,

but she would not. She came to him and caught both his wrists. He raved at her, but she held on.

"You shall not—you shall not! . It is shameful to be four against one!" . '

He swore he would be the death of her,

but she cared nothing now.

Narve came up the court on tiptoe, white as a cloth. "Master, hold you there. 'Tis all over,' he said. "Cormac has slain Ord, and, as for Gudmund, I doubt he'll never move again. Fierce work! Bloody work!" He stared about him at the dusk. "We set our feet on a snake—that's what we did—and he's bitten us to the bone." Then he shuddered and covered his face. Stangerd let go of her father's wrists and went into the house.

It was true. Ord was no match for Cormac with any weapon, and sword has no chance with axe if the axe-bearer knows his business. He never touched Cormac, who, after two feints, split his head open.

This was the first man Cormac had ever killed. He looked thoughtfully at the body, his rage having left him, and then went over to the brother.

He believed him to be dead, too; but he was not actually dead, though he died in a few days. His rage had left him—no, not his rage, for he had had none. He had been very excited. That moment on the wall when he saw the three come out of the trees had been the greatest pleasure he had ever known. But now all this was gone, and a feeling of disgust, as if he had tasted something sour and stale, was in him. There seemed a tarnish upon Stangerd's gold. He would not think of Stangerd.

He found his axe-haft wet with Ord's blood, and the space 'twixt forefinger and thumb was wet, too. He shuddered once or twice. It was all a nasty business. wondered: Should he leave those two things alone there under the stars, or sit by them until it was light? Gudmund's face showed in the dark-for it was almost night by now—as if there was a light within it. But Ord's case was the worse. Ord had no face now—only horrible parts of a face. could not bear to look at Ord or help looking at him. He took off his coat and covered Ord's head and shoulders with it. Gudmund, he had to content himself with boughs from a sycamore tree. He was very careful of them, having no feeling against them. They had attacked him—he had provoked nothing-but he did not feel at all justified. A beastly business—and Stangerd

involved in it. To-morrow he would tell their mother; for the present, his coat was testimony enough that this was no murder.

He went home full of thought; but no verses came into his head, since none were in his heart. He told his brother what he had done. Thorgils said there was no shame to him.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SPAE-WIFE'S CURSE.

mother of THORVEIG, the Gudmund, was a grave, heavy woman with thin hair and light eyes, wide open, which seemed always to be looking at things which were not there. They were like dead eyes. The tale says that she knew too much. Certain it is that when Cormac rode to see her, accompanied by his testimony, betimes in the morning—certain it is that she had Ord laid out for burial and Gudmund in bed. She was sitting by the dead when It was covered with they came to the door. a sheet, as it had need to be.

Cormac said what he had to say. "I was attacked from an ambush; I defended myself. It was unprovoked on my part, and well you know it. I offer no atonement nor ransom for this dead man, and I require you to leave our land as soon as may be, and carry yourself and your evil seed elsewhere."

She watched him, but said nothing. Thorgils added his testimony. "I am with Cormac in this, Thorveig. I know that he did nothing against Ord. If you doubt of that, do you ask Thorkel of Tongue, or his man Narve, who was of the ambush, too, but never came to blows. And when Cormac says that you must leave our land, I am with him there also. We will not have enemies at our doors."

Then Thorveig got up and said: "Ill fall him who takes land from another, but worse fall them who take again what they have freely given. Think not you, Cormac Ogmundsson, to prosper in these ways. True enough you can get me gone from the hundred, like enough you will not ransom my sons. But I have that within me to put me even with you yet. You think you have cleared your way to Stangerd by such doings. You are a fool, then, for you will never have her."

Cormac looked as if he would laugh at her, but he changed his mind. "The settlement of such a thing is not with you, woman," he said. "Ah," said she, "you are right there. It is with you, and I see it in you, and know it. And this, too, I see—that the foolishest thing you ever did was to fall foul of me and mine. It will come to pass also that you will wish me back at Melstead before many years are gone over. These things I see, but you cannot see. Now get you gone with your friends and leave me with my dead."

With that she sat down by the covered corpse, and Cormac rode away.

He did not go to Tongue that day, nor the next, though he thought of Stangerd, and never had her out of his mind. He wandered about the country by himself, asking of himself why he did not go to see her. He hungered and thirsted for her; he was sure of that. But it was a new kind of love—it was more than love, or less. He thought of these things all day and went to bed with them. In the morning he woke up to find them all about the bolster like flies. He made a bitter song, wherein she suffered as much as he did.

But there was another thing—he must go to Tongue to show Thorkel that he was as good a man as he, and not one to be scared off by a door-trap. He must go to Tongue, as his right was; and if it was his pleasure to talk to Stangerd, he would do it, let come what might—even if so to do were to cheapen her. And thus he left it, and thus it was when he did go up to Tongue.

He got scowling looks from Thorkel, and very scared looks from Narve in response to his pleasant greeting. From Stangerd he got little. She was rather cool, he thought; whereas the truth was that she was conscious of her company and conscious of herself. Men had been fighting for her, and here she was now in the presence of two of them, and of a third, you may say, since her father would have been a fighter if she had not stopped him. All this made her shy and awkward. She could not feel herself that day; it was now for Cormac to begin. But Cormac did not begin.

He was with her most of the morning, saying little. He felt that a look from her, a sigh, a sign, however little, would set him blazing like dry hay. But he did not get it, and he began to wonder whether he wanted it. He watched the play of her hands at the loom, he watched the light show silvery on her chin and neck as she moved about. He had glimpses of her deep blue eyes; while, as for her hair, he bathed in the golden glow and strength of that. But she was not



"Then he whirled the axe round back-handed."

what she had been at first—a light and wonder of the earth. Tears came to his eyes as he remembered his first estate, and knew it lost for ever. And yet he loved her, and could not keep away from her.

He began to judge her. He thought she was slow to move, somewhat insensible; he felt sure that she did not love him. To be sure, it was some testimony to a girl, lovely as she might be, that a man should dare a houseful to see her, and fight single-handed against three. It was not much—poetry was much more—but it was something. And she reckoned it for nothing, and waited to be wooed. But had she not been woced by that fighting? He went away early, and did not ask her, since she did not offer, to come to the door with him.

Next day he was in a black mood and most wretched. He did not go to Tongue, which was a remarkable thing in these days. His mother waited for him to speak, but as he would not, she herself began upon the affair, and got short answers from him. Presently she said: "I will tell you this, my son. It was not thus that your father, a captain of men, wooed me."

"Why, what did he?" said Cormac.

"He saw me at a wrestling, and spoke to me before it was over. Then he went to your grandfather and asked for me, and gave gifts; but I only saw him through the half-open door, for my mother kept me in the bower. He went away without asking for me, and came rarely to the house. used to say: 'There is time enough. will find me a good husband to you. should not have asked for you if I had not believed that. All I see of you, and all I hear, satisfies me. I am a man of full Wait until the measures, not of half. wedding-day and trust to me.' That I did. Your father was a true man of his word, and his deeds suited his words, as a sword lies in a sheath."

"He was a true man," said Cormac, but he thought in his bitterness: "That was a way to buy cows at a fair, but not to love a woman." He went out by himself on to the heath; but Stangerd called him from afar, and he rose up presently and went to a place whence he could see the house and steading at Tongue settling down into the dusk. "It is a wonderful thing that within those walls is the loveliest body upon earth, sitting on a bench, leaning by the board. Men are about her insensible of her glory, not trembling in the air which is about her. And I, who know and tremble even here, I

am so cursed that I cannot go down there and tell my knowledge! This is madness in me, and must be fought. To-morrow I go and claim her of Thorkel. But my father's way will not suit me. I shall do it in my own way." He rose up and went home comforted.

So much for what was to be a bad business. He thought nothing of the spae-wife and her curse upon his doings. He was too disturbed to think of anything or anybody. He seemed to be groping about with scummed eyes. There was a blur, a tarnish upon everything. The pity of it, with the glory so new!

But as for the spae-wife herself, it is told of her that after a while she buried her sons—for Gudmund never got better, and died without knowing her again—and crossed the hills into Sowerby and came to the house of a strong man called Berse. To him she told her tale—that her sons had been killed, weregild refused her, and she turned out of her holding by the slayer. "Therefore," said she, "I come to you, Berse, because you are a just man."

Berse sat well back in his leather-seated chair, and laid the ankle of one leg upon the knee of another, and twirled his thumbs.

"Who was the man that slew your sons?"
She told him. "It was Black Cormac Ogmundsson, who lives in Midfirth."

Berse blinked. "I have heard tell of him. His father was a great Viking, and died ashipboard. Now, wherefore did he so to your sons?"

"They got bickering," she said, "over

Stangerd, Thorkel's daughter."

Said Berse: "From breaking hearts to broken sconces there is a short and straight road. I will wager that Cormac was no more forward on it than your sons. If I don't blame them, I don't blame him either."

She said nothing to that, but waited on where she was.

Berse said: "That girl of Thorkel's is a fine girl, I hear."

Thorveig said she was. "But they will spoil her," she said, "with all this quarrelling about her. Yet Cormac will never have her—that's certain."

"Who says so?" said Berse.

She answered: "I say so. I know it."

Berse went on twirling his thumbs for a time. Then he said: "Well, you shall have land of me. I know nothing against you. There is a steading down on the firth—a good small house and intake. You shall

have that. It has a staithe into the water, and there are some boats go with it. You shall have that, but remember I don't blame Cormac Ogmundsson. I am the last man to do it. They call me Battle-Berse, Holmgang Berse. I'm a fighting man myself."

The spae-wife said: "And you will have more to do yet, Berse, with your charmed

sword."

"Get along with you," said Berse, rather pleased with her. "I am not so young as I was, and Whiting keeps the fireside nowadays." Now, Whiting was his famous sword, with which he had fought thirty wagers-of-battle and won them all. It had a magical stone in the hilt, and was said never to lose its edge.

"Look to Whiting," said the spae-wife, "and you won't be sorry." She thanked him for his open-handedness, but he only

said: "Get along with you."

She took up her abode in Berse's ferry-house, which is called Bersestead to this hour. It was a good house upon the further shore of Ramfirth, with a haven and a mole. Boats lay snug there. There was a ferry, and many men used the place to cross over the water to go into Sowerby. Berse himself used it, for his own house was far from the water, high up in the hills of Sowerby. You can see it from the staithe, like a patch of snow afar off, and a great force of water near by.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PLIGHTING.

THORKEL spoke to Stangerd about Cormac. It was on the evening of the day after the battle, when he had gone early. "My girl," he said, "what is wrong with this man of yours?"

She flushed and looked away from him. Her eyes were cloudy. "He is no man of

mine," she said.

"Well," said Thorkel, "he slew a couple of fine fellows last night, and I suppose that was not for nothing."

She flashed him a look. "He was set upon by three at once, and there would have

been a fourth at him but for me."

Thorkel could not deny it. "And what is to be done now?" he asked her instead. "Is he to make free of my house and of you—to sit here scowling at you, looking you over, and no one to say a word? Are you not ashamed to be so treated? If your brother were here, things might go

differently, I think. They don't call him Toothgnasher for nothing."

Stangerd was angry; her cheek-bones showed it. She twisted her hands about and stared out of doors. "Cormac would not be afraid of his teeth," she said. "He has teeth of his own, and has shown them."

"Little sense has he shown in this affair," said Thorkel. "What does he mean by his singing and nonsense? He calls you every sounding name he can get at, and talks two score to the dozen. He'll tell you by the hour together what he is going to do with you, and you suffer it. He sets you up sky-high, but can't see you because your head is in the clouds. What do you make of it, you who are a sensible girl, or were so before he ran on about your good looks?"

before he ran on about your good looks?"
Stangerd looked stormy, but handsomer than ever. Her father could not but notice how fine she was, with her rich colour and golden hair and dark blue eyes. But she had not much to say because she did not know what to make of Cormac herself, and she had a feeling that, sweet as his kisses were, she ought not to allow them until he declared himself. Cormac had a way with him which was hard to resist. He had a way of looking at her with narrow eyes and of saying, "O Stangerd, how sweet and lovely you are!" and of taking her. She found that very pleasant. But what baffled her was that at another time he would treat her as if she was unearthly—a being of the other world—and as if he dared not to touch her at all. Lastly, there was his manner of to-day, when he had sat dull and troubled before her, neither looking at her nor avoiding the sight of her, but preoccupied, with his thoughts elsewhere.

Meantime Thorkel had nothing to conceal. He did not understand Cormac any better than she did, but he did not want to

understand him.

"I see that you choose to sulk with me," he said. "But look you here, my girl. If this man of yours comes after you, he must deal with me for you. If he don't want you, let him say so, or prove it by keeping out of your way. I can get a husband for you any day, and so I shall if I am to be bothered by this hankering and moon-gazing."

With that he took himself off.

In the morning she was troubled, finding the need of Cormac, and she did what she had never yet done. She went out across the meadows and on to the fellside to look for him. There was a fine rain falling, but the light was behind it, and it was more like silver mist than rain. She saw him coming, and went down to meet him. The rain was shining in her hair; her cheeks and lips were wet. He saw her in his turn, and his feet answered to the leap of his heart. They met without words, but he took both her hands. She could not look at him, but let him hold her hands. She felt the might of his eyes, and liked the feeling.

Presently he said: "Stangerd, now you shall tell me truly why you have come out to

meet me."

She hung her head and would not let him see her face. But he did see it. She was burning red.

"By that," he said, "you have answered me. And now I ask you this: Whom would

you choose to wed?"

After a little she shook her fear from her and showed him her face. The love-light was in her eyes, and made her bold. "I should choose to wed the blind woman's son," she said.

Cormac was very grave. "You have chosen as you ought," he said. "You have chosen me, who have courted you long. So it shall be." He drew her in and put his arm about her. So they stood a while together. Then Cormac stooped his head to her and kissed her mouth. He did it just so, deliberately and without passion. No words were said. "She did not know what to make of it. His mood was very strange.

They went together to the house, and by degrees Cormac's tongue was loosened, and he told her of the battle, and spoke of his glumness of the other day. "I felt as if I had been enticed into cheapening you by that bout. I felt on a level with those snarling swine—one of a pack about your skirts. I felt that I had been digging a dyke between you and me; it was full of black sludge and slipping eels. When I loved you first, you were glorious to me—as you are to-day—but yesterday there was a skin over my eyes. I did not see you glorious. If I cannot love you well, I will not love you at all. You shall be more than wife to me—or nothing."

He kissed her very often after that and comforted her. She was not bewildered any

more, and could talk to him freely.

"Will you not make peace with my father now?" she asked him. "Do it for my sake. He says hard things to me, and I can't answer him for fear he may say what I could not bear."

Cormac promised her that, and she was

pleased. "Nobody could refuse you anything when you are like that," she said.

"Ho!" said he. "But I shall not kiss

your father."

"If you are friendly to him, he will take it well," she told him. "You are of good fortune—as good as he is—and of good descent. That is what he will look to."

"Such things mean little to me," said Cormac. "The best thing I can say for myself is that you, who might choose the King of Norway, choose me, Cormac Ogmundsson of Melstead."

She laughed. "You must find a better thing to say than that. If I don't believe

you, how shall he?"

"Shall I make you believe me, Stangerd?"

he said with eagerness.

But she would not let him. "Ask for me," she said, "as the custom is, and not in the way of skalds and minstrels. He does not like your rhyming about me."

"But you, Stangerd, are pleased when I

sing of you?"

She thought for a little while, then cast herself upon his breast. "Oh," she said, "I am pleased whatever you do with me."

Then he said fondly: "I will tell you what I would do with you now, Stangerd. I would carry you in my arms out of the house, and through the meadows, and up into the fells. I know a place—a high place where there is a holm, and the grass grows green, and there are tall trees, and within them a hush. And I would build you a house there, and make an altar of stones before it, and keep a fire of fragrant wood burning there perpetually. Nobody should see you for a long time but the sun, the moon, the stars, and me. And you should be loved as never woman was loved before. And the songs I would make of you would go all over the world, and your name would be whispered about like the name of Fricka, the goddess who gives love and life to men."

She blushed at his ardent talk and welcomed it, for she was susceptible to his moods, though she did not at all understand them, and knew that this was the one that became him best. "Oh," she said, "what wild words! But you must woo me as a girl and not as a goddess. Therefore you shall ask for me properly of my father, and then you shall take me where you will."

"Well," he said, "I will do it. But it is proper to have witnesses and upholders with me. Therefore I will come to-morrow with my brother, Thorgils, and then everything will be in order. But, for all that, I should

like it best that I might carry you away now in my arms."

She believed that that was very true, but she had an orderly mind, and could not

consider such wild-goose plans.

He stayed with her till it grew dark, and then left her. She felt very much drawn to him—more than she had ever been when he was away from her, for his power was strong upon her when he was with her, and seemed little when he had gone. But now she knew that she was ready for the day when he should take her home to Melstead. Many men had courted her, and she had been pleased with their attentions and flattered by them, but this man had awoken the woman in her.

As for Cormac, he went homewards with feet of lead. He had no idea what was the matter with him, but matter there was. Once he stopped short and rubbed his eyes. "What is the meaning of this? I leave Stangerd, the wonder of the world, her accepted lover, and my heart is like cold plum-pudding. And at the sheep-homing, after I had been a day with her, I came flying, with feet that scarcely touched the heather tufts! What is this? She is the same—nay, she is more beautiful than she She is like golden fruit upon a wall. But there is something the matter with me. When I talk to her of her beauty, I grow by degrees to believe it; but when I think of it or see it, I don't believe it. And yet I am the same man that I was; I am that Cormac who believed because he knew. Am I so, truly? If I am not—but I tell you that I am. Love her? Ah, but I do love her—I do—I tell you I do!" Then he went on his way, but at the edge of his heart there was fear like a blanket of fog, threatening to muffle and deaden and stifle it.

He told his mother and brother about his doings, and asked Thorgils to go with him on the morrow to ask for Stangerd. Thorgils said he would certainly go, and "They say that you have got a fine, tall girl for a wife, and a handsome girl, and a good one."

"She is all that," Cormac said, "and much more than that. I believe she is the most beautiful girl that ever was born."

Dalla, his mother, shook her head. "I shall never see her, but I shall tell by the feel of her. I hope she is even-tempered, for your wife will need to be."

Cormac said: "I am sure that she has given me her heart. I am sure that she has mine in exchange. With that, all is well, I take it."

"If you are sure of these things, all is well indeed," said Dalla.

Cormac grew hot.

"It does not become you to doubt me. I tell you again that I have loved her so much that I have slain two men to prove it. I have loved her night and day. I have made good songs; I have been in great heart. Love has made me taller than other men. When I first saw her, it seemed to me that she was like the core of light—that strong light enclosed her like a sheath, and that she lay quivering within it like a sword."

"All this," said his mother, "is very

fine "—and put Cormac into a rage.

"Ah, you scoff at my way—as if by a lip curled back you could refute a lover. Well, you must find out for yourself how much I love her. You will have time."

"I shall find out," Dalla said. But

Cormac had gone out of the house.

Dalla stretched out her hands to the fire.

"I am not contented," she said.

Thorgils looked troubled. "It was a bad piece of work that he outed Thorveig. I backed him because I could not do otherwise. But he was wrong. Her ill-conditioned boys were dead. He might have left her alone. He has never been the same since."

"Nay," said Dalla, "she would have cast misfortune upon him because he would not

pay a ransom."

"A bad business," said Thorgils, "a bad business. He'll take it hard."

Said Dalla: "Do you take me to Thorveig. The spell must be moved."

"Too late," said Thorgils.

Dalla did her best to hearten him. "Cormac is moody by nature; there may be no spell at all."

Thorgils said: "I doubt that she has done it. She read it into him. She has the

second sight."

Next day they rode over the hill to Tongue, to ask for Stangerd. Three of them went—Cormac, Thorgils, and Toste, the reeve. They took gifts with them—a fine saddle, scarlet cloaks embroidered with gold and blue, and long horns for drinking, with golden covers and chains—treasure of Ogmund's, the Viking, long laid up for such a use. They found Thorkel sitting in his hall, in his finest clothes, on the dais, surrounded by his men and his friends. He loved things to be coremonious. Stangerd was not present.

Cormac asked squarely for her, promising a good price. "I set this sum upon her,"

he said, "not because it represents her worth, which is to me beyond human price, but because it is the custom."

"She is worth a good price," Thorkel said. One of the company added: "Many would be after her if they knew she was to be had. Or Thorkel might take her to Norway and find some earl glad to have her."

Cormac chafed and looked very black.

biting his cheek.

"The less we say about prices, the better," he said. "I have complied with custom, to serve you, but I can't go on with it."

"All in order, Cormac," Thorkel said.

"Law is law, and money is money."

So the talk ran on in this fashion, and then Thorkel said: "This will want thinking about—a deal of thinking it will want. seems to me that your offer should be stretched. If my son Toothgnasher were here, he would say so—that I know. But he is on the sea, levying war. Should he come home in the spring with a good cargo, that will make us look foolish—to have bargained away his sister to the first comer. Toothgnasher sets great store by Stangerd. must think of the absent as much as we can."

Toste said: "Our land is as much as yours, and much of it is better. Your girl will be

no loser by coming to Melstead.'

"Nay, it is I will be the loser, it seems," Thorkel said, and his friends took his side.

Cormac was beside himself with rage. "You shall finish this talk without me," he "My brother knows more of such matters than I do. By your leave, I will go and see Stangerd." Whereupon he broke away from the company and went through the door which led to the bower. She was

there at the loom, other girls with her. looked strangely at him. Her eyes were like blue flowers.

Cormac went to her and kissed her, not very gently. "Stangerd, they are haggling over you as if you were a heifer. Such things sicken me. You and I know what is to be, and those dealers can never know. Give me your hand."

She did. He put a ring upon her finger. "That is a token, my love," he said. "Let them do their foulest. I have gone to work in my own fashion. Speak to me now and tell me what I wish to hear."

She asked him: "What is it that you wish to hear?"

"Ah," said Cormac, "if you don't know that by this time, I can hardly tell you before these girls."

She grew red. "You are angry with me. I don't know why. I thought that a betrothal was otherwise done."

It is true that he was angry; and if she did not know why, neither could he tell her, for he didn't know himself. While they were standing there, handfasted but yet far apart, one came in to say that the bargain was made, and that Stangerd must come in for the plighting before witness. said that he would bring her in, but was told that could hardly be. He tossed up his head and tapped with his foot; but Stangerd paid no attention to him. She signalled to her maids that they should follow her, and went into the hall, leaving Cormac to follow as best he might.

He was well called Black Cormac for that day, at any rate. But the thing was done, and there was a feast. He had no songs for them, though.

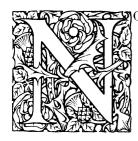
(To be continued.)



SCIENTIFIC WAR

THE LIFELESS MONSTER THAT KILLS THE SOULS AND BODIES OF MEN

By H. G. WELLS



O real thing is ever simple, for simplicity is reached by abstraction, and this great struggle of the nations that thunders about the world is made up of many factors and presents innumerable aspects.

Primarily it is a struggle of the spirit of freedom and pacific civilisation against the long-gathered attack of German militarism; but into this issue come elaborations, in the Russian situation, in the Balkan developments, in the mute but very real conflict to control the war between Imperialism and Liberalism in Great Britain, for example. And sustaining German militarism is German patriotism, a thing one may still honour even when one considers it to be at present aggressive and misled. And German militarism in itself is not simple. We are fighting against a double-headed monster. A moiety of it is as old as old Prussia. The Junker-directed soldiering and the military policy of Germany are to-day extraordinarily the same as they were in the days of Frederick the Great. And a moiety of it is newer than the present century. extreme efficiency in the German organisation of material, the new devices and inventions, the Kruppism, the Zeppelinism, present absolutely unprecedented aspects of war. The journalistic mind has seized upon this duality in its denunciation of the "Krupp-Kaiser combination." And, so far as the Kaiser-Junker side of the war is concerned, that head may be counted dead and done for already. The old swagger, the prancing monarch, the flags, the dumb, brave obedience of the ranked soldiers, the shouting victories, the war pictures—these things have gone to join pikes and chain armour in the

historical museum. The Kaiser now keeps out of the limelight for fear of aerial bombs; the Crown Prince, having confused his strategy and stolen snuff-boxes, has passed into a mysterious obscurity; the once invincible massed infantry has fallen in swathes at Liège and Mons and a score of fights; it has choked the Belgian rivers until the waters have found new courses; its prestige has melted to nothing before the steady fire of English "mercenaries" in open order; in Flanders it has fled before Hindu bayonets and screamed at the sight of brown faces; the German cavalry has been ridden through by the British, one to three. The old soldierliness of the German, booted and spurred, has departed out of the world. Coming to the fore to replace it is the new thing—the industrious and voluminous German intelligence concentrated upon war material. The submarine, the Zeppelin, the great gun, the entrenching plough, must save Germany now, if Germany is to be saved from the punishments of her aggressions. old war passes into the new war.

Now, the new war is no invention of Germany's. But it is a fact too little heeded in this world that the type of mind that is least creative is often the one that can best use an invention. The aeroplane is American, the submarine is French, the ironclad was first American, then French, and then English, the "navigable" is French, the private armaments firms, that are now the most portentous fact in the world, began their career in Great Britain. Armstrong came before Krupp. We reap what we have sown. Essen and Frederickshaven are only the reaction of the methodical, indefatigable German mind to the initiatives of the intellectually more virile peoples. But it is certainly a terrible reaction. Every fresh phase of the war shows more clearly how completely the German imagination has been obsessed by the idea of systematic war

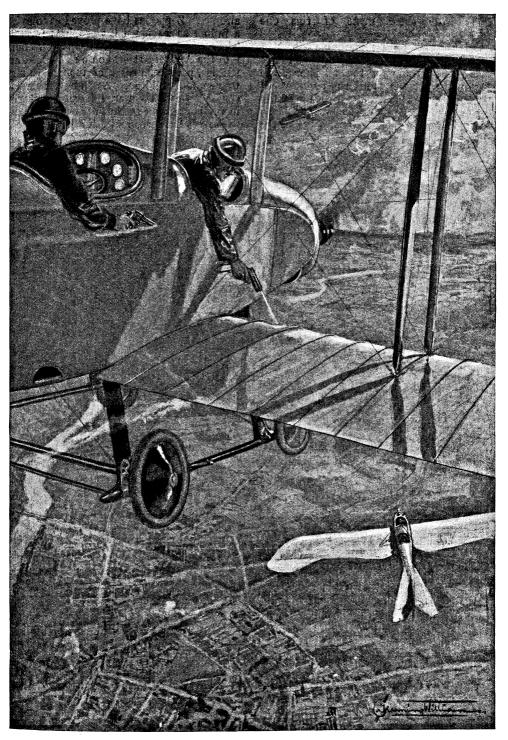
preparation. All the energy of sixty million people has been concentrated upon the scientific war business in a way that is almost incredible to the versatile anarchic American or Englishman or Frenchman. Every fresh phase of the war, indeed, justifies the determination of the Allies to end for ever the belligerent culture of Germany. For four decades all German life has been made to subserve that dream of a scientifically perfect war equipment. It has drained the life and wits out of the cavalry and infantry that were once so able; it has left German diplomacy brainless and tactless; it has eaten up the literature, the philosophy, the criticism, the emotion of a whole people. But it has certainly been carried out with a magnificent thoroughness. An organisation of equipment, a military intelligence department, a system of military espionage, a scientific preparation of war plans, have been carried to a pitch unparalleled in the world's history. Our generation has been privileged to witness the spectacle of a military machine in action such as mankind has never seen before and, I hope, will never tolerate again. It is useless to pretend that all the Allies together have anything to equal the marvels of the German apparatus. It is by the forces inherent in sane humanity, by the individual superiority of their rank and file, by a desperate resolve to endure militant Germany no longer, that they win and will continue to win in the face of these tremendous achievements, gathering fresh allies with each new confirmation of German efficiency.

Let us consider the novelties this war has produced. In the first place, it is a petrol For the first time war has been fought over a country so highly civilised as to possess abundant good roads. This gave Germany an immense advantage. Luxemburg, Belgium, and, in a lesser degree, France, unprepared for her onslaught, as every sane country whose abilities are intelligently dispersed must necessarily be unprepared. The Germans, therefore, had all the advantage of an armed monomaniac who attacks suddenly, and their first rush upon Paris was made by the best-equipped host that has ever carried fire and murder through a peaceful countryside. Vast railway sidings had been prepared upon the Belgian frontier to facilitate the movement of troops; special great guns were ready to smash the obsolescent Belgian fortresses. These first German hosts were so equipped that even the field-glasses for the riflemen

who were to pick off the French and Belgian officers had not been forgotten. The surprise of Liège failed, indeed, but the big guns remedied that. Namur, Maubeuge, were cracked like walnuts. The wave poured on. Over this stupendous advance soared an overwhelming number of aeroplanes, and along every road poured the automobiles. It was the mechanical perfection of belligerency. Before it there retreated thin lines of khaki riflemen, shooting very well, and a field artillery handled by Frenchmen and Englishmen, and to the north certain troops of curiously embittered Belgians, unconvinced by these machines. The collapse of France looked for a time inevitable. Yet these men outfought the German soldiers. Slowly day by day they corrected their disadvantage of material. Slowly the friction of the resistances was beating the best and biggest

army in history.

Within a few miles of Paris the German rush collapsed. The roads behind, choked with its killed and wounded, smashed automobiles, and broken guns, served no longer to maintain the supply of food or ammuni-The obstinate Belgians had broken up their railway system and got all their rolling-stock away, and at a little distance from the Prussian frontier the German supplies had to take to the congested and ploughed-up highways. Slowly the resistance gathered, and, as I write, the huge ruins of that great invasion, the most tremendous advance in history, beaten back from the Marne, strained by a perpetual stretching to the west, perish slowly along the line of the Aisne. And all the while Germany has been using petrol. No doubt German foresight provided great stores of petrol for a three months' war. But the war still goes on, conquest fades from the German dream, and the Germans have used petrol beyond measuring for transport, for Zeppelins, for those remarkable incendiary bombs that flared through the streets of Antwerp, for every conceivable purpose. There are no German sources of petrol. Only from America and Roumania—neither of which countries is anxious to see the German military monomania dominate the world—and through the by no means enthusiastic channels of Holland, Norway, and Denmark can petrol reach Germany. So that it may be possible for the United States and Roumania presently to turn off this war as one turns off a gas-jet. That is the first extraordinary aspect of this unprecedented war. Suddenly it may become preventable



A PISTOL FIGHT BETWEEN A BRITISH BRISTOL BIPLANE AND A GERMAN TAUBE MONOPLANE, WITH A FRENCH BLÉRIOT FLYING TO JOIN IN THE ATTACK.

BY C. FLEMING WILLIAMS.

through the sheer waste of this one

necessity.

And the next most remarkable aspect of this war is the fact that compulsory military service, combined with the telephone, the telegraph, and the modern facilities of transport, has practically abolished the "civilian." Germany evidently intends to put her whole adult male population into the fighting line before the end of this war, and she has made a prisoner of war of every adult male of mobilisable age of the Allies that she could catch. Her punitive treatment of towns and villages has practically abolished the last immunity of the "non-combatant." Entire populations are fighting now, and fighting with a disregard for the ancient amenities of warfare, for which the German scientific pressure conception of permissible strategems is directly responsible. It is a very curious and instructive thing to talk to Belgian refugees or British wounded soldiers, and to mark the savage resentment that has developed against the Germans since the first month of the war. At first the English were quite good-tempered. Slowly the Belgian outrages have turned their kindly dispositions to hatred. If a German raid were now to reach England, it would not be fought simply by the Regular troops; it would be set upon and lynched by the general population. The last traces of the eighteenth-century convention that war was a business confined to men in uniform are fading out of human thought under the stress of "scientific" methods.

And then come the actual machines.

There is something preposterously logical in the way in which metallurgy and chemistry and engineering have, under sound commercial stimulus, taken the ancient claptrap of militarism and worked it out in Europe and on the high seas. The Germans have permitted this to happen to the completest extent because they are the most thoroughminded and least subtle people in Europe. Devotion to military preparation bores all intelligent minds, but it has bored the phlegmatic German less than it has bored the English or Irish or French. And their Prussian Government has used press and picture to make the business attractive and exciting to its vulgar tax-payer. It has always, to give them something for their money, kept a good shop-window in the street, and from this it has followed that at times the German goods have been rather of the shop-window than the efficient type. This is particularly the case with the aircraft. Zeppelins have proved as complete a failure as we journalist prophets foretold. Their sole feat has been to drop a few bombs into the Antwerp streets on a still night and murder, perhaps, a score of inoffensive men, women, and children. As an agreeable sideconsequence of the war, I have now staying in my house an electrician who was a Garde Civile of Antwerp, and who left the town only after the wire entanglements, in which he had been keeping certain wires alive and dangerous, were smashed up. He saw a number of shells fall—he was knocked off his "velo" by the concussion of one of them and he has given me very illuminating particulars of the whole business. contempt for the Zeppelins is extreme. The six that "rained fire" upon Antwerp in the newspaper headlines were fabulous monsters—none shared in the bombardment at all—and of the earlier visitants one was ripped in eleven compartments and disabled by rifle fire alone. It escaped capture only by dropping all its bombs en masse and everything else that was detachable—happily into a field. Except in calm weather these huge gas sausages are uncontrollable and useless. And the German aeroplanes, though extremely numerous and a source of grave range-finders for inconvenience as artillery in the earlier stages of the war, are individually inferior to the British. Both the English and French chase and destroy The observers fight with repeating rifles, and the Allied machines seem to be not only better handled, but quicker and easier to manœuvre. The combatants fly with the view of getting a raking fire across the antagonist's propeller, so that he is unable to reply except at the risk of breaking his own blades. Slowly but surely the aerial ascendancy is being recovered by the Allied Powers. It is not only that they make better machines and faster, but that they make better aviators. The northern Frenchman and many Scotch and English types have a much greater aptitude than any German for all this sort of work; and it is probable that as the battle-line sags back towards the Allied objective in Westphalia, the Allies will have the complete command of the air, and Germany will fight blind.

It is as a scout, and more particularly as an accessory to the artillery, that the aeroplane figures in the new war. With regard to artillery, the Germans have the advantage that results from intensity of intention. Of any gun it may be said: "Why not a larger?" There is no limit to the size of guns except

the sanity of their makers. There is, for example, no scientific improbability in making a gun that could be fired from New York to smash London. There are only moral and everyday practical objections. Such a gun could be made, loaded, and fired, if all America wanted to have it and Europe did not interfere to prevent it, and London could be destroyed and burnt by it. Incidentally, New York would be shaken to pieces by the concussion, and most of the people of the Eastern States would be spun about like straws in a whirlwind; but these considerations would probably not restrain a people really obsessed by the culture of military magnificence. And in the making of guns, the Germans, even if they have not yet gone to that extent, have at any rate carried the answer of "Why not a larger?"

to a quite astonishing point.

It is manifest that if a nation devotes its full energies to such a research, the other nations in the world must either put a stop to that development, or follow suit, or go under. So far as ordinary field guns go, the German artillery, if more numerous, is in no other way superior to that of the Allies. But in the matter of big guns they altogether outclass their antagonists. new piece is put upon the chessboard of war, in the form of guns vaster than any pre-existing siege guns, great guns that can yet be moved—cumbrously, but still moved from position to position. At a blow, therefore, fixed fortifications are abolished as a refuge for inferior forces on the defensive, and the whole strategic method is changed. These pieces are so large that they must be fired by gunners using electricity at some slight distance, and they must be extremely destructive to all the small gear in the immediate vicinity. They can be fired only at an enormous cost, and, with any chance of success, only at a fixed target. must need emplacements of very great solidity, and obviously they are open to counter attack both through the air and by ordinary troops. They need, therefore, a strong guard to protect them, a little complete defensive force with ordinary guns and machine-guns, and they are far more valuable to a superior attacking force than to a retreating one. They also need open and good communication for supplies, and they are of no avail against infantry in a sanely contrived system of trenches and against an infantry attack. Their use means the thrusting forward of a kind of gun-fort into the enemy's country that may easily

become an embarrassing entanglement. larger they are, the more formidable they are, the more do they commit their user to a certain line and certain positions, and compel their antagonist to dispersed tactics and movement. They are, indeed, a species of military Juggernaut; one figures the little soldiers about them, hauling them forward to perform their wonders, very much like the servitors of a new religion. These things are, indeed, strangely like godssquatting, gaping, death-sending gods—to which men have given their souls.

These monsters have cracked the armour of Belgium and France, but they cannot break the net of entrenched men that now holds the bled and weary German armies. At Verdun and Belfort the French have advanced and entrenched, so that the forts are beyond the utmost range of the new German deities. These lift their black muzzles in vain towards the useless forts they can no longer injure. Legend has it that still larger guns are being made—guns that will fire across the Channel from Calais to England. But let them, if they can, fire from Berlin to London, and burst their hearts with their effort. It matters not to the Allies, if men care more for freedom than buildings. Germany may put her last strength into these guns; they will not bring back the troops whose bodies already choke the streams and trenches from the Meuse to the Yser, and from the Marne to the Scheldt. Each month Germany and Austria waste against a growing enemy, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, close upon a million men. Before the spring they must be worn down and pierced and outflanked, and then this titanic ironmongery will fall a spoil to the civilisation its existence has outraged.

No doubt much ingenuity will stand between the Allies and the capture of Essen, where these things are made, and which is the real heart of the new Germany we fight. But Creusot-Schneider, Armstrongs, Vickers-Maxim, are on their mettle, and the Allies They are fighting for are no longer lax. their lives now, with better brains and better men than Germany. The Germans began, and the Allies will end, at their maximum of destructive efficiency. Strange dragons and wonderful beasts of steel will battle in Westphalia before the end, but the end will be the downfall of Essen and Kruppism for

Upon the sea the warnings of the prophets have also been confirmed. The great ironclad,

though still necessary for the control of the ocean, is no longer the unchallenged mistress of the seas. There is no perfect command of the seas any more. The mine and the submarine, elusive and unavoidable, have made the narrow waters unsafe even for an overwhelmingly predominant fleet. Naval warfare has become a mechanical assassination. The successes of these insidious devices are not, it is true, considerable enough to destroy a predominance, but they can distress and hamper and keep an enemy out of shallow waters and protected straits and river mouths to a quite unprecedented extent. They have not been able to prevent the English transporting enormous quantities of troops and material to France, nor have they opened any way for a retaliatory raid, but they have kept the Grand Fleet out of the Baltic and off the Friesland coasts and islands. They are purblind antagonists, one must admit, that must be blundered upon, and such successes as they have had have been attained chiefly by ruses—by the submarine waiting upon some decoy ship—a trawler with the Dutch flag, or such-like Teutonic devicethat stopped the victim ship by provoking a challenge, and so made it a mark. After the Hawk was sunk, a submarine followed the solitary boatload of survivors as a shark will follow a raft, in the hope that some other British warship would expose herself by slowing down to pick up these exhausted

If you try to imagine the mental states of the officers of that submarine, you will realise why this paper is headed "The Lifeless Monster that Kills the Souls and Bodies of Men." You will realise why the spirit of man rises in revolt against these hellish new developments of his ancient crime of war. For it is not only that men now suffer wounds more horrible than any that the swords and spears of ancient warfare were capable of inflicting at the worst, not only that they are rent and smashed as no men have ever been rent and smashed before,

not even by the insanest tyrants, not by the cruellest savages who ever contrived torments, but that their minds are deadened and distorted to the service of these mechanical devils. In Antwerp, when my visitor left it, there were splashes of blood about in the streets everywhere, and after one explosion there was picked up, amidst much other debris, the arm and shoulderblade of a woman with some bloody rags of clothing. One man was sitting by his dying wife. There was an uproar in the street, and he went out upon the balcony to look at the Zeppelin at which the forts were firing shrapnel. He was hit by the shrapnel bullets and immediately decapitated. His wife, unaware of his misadventure, called to him and then called again. She kept telling him in her fading voice to come in out of the danger.

You see what the scientific development of armaments is doing for the world.

There is no way of stopping this scientific development of warfare without a common law against war equipment, the setting up by a confederation of states, above all existing governments, of a common law that shall rule the earth. This may be possible when the militarist delusions of Germany are destroyed. It certainly will not be until they are. For all the rest of the world is sick of war. And presently one neutral Power will probably hold in its hands the decision, because it will control petrol and other necessary supplies. The United States, by declaring war upon Germany, could oblige her to evacuate Belgium, indemnify her antagonists, and disarm in two months without risking a soldier. The United States, if her people had a mind for it at the present time, could force an abandonment of armaments and a universal agreement to substitute litigation for fighting, upon the Every week of mutual whole world. exhaustion now going on in Europe increases the tremendous power of intervention that the United States may exercise.



THE GOVERNOR'S STOCKING

By OWEN OLIVER

Illustrated by Frank Reynolds



T was six o'clock on Christmas Eve when Mr. and Mrs. John Hanson came from one end of Myrtle Road, and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hanson came from the other. They quickened their paces in a laughing

race for No. 17, and arrived at the doorstep in a bunch. Mrs. Fred Harrison—once Lily Hanson—ran to the door and opened it herself.

"Now we only want Fred, to be ready for the Governor," she cried. "Come up and look at his room. Then I'll show you baby, if she's awake."

"That's the first time Lil's baby ever came second," Mrs. John remarked, with her mischievous laugh; and Mrs. Tom nodded and smiled in her grave fashion.

"But this is the Governor's day, you know," Mrs. Fred explained. "I'm thinking more of the times when I was his baby. He always made Christmas such a fête for us; and you make just as much fuss over him when it's your year."

him when it's your year."

The "children" had entertained in turn since Lily married and the Governor gave up his house. "For fear a housekeeper might insist on marrying me," he told his family; but they knew it was to save more money for them.

"Of course, dear," Mrs. John agreed.
"But you can fuss to more purpose, because you know his ways. I warn you I'm going to note down everything you do for him this year, and do it next."

"I think," said Mrs. Tom, "his principal

way is to be pleased with whatever we do to please him. But I shall copy you both the year after."

"I've copied both of you this year," Mrs. Fred said, leading the way upstairs and throwing open the door of the Governor's room. "See that fluffy mat, Kate? I noticed that you had one between his bed and the door, and wondered that I didn't think of it when I was home. He never puts anything on his feet when he gets out for his morning tea. I've provided a little nest of drawers, like you had for him, Chris, to keep his letters in. What are you laughing at? Oh, the stocking! That's for Santa Claus. I always hung up one for him from the time I was six. He used to pretend to be aggrieved because 'poor dada' had no stockings, only socks. So I crept into his room one Christmas Eve-it must have been twenty-two years ago-and tied one of my little stockings to his bed-post, and sixpennyworth of chocolate in it. done it every year since. When he came to you, I sent him the stocking and the chocolate. I shall put that in to-night. Of course, we'll give him his proper present in the morning, after you've all come round. Do be early, because it won't seem like Christmas Day to him till he has the whole family. And he'll be aching to give his presents to your kiddies. That's Fred come in. Just peep at baby before you go down. Isn't it a shame she's asleep? You can laugh as much as you like, but I know you'd have said so about your first baby!"

"The first baby only comes once,"
Brother John observed, with a grin; and
Brother Tom said that sounded like a
quotation from the Governor. They were
all quoting the Governor's sayings and

laughing when they reached the bottom of the stairs. Then they observed that Brother Fred looked very grave.

"Why, Freddie," his wife exclaimed, "what a long face for Christmas Eve!"

She kissed him under the mistletoe and looked in his eyes, holding the sides of his The Hansons were a tall family, and she was her husband's height.

"Well," he admitted, "there's something in the evening paper I don't like. Let's go Have a cigar, Jack? And and sit down. you, Tom? Here are some chocolates for Ye-es, it's a nasty bit of you ladies. You know we tried to get the Governor to sell those oil shares of his a few months ago, and he wouldn't?

the thing's gone pop."

There was a horror-struck silence.

"Of course," Brother John observed at length, "it wouldn't hurt him much, if he'd simply treat it as a loss of capital; but he's so keen to keep that intact to leave to us. He'll try to save it out of income."

"Out of the part of his income that he spends on himself," Mrs. Tom bewailed,

"That isn't the biggest part," Mrs. John stated.

"He'd take it out of the capital before he'd take it out of what he gives us," Brother Tom remarked. "He always says he'd rather make us comfortable by his life than by his death."

"He'll give us his usual cheques to 'put us straight," "Mrs. Fred cried, "and abandon his tour round the world—put off his retirement and go on working, most likely! The tour will be just as good in a year or so, It will be, but he won't be!"

"No," Brother Fred agreed. "No, that's just it. He's so young for his age, and he'd enjoy the trip as much as anybody, if he went now; but in a few years never knows."

never knows," Brother John "One sighed. "We've been working him up to it for years."

"He ought to have something for himself

out of his money," Brother Tom stated.
"Yes," Tom's wife agreed. "If he would only take the loss out of what's coming to us, I wouldn't care."

"But he won't," John's wife asserted, "unless we persuade him. Couldn't you, John?"

Brother John shook his head.

"If anyone could," he declared, "it's You see, she was home with him alone for several years after you charming ladies insisted on marrying us, and she got a bit of a hold over him, being an artful and coaxing young person."

Mrs. Fred shook her head.

"He'd just put me off with a jest," she insisted. "You know dad's way. Freddie, can't you? You're a lawyer, and have the

way of arguing."

"Argument never availed me with you, young lady," Fred protested; "and I don't think it will be any use with the Governor. I can only see one way. I've been thinking about it all the way home. You know how he shares out cheques every Christmas, 'to put us straight,' as Lily says. I'm afraid we've got rather to rely on those cheques. But couldn't we make out that we're uncommonly well off this year, and don't need them?"

John and his wife looked at each other.

"We could," Mrs. Fred said; "but, you see, we've only one baby, Fred, and she's a very little one. They have a lot of dear little children."

"I might do a little financing," Fred observed—"only a very little, I'm afraid."

"I think we'll have to try," John pronounced.

"Of course we must," his wife assented; and the others said the same.

"I'll tell you what," Mrs. Fred proposed. "If he insists on giving us the cheques, he'll do it to-night, as he always does. put them in his stocking, with a letter saying how much we all want him to have his trip, and that, now we are better off, there is nothing that could possibly give us the same pleasure as his allowing us to send him on the cruise that he has always wanted to have. I think he might give in to that. You see, anything Santa-Clausey always appeals to him."

"Lil," her husband cried, "I don't wonder

that you always get over me!"

"I do it in the same way that I am trying to get over father," she claimed, "by being very fond of you."

"Why," cried Mrs. Tom, "I believe we all know that plan! Really, I think we're rather a clever family, and an awfully

nice one, but impecunious.'

"Horribly impecunious!" Mrs. John made a wry face. "I'm willing enough to go without things for the dear old Governor, but I simply don't know if Jack and I can do it all at once. Can't we borrow a bit and pay back gradually, Mr. Lawyer?"

"Yes," the lawyer promised. "I'll arrange it all right. There's one thing about you people—I know jolly well that you will pay in the end. The family may be a bit improvident, but it's a sensible family; and when we've got to economise, we'll do it all

They argued the matter till a cab stopped at the door.

"The Governor!" they all shouted, and rushed to greet him. The ladies hugged



""Well, kids,' he asked, 'how's the world using you all?"

right. Lil and I haven't so many calls as you people, so we must put a bit more into the pot."

"No, no!" the others denied.

him and the men shook his hands nearly off. The six escorted him to his room, all carrying some of his numerous parcels. "Santa Claus's luggage," someone said. Then after he had peeped at the chubby baby,

[&]quot;Yes," his wife agreed.

sleeping with her fat fist half in her mouth, they escorted him down again and formed a ring round him in the drawing-room.

He looked down upon them all with satisfaction. He was a very tall man, a couple of inches above his big sons and four or five inches above his daughter and her husband. His little daughters-in-law barely reached his shoulder. He generally lifted them up when he kissed them. looked, and was, a fine, strong, hearty man. He smiled as if no oil shares ever were; but an evening paper was sticking out of his pocket, and everyone knew that he always read the financial news first.

"Well, kids," he asked, "how's the world using you all?"

"Pretty gaily," John said cheerfully. "Kate and I have had a good year, Governor; no deficit on the budget this time. rather a good job, eh? You'll be wanting lots of spare cash for that trip. I can remember you planning it out nearly thirty years ago. Well, it's coming off now!"

"Some day," the Governor agreed, "some I've been thinking over the retirement question, and I don't feel like giving up just yet. There are several important changes going on, and though I don't say that any man is indispensable, still, there are times

"Now, daddy," Mrs. Fred interrupted, "I won't listen to such nonsense. You're to have that trip while you're still a youth—you are, you know! Don't you remember when you called me 'young Lil'? I used to call you 'young father!' It's such a fine chance next year, because Fred and I haven't any deficit on the budget either, for once."

"We haven't one, either," Tom observed; "nothing that we can't easily make up, The business has made a grand anyhow.

spurt lately."
"Capital," the Governor cried heartily, I've always looked forward to a year when you could all buy yourselves some trifles with those little cheques, instead of wiping off deficits."

"You give us plenty of trifles," Mrs. John protested—"big triflès, dear.

is no need for cheques, too."

"We have always looked forward to relieving you of wiping off deficits, daddy," Mrs. Tom told him.

"And you must let us have our pleasure this time," Mrs. Fred begged, "and retire while you are still quite young-you always said you would—and have your trip."

The Governor laughed and shook his head.

"Next year," he said, "I expect you'll all have surpluses. It might run to a family tour, if we wait. Work is better fun than play, kids. I'll have another year of it, anyway. As to the little cheques, you must humour your young father this time. It wouldn't seem a proper Christmas if I did less for you. It's no use squeezing my arm, young Lil! I'm going to see those cheques turn into gorgeous apparel. Three lady Solomons in all their glory, eh? By the way, I've got the cheques ready—all six of them. Do you know, my dears, it's a great comfort to be able to make out six with perfect satisfaction. I always thought I had just the right three to give presents to, but I never thought they'd add exactly the right three, as they have. I believe they must have selected to please the Governor! Here you are, my dears: Jack—Kate—Tom— Chris—Fred—Lil—a happy Christmas to you all!"

They thanked him all together and then one by one in much the same terms. ladies kissed him and said he was the dearest "young father" that ever was, but they did so want him to have his trip. men shook his hand and said: "A happy Christmas, sir! But really you ought to retire now and enjoy yourself." He told them all that he was going to prove his youth by a little more work. "I can always come back to the tour," he said; "but once I become an idle old vagabond, I shall never go back to work again. Besides, we can have a short cruise in the summer holidays. I've rather a good idea for that. What do you say to a wherry on the Broads, and take all the kids? We could have a small yacht for a tender; and, of course, we males will have our usual week 'on our own 'as well."

"All the babies!" Mrs. John laughed. "You young father! You are the most courageous of us all."

"Well," he admitted, "I don't believe I

lack courage."

His courage, they told each other afterwards, was wonderful. Nobody would dream that he had suffered such a heavy loss; and, as he evidently did not wish them to be worried about it, they would pretend that they were ignorant of the fact to-night. But they couldn't take the money he had saved for his trip—they reckoned that the cheques were just about equal to this—and spend it on themselves; and if he rebelled against their returning it in the stocking, the whole family would "have it out" with him.

"I shall say, 'You've always taught us not

to be selfish," Mrs. Fred stated, "and we shall be happier for doing something for you; and you can't stop your boys and girls from

doing what is right, dad."

"Lil has hit on the right line, as usual!" John asserted, and the rest agreed. So it was arranged; and when John and John's wife had gone one way, and Tom and Tom's wife the other, and the Governor and Fred were smoking a final pipe over the fire, Mrs. Fred put the six cheques and a little packet of chocolate into the slim stocking that hung upon the Governor's bed-post. She wiped her eyes as she re-read her letter before placing it on top. She had taken the fancy to write it like a little girl of six, and as nearly as she could remember on the lines of the letter that she had written twenty-two years ago; and when she went to her room, she knelt beside the baby's bed for a few

"Please God," she prayed, "make me as good to her as my father was to me!"

The Governor's keen eyes flickered, too, when he stood and surveyed the stocking before he turned down the gas. He must not look inside till the morning, he knew. A coaxing little fair-haired girl had pledged him to that the very first year; and many times after he had made the same promise to a fair-haired girl who grew bigger and bigger . . . Now she was a gracious, fair-haired woman—to her father the loveliest of women.

"The kids have put a lot in my stocking," he muttered, "a lot in my stocking . . . What a tiny one it used to be! . . . All such good children . . . and their wives and husband . . . Little Lil was the one who understood me best—and didn't. credited me with too much. But they all do . . . Thank God for my children!"

He turned down the gas and jumped into bed; and, as he dozed, he gave thanks to God again.

"Little Lil's stocking," he muttered,

"little Lil's stocking!"

Then he slept till Lily herself brought his morning tea, wished him a merry Christmas, and hugged him.

"I suppose," he suggested—he always teased—"the young princess"—he always nicknamed everyone, and that was his name for Lily's baby—" has been restive?"

"My daughter doesn't behave like that,"

Lily assured him.

"Then what makes you so wide-awake, old sleepy-head? Come! I can see you want to say something."

"Well, I do. There's a letter in your

stocking about something. I want you not

to look in the stocking till they're all here."
"Ump-p-ph!" The Governor smiled He had little doubt that the letter related to retirement from business and a trip round the world. He had also little doubt about sticking to his recent resolution. He had no doubt at all that he could cope with the arguments of the whole family more easily than with the coaxing of Lily, his one girl-child, and for many years the childish mistress of his house. (Her mother died when she was four.) He smiled to think of her skill in dealing with him. smile broadened at the thought that for once she had made an error in tactics.

"The investigation of the stocking shall be made a public ceremony," he promised.

He carried it downstairs with him and hung it up on the gas-fitting in the dining-room; and there it remained till the rest of the family had arrived, and his presents had been distributed, and the presents which they had for him received, and the grandchildren had been taken to the spare room to romp and play with their toys. Then the grownups gathered in the dining-room. gave the Governor an arm-chair at the end of the table, and the rest sat along the sides; and Fred handed him Lily's stocking.

"We'd like you to understand, sir," he said, "that there's a deal of—of heart in

what's inside."

The Governor gave a little nod, and put his hand in the stocking and drew out the contents. He smiled imperturbably when he saw the letter, but his face changed when he found the cheques. It was very hard to surprise the Governor, but this time he was obviously surprised.

However, he made no remark, but read the letter to the end, pulled his moustache thoughtfully, then read the letter slowly again. He laid it down on the table in front of him and sat very still with his eyes fixed on it. His hand lay on the table, and Lily put her

white hand on his.

"Thank you, my dears," he said at last. "Thank you very much. I understand what you think about my retirement and the trip-I'll argue that out with you presently—but I don't understand why you think that either is a question solely of money?"

He looked round at the family in turn, and they looked at one another. Finally they all looked at Lily, the youngest by several years. It was not that anyone shirked an unpleasant task. They considered that she had the greatest influence over the Governor.

She drew a deep breath and took his hand

between both of hers.

"We saw about the oil shares in the paper, daddy darling," she said softly. "We knew that you'd try to make the loss fall on yourself, and not on us. We'd rather it fell on us, because——— You brought us up like that, don't you see, dear!"

The tears came running down her face. Her father and her husband offered their handkerchiefs simultaneously. She turned her face to one and then to the other, and

laughed unsteadily.

"Poor dada has no stocking for himself," she said, "only—only six children who—who

love him!"

"And whom he loves," the Governor said. "God bless you, my dears! I've had a full stocking these many years—fuller and fuller. Some dear little grandchildren. It's a wonderful stocking this year. Now, to answer your letter. The question of the retirement isn't financial. I like my work. I am better at work. It keeps me young that and my children. I can't give it up yet. It would be writing myself down old, don't you see, my dears. A time will come . . . Well, it hasn't come yet. I am able still to work for you. Othello's occupation! . . . I will have the trip some day. The money's saved for it, quite apart from my capital and from these cheques. As to the capital, I sold those oil shares three months ago. That's all right——"

Five voices gave faint cries of delight. Lily was still wiping her eyes and made no sound.

"As to your not needing the cheques," the Governor continued, "I half believed you last night, and now I wholly don't. I realise how much—how very much heart you have put in my stocking. I accept the gift to use for myself in the way that will give me most joy—the joy of helping you, my dears—out of 'the Governor's stocking!"

He handed the cheques round silently, and they took them silently, except Lily. She flung her arms round him and cried.

"You've made it up," she charged him, "about the shares to get us to take the money!"

The Governor hugged her close for a

moment. Then he laughed.

"I won't call you a silly," he told her, because it's what I would have done unblushingly, if it had been necessary; but, as a matter of fact, I did sell those shares. I'll show you the transaction in my bank pass-book. It's in my bag upstairs."

He kissed her and strode towards the door, came back and picked up the stocking,

folding it carefully.

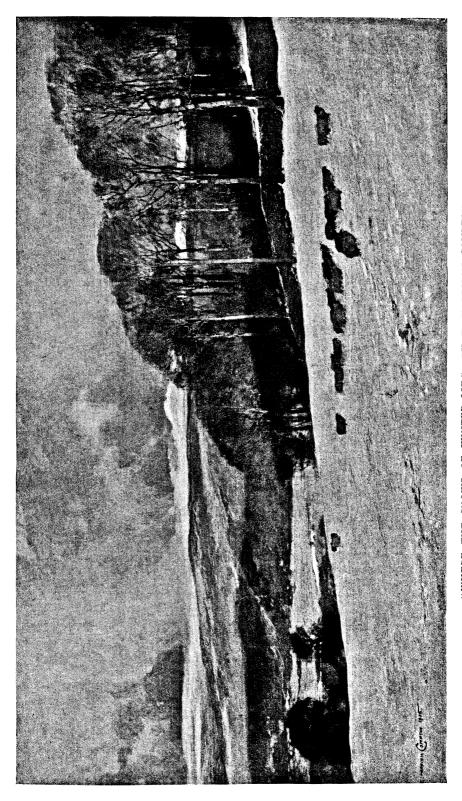
"That makes twenty-three," he remarked. His voice choked, and he turned away suddenly. The family choked, too, and the women laid their heads upon their husbands' shoulders. They seemed to see the dainty stockings laid away somewhere—twenty-three—and beginning with some that were very small. Little stockings filled with love!

BELGIUM.

NOW the full story of thy wrongs is writ,
And Truth lets fall the pen to hide her tears;
Time shrinks ashamèd, to his weight of years
Fearing to add the sum and crime of it;
Blackened the page, as on it flames were lit
Sprung from thy blood, thy robbed heart, and thy fears,
Born of the stricken cries in thy sad ears
When, like a god, thou knew'st Hell's uttermost pit.

Yet not on tears alone thy large demand: None shall bear witness of this burning page, The sacrifice of Belgium, and brand Freedom a lifeless, soulless heritage; Dauntless her flag flies o'er thy ravished land, Self-chosen harvest of a tyrant's rage.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.



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SISTER SHIP

By DORNFORD YATES

Author of "The Brother of Daphne."

Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst



F course, this is silly," said Fairie.

"What is?" said his wife.

"This mail touch. They've been slinging correspondence into the hold for the last threequarters of an hour,

and now another mail train's arrived."

"And we're late now."

"I know. We shall miss the ebb if we're not careful. Besides, paper's notoriously heavy. Where's Robin?"

"Gone to find Fay. I wish they'd buck

I want my tea awfully."

Mr. and Mrs. Fairie were standing upon the promenade-deck of the good ship Castle Rising, due to sail from Southampton that same afternoon. Southwards, too, over the high seas, out of the grey March weather into the warm sunshine, and so, presently, to fair waters, where the air is dry and gentle and there is no edge to the wind's blowing. They were for Rih, the Fairies; and the Brokes with them. At Rih the liner, herself bound for Cape Town, was to break her voyage. Except at this chosen island she would call nowhere.

There was only one gangway left now, and the crowd upon the quay had been roped back and to one side. Only the business of getting the mails aboard was progressing steadily. The stream of canvas bags seemed to be never-ending. On the fringe of the press of people a little photographer was exhorting those on board to avail themselves of the opportunity his camera held out to them. One or two took his advice and then bellowed addresses across the twelve feet of sea. No money passing, it seemed clear that he was a speculator. All things

considered, so were his patrons. Despite a searching east wind and more than a tang of rain in the air, the crowd seemed in a good humour. One poor girl was crying a little, but by no means bitterly; now and again she smiled through her tears. There was no real distress anywhere. Odd messages and injunctions were shouted and heavy jokes cracked, but, for the most part, connected conversation being out of the question, friends and relatives upon the quay contented themselves with nods and becks and wreathed smiles without number. In the background one or two friends of first-class passengers lingered somewhat uncertainly.

It was not an exhibitanting picture—very dull, really, and commonplace. Yet Bill Fairie and Betty, his wife, leaned comfortably on the broad rail, watching it all, a strange feeling of satisfaction in their hearts. The knowledge that they were for fresh fields and pleasant places, blue sky and shores dressed all with sunshine, invested the grey scene with a peculiar interest. For them even the bleak weather had lost its sting.

The Brokes appeared, making their way along the deck towards their cousins. they came up —

"At last," said Betty. "Where have you

been, you two?"

"You may well ask," said aggrievedly.

Fay Broke leaned on her brother's

shoulder and laughed helplessly.

"If you could have seen him, darling," she said.

"Oh, very comic, believe me," said Robin coldly. "Quite side-splitting. When I say that it was in an endeavour to unlock her cabin-trunk that I lay down upon the

"But why didn't you make Falcon—"

"I'm coming to your handmaid in a

minute," said Robin. "It was she who was responsible for that most droll of moments, when my head was jammed between the trunk and the dressing-case by her sudden opening of the door."

He stopped. Betty and Fay were shaking

with shameless laughter.

her new dressing-case?" said Fairie anxiously.

Broke regarded him scornfully.

"Lubber (nautical)," he said.

"Well, Fay and I are going down to have

tea," said Betty. "Are you coming?"

"Tea?" said her husband. "Certainly not. I'm going to wait for the grog-tub. But don't let me keep you. If you want me, I shall probably be on the larboard tack, slightly abaft the main hatch. Of course, that's assuming the mizzen-shrouds aren't er—shrouded. In that case——"

"I don't expect they will be," said Betty. "But I think you'd both better come. Even if you don't want tea, you can see the steward about where we're going to sit."

The idea seemed a good one, and the four

descended to the saloon.

The strait charge which Fairie laid upon the chief steward, that he should place them all four together and with nice neighbours, was not forgotten. When, one by one, they strolled—rather late and a little unsteadily—into the saloon for dinner, it was to find that they had been allotted seats at one of the side-tables, and that their companions consisted of a good-looking girl with drop-earrings, and an eminent King's

"I'm not at all sure I like this motion," said Betty, settling herself in her revolving

"It won't last long," said her husband

briskly. "The breeze is freshening."

"Yes," said Broke. "I expect the waves in the Bay'll be wonderful. By the way, Bill, I don't think those could have been rats you saw leaving the ship at Southampton."

"Will you be quiet?" said Betty.

Bay'll probably be like a mill-pond."

"You mustn't expect too startling a resemblance," said Fairie. "I mean, those of the passengers who are not unconscious can usually tell the difference."

"I wonder," said Fay suddenly, "I wonder if Lester remembered to pack my-" Here the liner lurched somewhat heavily to port. "O-oh! That was a big

one, wasn't it?"

"Only dropping the pilot," said her brother. "What you felt was the recoil."

"Rubbish," said Betty. "It's getting

rough."

"Rough," said Fairie. "You rave, woman; this is nothing. Old salts would tell you we were becalmed. Isn't that so?" he added pleasantly, appealing to the girl with the earrings.

"I think you're putting it rather high," she said, with a smile. "All the same well, we haven't got the fiddles on, have we?"

"I can see that you are a traveller," said Fairie. "My womenkind, poor fools, have lived such sheltered lives—

"Do you mind kicking him for that?" said Betty. "He's got a bruise just above

the right ankle."

The girl laughed merrily, while the ship heaved slowly upwards and then rolled slowly to port and starboard in turn.

The man of law leaned forward.

"I trust," he said, addressing himself to Fairie, "that the statement which you made a few moments ago as to the breeze—er freshening was without foundation."

"Wholly," said Fairie.

"That, of course," said the other, "is incredibly comforting. At the same time, assuming your friend's theory to be the correct one, I cannot forget that we have now discharged some four pilots, each apparently of a rather more ample habit of body than the one before."

"Unlike my wine," said Fairie, wiping his dinner-jacket with a napkin, "that circumstance had not escaped me. The burning question, therefore, would seem to be, how many pilots have we on board?"

The lawyer nodded.

"And of what proportions," he said. "Are you going to Rih?"

"I am," said Fairie, "and the others in

my train.'

The great man adjusted his eye-glass and looked round, beaming.

"Then perhaps I may take it that we are all proposing to illuminate the-

The girl by his side shook her head.

"No," she said; "I'm going on to Cape Town."

"Must you?" said Broke. "I mean . . ."

The girl smiled.

"Afraid so," she said; "thanks all the Besides, South Africa's a great same. place."

"I know," said Broke. "But is it

anything else?"

"Of course it is. Why, if you" She plunged into a recital of some of the qualities of her Canaan. Born and bred there, she was returning after an absence of five years—long ones, it seemed. Broke listened amusedly, protesting now and again. So the two slipped into a conversation of their own.

"This is our first visit to Rih," said Betty,

addressing the King's Counsel.

"With me "Indeed," said the latter. Rih has become a habit, almost a matter of course—the Sunday morning sausage of my solar year."

"You like it so much?"—with a smile.

"It suits me."

"And it'll suit me," said Fairie. "I can see that. A man of simple tastes, give me a long day, a long chair, and a long drink,

"And a long wind," said Fay.

You've got that."

"It is an age of rudeness, is it not?" said Fairie, turning to the lawyer. "Now, when I was a child-

"You needn't think you're going to lie in a chair all day," said Betty. "What are the tennis-balls for?"

"Sale, as far as I'm concerned," replied "What about my wasted her husband. tissues? Shall I not build them up?"

"Are you also a labourer?" said the man

of law.

"You see in me," said Fairie, "a careworn

drudge."

This was too much. With one accord Betty and Fay turned upon the miscreant and rent him. At length—

"I must apologise," said the former, turning to the King's Counsel, who was listening amusedly, "but there is a limit, isn't there? And when my husband starts—

"On the contrary, my dear lady, your exposure of him is most opportune. The combination of hypocrisy and sloth is almost

"Talking of activity," said the unabashed Fairie, "the cheese I had at lunch—"

"Do you want to make me ill?" said his

wife darkly.

"I agree," said the lawyer, waving away the horseradish sauce. "The reference was ill-timed. One must eat, of course. least, they say you should. But there are occasions upon which the thoughts should dwell upon food lightly, turning rather to loftier things . . ."

"The high seas, for instance," said Fairie, as the saloon soared sideways into the air after the manner of a gigantic lift.

there a casino at Rih?"

"There is—euphemistically known as the Strangers' Club. In a sense it more resembles a hospital."

"A hospital?"

"I mean that it is supported entirely by

voluntary contributions."

"I see," said Fairie. "Put a dollar on zero and keep the London Hospital for a minute."

The K.C. nodded.

"That's the idea," he said. "Are you charitably inclined?"

"My beneficence," said Fairie, "is my undoing. More than one such institution owes its open doors to my generosity. The Monte Carlo Institute for the Mentally Deficient has a ward called after me."

"A whole ward?" said the man of law. "Now, if you had said an operating-table . . ." He paused for a moment to join delightedly in the merriment. "It is, indeed, a poor heart," he added, "that never rejoices. And now"—he glanced at the menu—"I wonder whether it would be madness to essay some grouse."

By half-past eleven o'clock it was really They had run into the tail-end of a whole gale, and, seaworthy as she was, the liner pitched and rolled desperately.

The last of his party to turn in, Robin

Broke—himself an excellent sailor—staggered along the deck, slithered down the companion, and ricocheted along the passage volubly. A dim light showed him his cabin's number. As he opened the door, a roll of the ship assisted him into the apartment anyhow. The washstand, however, brought him up sharp, and the next moment the vessel righted herself, and the door slammed to.

"Thanks very much," said Robin. "And now where the deuce do they keep the

electric light?"

The operation of groping effectively about the cabin's sides was rendered difficult by the motion of the ship, but, after a little delay, his fingers closed about the porcelain switch, which was lurking beneath a pendent overcoat. With a sigh of triumph he turned the button. . . . He twisted it four times each way before giving up hope. Drowning men catch at straws. But there was nothing doing. The switch was out of order. Robin groaned.

"Of all the——"

"I say," said a voice, "are you sure this is your cabin?"

Robin stared into the darkness.

"Well, it was," he said; "when I was dressing for dinner, I mean."

"There, now," said the voice. "I was half afraid, too. I'm most awfully sorry."

"That's—er—all right," said Robin un-

easily. "I mean—"

"You see," said the voice, "I couldn't stand the motion after a bit, and came to lie down. I wasn't sure of the number, and, when the light wouldn't turn up, I couldn't see if there were my things here or somebody else's. I tried to feel about, and there was a sponge just where——"

"Have you got a sponge, too?" said

Robin.

"Idiot. And then the ship gave an awful roll, and I felt so terribly ill, I just risked it and lay down. I'm all right if I lie down, you know. Quite all right."

"I'm glad of that," said Robin heartily.

"Very glad."

"Yes, but—I mean, I'm awfully sorry. If you'll give me a minute or two, I'll get up and make a dash for it, somehow. I do hope you understand. You see," the voice continued, "you're one of these good sailor people. You don't know what it is all of a sudden not to care what happens or where you are, so long as you can lie down. You don't know that feeling."

"Forgive me," said Robin, "but it's-

er—it's just as well I don't, isn't it?"

"Oh"—the voice trembled with laughter

—"I'm so awfully sorry."

It was a nice voice. Clear-toned and merry—very eloquent. Strange, how personality dwells in the voice sometimes.

"I wish I could see you," said Robin suddenly. "If only I'd got a match . . ."

He began to feel his pockets.

"I'm glad you can't," said the girl. "It makes it a little better. I saw your face as you came in," she added.

"That ought to have restored you."

"It made me feel more easy. I was so frightened when I heard you opening the door. Then I saw you, and I thought you looked en if no 'd no looked en if you'd no looked you."

looked as if you'd understand."

"My dear," said Robin, "you were right. I do. Every time. So she mustn't worry. Besides, mal de mer covers a multitude of sins. All the same, this isn't a sin at all. It's a pleasure. Which reminds me, I'm not looking after you very well, am I?"

"I think you're wonderful," said the girl.
"And I'm sure you're cold," said Robin,
taking a light overcoat from one of the
hooks. "Where are your small bare feet?"

"Bare?" cried the girl. "I'm fully

dressed, just as I was for dinner. I told vou I——"

"My mistake. Still, we'll cover them up.

It isn't as if the light was on."

"For all you know, they may be hideous great things. Darkness covers a multitude of——"

"Pleasures. I'm sure of it. That's what's so tantalising. Besides," added Broke, spreading the coat carefully over my lady's limbs, "big feet and big eyes never go together."

"Another bow at a venture?"

"Not at all, my dear. You see, you're only a dark horse. And I always put my shirt on a dark horse."

"You've put your coat on this one."

"And my shirt. Listen." He flicked a startling example of the shirtmaker's skill from another hook and laid it across her feet. "Now I've backed you both ways—a coat to win and a shirt for a place in your heart. Selah."

The girl broke into long laughter. At

length-

"You are mad," she said. "But you're very kind; and I'm going to make my dash in a minute. I think I've done enough trespassing."

"I never prosecute," said Robin.

"No? Still . . ."

She hesitated.

"Go on," said Robin.

"Ships that pass in the night," she murmured dreamily. "That's what we are."

" Are we?"

"Yes. Ships that pass. And that's why I must go."

"Aren't they ever becalmed?"

"Never for long. When day comes, they're always out of sight."

"Not always."

"Invariably."

"I see," said Robin meditatively. "The difficulty here is that I am disabled. Lost my figure-head somewhere in the Channel. Won't you take me in tow as far as the Lost Property Office?"

"No."

Robin sighed. Then—

"I shall know you again, any way," he said. "Instinctively. Besides, the moment you open your mouth—oh, I'd love just one look at you, lass. Mayn't I?"

He could hear the girl shake her head.

Then—

"No," she said gently. "I hate to say it, when you've been so awfully good. But you see—besides, you're going to know me again any way, aren't you? Instinctively, too." This in a grave tone, the faintest suggestion of mockery lurking behind it.

"You witch," said Robin. "You

maddening, unprincipled witch."

A low ripple of merriment answered him.

He set his teeth.

"That's right," he said bitterly. "Deride the helpless male. And now you've roused me. I will find you, if I have to scour the ship."

My lady stretched out what was a shapely arm, the hand groping its way towards her

companion.

"Where is he?" she said, her voice all uncertain with laughter. "Oh, there you are." The fingers closed about his sleeve.

"No. Don't move. Perhaps you will find me. But that's for to-morrow. At the present moment you shall look for somebody else. There's a stewardesses' room place just across this floor or deck—whichever you call it—a little way down the other passage. Will you go and see if there's one there? She'll know where my cabin is, and help me to get to it."

"But why can't I——"

The grip on his sleeve tightened.

"Please."

"Oh, all right," said Robin. "Are you sure one's enough?"

"I think so. And thank you once again for being so good to another ship in

distress."

As the fingers slipped away, Robin caught them. Smooth, cool, pointed they were—he could feel that. Ringless, too—it was her left hand—and their nails polished. For a moment he held them.

"Wireless communication with the mainland has its points," he said slowly. "Personally, I'd always sooner be in touch

with a sister ship."

"Even if she only passed in the night?" Robin lifted the fingers to his lips.

"Till to-morrow," he said.

The next moment he was in the passage. With some difficulty he found the stewardesses' room, but there was no one there. He went the length of both passages, but apparently not a soul was abroad. So he came again to his cabin, unevenly, for the liner was still all over the place. They were getting a dusting, certainly.

"I say," he said, as he opened the door, "there's no one anywhere. It must be the

dog-watch."

No answer.

"Lass," he said, leaning forward and

stretching a hand towards the head of the bunk. "Lass."

But where her shoulder should have been there was nothing. Save for its sheets and blankets, the bunk was empty. The ship had passed.

Robin Broke swore thoughtfully. Then he sat down on the edge of the bunk and

began to laugh

Preparation for the night upon a ship which is wallowing in the midst of an angry sea is a business to be gone about circumspectly. The fact that his electric light was out of order hampered Robin considerably. For all his care, rails, corners, and similar excrescences, which at the more outrageous moments he essayed to grasp, eluded his groping fingers, and, by the time he was ready to clamber into his bunk, he had sustained a whole series of bruises and a most painful abrasion of the left shin. It was while endeavouring to remove his trousers that he had been precipitated violently n to the floor. There and then he had dealt with the Atlantic Ocean. From one point of view his description of it was masterly.

As he was disposing the sheets, his hand encountered something hard and rough to the touch—almost sharp-edged, able to scratch. For a moment he fingered it curiously. Was it a brooch? No. Yet . . . The next second he knew what it was. An earring. Instantly his thoughts flew to the fair South African. But it was of a different shape to those she had been wearing. Besides, it had not been her voice . . .

Broke forgot the Atlantic and his recent battery, even the abrasion upon his shin. With a smile he slipped the earring into the breast-pocket of his pyjamas.

"Lost," he murmured, "one dainty earring. The finder will be—ah, suitably rewarded. And this is going to save me

a lot of trouble."

"And may I ask," said Fairie, "if the arena of political life (sic) has never beckened you?"

The eminent King's Counsel frowned.

"There are some invitations," he said, "which I disregard. One cannot be too careful of the company one keeps."

Sunday. The three men were sitting easily in the afternoon sun. It was good to rest a little after a heavy lunch. Already the air was appreciably warmer, while the

wind had dropped to a stiff breeze. Somehow it was difficult to realise that it was not yet twenty-four hours since they had left Southampton. A fair sea was running, but it was not nearly so rough.

Broke rose to his feet, laughing.

"Where are you going?" said Fairie.

"To get some cigarettes."

"All right," said his cousin. "But how did you know I wanted one?"

But Broke was already out of earshot.

When he reached his cabin, he fastened the door back, took out his keys, and stooped to unlock his dressing-case. It was then that he noticed the envelope, lying upon his pillow, addressed to "— Broke, Esq." The note it contained was short enough in all conscience.

"Dear Ship,—Please, have you got my earring? I think it must have come unscrewed whilst I was lying down. If you have, will you leave it with the Purser? Please. Your Sister Ship. P.S.—You were very nice to me."

When he had read it twice, Robin slipped the note into his pocket, turned again to his case and abstracted the cigarettes. Before rejoining his cousin and the man of law, he made his way to the writing-room. There he sat down and wrote his answer.

"Sister Ship dear,—Yes, I have. No. I will not leave it with the Purser. You shall ask for it nicely in person. You know me, and I want to know you. Thank you for saying I was nice. You were sweet. Your Ship. P.S.—I get off at Rih."

Then he went to the Purser's office.

"It's just this," he said. "If anyone should come and ask about a lost earring, this note's for the owner."

The Purser nodded.

"I'll see she gets it," he said.

Robin thanked him and made his way back to the others.

"You have been quick," said Fairie.
"Did they have to move much luggage to get at yours? In the hold, I mean."

"I saw no reason to hurry," said Broke coolly. "You smoke too many cigarettes. I've had to speak to you about it before. By the way," he added, "did I tell you that when I went to turn in last night, my electric light wouldn't work?"

The lawyer gazed at him.

"Am I to understand," he said, "that you were therefore compelled to essay those preparations which precede repose in total darkness?"

"You are," said Broke.

"In that case, I fear you must have sustained several contused wounds."

"Yes," said Fairie. "Was it a darkness that could be felt, brother?"

"I don't know about the darkness," said Broke. "The furniture was there all right."

"How incredibly chastening!" mused the

lawyer.

"It was, rather," said Broke. "What would you have done?"

"And or said?" said Fairie.

The K.C. rose to his feet before replying. "I do not think." he replied "that I

"I do not think," he replied, "that I should have hurried down the alphabet."

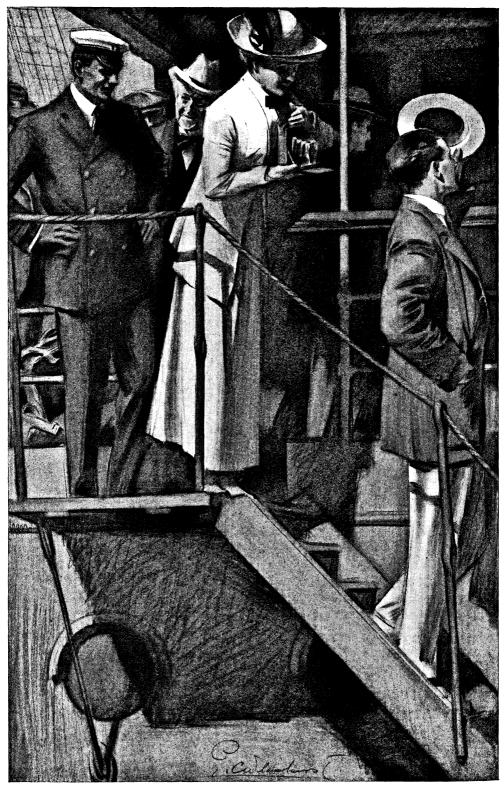
As he strolled leisurely away down the deck—

"Brother," said Broke to Fairie, "this man is a privilege."

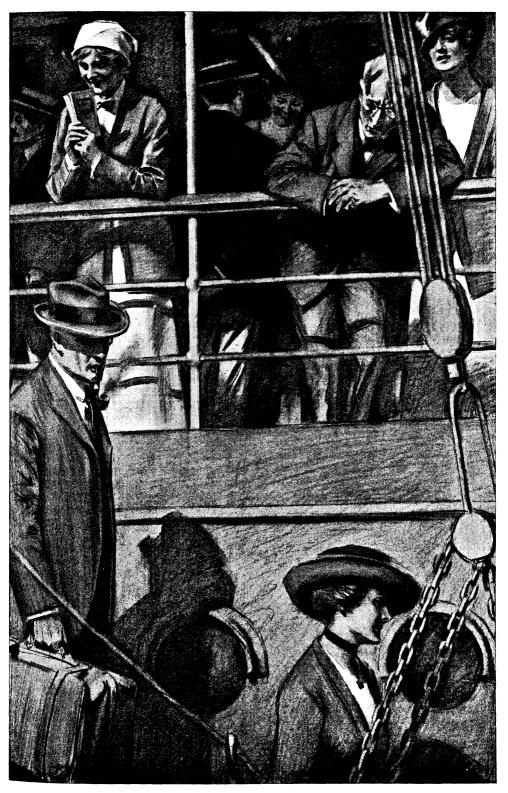
"More," said Fairie. "I see in him The White Hope."

The weather continued to improve, making their path smooth, the voyage very pleasant. The Brokes and the Fairies made the most of their time. But then, so they did always. Besides The White Hope and the girl bound for South Africa, they came to know many The ship liked them. organised the "sweep" on the day's run, Broke helping him, so that the auction was successful beyond expectation. Even the smoking-room steward, a hardened veteran, was surprised at the bidding. That was on Monday. And an hour and a half's cricket in the afternoon served to pass the time. Not that it hung heavily. So far from mattering, the fact that there was little or nothing to do was very comfortable. So engaging may be the atmosphere of fresh surroundings. The voyage had not had time to begin to

The hours slipped by, the ship's bells telling them; yet the earring's owner did not make herself known. Robin Broke had done nothing. His policy was to wait. Obviously, it was up to my lady to make the move. Of course, when opportunity offered, he had looked closely at three or four of his fellow-passengers who seemed to answer more or less roughly to the slight description he could have given. But it was very difficult. Once he made up his mind that he had discovered the girl. He had run into her on Monday morning at the top of the stairs. So pretty and graceful she was, with her small gloved hands and an innocent look on her face that was full of promise. Big-eyed,



"For a moment Broke stared at her. Then he took off his hat."



"You see, she was wearing earrings."

too, and wearing no earrings, though that was nothing to go by. Something about her seemed to suggest the identity he sought. Gravely he had asked if she would take tickets for the "sweep," almost sure of his ground. Almost . . . Then she had opened the red lips. Her American accent stung Broke like a lash. The ground crumbled away suddenly.

Broke wandered down to his cabin on Tuesday night a little uneasily. The liner would arrive at Rih early the next morning, and, even supposing my lady were herself going no further, it seemed awkward not to restore the earring before he left the ship. After all, it was her property, and if he could not find her on board, it was longer odds against him identifying her in Rih. Moreover, she might not know where he was going to stay. Looming always in the background was the possibility that she was going on to the Cape.

It was with something more than irritation that he discovered, on entering his cabin, that once again the electric switch would not answer to his touch. Robin let out a

rugged oath.

"Hush," said my lady.
"Herself," said Robin.

"In person. And now, please, may I

have my earring?"

His reply was to twist the switch-button furiously. But it was no good—the light would not come on.

"This is the limit," groaned Robin. Then: "Come into the corridor," he added. "I'll give it to you there."

"No," said the girl. "I was to ask for

it nicely in person. I've done so."

"I believe you're a shadow," said Robin; "the Spirit of Darkness. Yet your fingers were firm," he added musingly, "and there was a faint scent—"

"Ships that pass in the night," she said

slowly. "In the night."

"Perhaps," said Robin. "But the fourth line says: 'Only a look and a voice, then . . . '"

"I had the look, ship. I saw you, you know."

"And you have the voice, my dear. The

softest I ever heard. But you can't have everything. Where do I come in?"

"Haven't you got the earring?"

Broke shifted his ground.

"Why should we keep to the poem?" he said. "It's a great mistake to sail too close to the wind, sister ship. Didn't you know that?"

"Yes. And that's why you're going to

give me my property and let me go.'

"Do you ask that?"

" I do."

In silence Broke drew the earring out of his waistcoat pocket.

"Give me your hand," he said.

Fingers brushed against his sleeve. Gently he took the slight wrist and put the earring into the little palm. The fingers closed over it.

"Thank you"—in a low voice.

"I say," said Robin.

" Well?"

Still holding the one, he sought for and found another cool wrist.

"I think we ought to salute one another, sister ship."

"I've presented arms, haven't I?"

"Charmingly. But at sea . . ."

He raised her wrists slowly and set them upon his shoulders. Then he released his hold. The soft arms might have slipped away . . .

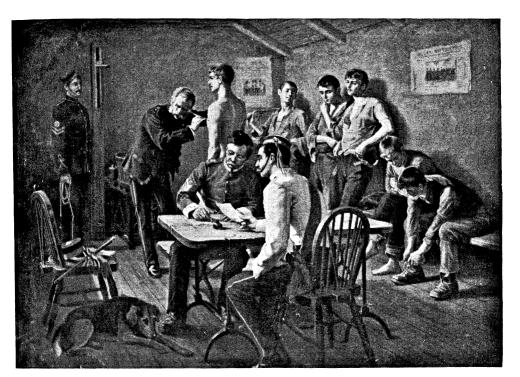
For a second she let him hold her. Then—
"I don't think the switch is out of order,"
she whispered, moving towards the door.
"It was all right when I tried it. And—and

you'll find the lamp in your bunk."

The next moment she was gone.

At seven o'clock the next morning the Brokes and the Fairies started to go ashore. And The White Hope with them. As Robin stepped on to the accommodation ladder, something impelled him to look up. Exactly above him, leaning upon the rail of the promenade deck, was the American girl he had encountered on Monday. She looked at him steadily, a faint smile on her lips, open merriment in the big brown eyes. For a moment Broke stared at her. Then he took off his hat. You see, she was wearing earrings.

The third story in this series will appear in the next number.



"PASSING THE DOCTOR." BY RALPH HEDLEY.

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WAR THEMES IN MODERN ART

By A. B. COOPER

THE reproductions which accompany this article are not battle pictures, for that range of theme has been presented in a former article in this series, but they are This is pictures of other phases of warfare. not a distinction without a difference. That there is much in war other than the panoply of opposed armies, "the crash of the cannonade and the desperate strife," the world-conflict at present raging in every continent and on every ocean has made sadly patent to the whole race of mankind. But these other aspects of war are not all sad and grievous. Some are inexpressibly so—the fear and despair of the flying refugee; the holocaust of a town or village lately full of light and laughter, industry and recreation; the sight of men who went forth lusty returning sick or maimed; the deserted countryside, to which it would seem not even the returning spring could bring back fertility. But other aspects there are which add to the sum of human greatness—the rally to the flag at the call of patriotism; the noble generosity of rich and poor alike; the splendid patience, the pathetic devotion, the utter self-abnegation of women; the tender solicitude and unflinching endurance of nurses and doctors; the raising of the standards of duty; the deepening and broadening of national consciousness; these and many other traits, national and personal, engendered or enhanced by war, represent its saving side.

And it is these subsidiary issues and effects, these lower lights in the picture of war, these themes of duty, and pathos, and patriotism, and sentiment, with which our present group of pictures deals. And are not these often the greatest things? For no less a courage than that which enables the trained soldier to face the battle-smoke, the waiting woman needs to sustain her in the fight against loneliness and anxiety and privation, or the youth exhibits who, with no military tradition in his family, and certainly no knowledge of arms, volunteers for service at

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the Front, the nurse who, lacking the spur of excitement and numbers, has to face the sight of cruel wounds and to watch strong men die.

But let us begin at the beginning, and see

King's shilling to the happy day of his return to home and kindred well and whole, or to the sad day of his return maimed and broken, or to that sadder day when the

great adventure is over for ever.

over for ever. Mr. Frank Calderon, the son of a famous R.A., the head of a school of animal-painting, and himself the painter of scores of fine pictures since the happy day when, a youth of sixteen, he had the unique joy of seeing his first canvas bought from the walls of Burlington House by Her late Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, begins the series well with "A Son of the Empire." It may be true that we are not a military nation-Heaven forbid that we ever should be in the Prussian sense! but nobody can see the urchins of London in this time of war, parading the most crowded streets, heedless of traffic and mud, bedecked with sacking for khaki, strips of old rags for putties, paper caps for pith helmets, armed with a stick for a rifle, an old tableknife bound precariously to its end for a bayonet, without concluding that, in the sound of drum and sight

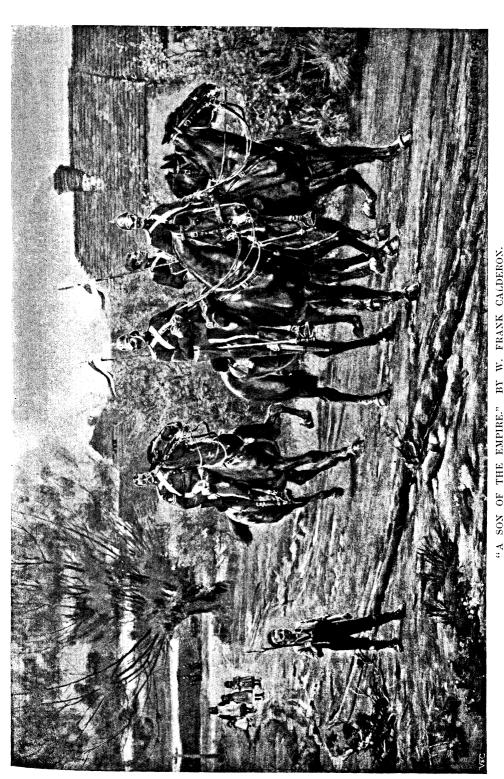


"'LISTED." BY W. H. GORE.

From the original in the Guildhall Art Gallery, reproduced by permission of the Corporation of London.

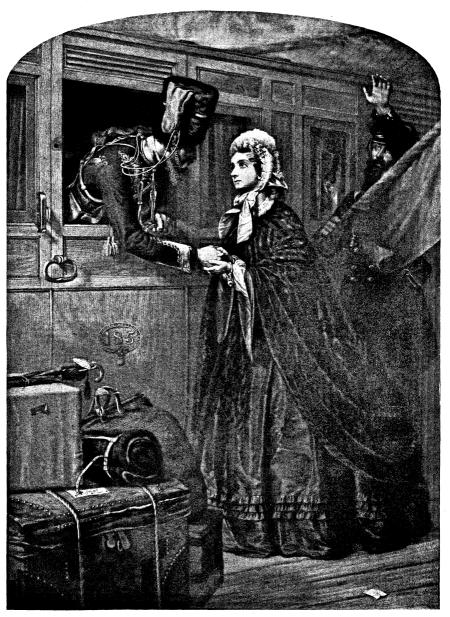
how British artists have painted the entire octave of war, and how, by choosing here and there, one may trace in modern art the soldier's progress from the day he takes the of soldiers, there is something irresistible for "the human boy."

And Mr. Calderon has used the idea with a fine sense of the pride of patriotism, that



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gift of God which first gives a lad to believe that his country is the best, the greatest, the wisest in the world, that its men, of whom his father is a splendid sample, are himself, makes him ready to fight and, if needs be, to die for the glory, the might, the freedom of that land the love of which is in the marrow of his bones. It is the



"ORDERED ON FOREIGN SERVICE." BY ROBERT COLLINSON.

Reproduced by permission of Henry Graves & Co., Pall Mall, S.W., owners of the copyright and publishers of the large plate.

the bravest race on earth, and that its women, of whom his mother is undoubted chief, are the kindest and most beautiful, and then, when he approaches man's estate thought of these things, and their importance to national life and, indeed, it would appear, to national existence, which makes the service which General Baden-Powell has



"THE BLACK BRUNSWICKER." BY SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, BART, P.R.A.

rendered to the Empire, by the formation, organisation, and inspiration of the Boy Scouts, stand out with such splendid significance and promise. He has proved himself a warrior with an imagination, a military man who is also a master of psychology—rare combinations indeed.

Less direct in its patriotism, but charming in its truth to the youthful love of "playing soldiers," is the earlier work of that accomplished artist George Morland.

The Guildhall Gallery contains W. Henry

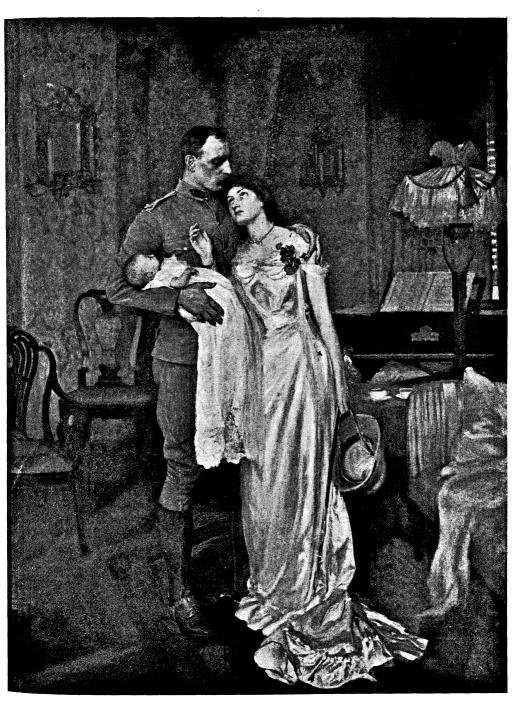
can ever completely realise it on canvas, but Mr. Gore has more than half succeeded.

Mr. Ralph Hedley, most conscientious of genre painters, has the next turn with his admirable "Passing the Doctor." Talk about facing the guns! It's nothing to facing the stethoscope. A clean bullet—well, it may "drill a fellow through" and yet leave him as sound eventually as it found him, or it may kill him out of hand, quickly and mereifully like a lightning-stroke, so that he never knows what hurt



"CHILDREN PLAYING AT SOLDIERS." BY GEORGE MORLAND
From the original in the collection of Lord Glenconner.

Gore's picture entitled "'Listed." Though the appeal of the picture is perennial, there never was a time in the history of these isles when it was so universal. How many farm-lads, think you, have reversed the terms of Biblical imagery and beaten their pruning-hooks into spears and their ploughshares into swords? Surely tens of thousands. And who shall picture the pathos of the last tryst, when the light of the sweet joy of being together almost obliterates the shadow of coming parting? No painter him. But this terrible inquisitor, which sees with its ears, and reveals the secrets of the hidden chambers of life, which hearkens to your heart-beats, if haply it may detect some obscure irregularity, which listens at the door of your breathing-room and tells you of some plot against your life hatching within, is quite another "pair o' sleeves." To the lad who is keen on going to the Front, to the lad who is sensitive on the score of his physical fitness, the ordeal of the doctor is worse than the ordeal of the trench or the charge.



"ORDERED SOUTH." BY JOHN H. F. BACON, A.R.A.

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Then come two pictures representing different aspects of the same phase of wartime. The time of parting has not yet arrived, but it is very near. It is doubtful, indeed, if the act of parting is so poignant as its near approach, that waiting-time—the day before, the last evening at home, those few final hours together when every act, every word, every motion takes on a new and boundless significance. How poignant, yet how dignified in its pathos, is that fine work by Millais "The Black Brunswicker"!

at least, we must place Robert Collinson's "Ordered on Foreign Service." It was painted when Victoria was a young wife, when her eldest daughter, the Kaiser's mother, was a girl in her teens, when King Edward was barely out of the nursery, and when King George was still unborn, of course; yet it is terribly real to-day, in spite of this Crimean officer's whiskers and his sad little wife's crinoline and poke bonnet. And it is but sixty years ago. Lots of men and women are alive to-day who saw the troops



"IN TIME OF WAR." BY THOMAS FAED, R.A.

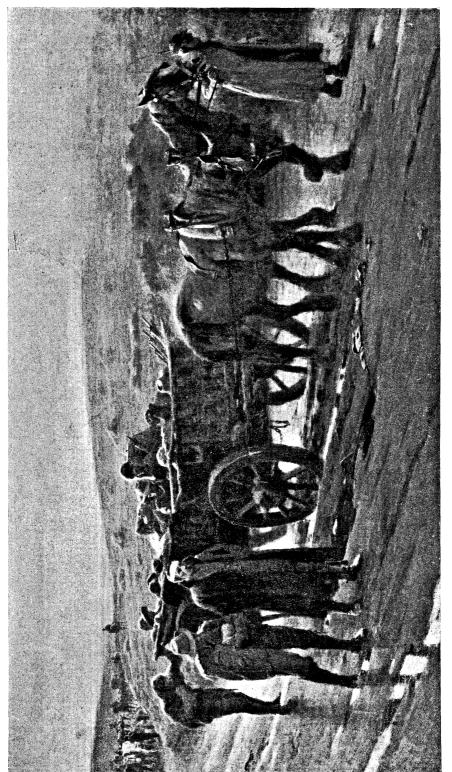
From the original in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, reproduced, by permission of the Corporation of Liverpool from a photograph by W. A. Mansell & Co.

The late John H. Bacon's picture "Ordered South" tells a story the pathos of which makes the throat ache with suppressed emotion, a picture which opens the fountain of tears. Mr. Bacon was a supreme painter of sorrow, as his great picture "Gethsemane" attests. But every garden of sorrow has its resurrection of joy, every parting its reunion, or else there is something fundamentally wrong with the scheme of things.

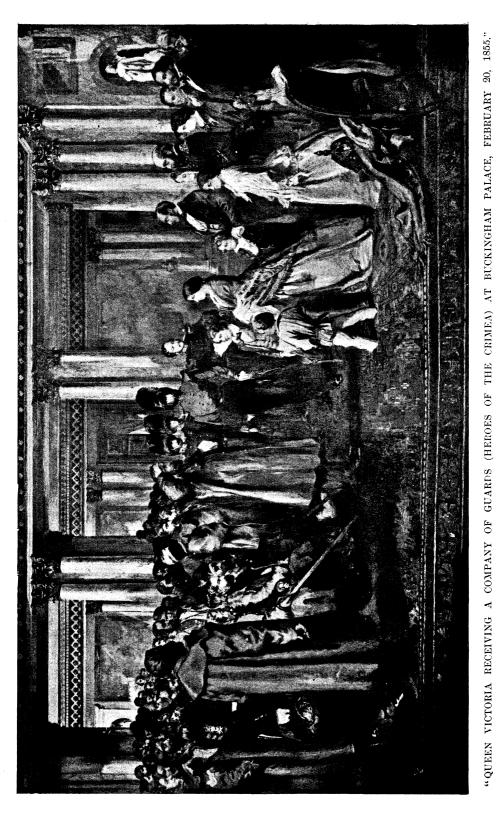
And now comes the inevitable parting—again two pictures. First, in order of date,

off for the Crimea. We were fighting side by side with the French then as now, but, alas, on the side and on behalf of the "unspeakable Turk," whom we are now praying Russia to turn out of Europe "bag and baggage."

Turn now to our frontispiece, which brings us right into actuality. I saw a similar scene with my own eyes on Waterloo Station this very week—a battalion of Grenadiers from Chelsea Barracks leaving for the Front, their wives and sweethearts and mothers hanging



"HARVEST." BY J. C. DOLLMAN, R.I. Reproduced by permission of the Artist.



BY SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

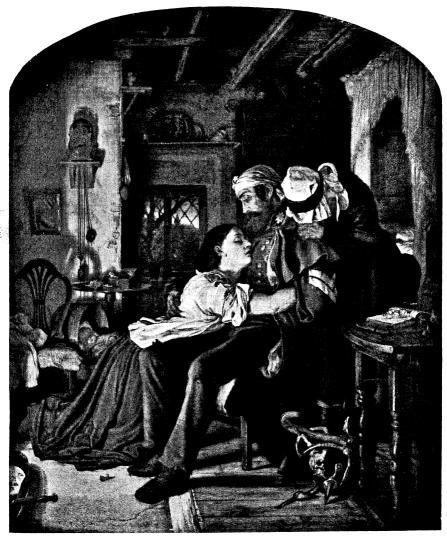
on their arms. I do not know whether this sweet-faced girl is sweetheart or sister, but what matters it?

There are sudden partings such as press The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs Which ne'er may be repealed.

Mr. Harcourt's fine picture shows his

the saddest, purest kiss surely ever painter limned.

Again we get a pair, but only a pair in sentiment, in sorrow, not in treatment, or setting, or style, or rank. Nay, they are only a pair in the Vale of Tears. Thomas Faed's cottager, sitting in the ingle-nook



"THE RETURN FROM THE CRIMEA." BY SIR NOEL PATON.

Reproduced by permission of Henry Graves & Co., Pall Mall, S.W., owners of the copyright.

versatility, for it was the painting of "Psyche," a perfectly haunting picture, which made his fame, and his famous "Leper's Wife" which enhanced it. But such a matter-of-fact picture as this "Good-bye" needs no apology. It was well worth painting if only for the kiss—

with her babe on her knees, thinking of her "guid man" at the war, while the children sleep, is a sister in sorrow and anxiety to the high-born lady who has given her husband, lover, or brother to the war. It is the old new tragedy of "the girl I left behind me." Whether in cottage or in palace, it matters

little. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Some say that sorrow is the great leveller. But it may be the great elevator, too, when it purifies and ennobles and unites aristocrat, democrat, cottager, and king in the crucible of a common grief.

Mr. J. C. Dollman, R.I., has more than once painted one of the most remarkable pictures of the year. Who will ever forget exclamation, followed by one of the grimmest questions poet ever penned-

How that red rain has made the harvest grow! And is this all the world has gained by thee?

But this harvest comes first, the harvest of maimed men—the aftermath of battle—men whom Death's reap-hook has touched but failed to garner, and left them broken on the field of life. Ah, there's poignant appeal here—appeal not only to sympathy and



"HOME." BY PHILIP H. CALDERON, R.A.

But things like this, you know, must be After a famous victory. - Southey.

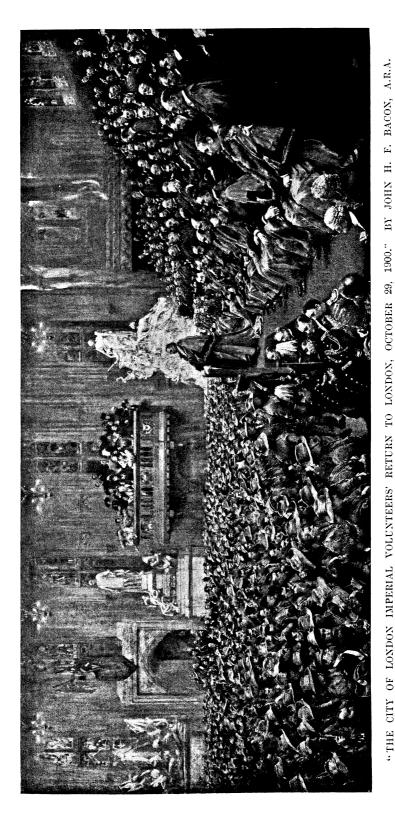
"The Hunter," and the discussion it raised as to whether the man was hunting the bear or the bear hunting the man? Then there were those powerful pictures "Kismet" and "The Unknown," in which Mr. Dollman revelled in his aptitude for painting the sands of the desert. His "Harvest" is worthy of Josef Israëls himself. Harvest? What harvest? The grim harvest of pain which is war's worst legacy. Recall Byron's

sorrow and assistance, methinks, but to that "common-sense" which is destined to get commoner and commoner-

Till the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battleflags are furl'd In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the

World.

Philip Hermogenes Calderon, R.A., the father of Frank Calderon already mentioned, shows us in "Home" yet another side of the



"THE CITY OF LONDON IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS' RETURN TO LONDON, OCTOBER 29, 1900." BY JOHN H. F. BACON, A.R.A. Reproduced by permission of C. W. Faulkner & Co., Golden Lane, E.C., owners of the copyright and publishers of the large plate.



"ALL SOULS' DAY IN FRANCE, 1914: THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF A FRENCH CUIRASSIER."
BY LUCIEN JONAS.

grim harvest of war, and though this picture takes us a quarter of a century backwards in time, it might almost be a present-day illustration of an episode from the present war. Sir Noel Paton, P.R.S.A., brings the ruined soldier home, broken, battered, prematurely old, too sad to be glad. For many years after it was painted, this work was one of the most popular pictures in the world. Even to-day thousands of cottage homes in Britain have a print of "The

Return from the Crimea" hanging upon their walls. It shows the return from the terrible frozen trenches before Sevastopol of a corporal of the Fusilier Guards, that redoubtable regiment which so greatly distinguished itself at Alma, Inkerman, and other places where hard fighting was the order of the day. Hundreds of his comrades lie under the soil of the Crimean Peninsula, but this man has returned with the loss of an arm—a loss which the



"IN MEMORIAM." BY MARGARET ISABEL DICKSEE.

empty sleeve denoted. He has just arrived, like a new and modern war prodigal, with broken boots, rent and trench - stained uniform, and long, unshaven face, utterly weary. His wife—how young and bonny compared with this war-aged man!—kneels

at his feet and clasps him in an ecstasy of relief, and his old mother weeps on his shoulder. A trophy of victory, a helmet, and the thick staff which has helped him to hobble home, lie on the kitchen floor at the soldier's side.

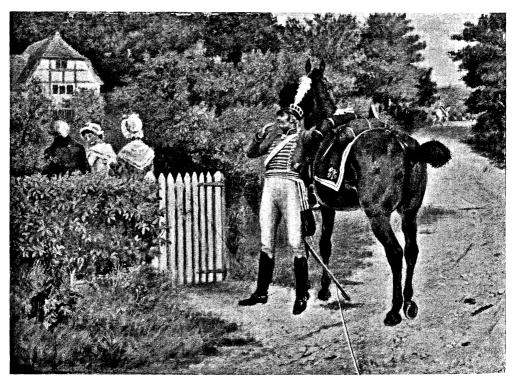
But what of "the unreturning brave"—those to whom the trench became a tomb? Nav—

Little they'll reck if you let them sleep on In the grave where the Britons have laid them, but, rather, what of those who are left behind? Set the late Margaret Dicksee's wistful picture "In Memoriam" side by side with John Bacon's beautiful canvas, and you have one ending to the story, but Bacon himself painted the happier sequel of a safe volume.

And so the whirligig of Time goes round and round, and the babe of to-day is the man of to-morrow, and the man the dotard, and the recruit of to-day will very soon be the veteran, telling, perchance, of his exploits in the year 1914. So we get back to Ralph Hedley and the same soldier lads who faced the stethoscope so bravely, listening to an old veteran telling stories of "battles long ago," and deeds of daring which they hope to emulate, if not surpass, for the sake of "England, Home, and Duty." This picture forms a good sequel to the artist's earlier work, but is not available for reproduction here.

From the black-and-white work inspired by themes from the present war we have selected the pathetic scene by Lucien Jonas here reproduced, other drawings being in preparation for another article in a future number.

All Souls' Day, a sad feast always held in tender memory in France, took particularly tragic form in this year of the Great War, for in the cemeteries of Paris, for example, there rests all that was mortal of many gallant soldiers, British and French, who fell on the field of honour fighting gallantly for the freedom of Europe. In each of the famous graveyards of Pantin, Ivry, and Bagneux has been set aside a section for the fallen soldiers of the Allied armies. Honour was paid by France to the memory of the British dead in many ways, notably by the Committee of Safety, which gave orders that their graves should be decorated by the city. This year the All Souls' Day ceremonies took place, for the greater part, on All Saints' Day, the Sunday, and great crowds visited the graves of the Allies, covering the mounds with flowers. Honour was done, too, to German soldiers, and their graves also received their tribute of flowers.



"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME." BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

From the original in the Manchester City Art Gallery, reproduced, by permission of the Corporation, from a photograph by Eyre & Spottiswoode.

THE LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

Illustrated by Balliol Salmon

PART II.



HE shabby little old gentleman turned up in Madison Square at a quite incredible hour on Christmas morning, and sat patiently on a bench, shuffling his overshoed feet and shaking his stick at the sparrows

who had come out early to see what was in their stockings. He kept one eye on the eastern horizon, and, after a rather long time, made out the figure he was expecting. He thought he knew at least one excellent reason why that sturdy and broad-shouldered figure should come creeping across the sunny square in great dejection, and so he was very much surprised to see that it did nothing of the sort—that it approached by, as it were, leaps and bounds, exactly as we are assured we might all progress if only we would purchase Mr. Somebody-or-other's fine rubber heels.

The young Englishman came striding down the path, and greeted his friend with the compliments of the season.

"Merry Christmas to you, sir, and many

more of them!"

"Ho!" said the old gentleman gruffly.

"Merry Christmas, hey? Merry Christmas back to you then, Lord Eveshot?"

"What's that?" the Englishman demanded sharply. "Eveshot? Not yet, sir.

My name is Scott."

"No, it ain't," the shabby old gentleman insisted, making a face. "No, it ain't, either."

The new peer sat down suddenly, and

some of the vigour and gladness went out

"So he's gone? He's actually gone, then? You're sure of it, I suppose? Poor old governor! God rest his soul! He had a rotten time here. I hope he's better off where he's gone now. How did you know?"

"Oh," said the little old gentleman vaguely, "I saw it in some newspaper or other." But that was a lie. He'd been exchanging cables with London overnight.

Lord Eveshot chafed his hands together,

looking soberly down at the ground.

"It's no good," said he, "my pretending any tremendous personal grief. The poor old chap and I hadn't been on terms for a good many years. I was—I was a disappointment to him. I know that. And he seemed to me pretty hard and cruel—pretty hard.

"I wish I might have been there, though, when he died. I should like to have—well, seen him through—held his hand while he went. It's a long journey, you know."

"Did you get a letter from your uncle?" the old gentleman inquired. But he knew.

"My uncle? Oh—oh, yes! Yes, I got a letter from him last night. He's still quite off me. He won't help me to go back

to England."

The young Englishman related this sad story with an air so absent, so resigned, so well-nigh cheerful that the shabby old gentleman was still more puzzled, and stared at him, scowling hideously, and gave quite a jump when the other all at once sprang to his feet as if he felt too restless and explosive to sit any longer. His eyes were shining in the most extraordinary fashion.

"Mr.— Oh, it occurs to me that I don't know your name. D'you mind telling me?"

"No," said the old gentleman, "I don't

mind. It's Cole."

"Oh, yes! Thanks so much. Mr. Cole, the most extraordinary thing has happened to me—the most wonderful thing—the most glorious thing. I feel as if I'd had a great lot to drink! I feel——" He waved his arms. "It was like a miracle, you know. My head's swimming with it still; I don't quite know what I'm about."

"That's easy to see," observed the old gentleman crossly. "Suppose you leave off prancing about and shouting, and tell me what it is that has happened—that is, if

you think it's worth while.'

"Oh—oh, yes, to be sure!" The Englishman stood still, looking a little dashed. "Yes, I expect I do seem a bit like a maniae, don't I? I'm sorry. No, hang me, if I'm sorry!"

He sat down on the edge of the bench.

"Look here, sir! That girl with the red hair—you talked to her yesterday—Molly Brighton—I want to tell you about her." And he did. He told about the lost situation, and how he had tried to get it back for the poor child, and had failed, though he had beaten a scoundrel half to death; and he told how, late at night, he had found the girl sitting in the square, frightened and cold, and how he had taken her home, and how the letter from his uncle had come to him at last.

"I don't mind confessing that it hit me hard, that letter, sir. I'd been so blessed sure. I'd said he just couldn't refuse me. I didn't think any man could. I believe I was a bit dazed—stunned. I don't remember Mrs. Spee going away down the stairs. don't remember anything more about her. I just remember sitting there on the floor of the top landing and being afraid—full of cold, clammy fear like ice-cold water all through and through. It was the first time. I'd never been afraid before. I was afraid of life, sir. It seemed to me, all at once, a cruel, terrible thing, millions of times bigger than I was, and it seemed to be standing in front of me like a great beast, and I hadn't a kitten's chance against it.

"I thought of that good, plucky little girl behind the door, and I was afraid for her, too. I didn't see any chance for either of us. I thought we'd much better be dead, and once I thought I'd go to the door and

tell her so, but I didn't.

"And then, oddly enough, I seem to have dropped off to sleep. I must have been tired, though I'd slept for a couple of hours earlier in the evening. I think I went to sleep out of sheer exhaustion. And I slept

until daylight.

"The first thing I knew was trying to stretch out my legs, that were cramped, and finding I couldn't because something was against them. I opened my eyes, and—and she was there—Molly. At some time in the night she'd looked out and seen me, and had fetched the blanket from my bed and wrapped it round me to keep me warm. And she must have knelt down for a minute to watch, and dropped off without knowing it. She was curled up just like a big kitten, and her head was lying back against my arms, and she was sound asleep. I could see her quite plainly, because there is a skylight at the top of those stairs."

The young Englishman's hands twisted

together and they were trembling.

"Mr. Cole, did you ever have a miracle happen to you—a kind of flash of light inside, and a feeling as if you were like a balloon floating in the air—and you've got tears in your eyes and your heart's going off

like a racing motor-engine?

"I tell you, lying there asleep with her head against me, she was the loveliest and the finest and the most beautiful and the most precious creature that had ever come into the world. Her cheeks were pink, and her long eyelashes were down over them, and her lips were open the least bit, and—oh, it's no good trying to tell!—all that red hair of hers was down—I tell you, the sight of her made me shake all over. It made me feel like the lowest and most unworthy beast that ever slunk, and like the angel Michael, and like a lion and like a sick cat. I thought all in one tremendous minute of the splendid things I knew about her—how brave she was, and uncomplaining and unselfish and good There wasn't one littlest thing and noble. I knew about her that wasn't a beautiful thing. I thought of the women I'd known in England—women of what used to be my own world—and I saw that there wasn't one of them who could stand beside her for so much as a moment. I thought of what I'd said to you about her yesterday—that she was a good little soul of her class, or some dreadful thing like that, and I wanted to cut my throat. I thought of what we'd each made of ourselves, she and I, and I wanted to get down on my knees and pray to her."

"Well," snapped the little old gentleman rather excitedly, when the other had stopped to take breath, "well, get on! Did you get down on your knees and pray to her? You might have done worse. What did you do?"

"You see, I knew that, if she woke up and found I'd seen her there, she'd be horribly embarrassed—she'd nearly die of embarrassment. I knew she'd stayed there by sheer accident. So I made a little movement, enough to awaken her, and shut my eyes and pretended to be asleep. I wanted to give her a chance to get away."

" Well?"

"Well, she took the chance. I felt her stir and sit up, and I heard her give a little squeak of surprise, like an astonished mouse. And then she slipped away very quietly and locked herself into my room. But, Mr. Cole, before she went she—leant down and—kissed my hand."

"Little fool!" growled the old gentleman

scornfully.

"If you like. Little angel was the expression that had occurred to me. P'r'aps you don't quite understand why I told you that last bit—about her kissing my hand. It's the kind of thing that one would naturally shut up about. I told you because it's very important to me, because it means something, because it shows that she—that she feels in a—certain way. Heaven knows why!"

He sprang to his feet.

"Mr. Cole, I've never been in love with anybody. Women, for some reason or other, have never entered very much into my Now it has come to me at last—love. Mr. Cole, that beautiful child is alone in the world. She has no one to care for her, to shelter her, to keep the wolves off, to tell her how wonderful she is. I'm going to ask her to let me do all that. It sounds the maddest and most preposterous thing that was ever said—the helpless leading the helpless, the starving feeding the starving but I am going to beg Molly Brighton to marry me, and to let me work for her as I've never been able to work for myself.

"I know what has been the matter with me all these months. I've had nobody to live for. I know why I've lost job after job. It's because I had no interest in my jobs. I thought myself rather too good for common work. Too good! Me! So, of course, I

worked badly.

"Mr. Cole"—he stood upright, with head high—"Mr. Cole, I am a young man with strong hands and an eager heart. In this big city there certainly is some work for me—work that will feed and shelter me and keep her from starving."

The little old gentleman looked up at Lord Eveshot, blinking, and there were two spots of red in his cheeks.

"Maybe so. Maybe so. Look here, you say you're going to ask her to marry you. Why haven't you done it? Where is she? Why ain't she here with you?"

"Oh, I haven't seen her. I got a wash-up down in the kitchen, and I went round the corner and bought some breakfast and left it outside her door, and called to her that I'd be in the square when she was dressed and ready. She'll come before long." He looked behind him eastward.

"You think you're in love," said the little old gentleman, and he sounded both cross and anxious. "A girl clings to you like a stray kitten, and you see that she's pretty, and you're flattered, and you think you're cut off for ever from your own place in the world, and it would be pleasant to have her about. Look here, suppose your uncle changed his mind one of these days. Suppose he called you back. Do you think you could take this—this shop-girl among your friends and relations? They'd laugh at her."

"Oh, would they?" The Englishman laughed. He wasn't even angry. "Mr. Cole, if some such miracle as that should occur—if it should come about that I could take my wife to London next week, and have her presented at the next Levée or Drawing-Room, there wouldn't be another woman in Buckingham Palace who could hold the traditional candle to her, and you know it quite well. With those eyes of hers and that nose and mouth and all that red hair, she'd sweep the place. Everybody there would make me unhappy by falling in love with her, and all the weekly papers would come out the next week with photographs of the beautiful Lady Eveshot."

The little old gentleman sighed and shook

his head.

"You seem to feel *sure* enough of yourself," he admitted grudgingly. "However, there's not much chance of your being put to just that kind of a test. Well, what are you going to do? Work?"

The Englishman nodded.

"You bet I'm going to work!"

The old gentleman looked at him sharply.

"You won't be too particular, I expect, about what the work is? You won't be proud?"

"Mr. Cole," said the Englishman, "I am looking for snow to shovel, or for floors to scrub, for errands to run, or for dogs to wash."

"There's more money to be made in other fields of endeavour," said the little old gentleman, with an oddly furtive air. He hitched himself nearer along the bench and lowered his voice.

"Eveshot, there is a certain political organisation in this city so well known that, though you have been here only a few months, you can't, I should think, have failed to hear of it."

"I know it," said the Englishman, "by

name and by reputation."

"Yes, I thought so. Eveshot, this organisation is active all the time, not only during the political campaigns, but all the time, and it has men—and women—in all classes of society working for it. It has thousands of workers—thousands of them but it always needs more, because, you see, there's all kinds of work to be done. There's daylight work and there's work that's done in the dark; there's what you might call clean work, and there's what these reformer people call dirty work; but the remarkable thing about it is that all the workers are soldiers in a big army, and their names and what they have done are never forgotten by the officers above them. They're always watched over and taken care of, and if they work well, they get promoted to better jobs. There's no neglect nor starvation in those ranks."

The little old gentleman looked obliquely at Lord Eveshot and down again at the

ground.

"Eveshot, I'm a kind of recruiting officer for this organisation. I can get you a job in it if you like. It won't be a kidglove job; it won't be passing a plate in church nor peddling the world's best literature. It'll be one of those jobs that are done after dark—collecting the sinews of war for the organisation from those enterprises that pay tribute for existing. Your hands won't be, in a certain far-fetched sense, the cleanest hands, but they won't be the emptiest, either. You'll be able to support yourself and your wife, and, if you hold your tongue and obey orders, before many years you'll be wearing a fur coat and riding in a limousine. What d'you think of it, hey?"

The Englishman sighed and got to his

feet

"I thought," said he, "I thought poverty and discouragement and sitting on park benches had taught me something. I thought they'd made me some sort of judge of character. I see they haven't." He turned away, but the old gentleman checked him.

"Wait, you young imbecile! Don't be in such a hurry. Give it a minute's thought. Remember you've been thrown overboard by your family for good and all. Remember that you're stranded in a strange country, with no skill at any kind of decent labour. Remember that you've got that girl to take care of. D'you think she'd want you to refuse the first chance to make a living and to climb steadily into a better living still?"

"Do you think," the young man demanded, "that she wouldn't rather starve and see me starve beside her than live on the kind of money you are offering me? I'm afraid you're a pretty poor judge of character yourself. Good day, sir! I'm sorry we met. I'd—hang it, I'd grown to like you! I'd grown fond of you. I never thought——"He shook his head and turned away again. Once more the old gentleman called out behind him hoarsely, even rather anxiously, and once again after he had got some distance away, but he kept on without looking back.

And then he saw, far across at the eastern side of the square, a hurrying black figure that made his heart leap suddenly and

blurred his eyes with quick tears.

He met her half-way and took both her hands in his. Her face was pink with happiness and exercise. It made him think of roses in lovely gardens at home, and he wanted to tell her so, but she didn't give him a chance. She said—

"Oh, Mr. Scott, I'm so sorry to have kept you waiting—I am so sorry! But that angel of a landlady of yours came up and sat and talked to me, and she was so sweet and motherly. I hadn't the heart to come away. Mr. Scott, you're holding my hands."

"I know," said he. "I meant to. And, oh, by the way, you're calling me out of my name. My name isn't Scott any more. It's Eveshot. My father is dead. Oh, you needn't feel very mournful! I don't. He hasn't been very much like a father to me—not for years back. We didn't get on. I'm only sorry not to have been there with him when he went—to bid him God-speed, you know."

"Then," she said, in a kind of awed whisper, "then you're—you're a lord now?"

"Why, yes—yes, for what it's worth. Yes, I suppose I am. But I'm no better off, you know. I'm just as poor as I was. Molly, I'm cast off by my family, and I'm

out of a job, and I've no money, and I'm a very poor sort of chap altogether, but I love you. Please, will you marry me?"

She turned quite white and began to

tremble.

"You're holding my hands," she said, still in her little whisper. And he said—

"I know."

"I think," she said piteously, "I think there must be something the matter with me. My knees are all shaking. Oh, it isn't fair to dream in the daytime! I've dreamed it at night, but not in the daytime—never, never! There's something dreadful the matter!"

"Molly," he cried, squeezing her hands very hard, "stop talking nonsense! I want you to say you'll marry me. I want

you to say it on Christmas Day."

She seemed to realise that she was awake, and that it was all quite real and true, but

she trembled just as hard.

"I can't. Of course I can't. It's too—ridiculous. Please don't say such things, Mr.—I mean, Lord Eveshot! They hurt me."

"I'll say them," he growled at her, "until you say 'Yes' back to me. Molly, tell me the truth, straight. Do you love me?"

the truth, straight. Do you love me?"
"Oh, I'd die for you!" she cried, sobbing.
"I'd love to die for you! But you know I couldn't possibly marry you. Why, you're a lord, and I'm—just nothing at all but me."

"You're dreams come true, Molly," said he.
"Dreams come true." And at that she gave a kind of little moan and got her hands away from him and covered her face with them.

"Oh, I never thought anybody would ever say that to me. Oh, that's the most beautiful thing that ever was said in this world! Only it isn't true. It couldn't be."

"It's true enough, Heaven knows!"

She looked at him with desperate eyes. It was as if she were staring hard—the hardest that ever was—to keep her hold upon sanity and the safe realities, to tear her gaze from the enchanting splendour he tempted her with, and fasten it upon the sombre earth.

"It's all," she explained to him, "because you've got the habit of helping me and taking care of me. You began lifting me up when I couldn't stand, and you haven't the heart to drop me. That's all it is. It isn't love, Mr.—Lord Eveshot. It couldn't be. It's just goodness and pity, and I'm so grateful that I could cry, but I won't let you go on with it."

"Molly," cried Lord Eveshot, "I need you so!"

"You need me? You? Oh, dear!"

"I'm going to work," said he, "harder than anybody ever worked before, but who's to meet me when the day's work is done, Molly? Who's to make work worth while? Who's to put her arms about me when I'm tired and down-hearted, and let me rest there?"

She hugged herself in a silent ecstasy before the pictures she seemed to see, and her eyes were shining.

"Oh, you do mean it!" she whispered.
"You do, don't you?" And he said—

"More than I ever meant anything before!"

"I could help you like that—truly?"

"I need you so!" he said again.

There were people passing to and fro near them, but the people were hurrying about their own affairs, and had no time to stare at the two young people who stood close together talking. The girl once more put her hands up over her face, but she took them down after a moment and laid them, in a swift gesture, against Lord Eveshot's breast.

"I'm asleep and dreaming," said she. "I've dreamed that you said you loved me and wanted me. I shall wake up soon, I suppose, and find it isn't so, but—every bit of me has loved you always, and in a dream I dare tell you so and say yes, yes, yes. It won't have done any harm when I wake up."

They were both a little pale then, and Molly Brighton really looked as if she might be dreaming. She seemed quite dazed.

But she roused herself presently.

"There," she said, "is that nice, gruff, little old gentleman sitting on the other side of the square. I can tell him by his hat. Would you mind coming with me to say 'Merry Christmas' to him? I want to say 'Merry Christmas' to all the world. I'm singing it to myself," she said quaintly, "in my heart. Can't you hear?"

Eveshot laughed, a shaky laugh, watching

her face.

"I heard music, but I thought it came from my own heart. Was it from yours, Molly? I might have known. About that old gentleman, though. I'd rather not speak to him again. He's not what I thought him. I've been disappointed."

He told of the wicked proposal that had been made to him, and Molly Brighton heard him through, but at the end she shook her head with that tender scorn women have for man's duller understanding.

"There's something all wrong and ridiculous in that," she said. "There's not a word of truth in it. Come! We'll go straight to him and make him take it back." Eveshot didn't want to go, but he couldn't refuse her on this day, and he couldn't very well let her go on alone. She led him, without another word, to where the little old gentleman sat, curled into a shabby little ball, with two morose eyes gleaming from it.

"I came," she said briskly, "to wish you a Merry Christmas, sir, but, before I wish it, you've got to tell Lord Eveshot that you didn't mean what you said to him a little while ago. He thinks you did, and

he's very cast down."

"Of course I didn't mean it!" snapped the little old gentleman, making a frightful face. "Wanted to try him—see what he'd say. Young idiot went bouncing off. I nearly burst my lungs calling after him. Got no sense! Pah! Ought to know better. Ought to be ashamed of himself. Old man like me! Pshaw! Nearly burst my lungs!"

"I knew it," Molly Brighton nodded calmly. "Merry Christmas to you, sir!"

"Same to you! Same to you!" snarled the little old gentleman, and began pishing and pshawing again and making dreadful faces.

"Sit down, you two."

They sat down on the bench beside him, Molly Brighton very close to her lover, so close that Eveshot could—and did—hold one of her hands in his without the passersby knowing anything about it.

"You going to marry this fellow?" demanded the little old gentleman, and

Molly Brighton sighed patiently.

"He says I am. Of course, it can't be true, really. I know I'm dreaming, but it's such a happy dream. Please, don't, anybody, speak very loud!" She looked up at Lord Eveshot, and her gaze seemed to become lost in his. It seemed very hard for her to look away again.

It may be that the little old gentleman saw that long and spellbound look, for he sighed, too, and rubbed his hands together and was silent for a little time. But at last he shuffled his feet and made little puffing

noises, and blew his nose.

"Oh, well, if you've made up your minds, I suppose there's no stopping you.

I suppose you might as well starve together as separately, hey?"

"Oh, much better, sir!" Molly Brighton said. "I shan't at all mind starving if we

can only starve together, he and I."

"Ho!" said the little old gentleman scornfully. "Shan't you, indeed? No, I suppose not. Now, about this getting married. I dare say you'd like to do it to-day? Sooner the better. What?"

Molly Brighton gasped and began to look a little frightened, but Eveshot squeezed her hand that he was holding as hard as he could, and she said "Oo! Oo!"

"I should like to have been married on Christmas Day, sir," Eveshot answered. "It would be a very wonderful thing to look back upon afterwards. Could it be done? Isn't there a license to get, and things like that? I'm afraid—I may have to get a job first, you know, and earn enough for the license and the parson."

"There has to be a license," said the little old gentleman, "and the office for that sort of thing is closed on Christmas Day; but there are sometimes ways of getting closed offices opened. I have been thinking something. I have been thinking that it might amuse me to get you two young people safely married to each other, and then—well, then just leave you to starve." His own words seemed to frighten him a little, for he leant forward, shaking one skinny finger in the air.

"Don't you run away with the idea," he cried, "that I'm adopting you or shouldering your responsibilities, or making plans to support you for the rest of your lives! Don't you think that, because I'm not doing anything of the sort. I'm getting you married because I think it may entertain me, and then I'm dropping you just where I found you—on a bench in Madison Square. Understand me?"

They nodded at him, clinging each to the other's hand, excited and incapable of speech. And the little old gentleman eyed them with a kind of hot fury, as if he were about to spring at them presently and try to wring their necks.

But he didn't do it. He got up from the bench and looked at the clock on the

high tower. It was half-past nine.

"Come along! Come along!" said the little old gentleman, who seemed to be all at once in a tearing hurry. "Come along, now. What are you sitting there for? Come along home with me. I've got to telephone about that license bureau."



"'You don't say anything!' he complained."

He set off at a kind of trot across the square and up Madison Avenue, and the two young people followed him silently a pace behind. He climbed up the steps of a big brown stone house on a corner, and a very odd-looking figure he made in that stately dobrway. He looked, with his pinched old face and his battered hat and his shabby clothes, as if he had come there to beg.

The butler who opened to them was a little, dried, grey man like his master, but much handsomer. Mr. Cole addressed him

as Weems. He said—

"Weems, Lord Eveshot has lost his luggage. Take him up to Mr. Thomas's room and fit him out with some clothes. But first call Mrs. Herod."

The butler went away, returned with a comfortable-looking woman in the neat black dress of a housekeeper, and said—

"If your lordship will just step up-

stairs—____'

Over the banister Eveshot saw his host and the housekeeper in earnest conference, and Molly Brighton standing a little apart, wide-eyed and rather frightened. He halted for a moment, wondering if he ought to leave her so, but she glanced up just then and smiled at him, and he went on.

"What I want most," he said presently to the old butler, when an assortment of Mr. Thomas's clothes had been laid out for his inspection—"Mr. Thomas won't mind my looting his wardrobe like this, I hope?" "Mr. Thomas 'as been dead, my lord, for two years last May"—"what I want most are a tub and a shave. You might just ask Mr. Cole if I've time for them." Weems returned with the information that Mr. Cole would like to leave the 'ouse at ten-thirty. So he had his tub and shave, and got into fresh, crisp linen and put on a morning-coat of the late Mr. Thomas's, which fitted him not badly at all, and went down to the drawing-room.

The little old gentleman was fiddling about there, and making inhuman noises and looking at his watch, and in a moment a tall, pretty girl in very smart clothes—afterwards discovered to be a next-door neighbour—appeared in the doorway, kissed with great vigour another much prettier girl in a smart dark green frock and a black hat, pushed her

into the room, crying out—

"Here she is, Uncle Henry! Isn't she a darling? I must run away home like anything, or they'll be off to Service without me," and disappeared.

"You look very nice, my dear" said the

little old gentleman, actually smiling at Molly Brighton.

Nice! Lord Eveshot held his breath.

"I'm still dreaming," Molly Brighton complained, shaking her head in a sweet and bewildered fashion. "It's all quite heavenly, but—oh, I'm beginning to wonder if it won't be too dreadful when I wake up!"

She insisted with some frequency during that wonderful day that she was dreaming, and Lord Eveshot began, after a bit, to think that she was right, and he was dreaming, too. He had, even afterwards, but the vaguest and most unreal recollection of the day's activities—a shadowy, disconnected succession of scenes, all stage-managed by a fidgety little old gentleman who kept his chin buried in his collar and discouraged conversation.

He knew that first they went, the three of them, a long way down into the lower part of the city, riding in a closed motor, and that he and Molly Brighton had to tell their names to an impatient young man behind a desk, and Molly so far roused herself as to be amused because he had so many—Peter Charles Francis de la Quesne Mountjoy Scott, fifteenth Baron Eveshot, of Eveshot, Oxon,

England.

Then Molly asked a little timidly if they mightn't stop in at a church for just the smallest fraction of a minute, or she would stop in alone and come on to them later. So they all stopped at old Trinity, and everybody seemed to know old Mr. Cole, and greeted him in smiling whispers, and they even got seats in a pew at the back of the church, and the place smelt of balsam pine, and Molly knelt down to pray, with her lovely red head bent over her hands, and the organ and the choir made stirring heavenly music.

And afterwards there was lunch at the house in Madison Avenue, such a lunch as Eveshot had not tasted in many long months, and poor Molly Brighton probably never at all. Then there must have been rather a long interval, but he never could remember what took place in it, and all at once he and Molly were face to face with a clergyman in a white surplice, and Mr. Cole was there, and that pretty girl from next door, and the servants, and he put a ring on Molly's finger, his mother's wedding-ring, that he hadn't ever quite felt he could sell or pawn.

That he had supposed to be the last scene, as it were, of the wonderful little masquerade; he was ready then to lay off his borrowed

finery and say, "Thank you, sir, and God bless you!" and go back to the bench in Madison Square, or, rather, since the day was advanced, to the mean lodging in East Twenty-Fourth Street. But it seemed he was mistaken.

The little old gentleman explained matters

briefly.

"You're to stay on here until to-morrow, because I'm going away. I'm going to Washington." He turned to the new Lady Eyeshot.

"It seems, my dear, you were right about—well, about that letter I gave you to read. I've been sending telegrams and getting answers. Hey? Seems she'd like to see her old father, after all. At least, she pretends she would. Maybe I'll bring her back with me for a bit. Can't say. Anyhow, you two, this house is yours until to-morrow. To-morrow you can go back to your bench, and this fellow who talks about his hands being so strong, he can look for another job, carrying out ashes."

They tried to thank him, but he didn't want thanks. He got quite angry and rude. But before he went he shook hands in a limp, absent-minded fashion with the bridegroom, and suffered himself to be kissed on each

cheek by the bride.

"See you one of these days in Madison Square," said the little old gentleman, getting into the shabby overcoat that Weems held for him. He made a strange, sustained inhuman sound such as they had never before heard, and all at once they became aware that he was laughing.

And so he went away.

A couple of hours later young Lord Eveshot entered the drawing-room dressed for dinner. Molly stood before the fire, partly in and partly out of a pretty, thin, clinging frock of pale yellow. She rather hoped she looked quite lovely, and, when she saw her husband's face, she knew she did, and glowed all over with delight.

He dropped a half-open envelope that he had in his hands and came across the room

and stood over her.

"Molly," said he unsteadily, "if you go on becoming more beautiful every hour like this, I shan't be able to bear it! I tell you I shan't. You're the most beautiful thing I ever saw. I told you that you were dreams come true. You're more, for I never dreamed of anybody that was fit to come near you!"

She made one of her little mouning noises

and hid her face against him, but after a moment she asked—

"Did you get a letter or something, too? I got one, but I didn't open it. I waited for you to come down."

Eveshot went back and picked up the envelope he had dropped, and took the written sheets out and read them aloud.

""You told me yesterday, Eveshot, that you had been, some years ago, to the islands of the South Pacific, and had liked them. Well, I have some land there—in the Marquesas—partly planted with vanilla. I took the lease for a bad debt. They tell me there is money to be made in vanilla, so I am sending an expert down there to look over my plantation, which I believe is in a half-neglected state, and to put it into a decent and profitable condition. The expert can remain only six months, and so he was to pick up a man at Papeete to leave behind him as manager—a man willing to remain two or three years, if necessary. A fellow picked off the beach at Papeete would doubtless prove a thief or drunkard and a scoundrel, for few good men would care to go into even a pleasant exile for such a period.

"'So it has occurred to me that you might care to consider the job. I take it you know nothing about vanilla. Neither do I, but the expert does, and he would teach you what is necessary. The pay would be sufficient to live on with comfort, and we might make some agreement for a

division of profits.

"'Perhaps, if you take up a regular employment like this and succeed at it, your uncle may, in the course of the next few years, come to look upon you in a different light. I should think it quite probable.

"'The expert leaves New York for San Francisco next Saturday, the 29th. I shall have returned to New York before that time, and you may give me your answer when I return. Meanwhile you and your wife will

please remain in my house.

"'You understand, I hope, that there is no question of charity in this proposal. I have watched you and questioned you. I know more about you and your character than I could possibly know about any man my other fellow could find. You will, if you go to the Marquesas, earn all you are likely to receive from me.

Timmy Cole you befriended at Eton was my grandson. He used to talk to me about

you before he died last year."

The written sheets dropped once more from Lord Eveshot's hands, for his hands were shaking. He stared excitedly at the

girl on the hearth-rug.
"Molly," he cried, "do you understand what that blessed old gentleman is offering me? Do you understand what this means? It means that we can leave this beastly cold, cruel, crowded north. It means that we can go straight into heaven while we're still alive. It means that we're to live at the foot of a great green mountain that rises out of a purple sea, and has waterfalls like strips of lace on its sides, and mists like bits of a woman's veil about its tops. We shall have the warm sun over us every day, and the fresh trade wind in our faces, and at night the big yellow stars will hang down so close that we can almost stretch out our hands and touch them. We shan't see a motorcar, Molly, nor a fire-engine nor a starving man nor an overworked horse for year after year, and there won't be any hurrying, hard-faced people, but only those jolly brown chaps that sing when they work or when they fish by torchlight out on the lagoon. They'll make a queen of you, Molly. hang chains of flowers about your neck. They'll get down and pray to you. as for me, I shall have good, decent work to do, work that leads to something, that'll make me well off in time, whether my uncle ever changes his mind or not.

"You don't say anything!" he complained, catching her by the hands. "You don't sing and dance. Good Heavens, aren't you glad?"

"Glad?" she said, in a little gasp. "Oh, yes! Oh, yes, indeed, I'm glad! Only—I've got no more surprise left in me. It's all Everything is so very like a used up.

She held one of his hands against her.

"I don't say anything, dear Peter"—that was the first time she had called him by his name—"but feel how my heart is beating!"

She fell into what seemed to be a sudden little panic of anxiety lest he think her dull

and unresponsive.

"Oh, understand me, Peter! Please try to understand me! Don't you see that I'm all taken to pieces and put together a new way? This isn't me any more. At least, it doesn't seem to be me. Maybe, later on-You see, it's not as if I'd had days and weeks and months to get used to being—being loved by you and married to you. It has all happened to me in a few hours. I'm dazed with it. And don't think I look forward to that lovely place and that lovely life as if it was commonplace. It's going to be just what you called it—heaven. But oh, Peter, dear Peter, don't you see that, for me, walking through the snow barefooted and in rags would be heaven if I had your hand to What are *places* to me when I have you, and you love me? And what is the difference between comfort or poverty? There is no difference. Later on, when I've begun to realise that I'm still me, and when I'm not so—so dazed, then I shall love every beautiful thing in that beautiful world we're going to. But give me time, Peter. Just now I can't love anything but you. I can't see anything but you!"

He raised her two little hands and pressed them over his face. They were cool and soft and sweet there. They drove the sudden blind fever from his brain. steadied him, for he had been trembling.

And when he was quite calm once more, he asked her: "What's in your letter, Molly?"

She tore it open and they read it together. It was very short.

"God bless you, my dear! And God bless that fine young man of yours, too! I think he'll be good to you. If he isn't, I'll skin him alive when I get back!"

They laughed, but very tenderly, for their hearts were full of affection and gratitude for the shabby little old gentleman who had played Father Christmas so well.

"He won't have to skin me," Eveshot "I'll be good to you, Molly. Only love me a little, and I'll be good to you for ever and a thousand years!"

He took her hands again and kissed them, and she leant against him, looking up into his face, and they were both very grave and still and silent, and Weems had to speak twice in the doorway.

"Dinner is served, my lady."

Then Molly Eveshot laughed, for that title still seemed such a preposterous thing for the likes of her to have—outside a dream, that is. And, laughing, they went together in to their first family dinner.



WAR-TIME IN ARCADY

By S. L. BENSUSAN

Illustrated by G. L. Stampa

THE casual onlooker, had there been one, might have imagined that he had found the "room in a cottage" of the second scene of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and that the assembled company included Flute, Bottom, Quince, Snug, and the rest of the simple Athenians whose names will never die. But in truth the cottage was no nearer Athens than East Anglia, and the rustics were neither weavers, bellows-menders, tinkers nor tailors. There was a joiner, but his name was not Snug, and his fellows included agricultural labourers, an ex-postman and innkeeper, an ex-policeman and two retired soldiers. All were men of middle age at least, and they

filled the annexe of the village schoolroom, waiting under the dim light of a couple of oil lamps to take the oath. Word had gone out a week before that the whole district must be carefully patrolled. It was whispered that the enemy's spies might light fires on the appointed night to guide airships from the North Sea to the Metropolis, and that, for purposes of illumination, hay or straw stacks would be found most effective. So the men of the surrounding villages, many of whom had contributed sons to one of the Services, were now preparing to make their own unskilled efforts on the country's behalf. A clear-headed, resourceful farmer, who had kept the training of Boy Scouts in his hands

for years past, had been asked to act as sergeant, and was waiting for the men to be sworn in; then he would give them their first drill.

On the stroke of the hour, the magistrates arrived, accompanied by a police inspector. The recruits were formed up in a line and sworn en bloc. In a few simple words the senior magistrate explained their duties, and showed how they would best serve the cause we all have at heart if they would keep a sharp eye for strangers, and would report promptly to the police the arrival in any village of people not seen before. This is a labour that would appeal irresistibly to the East Anglian imagination.

In peaceful seasons the man who comes into one village from the next one is a "furriner," and is looked upon with suspicion. The offence of entering a district in which you were not born is far more serious than it seems. It must have been very pleasing to some of our recruits to learn that the close supervision of "furriners," a pastime of peaceful days, was elevated to the

rank of a national duty.

The oath administered, we were all drilled by the farmer, whose query as to whether every man present knew his right hand from his left was not so ill-advised as it seemed. Several hard-working agriculturists, who have deserved well of East Anglia's heavy, stubborn soil, were clearly like the people of old Nineveh, that great city, or, at least, they had forgotten, and took a little time to remember. Within half an hour the reproach was removed. We could not only turn to the right or the left with comparative promptitude and complete unanimity, but we could form fours, and would have marched, "If we had the room been large enough. have to go anywhere together," said the sergeant encouragingly, "let us look like men who have come out to serve the King, and not like men going to the public-house to muddle an evening away. That will do nicely. 'Tention! Stand at ease! 'Tention! Dismiss!"

The new "specials" then grouped round the desk to hear the time-table read out. There are two shifts—one from eight till midnight, another from midnight till three o'clock in the morning. One man, no longer young, asked that he might go on with the first lot and not with the second. He explained that his work lies over four miles from his home, that he has to leave his house at five o'clock in the morning and does not get back till seven in the evening.

As his daily task lies in loading sacks with coal from trucks in the sidings at the railway station, he feared he would not be able to do his work if he went out with the second shift.

A very insignificant-looking man this, one at whom nobody would look twice, but a self-sacrificing patriotic son of the soil, of whom, perhaps, we all in that moment felt a little proud. The sergeant urged him to resign, pointing out that his work was already sufficiently arduous, but he spoke in vain. Rather sulkily the man protested that he would have said nothing about the matter if anybody thought he could not serve. If he had an hour to get himself clean and have tea, he could walk with anybody up to twelve, and five hours' sleep was all he wanted.

I think that most of our "specials" were making sacrifices beyond those of their brethren of the towns. It is one matter to pace lighted streets, within touch of police and telephone, to take all grave responsibility off your shoulders, and with the knowledge that you may sleep after duty till eight o'clock in the morning, and it is quite another to tramp dark and muddy lanes after a day of physical labour, with undivided responsibility in emergency, and with six o'clock in the morning for the latest hour of rising. Farmers, for example, are doing this year a lot of work that falls in normal times to their men. They are all short-handed — the recruiting-sergeant has seen to that—and while the long autumn drought has made ploughing late and put farm work in arrears, the feeding of stock, tending of horses, and milking of cows are jobs that have their fixed hours and are For many men, even those imperative. whom fortune has not neglected, work lasts seven days a week just now, and the response to the call for special constables shows clearly enough the anxiety of the countryside to do its best.

Procedure is simple enough. At a few minutes to eight, the first men on duty arrive at the sergeant's house and receive their instructions, together with the striped badge for their arm and the useful truncheon with which they may at need enforce authority. When their duty is at an end, they call at the house of the men on late duty, hand over their armlets and staffs, and go to their own homes. The officer's duty is to pay his patrols unexpected visits, and the local police are on the alert to see that all the ground is covered. What is true of our little group of

villages is probably true of the length and breadth of Great Britain. We have a nation on the qui vive, aware for the first time in the history of living men that invasion in some shape or form is judged possible at last.

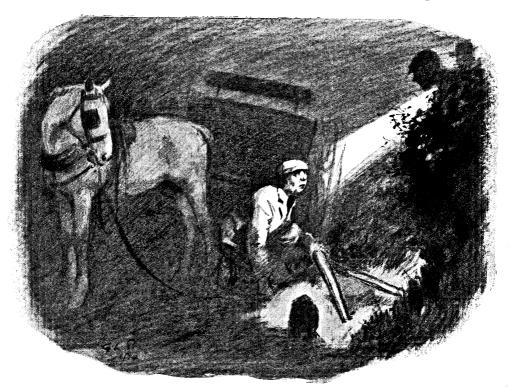
One cannot help but think of Shakespeare's description of two mighty monarchies:—

Whose high upreared and abutting fronts The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.

Perhaps true perception of danger is not granted to the stolid, strong-nerved countryman, to whom one piece of work is very

dark, and as the village inns are never open later than ten o'clock, and the country-folk are addicted to early hours on either side of the night, the appearance of noctambulants does demand explanation.

It was written that I should drill in vain. The decision was reached locally that nobody on the Commission of the Peace should act as a special constable, and all magistrates who had joined were requested to retire. So the badge and truncheon were denied me; but fortunately there is no objection to a "special" travelling with a companion, and for



"'Well, come and lend a hand."

much like another, and this is well; highly-strung and imaginative temperaments might have dismal hours in the empty darkness, when the heavens themselves seem to have been placed under orders to keep all lights extinguished. The task of the constable is definite enough—it is to challenge all comers, to demand their business, and to be satisfied of their bona fides. Farm buildings, stacks, outhouses, and sheds are to be inspected—in short, it is the "special's" object to assure himself that "all's right with the world." At these times no man may have the undisputed freedom of the countryside after

the first time in my life I tramped the lanes at midnight and after, looking for the invisible enemies, who would not, I imagine, favour such an empty country if they could help themselves.

On the first night of my pilgrimage the moon was up; a few cloud-banks were lumbering rapidly under a sky that seemed anxious to show its wealth of stars and to enable inhabitants of this stricken planet to see for themselves the ample measures that are being taken to replace it, if need be, in the vast workshops of the Milky Way. Under the great radiance, the surrounding woods

and the neighbouring village were sharply defined; they lay in impressive tranquillity, at rest with all creation. The main street showed no sign of life-not one figure was to be seen—but there was hardly a cottage in which a lamp was not burning in one of the upper rooms. I learned later that this was a peculiarity of every hamlet in the neighbourhood and of nearly all the scattered cottages and farmhouses in the open country. They were bedroom lights, and it was clear that there was not a bedroom that boasted an open window. Overcrowding is one of the most frequent troubles in rural England. It prevails here, and when one pauses to consider that the cottage bedrooms are small and low, and that there are adults and children laid asleep in them, it is not difficult to understand how the unventilated room, with its small stock of air depleted by an oil lamp and vitiated by the labours of many lungs, is always working to undermine the healthy influence of the outdoor life. slept with a light all my life," said one man to whom I spoke later on. "I couldn't rest without it." The mother of a considerable family explained that the children insisted on a lamp; they were "wunnerful skeered" of the dark. How much the labourer earning fourteen shillings a week loses in the course of a lifetime by this unhealthy sacrifice to custom it would be hard to say, but a lamp burning, perhaps, eight hours out of the twenty-four throughout the year must cost more than a little in oil, wick, and lamp glasses. Whether a village with at least one small light in every cottage window can be seen more clearly by an airship travelling high above it, is a question that must be left to the experts.

Down the hill, where the roads meet and a signpost comes to the assistance of the wayfarer, my companion awaited me. The first patrol had served its time, and, in transferring armlets and truncheons to its successors, had given them their route. sergeant in charge, acting with the police, is able to make his plans daily, and vary the route in small but useful measure. road was singularly uninteresting, lying as it did through a sparsely-inhabited tract of country, with nothing but a few farmhouses and the adjacent cottages of the In the height of summer you labourers. may pass down the lanes without meeting more than the cart of a farmer or tradesman; with the coming of the autumn rains, the few wheels contrive to churn the thick mud into a menace to the pedestrian.

But orders are orders. We set out at a steady pace and entered the mud area with as much enthusiasm as seemed absolutely necessary. Our first departure from the muddy lane was to inspect certain stacks of unthreshed corn, to the surprise and annovance of certain rats that apparently giving a supper-party to their friends at the farmer's expense. I looked into the yard and discovered a large Berkshire sow. She seemed to be suffering from insomnia. At the sight of strangers she grunted so fiercely that she woke a house-dog behind the wall. We heard it spring to the end of its chain and bark furiously. there was no suggestion of an alien enemy, so we withdrew our clay-stricken boots to The clouds were the lane and passed on. obscuring the sky, and a brief shower reminded us of pleasures to come when the winter nights bring their quota of rain, hail, or snow on the wings of the prevailing The way led to a small north-west wind. sward bearing the significant title of Gallows Green. Old men can recall the stories they heard, as children, of the times when a gibbet stood there, and a highwayman or two, hanging in chains, spoke mutely of society's vengeance against the robbers of the mail The story may be true, for Dick Turpin was born and bred in these parts, and Jerry Abershaw, Tom King, and others who were expert horsemen, and still more expert thieves, operated on the great London road seven or eight miles away. The place looked peaceful enough now. A dozen half-timbered and thatched cottages of Elizabethan or Jacobean times are dotted haphazard round the acre of grass, on which the children play through the long summer evenings, while the housewives gather to gossip, and the labourers take their glass and smoke their pipe on the benches of "The Oak and Crown." A little owl seated on the thatched roof of the inn mewed like a cat; somewhere in a copse on our left a luckless rabbit, hunted by a stoat, screamed its terror to the blind, deaf night; the rain stopped, and the moon struggled out above the rack of clouds.

We moved off to the main road and high adventure at last, such adventure as may await in the vales of Arcady knight-errants on the service of King and country. The moon persistently playing hide-and-seek with clouds—a frivolous amusement enough for a lady of her age—was suddenly invisible, but we could see on the road a dark shape quite stationary and a moving figure with a lamp.

The lamp-light was on the hedge; then, as we approached silently, it was turned on to the dark shape and revealed a dog-cart. One o'clock in the morning, a vehicle, a man with a lamp! My friend took advantage of a gap in the hedge, climbed into the field, and moved noiselessly over the ploughed land. I followed close behind. Suddenly he flashed his electric lamp on to the figure that still had its back to us and cried: "Halt! Who goes there?"

"Pack o' nonsense," was the reply. "I've been halting this hour or more. Oh, it's you, is it? Well, come and lend a hand. The mare's gone down and broken a shaft, and I had to cut a trace to get her up. Shied at a cow over the hedge, turned round before I could stop her, and got the wheel in the ditch. It's lucky she didn't cut her knees. Anyway, you'll both be glad of a job, I expect. I don't suppose you've had one yet to-night. Got a bit of cord about you?"

This might have seemed an unreasonable request for the time and place. Perhaps it was with vision of captive prisoners that my companion had supplied himself with some four yards of stout thin cord, and he has a knife that seems to have taken note of every possible need of man. You can cut the wire of a champagne bottle, or take stones out of a horse's hoof, or draw a cork, or manicure your finger-tips, or punch holes in leatherone need not go on, for this last job was the one called for. We cut some branches of a hedgerow elm, made splints for the shaft, and bound it tightly. Then we pierced the trace and hitched the cord on to it with the aid of a little tarred twine that chanced to be in the farmer's cart. In short, had we been marines or Boy Scouts, we could hardly have been more useful. The farmer waxed communicative. "To market at Waldron," he explained, "and from there on to my brother's and had tea, and then we had to walk over to a recruiting meeting; and some of the chaps came back to his for a smoke, and it was past eleven before I left. My wife will be in a rare state. Perhaps you'd better come back with me. It's not a mile to Garth Farm, and she's got some black current wine that's five years old."

My friend looked at his watch. "Our time's nearly up," he said, "and it's on our way back, so if we walk while you drive, it will be up by the time we get to yours. There's nothing in the regulations to forbid black currant wine after duty."

The grateful farmer drove off, and we followed slowly over some high ground commanding wide views. Here and there all over the landscape there were little faintly luminous patches, coming presumably from the lamps in houses where everybody was asleep. I couldn't help thinking that, if darkness is of the essence of security, some steps should be taken to warn the country-side, though in all human probability the odds against danger to the houses themselves is many hundreds of thousands to one.

The farmer's wife, recovered from her anxiety, heard us coming, and was on the doorstep to welcome her late visitors. Her husband was still in the stable, disposing of the trap and attending to the needs of his mare. We drank the admirable currant wine mixed with boiling water, and we ate much cake, and on the farmer's return he presented us each with a cigar. "You need not be afraid of these," he said innocently, " for they are true British make." And he showed us the box. "No foreign truck for me," he added complacently. The rain was pelting the window-panes, and we sat round the fire until the shower had passed. Then, greatly refreshed, we sought the homeward way, to find again that roads were dank and ways were mire, and moved towards home. A horse that had strayed through a gate carelessly left open was the only living thing we met, and when I turned my own light out, it was nearly four o'clock. In the following afternoon I met the sergeant.

"You must have taken a long round last night," he said. "I heard you pass my house

at past three o'clock."

"Yes, it was a bit late," I replied. "We stopped to render first-aid to a trap with a broken shaft."

"Good," he said. "I'm afraid you must

have been very wet and tired."

"That's nothing," I said, electing to forget for the moment all about the hot wine and cake. "At a time like this we must all do our best."

"Quite right," said the sergeant, "but hours are hours. Don't overdo it. You must have been tired at the end."

"I think I felt fresher at three o'clock than

I did at two," I assured him.

"That's good condition," he said, and I smiled as one who accepts a well-earned compliment.

THE SIX MEAN MEN

By TOM GALLON

Illustrated by Charles J. Crombie



HE tall, thin man with the pinched face was conspicuous by reason of the fact that he wore no overcoat, and the icy blast that came, with a sort of bitter rage, round the corners of streets that Christmas

evening seemed to demand that all men should wear overcoats.

Perhaps the fact that the tall, thin man shivered a little as he moved undecidedly from one point to the other in the narrow street had induced the policeman on duty at the corner to move slowly down to the man once, and to ask him, with a civility that was really not too civil, if he was waiting for anyone. The tall, thin man had looked the constable up and down in a fashion that was half insolent, and had answered in a voice that was quite refined, if a little husky, that of course he was. And the constable, only half satisfied, but rather nonplussed, had gone on his way again.

The tall, thin man was desperate. There was no particular reason for him to remain in that street; it was quite as hopeless a street as every other street in London so He was on the far as he was concerned. outside of things, and no single door in all the great city would open by so much as an inch of space to let him squeeze through. And the man was very hungry and very cold and absolutely hopeless. He knew perfectly well that in a minute or two, solely on account of a suspicious police constable, he would have to move away again, and start off on that endless march of the streets that might bring something, but would most probably bring just nothing at all. For the moment, however, the constable was out of the way, and the tall, thin man could stand still and look at the lighted windows

of the houses, and forget even to wonder what was going to happen to him.

A man suddenly came round the corner of the street, and moved with jerky, rapid strides towards a certain door. With a quick glance in the direction of the spot from which the constable had come, the tall, thin man moved across the road, with the deliberate intention of interviewing a prosperous citizen on what was probably his own doorstep. Half across the road he stopped, for the prosperous citizen had swung away from what was presumably his own doorstep, and was making off towards the end of the street again. The movement brought him in closer proximity to the other man, and so they met practically face to face.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the tall, thin man, with no possible suggestion in his voice of the whine of the ordinary beggar, "but I am really greatly in need of assistance. For the matter of that, I am starving for the want of food. That is a simple statement, and a true one."

The beggar was quite prepared to be swept aside. He had tried the sorry game on two other occasions that day and had

on two other occasions that day, and had met with that fate. In this case, however, the procedure was different. The man he had accosted took a step towards him and seemed to blink at him through his glasses; he pushed back his hat from his forehead and studied the other man more closely.

"You speak like a gentleman," he blurted

"We can set that aside," answered the other, with an attempt at light-heartedness. "What a man may have been does not matter; it is rather what a man is at the moment."

"Quite so, quite so," answered the other.

"And, when I come to look at you, it seems obvious that yours is a case of very real hunger—eh? No nonsense about that—eh?"

"It is a simple fact," answered the other

The man he had accosted seemed to think

over that point for an exasperatingly long time; the man who had accosted him had an uneasy remembrance of the constable, who might turn the corner at any moment.

"And I suppose that, when a man is in your condition, he will do practically anything to relieve what one might call the immediate pangs—eh?" Thus the man in the spectacles, looking searchingly into the eves of the other.

"My dear sir, I would do anything short of actual murder, I think," answered the

The man with the spectacles made a sudden quick movement—almost as though he danced quickly on his feet - and indicated with a wave of his hand the doorway he had so recently left. "Then, in that case, sir," he answered, "perhaps you will be so good as to come with me."

He was gone across the road before the other could even thank him. He stood for a moment in the doorway of the house again, and seemed to search for the keyhole. moment later the door opened, and he stood there, beckoning sharply with his hand. After a mere moment of hesitation, the tall, thin man crossed the road and stepped after him into a lighted hall. The door was closed and he faced his host.

That host was a man about as tall as himself, and certainly quite as thin. In entering the hall he had slipped from his shoulders a heavy caped overcoat, disclosing the fact that he was in evening-dress. He took from his head a soft black wideawake hat and hung it up with the overcoat; then he stood looking at his visitor with pursed lips and in that exasperating silence he had employed before at the beginning of the interview in the road. Suddenly he turned, with a gesture that compelled silence, and opened a door at the end of the hall and signed to the vagrant to go in. He followed himself and closed the door.

"I should think biscuits would do, to go on with, and perhaps whisky," he said, in a voice that was as jerky as his walk. "Something more substantial shall follow."

He stooped and unlocked a sideboard and took out a jar of biscuits. With a little nervous clatter he set a decanter and glasses on a centre table. He stood back politely and waved a hand to indicate that the other man should help himself.

"You are most kind, sir," said the famished man, with a curious little catch in his voice.

"Something more than kind, sir."

He stepped across to the table and poured

out some of the spirit into a glass; he took a biscuit from the jar and began to munch As he drank the whisky, some colour seemed to come into his pinched face; some new emotion made him choke over his drink Mastering that, he turned, with the glass in his hand, towards his host, with the beginnings of a speech of thanks upon his lips.

"It isn't every man that would help a

poor devil in distress—

The speech died upon his lips, and he made a slow movement to set down the glass upon the table beside him. For that other tall, thin man, looking at him steadily through his glasses, had a revolver pointed directly at him, and had, moreover, his back planted against the door.

"Now, don't make a fuss, and don't make a noise," said the man with the revolver. "Perhaps, in a sense, I am as desperate as you are, and I have the advantage of being armed. Therefore keep quite still and listen to what I have to say."

His voice was so very shaky, and the weapon he held wobbled about so curiously in his nervous fingers, that the vagrant gave a queer laugh as he looked at him. Perhaps the whisky had given him courage; certain it is that he stepped quickly across the room and took the revolver from the nerveless hand of his host.

"Why, man, what the devil do you think you're going to get out of me?" he demanded, with a laugh that had something of bitterness in it. He tossed the revolver on to the table and coolly took up his glass again. "Now say what you have to say, without any melodrama in it. It might be well, by the way, if you took a little of this stuff, to put some colour into your face."

He poured some of the whisky into a glass, and stepped across the room and held it out to the other man. That man, after looking at him doubtfully through his spectacles for a moment or two, and after looking stupidly at the glass, took the glass and gulped down its contents. evidently something to which he was not accustomed. He coughed and blinked his eyelids and slapped his chest before handing back the glass.

"I assure you that I had no intention of

frightening you," he said politely.

"You didn't," answered the other, with a short laugh. "But as you seem somewhat unused to firearms, I thought you might hurt yourself. Will you explain what the particular game is?"

"If you will be so kind as to sit down," was the reply. "We can then discuss the matter in all its details. You will find that chair a comfortable one; there is a box of cigars to your hand, and I can strongly recommend them. It is early yet "-he glanced at a heavy gold watch he drew from his pocket—"and I have no doubt that it will not take you long to get ready. count myself particularly fortunate in having lighted upon a gentleman"—he jerked a little bow in the direction of the vagrant-"and a very cool gentleman, too, at that." He jerked another bow and sank into a chair and adjusted his glasses.

The vagrant took a long look at him. Any suspicion that had been in his mind that his singular host was mad faded away while he took that scrutiny; the eyes behind the glasses were clear and steady and eminently sane. The only thing that could be said was that the owner of the eyes was apparently in a very nervous and worried

condition.

"Let us begin, my dear sir, with an exchange of names," said the host. "My name is Andrew Wrench, and this is my house. One cannot live in a house like this without a certain considerable amount of means; therefore you may take it that I am not in any way in an impoverished condition."

"I presume that it is necessary that I should give you my name," said the other, with a little troubled look on his face. am not particularly proud of it; a man is never proud of anything he has dragged in the dust. My name is Luke Hardwick, and you may take it that I am certainly in a very impoverished condition, or I should scarcely have begged from you to-night. Without going into details, I may mention that my life, in some respects, has been one the record of which would absolutely shock a man like yourself. It began with one misfortune almost in boyhood, and other misfortunes have followed. I am not whining, because the fault has been my own, for the most part. My reluctance to tell you my name arises from the fact that that name has appeared in the records of Scotland Yard, and that I have been a inmate of one of His Majesty's prisons."

"Capital!" exclaimed the other, rubbing his hands. "I have been very lucky indeed, even in a selection that was quite accidental. You are the very man for my purpose."

"That largely depends on the purpose," retorted Hardwick, with a short laugh.
"I will explain," said Andrew Wrench.

He rose from his chair and walked across to a bureau and opened it. Inside there appeared to be an untidy litter of papers of all sorts and descriptions, thrown in higgledypiggledy. He went diving amongst these for a moment or two, and presently drew forth a cutting from a newpaper pasted on half a sheet of notepaper.

"Read that," he said, in a dramatic

Hardwick took the paper and read it. According to a scrawled note in ink upon it, it was a cutting from The Daily Wire of a week previous.

"Advertiser, interested from a commonsense point of view, especially at this season of the year, in the broader question of charity, wishes to communicate with half a dozen other gentlemen who may probably share his views, and may be ready to deplore with him the absurd and reckless pauperising of the masses for a mere sentimental idea. Address, in first instance, A. W., Box—at the address of this paper.'

Hardwick held out the paper and looked interrogatively at the other man. Wrench pursed up his lips and gave a gloomy nod.

"I inserted that," he said.

"Did you get any replies?" asked

Hardwick carelessly.

The other man pointed to the bureau. "Hundreds," he said. "From charitable institutions of every description, as well as from individuals. Dozens of letters have come, pointing out how wrong-headed I show myself to be over this matter of charity; appealing letters from people who feel that, at least at Christmas-time, I should look at what I call that broader question of charity in a totally different way. My dear sir, I have been overwhelmed."

Hardwick laughed and puffed at that unaccustomed cigar. "You will pardon my saying that I do not yet know exactly where

I come in," he said.
"I am trying to explain," said Andrew Wrench. "In this advertisement I have made a direct appeal to men who apparently hold the same views that I am supposed to The advertisement was purely an experimental one; I wanted to discover if there were people who held this business of charity in utter abhorrence."

"And you found quite a number, !

suppose?"

Andrew Wrench shook his head. the contrary, I was quite agreeably surprised. I suppose there are a great many people who, in secret, at least, are extremely mean; but the devil of the thing is that they won't admit it. I have found plenty of people posing as benefactors to society and to the human race whom I am quite convinced have never given away anything in their lives. I can assure you that the difficulty of selecting people who willingly and cheerfully mean has been very great. I refer, of course, to people who boast of their meanness, and even flaunt it in your face."

"That's honest, at all events," said Hard-

"I have discovered exactly six persons who, by their own confession, are the meanest dogs in existence. It has been a process of elimination, and the selection, as I have said, has been a difficult one. have got together my six mean men, and they are all coming here to dinner to-night."

Andrew Wrench spoke with something of an air of triumph; at the same time his eyes behind the glasses had rather a frightened look in them. Hardwick leaned forward in his chair and looked at the man quizzically; perhaps he began

daylight.

"You have asked the six meanest men you have been able to find haphazard in London to dinner. May I take it that you wanted a man of my stamp to put before them as an example of what they ought to have done, had their hearts been in the proper places this Christmas night?"

"You are quite wrong," said Andrew "I don't require you for that purpose. The truth of the matter is that I require you to play the host to-night—in my

place."

"I see. You require me to pose as a sort

of horrible example."

"I do not," said the other testily. really wish you would endeavour to see the situation from my point of view. I have got into communication with these six men, whom I have never seen in my life. strange and fantastic circumstances they have accepted my invitation to dinner this Christmas night——"

"Being mean men, they would very naturally take advantage of an invitation to dinner which cost them nothing," broke in Hardwick. "What did you expect to do

with them?"

"I merely desired to study them—to hear frank confessions from their own lips concerning the meanness of which they have boasted to me in their letters. And now,

when the moment has arrived, I confess to you that I am terribly afraid."

"What do you think they'll do to you?"

demanded Hardwick.

"I don't know; I tremble to think," said Andrew Wrench, with a little nervous movement of his hands. "It is the mere idea of coming in contact with them. Men of that sort, who can glory in their meanness at a time when every man's purse-strings should be loosened, are dangerous to society. They will know, for the first time, that I am a man in a comfortable position in life; the house that is open to them to-night may appear to be open to them on any other night of the year. I am completely at their mercy—the six meanest dogs in London."

"And you want me to take your place and play the host? Is that all?"

"That is simply all," said Andrew Wrench. "The idea occurred to me in a moment when I ran against you and heard you make an appeal to me in the voice of a gentleman. I have never seen these six persons, and they have never seen me. They expect to meet me to-night, or to meet a man calling himself Andrew Wrench. I offer you a dress-suit for the occasion, a good dinner, and a sovereign."

"And what are you going to do?" asked

Hardwick, after a pause.

"There is a dear, good fellow, a friend of mine, with a very jolly family. He has always been pressing me to spend Christmas with him. I shall drop in and take potluck, as he would express it, and probably have the time of my life."

"And what measures do you take to insure that I do not lay hold of all the portable property I can, and decamp in your

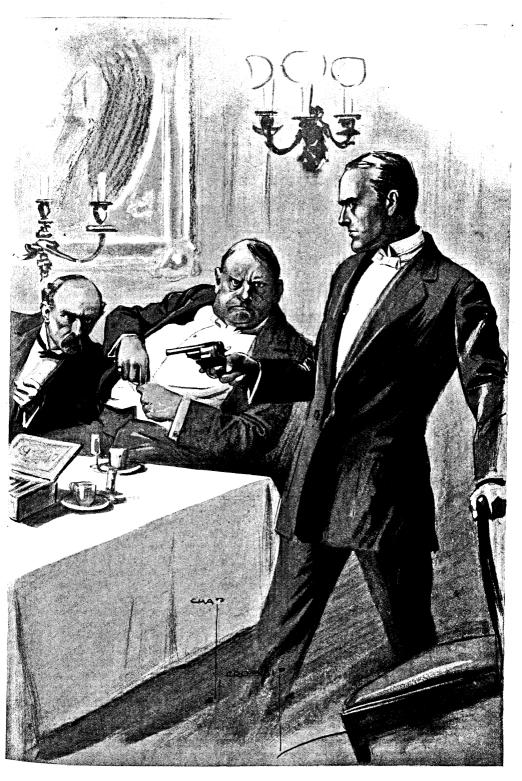
absence?" asked Hardwick coolly.

"My good man, I am a student of human nature, and my scrutiny of you declares that you are not a rogue, in the ordinary sense of the term. More than that, I shall tell my man-servant Parker, who has been with me for years, exactly what I am doing, and he will naturally keep a watch on you. That, of course, is only as a precaution," he added whimsically. "Now, is it a bargain?"

"Well, seeing that if I said 'No,' you would probably show me the door, and I should miss my dinner, I suppose I'd better say that it is a bargain. There's only one stipulation I would make. As it will be a sort of business of six to one, and I don't know exactly what your mean men may be like, I'll trouble you for the loan of the revolver."



"'You shall pay first,' said Hardwick. 'Empty your pockets-quick!'"



"There was a stirring about the table, and men were rising to their feet."

"I'll make you a present of the beastly thing, if you like," said Andrew Wrench, with a nervous laugh. "I only got it because I didn't know what might happen to myself to-night. Now, if you will be good enough to come upstairs with me, I'll introduce you to my dressing-room and to clean linen and a good suit of clothes. Here is the sovereign I promised you; I might forget."

"At any rate, I'm glad I shall have the revolver," said Hardwick, with a chuckle. "I'm not complaining of the pay, but to take one's life in one's hands, even for twenty shillings and a dinner, with six strange men whose characters must be of the

worst, is a bit of a risk."

"If you think that I should pay you more—"

"Not a penny," said Hardwick hastily, as he began to strip off his shabby clothes. "The pay is handsome for a poor devil such as I am, and the actual sport of the thing appeals to me. I had not hoped for anything of this kind, I assure you. Will you be so good as to tell your man to bring me some hot water, and may I borrow one of your razors?"

Some quarter of an hour later a very immaculately dressed, tall, thin man, whom no one would have recognised as the shabby vagrant who had stood in the pitiless weather outside the house, emerged from the dressing-room and came downstairs to face his host. That host was chuckling like a schoolboy as he surveyed the transformed Hardwick; he walked all round him, as though very well

pleased with what he had done.

Splendid!" he ejaculated, "Capital! rubbing his hands. "I am indeed in luck. Quite without suggesting anything profane, one might say that you had dropped straight from heaven. For the night you will please remember that you are Mr. Andrew Wrench, while a very happy and a very relieved man, in the person of the real Andrew Wrench, is going off to take pot-luck with an old friend and with that old friend's family. Very nice girls, I assure you, and they know all the real Christmas games by heart. Good hight to you. I hope you'll have a very pleasant time. Punish the wine as much as you like. Parker has instructions that you are to make yourself completely at home.

They shook hands, and Andrew Wrench departed somewhat hurriedly, the man-servant helping him on with that heavy caped overcoat in the hall. The door slammed upon him, and Hardwick could picture him literally

running down the street, in his joy at having escaped.

Luke Hardwick, left in possession of the house, found himself standing on the hearth-rug in front of the drawing-room fire. contemplating a card which he held in his hand. Andrew Wrench had nervously given it to him a moment or two before his It contained, drawn carefully departure. upon it, an oblong plan of the table, with the names of the guests carefully written down where their places were indicated, and with the name of "Andrew Wrench" at the head of the table. Three names on each side, and the opposite end of the table left vacant. Even while he was contemplating this, a ring came at the bell. Hardwick's hand slipped almost unconsciously to the butt of the revolver in the pocket of his dinner jacket.

"No sound of wheels," murmured Hardwick to himself. "The first mean man has walked, even on such a night as

this."

They came in close proximity to each other. Six times the bell rang, with a very short interval between each summons. They came into the drawing-room in different fashions—this man with something of shyness, that man with more of boldness, and that other one with something of a swagger. They faced the tall, thin man in evening-dress standing before the fire on the hearthrug, and they rubbed their hands and they looked about them at the furniture and the costly pictures on the walls, but to each other they said never a word.

The transformed vagrant, on the other hand, seemed quite at his ease. He had shaken hands with each man as he came in; he had made a remark upon the bad character of the night; with a display of knowledge that was remarkable, he had pointed out the value of certain pictures upon the walls. All the time he had been carefully studying the faces. They were such a depressing set of faces that he was quite relieved when the wonderful Parker opened the door of the drawing-room and announced that dinner was served.

Hardwick took his place at the head of the table, after bowing his guests into their places; each of them had scrutinised the tiny card upon the top of a wine-glass, denoting where he was to sit. Leaning back in his place, Hardwick looked round upon the six faces, and his heart hardened within

They had been well chosen. Never in all

his life and in all his varied experience, even in a prison, had he seen six faces of such a type. It was as though some magic hand had swept away from each face everything it could possibly have held of kindliness or good nature. Every line upon every face was a mean line; every face was formed in a mould that was curiously like all the other faces. The thing was a grotesque nightmare.

Only their bodies were different. One man had a great rotund body, on which the mean face, perched above it, looked even meaner than the other faces. There, at that meaner than the other faces. end of the table, was a man with a stunted body and a head too big for the body, and the appetite of a wolf; and his face was mean, like all the other faces. They all ate ravenously, and they all eyed each other with a certain quick suspicion. They drank everything that was put before them. Parker filled their glasses, and gradually, as the wine flowed down their throats, their tongues were loosened and they began to talk. And they talked always to that silent man at the head of the table.

"Well, I suppose we've all had your letter, Mr. Wrench," said the man with the huge body, "and I suppose we all know what we're gathered here for to-night. Men of good, sound principles, with no nonsense about us—men who can look after their own, and not likely to be fools enough to trouble about anybody or anything outside—eh?"

"You catch my meaning perfectly, Mr. Jacob Fishburn," said Hardwick, with a swift glance at the card beside his plate. "We'll have no talk here to-night of sentimental things nor charity—that horrible word!—nor of any Christmas cheer save that which is on this board for ourselves."

"I should think not, indeed," piped the man with the small body, from the end of the table. "It's very good to find one sensible man at least in a silly world. Your good health, Mr. Wrench."

"My thanks to you, Mr. Ebenezer Garland," said Hardwick, with another quick glance at the card. "A man after my own heart, I can well understand."

"Never gave a penny to anything in my life, and never shall," said Ebenezer Garland, with a chuckle. "There are quite a lot of fools in the world ready to do that."

"I liked the look of your advertisement the first moment my eye lighted on it," said a man at the other side of the table, a tall, cadaverous-looking man with a tightlipped mouth. "I said to myself that here was someone who knew how to look after himself. I was interested in a moment. To show you the sort of man I am, I may tell you that a wretched drab of a woman begged of me as I walked up the street here to-night—something about she wanted food for the love of God. I spoke to the policeman at the corner about her; he'll attend to her wants, I've no doubt."

There were murmurs of "Wise man," "Sensible thing to do," "Quite right and proper," on either side of the table. The lips of Hardwick tightened a little. The faces that had seemed mean before seemed terrible now and menacing. He turned to the waiting Parker and spoke to him almost sharply.

"Parker, put the cigars and the coffee and liqueurs on the table. After that you needn't

wait. I will ring if anything is required." The man-servant did as he was bid. When finally he stepped softly to the door and went out, Hardwick rose to his feet. He selected a cigar from the box and carefully cut off the end; he lighted the cigar and moved slowly away from the table to the door. This man of mystery to his guests was naturally watched by their fascinated eyes; he was careful that he should be watched. He turned the key in the door, and took out the key and dropped it into his pocket. As he strolled back to his seat at the table, each mean face about him was a startled face, with a dropped jaw and with a lighted cigar held near to it, but forgotten.

"Gentlemen," said Hardwick, standing at his end of the table, "our little comedy is drawing to a close. This has been an experiment on my part—this drawing together of six gentlemen who have boasted that they are the meanest men to be discovered in London even on Christmas night. There is one thing, however, that you have forgotten—that sometimes a good meal has to be paid for. And the price in your cases will be, I fear, a somewhat heavy one. To use a vulgarism, you will pay through your noses."

"Here, what's the game?" demanded Mr. Fishburn of the huge body. "You don't frighten us, you know."

The man at the head of the table turned his face in Fishburn's direction; his eyes were smiling dangerously. Very quietly he drew the revolver from his jacket pocket and held it within a couple of inches of Fishburn's nose.

"As you are so very certain of what I can

and cannot do, you shall pay first," said Hardwick. "Empty your pockets—quick!"

There was a stirring about the table, and men were rising to their feet. Hardwick's stern voice sent them down into their seats

again.

"Heaven help the first man who moves!" he said. "You're trapped, gentlemen. I wanted to discover if men could be quite so mean as you are, and could boast of their meanness. There's many a poor wretch walking the streets to-night; some of your wealth, at least, shall go to help them. You will be good enough, every one of you, to empty your pockets and to put the contents in front of you on the table. You've got to be quick, because my time's short for dealing with you—every pocket to be turned inside out!"

With glances at each other of resentment, as though, perhaps, each felt that he had been drawn into this thing by the others, they began to empty their pockets. Standing with the revolver held in the crook of his arm, he watched the men, and directed each sharply to put back certain things that were useless to him; it was only the money he wanted, and that must be in actual coin. It took some time for the sorting of the things, and all the time he watched, with the

revolver held ready.

"Now, gentlemen," he said at last, "you are free to go. I've no doubt that there is a settled determination in your minds that you will speak to the first policeman you meet, or will at the earliest opportunity bring the authorities to this house; but I know perfectly well that you won't do that. It's all very well for you to nod your heads and decide now what you're going to do, but I tell you you won't do it. The laugh is on my side, and you won't want the story of the six mean men spread about. You'll

be rather glad to hold your tongues. You've had a good dinner, and I am merely asking you to pay for it. If you should be so very unwise as to tell your story, I shall tell mine, and shall publish, if necessary, in the newspapers some very remarkable letters, which may set other people laughing besides myself. The man-servant is in the hall, and will hand you your coats and hats. My revolver is fully loaded, and I shall not allow anyone to play tricks."

Six men were assisted into six overcoats by an imperturbable servant. Their host watched them from the house and saw the door closed upon them. Then Hardwick walked back into the dining-room and very quickly gathered up the money that lay in little heaps upon the table, and dropped it

into his pockets.

"By the way, Parker," he said at last, will you be good enough to give this sovereign to your master? Tell him I have

not earned it."

Half an hour later a tall, thin man in evening-dress partly obscured by an overcoat—Hardwick had annexed that from the hall as he left the house—stood outside St. George's Hospital, which is nigh unto the gates of Hyde Park. A policeman watched him as he drew out a handful of gold and took some sovereigns from the little cluster and dropped them one by one into the box in the wall of the hospital.

"One likes to do some good on Christmas night, constable," Hardwick murmured gently, as he walked away, jingling the other

coins in his pocket.

The constable looked after him and nodded his head comprehendingly. "Funny jossers you do meet, to be sure," he said to himself. "One of them eccentric millionaires, I suppose."





FOR ENGLAND

By OWEN OLIVER

WHO will give for England? Answer on your truth.

"I give flesh and blood and bone;
Blood to bleed and flesh to feel,
Bone to break, or break their steel;
For her honour is my own,"

Said the Youth.

Who will give for England? Speak as you desire.

"Since I'm past the battle line,
I will give the son I've grown.
In his veins is blood of mine—
Easier to shed my own!"

Said the Sire.

Who will give for England? You whose tale is told?

"All that's left to us to give;

The dear young lives in whom we live,

The store we spent our years to save,

The rest we'd earned before the grave,"

Said the Old.

Who will give for England? Promise to be paid.

"I will give my lover true

To face the foemen in the field.

Oh, love of mine! My heart goes, too!

Would that my breast could be your shield!"

Said the Maid.

Who will give for England? Pledge it on your life!

"I will give my eyes to weep

My heart to break, my flesh to creep,

My Heaven that on earth began

With him. Oh, England, take my man!"

Said the Wife.

Who will give for England? Hear your Kingland's call!

"I will give the whole of me,
All that I am, or hoped to be;
Myself and mine to our last breath,
To fight for England to the death!"
So say we All,

THE LIE TO THE DEAD

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Illustrated by A. J. Gough



E was sifting sense and exchanging our opinions at "The One and All" public-house, kept by Richard Male; and, according to the custom of St. Tid, we differed a good bit about deep questions and the

right way and the wrong way to read 'em.

Sidney Nanjulian, second foreman at the slate quarries, started, as usual, on one of them tricky problems, so easy to solve at first sight and such a puzzler when you fairly tackle it. He was great for putting posers to the company, having a quick mind and a very romantic disposition. And he could sing, along with his other gifts; but as a local preacher he wasn't in the first flight. He'd start very clever, but one thing always led to another with Sidney, when he was preaching, and he'd go off, like a feather in a gale of wind, and pile words on words until the idea he started out with was properly lost under the mass of 'em. Then he'd try back, and hunt about and get messed up, though all in beautiful language, but no more use to the soul than cheese-cakes to a pig. Not but what his doctrine was sound. In all his flights he never said anything he didn't ought; but there was nothing to it, if you understand me. 'Twas like starting to let down a glass of ale and finding a tumbler of froth.

Often, however, he'd start solider men on the track of a notion, and sometimes his questions would lead to a good tale, or put one of our older members in mind of something worth repeating. And so it was on this particular night, for when Sidney raised a nice point, it minded me how the very same kicklish question had come before me in a critical case, and what I'd done about it.

"There's lots of questions in this world that can only be answered in the next," so Nanjulian was saying, and old Moses Bunt, who always contradicted him on principle, and everybody else, too, for that matter, denied it.

"There's no question ever comes up an understanding human can't answer," he replied; "and because you see a lot of things happen to puzzle you, it don't follow that a bald-headed old ancient man like me would be puzzled."

"Because you wouldn't have enough brains to understand the question," answered Sidney, who much disliked old Bunt. "No doubt you'd answer it. You're the sort would always think you knew. But would you answer right? Look here, now—be it ever proper to break your promise to the dead? That's what I want to know; and don't you think, because it looks so mighty easy, that it is."

"If it ain't easy, then you're no Christian," retorted Bunt upon Sidney. "For my part, I never heard anything easier, and the man who can be in doubt about it idden no friend of mine."

"Not that I ever heard anybody ever wanted to be," answered Nanjulian, who was far too quick of tongue for Moses. "But since it's so terrible easy, perhaps you'll give us the answer, and see if we be all of one mind about it."

"The answer is," declared Bunt, holding out his pint pot for Richard Male to fill again—"the answer is 'No.' Never under any manner of chances, no matter what the size of 'em, did a mortal man ought to lie to the dead."

I listened and said nought, while they all agreed with Moses, except Nanjulian. He didn't disagree, neither, but wouldn't let it go at that.

"You may be in the right," he allowed, "but there's a lot might happen, and we know that the spirit often conflicts with the letter and the letter with the spirit."

But Moses wouldn't hear it.

"A lie's a lie," he said, "and a lie to them in their graves be the wickedest, cowardest sort of lie. No fay—nothing ever could happen to make it right. And him as told such a lie would go haunted to his own grave, without a doubt."

'Twas just candle-teening, I remember, and Richard Male struck a light as I spoke.

"I'm with Nanjulian," I said, "and I'm as old as you, Moses, so you may take it I don't differ for the sake of differing. There's times," I said, "when it might be in seemly good reason to break your promise to a dead man; and I don't say it lightly, for it happened to me, and so you may be sure I've had to face the trouble in a way none of you chaps ever had, or ever be likely to have."

They was terrible interested, for I'm a silent member, as a rule, and would sooner list than

tell.

Then Sidney Nanjulian said one of the cleverest things that ever he did say.

"To break a promise might be the best way to keep it sometimes," he declared, and all the other men thought he was only talking foolishness; but, with my experience behind me, I knew 'twas a very deep saying.

'Twas a bit backalong and beyond the memory of most of 'em; but Moses Bunt remembered the parties, and when I named Benjamin Nute, a scornful expression came in his countenance.

"That antic," he said. "Who wants to hear tell about him?"

He'd been a quarryman, Ben had—one of the rock-men, as we call 'em—and his work had took him down into the pit. He served the drill very clever; but not the air-drill which is in use nowadays. In Ben's time it was all hand work, and he'd make the holes for gunpowder or dynamite, as the need happened to be, and always knew by a sort of instinct where to put 'em. He was ever the last to run from the lighted fuse, when the whistle went for a blasting, and he took a bit of risk, too, sometimes—to put a little salt in his life, as he said. For

he was a man much like Nanjulian in a fashion, and had ideas beyond quarrying, and felt a pleasure in bud-break and the fall of the leaf, and other such-like everyday things, that most folk don't heed more than a cow heeds the rain.

Then came salt into Ben's life with a vengeance—and pepper and mustard, too. And they took the usual shape, for the thing that be sure to hit that dreamy, fanciful sort of chap sooner or late is a female; and a girl it was that taught Master Ben how life had something in it more exciting than gunpowder or even dynamite. They be poor explosives, after all, compared to the weaker sex, as some joker have called 'em; and, for that matter, women varies in their powers of a bust-up just so much as black powder and nitro-glycerine, or that terror by the name of cordite. For the powder heaves gently, and the dynamite scats all abroad like the lightning, and the cordite properly puts the house out of windows and shakes a man to his boot-soles and turns the cliff-face into dust.

Julitta she was called, one of the Parsons family, and she had two brothers rock-men, and her father was in the dressing-sheds—a slate-splitter and a very clever man. They were a fiery race-dark-haired and red-faced, and good chapel people, save Julitta, who always minched when she could. But she loved singing, and was a great loss to the chapel choir. Like a bird she could trill; but hadn't no use for Wesley's hymns, more shame to her. She properly beat her family and went her own way, and was a lazy, lovely good-for-nothing. Vain, too. She'd frape herself in at the waist like a wasp, and crimp her hair and read story-books; but no wickedness was in her—only foolishness. Her father, Harry Parsons, spoiled her from the cradle and never chid her, so it wasn't her fault altogether. Her mother was dead, and she looked after her father and brothers.

Then she got acquainted with Ben Nute. There was a field where a bull was wont to run down under Medrose, which be part of St. Tid, and Ben he often went that way and crossed the field, just for the salt of the thing. And once the bull was there and pressed him hard; but he escaped. Then, passing that way, in a mild hope the creature might be round about, he met a girl fleeing to him in a proper terror with the bull behind her. But Ben kept his wits, and bade her run for her life, and got between her and the bull; and then Nute ran t'other way and put Bulley in two minds, and by

the time he'd decided and was off with his head down after the girl again, she'd got to the hedge and scrambled through it.

Ben saw her home after that, and, being very well known to her brothers as a good sort, they asked him to tea come Sunday; and he went.

It began like that, and in a month, or six weeks, him and Julitta was walking out. Not tokened, of course, nor nothing like that, but just to size each other up and see what they thought of one another's ideas.

I wouldn't say 'twas all one way by any means, for she liked him a lot from the first, and though the poetry in the man puzzled her, she thought it rather fine; and she liked a lot else about him, including his dark eyes and deep voice. Besides, he was given to doubting accepted things, and disinclined to believe a plan was right just because it had been followed for hundreds of years. A bit of a rebel, in fact, and that alone drew Julitta. She loved to hear him laugh at the accepted order of creation at St. Tid, and, finding she wasn't bound down to things as they were, he opened out a bit and fairly astonished her with his opinions, for he was a man of gentle nature. But he frightened her also, and when she told her father how terrible bold Ben Nute could be, the man was properly shocked, and advised Julitta to steer clear of such a rash and reckless thinker. So she kept her mouth shut after that; and then Ben, who was chin-deep in love by now, offered himself and proposed marriage, and said that if she'd come and live along with him and his old mother, she'd never repent it. Julitta didn't want no old mothers, however; but, of course, she couldn't say so, and as Mrs. Nute was a very ailing woman and might drop any time, she didn't let that stand in the way for the moment. She'd got conditions to put, but felt it wasn't the time, besides being perfectly sure he'd fall in with them when she liked to name them. And so, loving the man very well for the minute, she took him, and he said "Glory be!" and walked on air.

Ben certainly did love her with all his heart, and she knew it, and doubted not she'd be able to twist him round her finger as easily as her wedding-ring when the

time came.

But it never did, and the path of his true love ran skew from the start. He'd hardly got Julitta afore he lost her again, and that in a very unexpected fashion. For when it came to the condition, much to her surprise and mine, for that matter—because I was his friend and knew his secrets—he couldn't see his way.

She asked for a thing you might have thought, knowing Ben, he'd have found as easy as splitting slate; and yet, such is the contrariness of human nature, he wouldn't agree, for all his love. My own impression is that it were less the thing than Julitta's manner of asking for it; and yet, again, that's doubtful, too, for you'd never have thought he could have denied her. showed guiding strings deep down in his nature and an instinct that was stronger than his love. In a word, Julitta wanted Ben to promise he'd up stick and away from St. Tid the minute his mother was teeled.*

"You'll be so glad to go as me, I reckon," she told the man. "I'm sick to death of this stuffy hole, and want to go to America. There's more Cornishmen in Pennsylvania slate quarries than at St. Tid nowadays, and I'm for America—so you've got to promise to chuck St. Tid. You'll have a bit of cash when your mother dies, I suppose, so there you are; and I've a right to ax it and I do ax it."

He allowed she'd a right to ax, and added that he'd a right to refuse; but this she didn't see, and I believe from the very first minute she spotted he was not going to do her bidding in that particular. They talked for and against for a week, and then Julitta put it to her father, and he sided with Ben. She'd told Mr. Parsons and her brothers that, if they'd got a bit of pluck, they'd come too; but her father was well up at St. Tid, and Ben himself stood to be under-foreman in ten years, so they was both against her, and though her brothers were willing enough to go, she couldn't go without a husband.

Then she turned nasty.

"You're a silly old buffle-head," she said to Ben. "We can't all bide here for ever, like mites in a cheese, and if I'd known you were so mean-spirited, I'd never have taken you—no fay, I wouldn't."

"Use your sense," he answered. "You be the wittiest woman in St. Tid, and I can't believe my ears to hear you telling so

foolish."

He was patience made alive with her, for he loved the ground she walked upon; but he felt, with his position and prospects, it would be a great mistake to leave St. Tid for her sake. But she wouldn't hear him, and took a very scornful line indeed, and

^{*} Teeled--buried.



"All good Bank of England notes, and Julitta counted 'em, and they stood for five hundred and fifteen pound!"

ridiculed him for a stay-at-home gawk, with no more sense than a silly schoolgirl. Then his pride and his love clashed a bit, and afore one had got the bettermost of the other, a startling thing happened. They'd had another long wrangle, and when he came into my cottage a few days later, I could see he was pretty well beat about it. He axed my advice—a thing no sensible man offers to lovers any more than he would to married people—but I felt a bit hot for him, because the girl had been calling him rude names and showing a very unamiable temper, and

so I said that, if he wanted my view, he could have it.

"You've got your self-respect, I believe, Ben," I said, "and there's few things be worse to lose, especially for a married man. Don't you stand it, and don't you hear no more about it. If she's going to put her fun and love of gadding before your welfare and her future prosperity, then she's a fool. You take my tip and hold off her altogether for a month, and let her silly head cool, and let her see what life's like without you. And then, when next you go walking, and

she begins on it again—but there, she won't. She'll know, if you hold off, you're niffed, and she'll be sorry, and tread a bit softer in future."

"'Tis as much for her sake I'm firm as for my own," explained poor Ben. thinking of her future, and I'll never go so high in a new place as I shall here; besides, money don't run half so far out there. All the chaps that come back will tell you that."

He talked sensible, but did the other thing. He started to take my advice, and it played the very mischief with him, which I'll own, for after he'd kept away from her for a week, he was fairly dying of love for the girl, and the experiment was hurting him a lot worse than her. It made him lose his self-respect, which was just what I wanted to save for him, and it made her properly wicked. In fact, her love was a pretty poor sample, in my opinion, and didn't stand the strain he put on it. He stuck to it for a fortnight, and then called on me late one evening. In a fearful frame of mind he was, with perspiration fairly streaming down his face and his heart broken.

"It's all over," he said. "I've done it

now."

"Begin at the beginning," I answered, "and take a dollop of spirits afore you start. You'm wisht as a winnard, and your eyes be

bulging."

"I've seen her. I've just left her. told her I can't live like this no more, and that 'tis living death without her. I've thrown it up and promised to go to the ends of the earth, if she likes, so soon as my mother's dead."

"Aw jimmery!" I said. "You'll make a bally-muck of married life if you do that,

Ben."

"No, I shan't," he said; "but I'll make a bally-muck of single life. I shan't be wedded now."

"Not wedded!" I cried out.

"Everything be scat abroad now," he went on, and the tears was streaming down his face. "She just turned round—'twas outside the churchyard I met her—she turned round and said I'd comed to my senses too late, and I didn't suppose as she'd bided to be a laughing-stock till I cared to speak to her again. 'You poor chitter-faced thing,' she said, 'do 'e think I've been waiting with my 'ankercher to my eyes for you to mend your beastly manners? Not me—I ain't that sort. I'm tokened to Tom Retallack-that's what I am-a man whose boots you bain't worthy to black.

And never you speak to me no more, because I won't have it!' So there it is,

and my life's ruined."

"Tom Retallack!" I said. "Why, he's no older than her, and be so poor as a She started walking out with him a year ago, and her father stopped it the minute he heard of it."

Then I told Ben to keep up his pecker, and offered to take forty shillings or a month out of Tom myself — just for friendship; but somehow he knowed it was all up from the first, and time proved he was right. The woman was like a vixen, and not her father nor anybody would make her budge. She stuck to Retallack and went her way, though she calmed down in a month, and sought out Ben and axed his forgiveness, which he granted. But she didn't throw Tom over, and there was nothing more to say about it. A curious case of a woman doing a thing in a passion and sticking to the consequences when she was cool again. She told me, long after, that it was all for the best, because she'd always liked Tom, and reckoned his nature was better suited to her own than Ben's.

"I should always have bullied Ben," she confessed. "He's made for someone to bully; and that would have made a lot of trouble, and he'd have hated me in course of time."

'Twas easy to arrange it all like that; but Ben never, never got over it, and was a changed man from that day. He went about as though he'd had an accident and broken himself up, and so he had—where he couldn't be mended; for to his dying hour his love for that woman didn't waver. He'd made a picture of her in his heart, and time couldn't wipe it out or put another there.

They was all friends again in six months, and, of course, Tom Retallack promised Julitta that, when the time came, he'd be up and away with her to America. But it was a safe thing to promise, because well he knew the time never would come. He only earned eighteen bob a week, and it looked though the pair of 'em would grey-headed afore ever he'd get enough to put a roof over her head, let alone fly across

But Julitta trusted to time, and told Ben one day—the day he buried his mother, it was, and a great rally of neighbours beside the grave—that she'd never given up the hope and the longing to go abroad and see the And he was gentle with her, and world. said that for her sake he hoped it would happen some day. Because they'd got to be quite good friends, and he could bear to talk to her and see her along with Retallack. They'd even got so far that she would beg him to look round and find a maiden to share his home now his mother was gone. But he'd smile at her, and thank her for the good advice, and say there was none born could ever do that.

A few months later happened a nine days' wonder, and Tom Retallack fell in with his famous windfall. Just the most amazing come-by-chance that ever was heard tell about, and a thing that even got into the newspapers—as well it might. A Bank Holiday 'twas, and him and Julitta took their food and tramped to Brown-Willy—the great tor that you see rising up over the Cornish moors to the east of St. A fine place, sure enough, and good for a holiday and a breath of air, but desolate as sin—the home of the fox and the Yet in that barren place if Retallack didn't come by his money! Twas after him and Julitta had ate their food and was playing about, and she was picking whortleberries and he was smoking his pipe, when he seed a little tin box, rusty and battered, 'pon top of a boulder. He flung stones at it to knock it down, and presently he did so, and the box fell twenty feet in the green grass under, and scat open when it struck the turf. 'Twas full of white paper, and when they come to look, they found the paper was money! All good Bank of England notes, and Julitta counted 'em, and they stood for five hundred and fifteen pound! thought they must be drunk or dreaming, but there weren't no mistake—'twas real live cash, and they took it home and built pretty castles in the air as they went, no doubt. But when the time came, and they'd got used to it, Tom, being a very straight man, advertised the find and doubted not that the owner would come forward and the queer thing be explained. The only question in his mind was how much he'd be likely to get for the recovery. But nought happened and none came forward; so, after leaving it at that for three months, it looked as though all was right, and Retallack might fairly claim the money. Which he did do, naturally, and everybody wished him joy of it, and we had a good few free drinks along with the man, you may be sure.

Then, come winter, he wedded, and Ben and me was at the wedding with a good few other friends. And Tom Retallack took his wife away to America—to the quarries in

Pennsylvania—and we heard little more about 'em for five years. But from time to time came a letter from the woman to her father. She bore children, and weren't none too happy, by all accounts. Nothing to catch hold of, but it read as if her and her husband didn't always see alike. He'd got work, but nothing wonderful, and it began to look presently as if the pair of 'em was homesick, and might return to St. Tid afore they was much older.

Then we lost Ben Nute. He was struck down by an empty tumbril running fast from the top of the hill to the pit. He'd got his back to it, and was standing in the line dreaming, and didn't hear the warning. The poor chap had his pin-bone* broke, and a good few of his ribs, and his left arm. 'Twas a pretty hopeless case from the first, and I don't think he much wanted to get over it, for he'd have been a crooked cripple to his dying day if he'd lived. Anyhow, he made no fight to live, and sank away and perished ten days after his fatal smash.

We was all terrible sorry, and the quarry fairly turned out for the burying, and we lined the grave with moss and daffadowndillies for the man. So he went in along with his mother, and his place knew him no more. I never lost a better friend or a

kinder neighbour.

Then—a year after, it might have been the Retallacks came home, with three very nice little children. But there was a cloud had come up between them, owing to differences of nature, and though Tom got work and was taken on again, and found a cottage to suit him and all, yet it weren't a happy home, and he said to me more than once that he wished he'd bided out to America and let Julitta return with her little ones. And she'd talk to me, too, and often wish in secret her cake was dough again and she a maiden still. They'd make me listen to their secrets, though little I wanted to do so, and I took a lot of interest in 'em, for their own sakes as well as for the sake of a dead man. seemed to me there was no very deep difference between 'em; but they jarred on each other over the children more than anything, and the right and wrong way to bring 'em up. And the eldest, he was called Ben, after Nute, who'd stood gossip to him; because, differ as they might, neither Tom nor Julitta ever spoke his name without kindness.

So there it was, and after they'd been back in Delabole a year, it might be, the crash

^{*} Pin-bone-thigh-bone

came, and Tom dropped in upon me one fine

night and told me he was off.

"Can't stand no more," he said. "It be telling on my nerve, and a quarryman's no good to nobody without that. I'm going to leave my wife—it's all over bar shouting. She'll have my money and not my company, and all's for the best. I'm cruel sorry about it, and she's a lot put about; but I've threatened too often, and now I'm going to perform. I shall seek work at Penrhyn in Wales, so as not to be too far off my childer; but if it's not to be got there, I go back to the States."

Well, I was properly shocked and much troubled to know how far things had drifted; and then, just while I was talking sense to the man, in came his wife with the same story, not knowing he was along with me.

And then, neighbours, I lied to the dead.

I dare say your quick wits can put the rest of the tale together very suent; but, of course, they'd never guessed it, and no more had any other mortal. For pure love of the girl, Ben Nute had played his little trick, and, after his mother died, had planned to give her the money that then belonged to him. He couldn't just hand it over, of course, for she'd never have took it; but he cudgelled his brains, and finally hit on the thought to stick it under the eyes of the man, or woman, on some occasion when and where they was bound to see. And so, after he knew where they was off that Bank Holiday, he overgot 'em, and reached the Tor afore they did, and put his old box and his money where they wasn't likely to miss it. It might have bided in that horny-winky spot half a year without any eye but a raven's seeing it; so, to make all safe, Ben himself hid not far distant till he marked that all was right; then he sloped off home unseen and unguessed. And he told me the story, and made me swear that not on my very death-bed would I ever tell it again to mortal ear.

And yet I broke that oath, and I'll always hold to it that a Voice louder than my own senses ordered me so to do. I told the pair of 'em how Ben Nute had plotted for 'em and planned for 'em to wed and to go where Julitta willed; and how money was nothing to the lonely man, but that, knowing what it would be to them, he had gived

it all up gladly for their happiness and welfare.

"And now," I said, "knowing that, I dare you—I properly dare you two to make his beautiful deed a thing of nought. honour and love of that good chap, you can't break up all he planned for you. You've got to bide together and pull together—by Heaven, you have! I've broke my oath," I said, "and I'm in my Maker's hand; but I leave it to you to judge if such a farreaching and dangerous thing as that is all to go in vain."

They didn't think much of me, however: they was far too much occupied with what

Ben Nute had done.

"We was all surprised but me when he didn't die worth twopence," I said, "and now you two people know the reason; and you also know, I should hope, what to do about it. You've got to be reconciled for the memory of that proper man, and if you part now, knowing what I've told 'e, you ain't the creatures I've took 'e for."

They was hot-hearted, hot-headed things, and in the emotion of the moment I could see I'd got my way. Julitta cried a bucket, and they went home together, and though I'm bound to say in cold blood the next morning I doubted if I'd not told my great lie to Ben Nute in vain, yet Him as made me tell it was wiser than us, and the story turned out as well as I could have wished. They saw it and they felt it; and though it seemed, perhaps, a far-away dead thing to breed such a living result—there it was: it worked and held them together—the cement of a dead man's love.

That was the story I told in "The One and All," and Sidney Nanjulian, who'd started me, declared that I'd proved very clever how a lie might be justified even to the dead; but Moses Bunt and another here and there were far from convinced, and Moses said that to tell a dead man's secret for the sake of a pair of cranky fools, like they Retallacks, was not a thing he should ever forgive me, for one. And he never did.

So the question still remains to answer, though for my part, if it all happened over again to-morrow, I shouldn't do no different. I don't say it's right, and I don't say it's wrong; but I just say that's how I'd act as we all must, according to our natures.

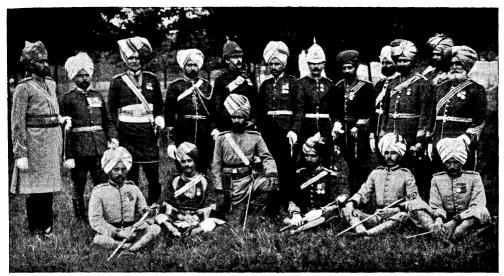


Photo by]

[George T. Jones & Son, Kingston-on-Thames.

A GROUP OF OFFICERS OF THE IMPERIAL SERVICE TROOPS.

INDIA'S MILITARY RESOURCES

II. THE ARMIES OF THE RAJAS

By SAINT NIHAL SINGH

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HE present war has shown the world at large that the armies of the Rajas can be depended upon to stand shoulder to shoulder with British forces to fight the enemies of Britain, whoever and wherever they may be. Putting large and small together, there are well-nigh seven hundred Rajas, and all of them have placed their soldiery at the disposal of His Majesty the King-Emperor. Some of them have come forward with gifts of large sums of money to pay the expenses incurred in employing their troops, and a few have voyaged to the Continent to take their place in the firing-line at the head of their forces.

Their action is regarded by the British and Colonial press as an "outburst of loyalty." So it certainly is. But the statement is unfinished. It is not the first exhibition of its kind. Far from it. Each crisis into which Great Britain has been precipitated for a long time past has seen the Rajas rush forward with their men and money to the aid of Britain.

But the previous occasions have lacked the essentials of the present menace. The former struggles raged in lands far removed from the British Isles. They did not involve such vital issues as does the present conflict. However, it would be wrong to forget these exhibitions of loyalty.

In 1897, when the disturbance broke out on the North-West Frontier, some of the Indian rulers felt that they should personally lead their men in action. One of them, without consulting anyone, proceeded to Simla, the summer headquarters of the British Administration, in order to induce Lord Elgin, then Viceroy and Governor-General, to permit him to go to the front. His Excellency, however, appeared to be averse to exposing Rajas to the hardships and dangers of fighting in that region, and therefore resisted the impassioned appeal.

Thereupon—it is related to me by a high authority whose identity I cannot disclose, but whose word is beyond question—the Maharaja told Lord Elgin that he would sit on the doorstep of the Viceregal Lodge until he would pledge his word to let him fare forth to the field to fight. The Viceroy knew that he was dealing with a determined man, the scion of a dynasty with a resplendent fighting record, for he was

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none other than the valiant Maharaja Partab Singhji, then ruler of Idar, a State in the Mahi Kantha Agency, 1,668 square miles in area, with a population of 202,811 and an annual revenue of £44,000, and now the Regent of Jodhpur, a territory in the Rajputana Agency, 34,963 square miles in extent, with a population of 2,057,553 and an annual income of £440,000. In view of the fact that "Sir Partab" wanted nothing for himself, but was pleading for the privilege of fighting for the Empire, Lord Elgin gave way to his importunities.

So happy was the Maharaja of Idar that he lost no time in

making preparations to go to the battlefield. He flung his purse to a friend, bade him look after his family, since he did not know when he would come back, and, accompanied by the late Maharaja of Cooch Behar—a State in Bengal, 1,307 square miles in area,



OFFICER OF THE IMPERIAL SERVICE INFANTRY.

Three photographs by George T. Jones & Son, Kingston-on-Thames.



GENERAL GURNAM SINGH, PRIME MINISTER OF PATIALA.



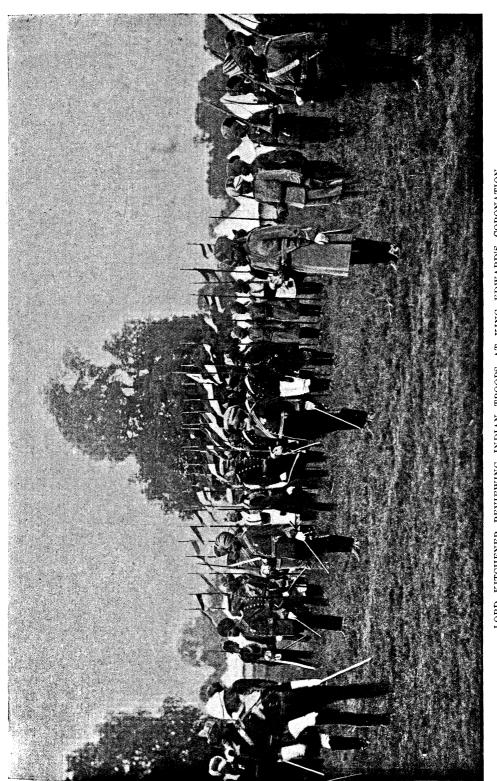
OFFICER OF THE IMPERIAL SERVICE CAVALRY.

with a population of 595,952 and an annual revenue of £164,000—he started off at once.

His Highness was not destined to come back from this action unscathed. While he was sleeping in his tent one night, a Pathan "sniper" shot him, wounding him in his hand. The noise of the firing did not wake anyone, and the Maharaja, unwilling

to have any fuss made over his mishap, did not call anyone or raise any alarm, but quietly rose and wrapped his bleeding hand in a piece of cloth, and then went back to his camp-cot. For days it did not transpire that the wound, of which he had refrained from speaking to anyone, was likely to be dangerous. Even when symptoms of blood-poisoning made the medical officers fear for his life, he sought to make light of the matter.

I may add that His Highness Rajender Singh, the late Maharaja of Patiala—a State in the Punjab, 5,412 square miles in area, with a population of 1,407,659 and a revenue of £488,000—also took part in this campaign.



LORD KITCHENER REVIEWING INDIAN TROOPS AT KING EDWARD'S CORONATION. Photograph by George T. Jones & Son, Kingston-on-Thames.

A few years later—in 1900—when the British were called upon to help to quell the Boxer Rebellion in China, Maharaja Partab Singhji went out again, this time

accompanied by His Highness Madho Rao Sindhia, the Maharaja of Gwalior—a State in Central India, 25,107 square miles in area, with a population of 3,093,082 and a revenue of £905,000—and Colonel His Highness Ganga Singh, the Maharaja of Bikaner, a State in Rajputana, with an area of 23,315 square miles, a population of 700,983, and a revenue of £220,000.

Some years earlier, in 1885, when it was believed that the Czar's hordes would pounce upon North-Western India—fears which proved unfounded—the Rajas came forward with offers of large

sums of money to be used in fighting the Russians.

Two years later, at the time of the Jubilee of Her Majesty Queen-Empress Victoria, his Highness Mir Mahbub Ali Shah, the late Nizam of Hyderabad, the premier State of India, placed his sword at Her Majesty's disposal and offered £400,000 (sixty lakhs of rupees) as his personal contribution

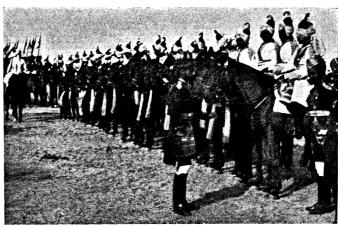


Photo by

[Underwood & Underwood.

IMPERIAL CADET CORPS.

towards Imperial defence. The Nizam's example led many other Rajas to make similar offers.

In the following year the Government of India decided that it was neither necessary

nor "in all respects desirable to accept from the Native States of India the pecuniary assistance which they so freely tendered," but advanced a proposal "to enlist their co-operation."

This scheme, in the words of the Marquis of Dufferin, was to "ask those Chiefs who have specially good tighting material in their armies to raise a portion of those armies to such a pitch of general efficiency as will make them fit to go into action side by side with the Imperial troops . . .

a To help these Chiefs in setting on foot and maintaining the troops selected for service, a few British officers will be appointed as advisers and inspectors. These officers will have their headquarters at some central point in British territory, and will visit the several States in turn. Capable Native



Photo by]

CAMEL CAVALRY.

[Underwood & Underwood.



Photograph by George T. Jones & Son, Kingston-on-Thames.

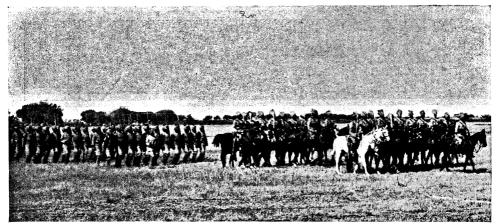


Photo by courtesy of His Highness.]

PROOPS OF HIS HIGHNESS SHRI SIR BHAGVAT SINGHJI,

drill instructors will also be lent to the Native States from our own regiments. The selected troops will be armed with breech-loading weapons presented to the several States by the British Government. These will be carbines for the cavalry and Snider rifles for the infantry."

Thus originated the Imperial Service troops, which since then have played an important part in fighting for the Empire in and out of India, and detachments of which are now grappling with the Germans on the Continent. Many popular misconceptions seem to be rife about this portion of the Indian troops. To begin with, the name

causes many to labour under the impression that the Imperial Service troops belong to British India, and are paid from the British-Indian Treasury. This certainly is not the case. The Imperial Service troops are raised and maintained by Indian rulers, twenty-nine in number. On April 1, 1912, they consisted of 22,271 officers and men—10,000 infantry, 7,500 cavalry, 2,700 transport corps, 700 camel corps, 700 sappers and miners, etc.

Some of the Indian rulers incur considerable expense in keeping up this branch of their force. A very heavy charge falls upon the Maharaja of Gwalior, who keeps up 4,000 officers and men. The Maharaja of Kashmir



SAYAJI RAO III., GAEKWAR, SURROUNDED BY SOME OF HIS PICKED SOLDIERS.



THE THAKORE SAHER OF GONDAL.

and Jammu, His Highness Sir Partab Singh, also incurs considerable expenditure, maintaining, as he does, 3,500 officers and men. Alwar, Hyderabad, and Patiala, each of which maintains 1,000 troops, may be singled out as States which do not stint money on keeping contingents ready to fight for Britain.

Before I leave this subject, I wish to add that the weapons originally provided for the Imperial Service troops have been replaced by more modern ones. The cavalry and infantry are now armed with Lee-Enfield rifles. Some of the cavalry have lances in addition—these are the lancers of which

one hears so much. Others are given swords besides rifles.

In 1901, Lord Curzon started the Imperial Cadet Corps, one of its principal aims being to provide efficient officers for the Imperial Service troops. Rajas who are not too old to receive military training, and members of royal, noble, and aristocratic families, join generally after graduating $_{
m this}$ corps, from the Chiefs' Colleges. The ordinary course extends over two years, but commissions are granted only to those who study an additional year. The normal enrolment of the Imperial Cadet Corps is about twenty young men.



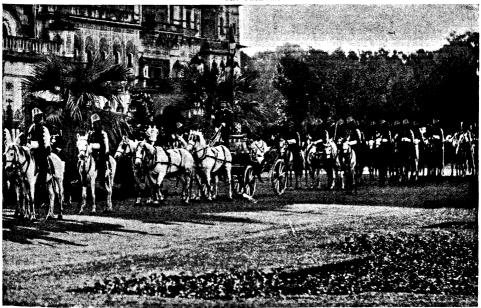


Photo by courtesy of His Highness.]

HIS HIGHNESS SHRI SIR MAHARAJA OF BARODA.

Quite apart from the Imperial Service troops, the Rajas maintain an army of 161,000 officers and men, not counting 47,000 armed police, or 208,000 in all. As noted in the previous article, the 50,000 soldiers belonging to the Maharaja of Nepal are usually not lumped in with the armies

Sikhs; (3) Gurkhas; (4) Rajputs and Jats; and (5) Marathas.

The Rajas in North-Western India and other Mussulman rulers in different parts of the Peninsula employ Pathans or Indian Moslems. The Pathans are usually tall, broad-shouldered, long-limbed men with a

fair complexion and grey eyes. They wear small turbanstied around conical caps. The Indian Moslems vary greatly in size and features.

The Indians who rule States nestling in the western ranges of the Himalayas, such as Kashmir and Jammu, Sirmur Nahan, etc., recruit their armies from a section of Rajputs known as Dogras. They usually have a fair, sometimes a pallid, complexion, are of medium height or are tall, and are very muscular, but not heavy-set.

The Rajas in the Punjab, especially those who profess Sikhism, employ Sikhs in their military service. As already remarked in the preceding article, the Sikhs are not racially homogeneous. They vary in physique, some being tall and well - proportioned, others short and

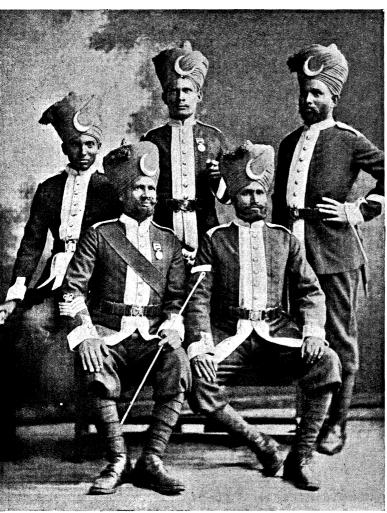


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[George T. Jones & Son, Kingston-on-Thames.

SOLDIERS EMPLOYED IN HYDERABAD INFANTRY.

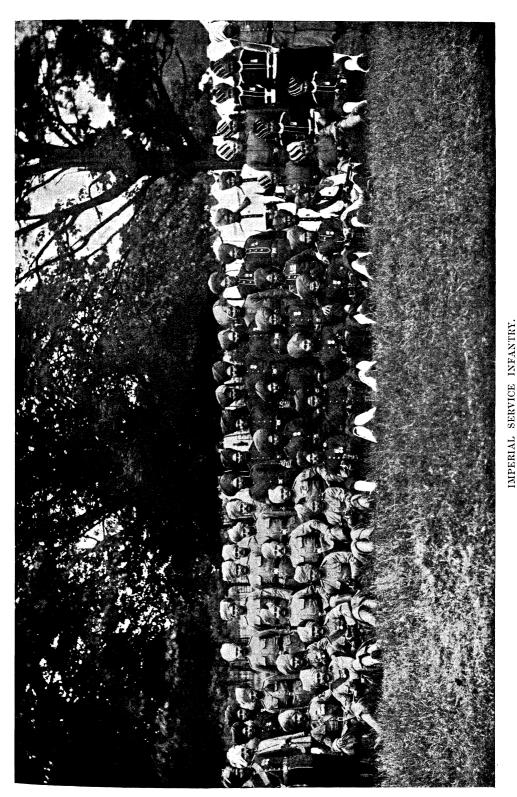
of the other Rajas, but I have ignored this technicality.

This army of the Indian rulers consists of cavalry, artillery, infantry, sappers and miners, etc. The exact details, however, are not available.

Broadly speaking, five groups of people are represented in this army, namely:
(1) Pathans and other Mussulmans; (2)

fat. They also have different complexions, some being rather fair, others very dark.

The Rajas who govern the various States comprised in the Rajputana Agency maintain armies of Rajput soldiers. Some of them employ Jats, who, racially, are the same as Rajputs. The Rajput has regular features, is of medium stature, and inclined to be fat. The Jat, as a rule, is tall and well-proportioned.



Photograph by George T. Jones & Son, Kingston-on-Thames.

A large portion of the army kept by leading Maratha dynasties like that of the Gaekwar (Baroda), Sindhia (Gwalior), Holkar (Indore), etc., consists of Marathas who claim to be Rajputs. They are rather dark-complexioned and have irregular features.

The groups into which I have divided the various Rajas and their soldiery are more or less arbitrary. There is such diversity among the races and creeds of the Indian rulers, and among their subjects, that it is impossible to attempt anything else in so short an article as this. To correct the impression. however, it may be said that Hindu and Sikh Rajas employ Mussulmans as soldiers, and vice versa. Homogeneity prevails nowhere, with the exception of Nepal. In the latter kingdom all soldiers are Gurkhas.

I may also note that I have not attempted to mention all the fighting clans employed in the Rajas' armies.



Maratha.

Maratha.

Dogra (Rajput).

OFFICERS OF THE ARMY OF HIS HIGHNESS THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA. Photo by courtesy of His Highness.

Whatever the race or creed of the Rajas and of their soldiers may be, their armies are recruited from tribes of tough fibre, who cherish brilliant fighting traditions. They are the progeny of the mighty warriors who helped the forefathers of the Indian rulers of to-day to carve and consolidate their States.

The Rajputs, rulers and warriors alike, can claim to be the oldest among the fighting clans. Before the advent of the Moslems, they ruled all over India. Territories administered by Rajputs are dotted all over the Peninsula, in the north, in the centre, in the south, in the east, and in the west. They show that, at different stages of Indian history, Rajput princes, forced out of their homes by invaders or led by an adventurous spirit, set up new kingdoms.



CAPTAIN OF THE GAEKWAR'S BODYGUARD.

Photo by courtesy of His Highness the Maharaja of Baroda.

The fighting annals of the warrior races of the Mussulmans, whose representatives still hold sway over parts of Hindustan, and employ their co-religionists to battle for



OFFICER OF THE IMPERIAL SERVICE TROOPS— SIKHS.

Note the quoit—a disc of thin, sharp-edged steel—round the turban, which Sikhs use as a weapon of offence and defence.



OFFICER OF THE IMPERIAL SERVICE CAVALRY— SIKHS.

Two photographs by George T. Jones & Son, Kingston-on-Thames.

them, also stretch over many centuries. The mettle of the various Moslem peoples with more or less foreign blood, and of some types of Indian Moslems, is of no meaner order than that of the Rajputs.

The Marathas, who shattered the Moghul Empire in Southern, Central, and other parts of India, are famed as fighters in Indian history only since the seventeenth century. But soon after Shivaji, their leader, knit them into a community, or nation, as he called it, they established an enviable record for light cavalry work. They quickly founded an extensive empire, some isolated parts of which are still under Maratha rulers.

The Sikhs, too, are of recent origin, but they have to their credit the feat of dashing into fragments the Mussulman Empire in the North-West.

Peace, unbroken for well-nigh six decades, has softened the fibre of many who belong to these clans, and has dimmed the lustre of their fighting traditions. But still much vitality is left, and love for soldiering still flames in the hearts of many. Those who



THAKUR JESSRAJ SINGHJI SEESODIA-A RAJPUT.



OFFICER OF THE IMPERIAL SERVICE CAVALRY-MUSSULMAN.

Photo by George T. Jones & Son, Kingston-on-Thames.

live in the territories governed by the Rajas, unlike those in British India, have the opportunity of bearing arms, for an Arms Act does not emasculate the subjects of the Indian rulers as it does those who live in the portion of the Peninsula administered by the British, where only those who hold

licenses may carry arms.

Another agency which keeps the subjects of the Rajas virile is the feudal system, which still survives in many of the States. Most Rajas have vassals who receive cash payments or pensions, or hold lands wholly or partly free of taxes on various kinds of military tenures. It is interesting to note that many of the Rajas themselves are bound by treaty to furnish all or part of their army to fight for the British Indian Government should the latter require aid.



LIEUTENANT PRINCE HITENDRA NARAYAN
OF COOCH BEHAR.

Photo by courtesy of Mr. N. C. Sen.

Belonging, as many of the Rajas do, to the fighting clans, soldiering is the breath of their lives. Maharaja Partab Singhji at seventy, and his great-nephew, Maharaja Sumer Singhji at seventeen, will not be refused their right fight. Maharajas like those of Gwalior and Bikaner will not allow anyone to head their armies except themselves.

Some of these warrior rulers have taken infinite pains to supplement their hereditary knowledge of Eastern warfare with Western tactics. Others have not hesitated to borrow from the authorities of British India officers to improve the efficiency of their armies. I know of more than one Raja



GENERAL SARDAR RAMDUR SINGH, OF THE PATIALA ARMY.

who of late years has spent much money to modernise the arms and equipment of his soldiery.

There was a time, not long ago, when the British looked askance upon these improvements. A spirit of suspicion often dictated policies that aimed at keeping low the efficiency



Photo by]

[Underwood & Underwood.

15TH BENGAL LANCERS, MUSSULMANS IN FRONT.

of the Rajas' armies. But fortunately this atmosphere of mistrust is gone. Most of those now responsible for the administration of British Indian affairs realise the futility of such tactics. On the contrary, the spirit of co-operation is constantly

growing between the Rajas and the British Indian Government. The outbreak of the European War in 1914 demonstrated to what a high level it had already reached. This augurs well both for British India and Indian India.



SHIPMATE SORROW.

WAS shipmate with Sorrow in a day gone by;
We shared wheel and look-out, old Sorrow and I;
Good times and bad times, foul weather and fair,
The old grey face of him was always there.

There was never chanty raised there, never song I heard, But his voice would be in it like a crying bird; I was dull in the dog watches, when the laugh went free, Because of old Sorrow sitting down by me.

I thought I could lose him in the stir and change Of bright, wicked cities, all sunlit and strange; There came a hand at my elbow and a voice in my ear— It was old patient Sorrow saying: "Lad, I'm here!"

And by the bustling harbour, up the busy street, Many a time I see him, many a time I meet
The old grey face there of one I used to know—
And it's old shipmate Sorrow out of long ago.

And the watch at the halliards they may sing with a will, But the voice I used to hear—oh, I sometimes hear it still, Like a wind in a shroud piping, or a seabird's cry—And it's old Sorrow singing out of times gone by!

C. FOX SMITH.

IN THE DARK

By E. F. BENSON

Illustrated by Charles J. Crombie



rewly promoted to the rank of Captain in the 43rd Native Cavalry of the Indian Army, was picking his way back to his bungalow, by the light of a somewhat ill-burning lantern, from the

regimental mess-room where he had dined. It was early in July, the long-delayed rains had broken at Haziri, in the Central Provinces, ten days before, and it was an imprudent man who would venture on a mere field-path like this at night without some illumination for his steps, lest inadvertently he might tread on a meditative and deadly kerait, with murder behind its stale small eyes, or step on the black coils of some hooded cobra. Only a few days before, Case had found one such in the bathroom of his bungalow, curled up on the mat within a few inches of his bare foot, when he went there to bathe before dinner, and he had no desire to give his nerves any further test of steadiness under such circumstances.

To-day there had been a break in the prodigious deluge, and all the afternoon the midsummer sun had blazed from a clear sky, causing all vegetable things to sprout with magical rapidity. This path, which yesterday had been a bare track over the fields, was now covered with springing herbs; the paradeground, which for the last week had been but a sea of viscous mud, was clad in a mantle of delicate green blades, and the tamarisks and neem trees were studded with swelling buds among the dead and dripping foliage of the spring. A similar animation had tingled through the insect world, and as Case passed across the couple of fields that lay between the mess-room and his bungalow, a swarm of stinging and abhorrent flies dashed

themselves against the glass of his lantern. Overhead, since sunset, the clouds had gathered densely again across the vault of the sky, but to the east an arch of clear and star-lit heavens was dove-coloured with the approaching moonrise. Against it the shapes of silhouetted trees stood sharp and black in the windless and stifling calm.

It was a night of intolerable heat, and his two bulldogs, chained up in the verandah of his bungalow, with their dinner lying untouched beside them, could do no more by way of welcome to him than tap languidly with their tails on the matting in acknowledgment of his return. His bearer, not expecting him to be back so soon from the mess-room, was out, and he had to wait on himself, pulling out a long chair and table from his sitting-room, and groping for whisky and soda in his cupboard. The ice had run out, and after mixing and drinking a tepid peg, he went back to his bedroom and changed his hot dinner-clothes for pyjamas and slippers. Cursing inwardly at the absence of his servant, he lit his lamp with a solitary match that he found on the table, and came out again into the verandah to think over, with such coolness as was capturable, the whole intolerable situation.

At first his mind hovered circling round outlying annoyances. He was dripping at every pore in this dark furnace of a night, the prickly heat covered his shoulders with a net of unbearable irritation, he had just lost heavily for the tenth successive evening at auction-bridge, his liver was utterly upset with the abominable weather, the lamp smelled, mosquitoes trumpeted shrilly round him. Here, more or less, was the outer and less essential ring of his discontent; to a happy and healthy man such inconveniences would have been of little moment, but in his present position they seemed portentously disagreeable. Then his mind, still hovering, moved a little inwards round a smaller and more intimate circle, surveying the calamities

of the past six weeks. He had killed his favourite pony out pig-sticking, he was heavily in debt, and this morning only he had been talked to faithfully and frankly by his Colonel on the text of slackness in respect of regimental duties. But still his mind did not settle down on his central misfortune—instinctively it shrank from it.

Thick and hot and silent the oppression of the night lay round him. Now and then one of his bulldogs stirred, or an owl hooted as its wings divided the motionless air, while further away, in the bazaars of Haziri, a tom-tom beat as if it was the pulse of this stifling and feverish night. The clouds had grown thicker overhead, and every now and then some large drop of hot rain splashed heavily on the dry earth or hissed among the withered shrubs. Remote lightning winked on the horizon, followed at long intervals by drowsy thunder, and to the east, in the arch of sky that still remained unclouded, a tawny half-moon had risen, through the damp air, shapeless illuminating the vapours with dusky crimson. Once more Case splashed the tepid sodawater over a liberal whisky, still pausing before he let his mind consciously dwell on that which lay as heavy over it as over the gasping earth this canopy of cloud.

The verandah where he sat was broad and deep, and two doors opened into it from the bungalow. One led into his own quarters, the other into those of his brother-officer, Percy Oldham. He was away on leave up in the hills, but was expected back to-night, and Case knew that, before either of them slept, there would have to be talk of some kind between them. A year ago, when they had taken this bungalow together, they had been inseparable friends, so that the mess had found for them the nicknames of David and Jonathan; then, by degrees, growing impalpable friction of various kinds had estranged them, and to-night, when at length Case thought of Oldham, his mouth went dry with the intensity of his hate. the thought of him, his mind, hovering and circling so long, dropped like a stooping hawk into the storm-centre of his misery. took from the table the letter he had found waiting for him in the rack at the mess-room that evening, and by the light of the fly-beleaguered lamp read it through again. It was quite short.

"DEAR CASE,—I shall get back late on Thursday night, and before we meet I think I had better tell you that I am engaged to

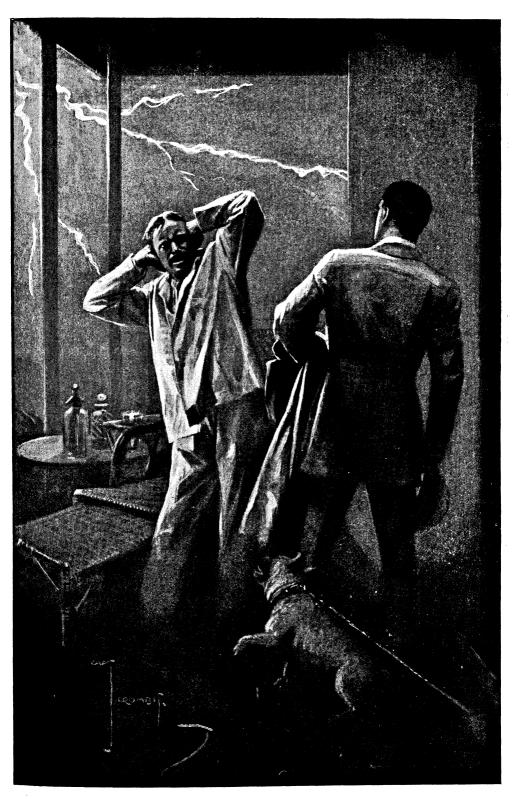
Kitty Metcalf. I suppose we shall have to talk about it, though it might be better if we did not. For a man who is so happy, I am awfully sorry; that is all I can say about it. She wished me to tell you, though, of course, I should have done so in any case. Yours truly, "Percy Oldham."

Case read this through for the sixth or seventh time, then tore it into fragments, and again replenished his glass. It was barely six months ago that he had been engaged to this girl himself; then they had quarrelled, and the match had been broken off. But he found now that he had never ceased to hope that when he went up himself, later in the summer, to the hills, it would be renewed again. And at the thought his present discomfort, his debts, all that had occupied his mind before, were wiped clean from it. Oldham—they had talked of it fifty times—was to have been his best man.

Suddenly, out of the black bosom of the windless night, there came a sigh of hot air rustling the shrubs outside. It came into the verandah where he sat, like the stir of some corporeal presence, making the light of his lamp to hang flickering in the chimney for a moment, and then expire in a wreath of sour-smelling smoke. One of his dogs sat up for a moment growling, and then all was utterly still again. The arch of clear sky to the east had dwindled and become overcast, and the red moon showed but a faint blur of light behind the gathering clouds.

Case had used a solitary match to light his lamp, and did not know where, in his own bungalow, he might find a box. But he could get one for certain out of Oldham's bedroom, for he was a person of extremely orderly habits, and always kept one on a ledge just inside his bedroom door. Case got up and in the dark groped his way across the lobby out of which Oldham's bedroom opened, and, feeling with his hand, immediately found the box on the ledge at the foot of his bed. Standing there, he lit a match, and his eye fell on the bed itself. It was covered with a dark blanket, and on the centre of it, coiled and sleeping, like a round pool of black water, lay a huge cobra. On the moment the match went out—it had barely been lit —and, closing the bedroom door, he went out again on to the verandah.

He did not rekindle his lamp, but sat, laying the forgotten match-box on his table, looking out into the blackness of the yawning night. The wind that had extinguished his light had died away again, and all round



"Then, by the light of a fierce violet streamer in the clouds, he saw him."

he heard the heavy plump of the rain, which was beginning to fall heavily. Before five minutes were past, the sluices of the sky were fully open again, and the downpour had become torrential. The lightning, that an hour ago had but winked remotely on the horizon, was becoming more vivid, and the response of the thunder more immediate. As the frequent flashes burst from the sky, the trees in front of the bungalow, the road, and the fields that lay beyond it, started into colour seen through the veil of the rain, that hung like a curtain of glass beads, firm and perpendicular, and then vanished again into the impenetrable blackness. He was not conscious of thought; it seemed only that a vivid picture was spread before his mind—the picture of a dark-blanketed bed on which, like a round black pool, there lay the coiled and sleeping cobra. The door of that room was shut, and a man entering it would no longer find, as he had done, a match-box ready to his hand, close beside the door.

For another hour he sat there, this mental picture starting from time to time into brilliant illumination, even as at the lightning flashes the landscape in front of him leaped into intolerable light and colour. The roar of the rain and the incessant tumult of the approaching thunder had roused the dogs, and by the flare of the storm Case could see that Boxer and his wife were both sitting tense and upright, staring uneasily into the night. simultaneously they both broke into chorus of deep-throated barking and strained at their chains. By the next flash Case saw what had roused their vigilance. The figure of a man with flapping coat was running at full speed from the direction of the messroom towards the bungalow. He recognised who it was, and the dogs recognised him, too, for their barking was exchanged for whimpers of welcome and agitated tails.

Oldham leaped the little hedge that separated the road from the fields and ran dripping into shelter of the verandah. In the gross darkness he could not see Case, and stood there, as he thought, alone, stripping off his mackintosh. Then, by the light of a fierce violet streamer in the clouds, he saw him.

"Hullo, Case," he said, "is that you?"

Oldham moved towards him as he spoke, and by the next flash Case saw him close at hand, tall and slim, with his handsome, boyish face.

44 You got my letter?" asked Oldham.

"Yes, I got your letter." Case paused a moment.

"Do you expect me to congratulate you?" he asked.

"No, I can't say that I do. But I want to say something, and I hope you won't find it offensive. Anyhow, it is quite sincere. I am most awfully sorry for you. And I can't forget that we used to be the greatest friends. I hope you can remember that, too."

He sat down on the step that led into Case's section of the bungalow, and in the darkness Case could hear Boxer making affectionate slobbering noises. That kindled a fresh point of jealous hatred in his mind: both dogs, who obeyed him as a master, adored Oldham as a friend. Hotly burned that hate, and he thought again of the closed bedroom door and the black pool on the blanket. Then he spoke slowly and carefully.

"I quite remember it," he said, "and it seems to me the most amazing thing in the world. I can recall it all—all my—my love for you, and the day when we settled into this bungalow together, and the joy of it. I recall, too, that you have taken from me everything you could lay hands on—money, the affection of the dogs even—"

Oldham interrupted in sudden resentment at this injustice.

"As regards money, I may remind you, since you have chosen to mention it, that I have not succeeded in taking any away from you," he remarked.

Case was not roused by this sarcasm; he could afford, knowing what he knew, to keep calm.

"I am sorry for having kept you waiting so long," he said. "But you may remember that you begged me to pay you at my convenience. It will be quite convenient to-morrow."

"My dear chap," broke in Oldham again, "as if I would have mentioned it, if you hadn't!"

Case felt himself scarcely responsible for what he said; the tension of the storm, the infernal tattoo of the rain, the heat, the bellowing thunder, seemed to take demoniacal possession of him, driving before them the sanity of his soul.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mention it," he said, "until you had sold my debt to some

Jewish money-lender."

In the darkness he heard Oldham get up. "There is no use in our talking, if you talk like a madman," he said.

The sky immediately above them was torn asunder, and a flickering spear of intolerable light stabbed downwards, striking a tree not a hundred yards in front of the bungalow, and for the moment the stupendous crack of the thunder drowned thought and speech Boxer gave a howl of protest and dismay, and nestled close to Oldham, while Case, starting involuntarily from his chair, held his hands to his ears until the appalling explosion was over.

"Rather wicked," he said, and poured

himself out a dram of neat spirits.

That steadied him, and, recovering himself a little, he felt that he was behaving very foolishly in letting the other see the madness of his rage and resentment. It was far better that he should lull Oldham into an unsuspicious frame of mind; otherwise he might suspect, might he not, that something was prepared for him in his room? Others, subsequently, if they quarrelled, might guess that he himself had known what lay there. . . But it was all dim and fantastic; the fancied cunning and caution of an unbalanced man who is at the same time ready to commit the most reckless violence took hold of him, and instantly he changed his tone. He must be quiet and normal; he must let things take their natural course, without aid or interference from himself.

"The storm has played the deuce with my nerves," he said, "that and the news in your letter, and the sight of you coming like a wraith through the rain. But I won't be a lunatic any longer. Sit down, Percy, and try to forgive all the wild things I have been saying. Of course, I don't deny that I have had an awful blow. But, as you have reminded me, we used to be great friends. She and I were great friends, too, and I can't afford to lose the two people I really care most about in the world, just because they have found each other. Let's make the best of it; help me, if you can, to make the best of it."

It was not in Oldham's genial nature to resist such an appeal, and he responded

warmly.

"I think that is jolly good of you," he said, "and, frankly, I hate myself when I think of you. But, somehow, it isn't a man's fault when he falls in love. I couldn't help myself; it came on me quite suddenly. It was as if someone had come quickly up behind me and pitched me into the middle of it. At one moment I did not care for her; at the next I cared for nothing else."

Case had himself thoroughly in hand by

this time. He even took pleasure in these reconciliatory speeches, knowing the completeness with which a revenge prepared without his planning should follow on their heels. Had a loaded pistol been ready to his hand, and he himself secure from detection, he would probably not have drawn the trigger on his friend, but it was a different matter that he should merely acquiesce in his walking in the dark into the room where death lay curled and ready to strike. That seemed to him to be the act of God; he was not responsible for it, he had not put the cobra there.

"I felt sure it must have happened like that," he said. "Besides, as you know, Kitty and I had quarrelled and had broken our engagement off. Of course, I hoped that some day we might come together again—a least, I know now that I hoped it. But that was nothing to do with you. You fell in love with her, and she with you. Yes, yes. Really, I don't wonder. Indeed—indeed, I do congratulate you—I congratulate you both."

Oldham gave a great sigh of pleasure and

"It's ripping of you to take it like that," he said. "I hardly dared to hope you would. Thanks ever so much—ever so much! And now, do you know, I think I shall go to bed. I am dog-tired. I had a six hours' ride to the station this morning, and even up there it was hideously hot."

Case again reminded himself that he must behave naturally—not plan anything, but not interfere.

"Oh, you must have a drink," he said, "though I'm afraid there is no ice. I'll get you a glass and soda."

He came out into the verandah again with Oldham was stifling a these requisites.

prodigious yawn,

"I'm half dead with sleep," he said. "Probably I shall chuck myself on my bed just as I am, to save the trouble of undressing."

Case felt his hand tremble as he put the

glass down on the table.

"I know that feeling," he said. "Sometimes, when one is very sleepy, the sight of a bed is altogether too much for one. dare say I shall do the same. Help yourself to whisky while I open the soda for you."

Oldham drank his peg and again rose.

"Well, I'm for bed," he said. "And I can't tell you what a relief it is to me to find you like this. By the way, about that bit of money. Pay me exactly when it's convenient to you-next year or the year after, if you like. I should be wretched if I thought you were putting yourself about

over it. So good night, Reggie."

He turned to go, and it seemed to Case that hours passed and a thousand impressions were registered on his brain as he walked down the twenty-five feet of verandah that separated the two doors of entrance that led into their quarters. Outside, another change had come over the hot, tumultuous night, and as if the very moon and stars were concerned in this pigmy drama, where but a single life out of the innumerable and infinitesimal little denizens of the world was involved, a queer triangular rent had opened in the rainswollen sky, and a dim moon and a company of watery stars stared silently down, and to Case's excited sense they appeared hostile and witness-like. Ten minutes ago the rain had ceased as suddenly as if a tap had been turned off, and, except for the tom-tom that still beat monotonously in the town, a silence of death prevailed. The steam rose thick as sea-mist from the ground; above it a blurred etching of trees appeared and the roof of the mess-room. The grey mist-blurred light shone full into the verandah, and he could see that Boxer was sitting bolt upright on his blanket-bed, looking at Oldham's retreating figure. Daisy was industriously scratching her neck with a hind-leg, and from the table a little pool of spilt soda-water was dripping on to the ground.

All this Case noticed accurately and intently, and, as yet, Oldham was not halfway down the verandah. Once he hung on his step and sniffed the hot, stale air. was a characteristic trick; he wrinkled his nose up like a dog, showing his white teeth. Once he shifted his dripping mackintosh from right hand to left, holding it at arm's Then, as he turned to pass into the door, he made a little staccato sign of

salutation to Case with his disengaged hand. Boxer appropriated that, and wagged a cordial tail in response.

Eagerly and expectantly, now that he had vanished from sight, Case followed his movements, visualising them. He heard him shuffle his feet along the floor in the manner of a man feeling his way in the dark, and knew that he was drawing near to the closed bedroom door and the black interior. He had said that he was very tired, that he was inclined just to throw himself on the bed and sleep, and the absence of matches and the added inconvenience of undressing in the dark would further predispose him to this. He would throw himself on the bed all in a piece, after the fashion of a tired man, and awake to fury the awful bed-fellow, with the muscular coils and the swift death that lay crouched beneath its hood, that lay sleeping To-morrow there would be no debts for Case to pay, no gnawing of unsatisfied hate, and for Oldham no letter to his lady, with the so satisfactory account of this evening's meeting.

Then from within came the rattle of a turned door-handle, and Case knew that the death-chamber stood open. There followed a pause of absolute stillness, in which Case felt utterly detached from and irresponsible for whatever might follow. Then came the

jar of a closed door. . .

And that tore him screaming from his murderous dreams, from which, perhaps, he had awoke too late. He found himself, with no volition of his own, running down the verandah and calling at the top of his voice.
"Percy, Percy," he cried, "come out!

There is a cobra on your bed!"

He heard the handle rattle and the door Next moment he was on his knees in the dark lobby, clasping Oldham's legs in a torrent of hysterical sobbing.





CHRISTMAS AT THE FRONT.

CHOLERIC COLONEL: How the dickens did this collar-stud get into the plum-pudding, Atkins? ORDERLY: I'm afraid it's the cook's, sir. Y'see, sir, we couldn't get a pudding-cloth for love or money, so cook 'e used 'is shirt, an' one of the studs must 'ave remained in, sir.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

A YOKEL, walking into a country inn, met the landlady, who accosted him thus: "Good morning, Mr. Smith! Have you heard of our Christmas raffle?"

"Naow. What be it?"

"Oh, we have a splendid hamper—a turkey, a goose, a bottle of whisky, and a pair of gloves."

"That'll be foine. And what's to pay for a'

"Two shillings."

"Well, I haven't two shillings on me now—will you trust me?"

"Yes, I'll trust you, and I hope you'll get

Mr. Smith thought no more about it till, a week after Christmas, he happened to be in the inn.

Said the landlady: "Did you hear the result of our raffle?"

" No."

- "Well, my husband got the turkey. Weren't he lucky?"
 - "He were lucky."
 - "And I got the goose."

"You be lucky."

- "And our little Minnie got the bottle of whisky. Bean't she lucky?"
 - "She be lucky."
 - "And our servant had the pair of gloves."
 - "She be lucky."
- "Well, by the way, Mr. Smith, you haven't paid me that two shillings yet."

"No. Bean't I lucky?'



Two raw Irishmen were once dining at a restaurant. Being quite unfamiliar with mustard, one of them took a large spoonful of that condiment. As a natural consequence, the tears poured from his eyes. "Say, Mike, what are you crying for?" "Sure, I'm rememberin' 'twas a twelvemonth to-day that me auld faither was hanged." A little time elapsed, then the other diner also partook of a large spoonful of mustard. He likewise wept copiously, and, when questioned as to the cause of his grief, replied as follows: "Sure, I'm thinkin' it's a pity ye weren't hanged with yer auld faither!"

An old Italian gentleman, who was always finding fault with his food, one day threw the dish out of the window when it was served, as it was not to his liking.

His valet promptly threw the table-cloth, knives and forks, etc., after the dish.

"What are you doing, you fool?" inquired his master angrily.

"I thought Your Excellency wished to dine in the courtyard," responded the man.

A LADY who was sleeping in a reputed haunted room was awakened one night by the feeling that she was pinned down to her bed, which was a large one. She heard someone moving softly about, and then the door close. When she lighted her candle to the accompaniment of the sound of falling china, she discovered that the butler, walking in his sleep, had laid all the things for a meal over the counterpane.



THE BETTER WAY.

ANTI-WAR ARGUER (after long harangue against the War): But I might just as well talk to a lamp-post.

BORED TERRITORIAL: Better, mate, for the lamp-post wouldn't think any the worse of you for it.

"That large bump running across the back of your head," said the phrenologist, "means that you are inclined to be curious, even to the point of recklessness."

"I know it," said the man who was consulting him. "I got that bump by sticking my head into the dumb-waiter shaft to see if the waiter was going up, and it was coming down."

A careless student at a certain college suffered from obesity. One day, after a particularly unsuccessful experiment mathematics, the tutor said scornfully: "Well, Mr. Blank, you are better fed than taught."

"That's right, sir," sighed the youth, subsiding heavily into his chair. "You teach me

—I feed myself."



Brother Bob and Uncle Tom consider that pigeons are a menace to Britain, and declare war against them accordingly.



Literary Uncle Algernon writes a letter to the papers on the Kaiser's present line of conduct.



Dear Mamma begins a patchwork quilt, and ever since the *Goeben* affair Baby has refused to take his Turkey rhubarb.



Papa joins the "specials," and quite puts our professional constable into the shade.



The dear girls bestir themselves in securing likely recruits.



And Mary Jane sends locks of her nice curly black hair to seventeen cousins who have joined the Forces.

A LAMENT.

I long to touch bright ruby lips,
And gaze into blue dreamy eyes
Caressed by dainty finger-tips:
I long to hear Love's gentle sighs,
To live on kisses, bread and cheese—
To wear the variegated ties
That maidens knit: but Fate decrees
It otherwise.

A martial fire in me burns, I long to do great deeds and rise O'er all the rest; my spirit spurns The lawyer's fee, the doctor's prize. "Boy, watch my horse till I come back!" called a man to a boy lounging around the station, as he hastened to bid farewell to a departing friend.

"Certainly, sir," said the boy, taking the

reins.

Just then the locomotive whistled, and the horse, rearing suddenly, started at full speed up the road.

The boy stared after the fleeing animal, and, as the owner appeared, exclaimed with relief—

"It's a good thing you came now, sir, for I couldn't have watched him very much longer."



MUCH IN A NAME.

Editor: You will date your dispatches for the next week or two from somewhere in the neighbourhood of Waterloo.

WAR CORRESPONDENT: But I'm afraid they won't allow any correspondents in Belgium. EDITOR: Oh, never mind about Belgium—I was thinking of Stamford Street!

I would have nations at my feet—
I'd be Napoleon—in disguise—
And yet I find myself complete—
—ly otherwise.

No poet's inspiration seeks
To elevate me to the skies:
Parnassus? Why, 'twould take me weeks
To get as far as Kensal Rise!
Dear Editor, you'll print my rhymes?
And thank me for them many times?
Not you—pray don't apologise.
Like Tweedledum and Tweedledee
(Those gentlemen of equal size),
"Nohow," you're sure to say to me,
"Contrariwise!"

C. Godfrey Place,

"I can judge any man's character by his face," remarked Smith to Jones, as they dined together at a restaurant. "The man opposite me, for instance," he whispered, "is a man of naught."

"Naughts, you mean," returned Jones. "Why, that's Elliot, the millionaire!"



Brown: I never knew such a wet blanket as Smith.

JONES: That's right. If that fellow should jump from the frying-pan into the fire, he would put the fire out.



DESTINATION DOUBTFUL.

FARMER GILES: Lookee'ere, yoongster, if I jumps on one of these'ere moty-busses, will they take me to the Marble Arch?

Newsboy: Dunno. A chap o' your build tried ter jump on one yestiddy, an' they took 'im to the 'orspital.

The householder who wished to buy some mistletoe was astonished at the high price,

and protested to the shopman.

"Well," said the wise salesman, "if you want it for decoration, it comes high; but if you want it for business, any old twig will do just as well."



"DID you come out well over Christmas, Willie?

"Yes, I got more than any of my brothers and sisters," replied Willie jubilantly,
"Indeed? How did that happen?"

"I got up two hours before they did."

"How did you get along playing golf with your wife?"

"Well, at the ninth hole she was about twenty-two thousand words ahead."



Bobby, the captain's four-year-old boy, who had contracted a great friendship with the groom, gleefully announced to his mother one day that he had learnt to ride that morning, at the same time insisting upon instant demonstration of his attainments. submitted to the ordeal of crawling about the floor with Young Hopeful upon her back, when



THE ALTERNATIVE.

"What did the magistrate give Bill?"

"Bound 'im over to keep the peace towards 'is Majesty's subjects for six months."
"Then Heaven help the first German 'e meets!"

AUTHOR: Don't you think I'd better wait until the war is over before I get out this book

Publisher: Wait? I should say not. Why, if we wait until then, all the official facts may be known!



"Where is Henry?" asked the neighbour of the wife whose husband he wanted to see.

"I don't know exactly," said she. "If the ice is as thick as Henry thinks it is, he is skating; if it is as thin as I think it is, he is swimming.'

suddenly he swung himself dexterously to the ground, and, dealing her a sounding slap, exclaimed: "Whoa, old girl!"



Eva: I told Freda the other day that you said she ought never to wear green with her complexion.

AMY: You awful girl! What did she say? Eva: She said: "Well, of course, people like Amy, who vary their complexions to suit their frocks, do have the advantage over us less sophisticated folk."



"Deathless midst death, with stern, unbanded eyes, Will she, unconquered, from the flames arise."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, Ltd., Scotch Whisky Distillers, KILMARNOCK.

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

THE GERM OF NAUGHTINESS.

A lecturer at the Institute of Hygiene recently stated that naughtiness in children is caused largely by rheumatic germs in the system. He recommends medical treatment instead of punishment.

If late at night your infant wakes
And makes an awful racket,
Don't give it spiteful little shakes,
And pause before you smack it.
For probably these howls and squirms
Are caused by fierce rheumatic germs.

Or if your little girl says "Shan't!"
And misbehaves at table,
Declines to kiss her maiden aunt,
Don't call her "Naughty Mabel!"
You'd better mind what you're about,
She might be sickening for the gout.

And when your little boy excels
In ways that are contrary,
Pursues the cat with horrid yells
And lets out the canary,
Remember, ere you start to hide him,
The rheumatism germs inside him.

R. H. Roberts.



An irascible Jew, having been hit by a golf ball, expressed his feelings very forcibly and called out: "I'll sue you for this; you'll have to pay me five pounds!" "Well," replied the golfer, "I did say 'Fore!'" "Done!" said the Jew. "I' take that. Where's your four pounds?"



COLD COMFORT.

PESSIMIST: If it will only take an hour for a Zeppelin to come from Dover to London, it won't take 'em long to get 'ere.

OPTIMIST: Never mind, matey—it's all up 'ill.



TOO BAD!

"HI! Careful, there! All over my uniform!"

THE case concerned a will, and an Irishman was a witness.

"Was the deceased," asked the lawyer, "in the habit of talking to himself when he was alone?"

"I don't know," was the reply.

"Come, come, you don't know, and yet you pretend that you were intimately acquainted with him?"

"Well, sir," said Pat dryly, "I never happened to be with him when he was alone."



A MAN was once entertaining a large party at a Christmas dinner. "And what part will you take, Mrs. Brown?" "I'll take a leg, please," was the reply. "What can I send you, Mrs. Jones?" next inquired the host. "I'll take a leg, please." "And what for you, Mrs. Smith?" "A leg, please," was the rejoinder. Whereupon the man, losing his good temper, was heard to mutter under his breath: "Do they think the bird is a centipede?"

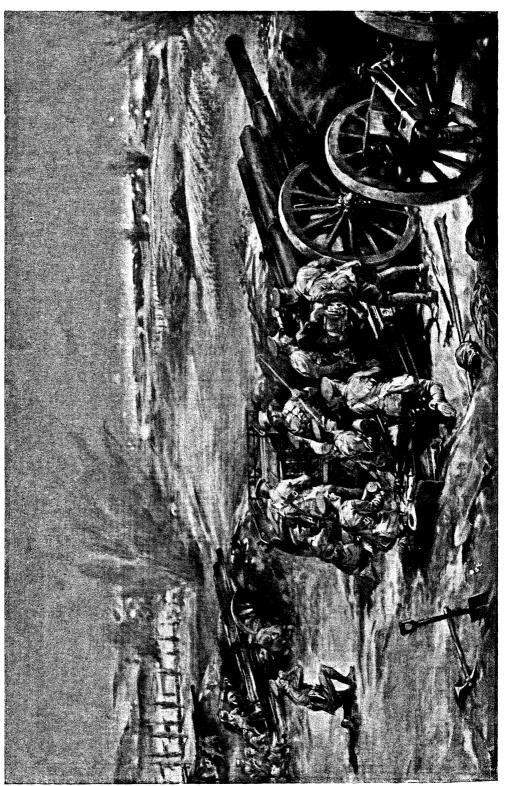


"REPEAT the words the defendant used," said the lawyer for the plaintiff in a case of slander.

"I'd rather not," said the witness timidly; "they were hardly words to tell to a gentleman."

"Ah," said the attorney, "then whisper them to your Counsel."

e e



BRITISH GUNNERS FIRING THE 60-PR. GUNS OF THE ROYAL GARRISON ARTILLERY AGAINST A GERMAN POSITION IN FRANCE.

Drawn by Christopher Clark from sketches supplied.



A UNIT OF THE ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS: THEIR TRAVELLING HEADQUARTERS.

THE SPIRIT OF OUR ARMY

AND ITS MORAL FORCE IN THE CONFLICT

By W. G. FITZ-GERALD

HE hour had struck, and the German Michael took the stage in schimmern-dem Gewehr, with the battle-cry ""World - power or downfall!"
Behind him was Herr Krupp as esquire, with a sheaf of dreadful weapons never seen before. "War," breathed the spirit of the scene, exulting—it was Heinrich von Treitschke's—"brings to light what a nation has amassed in secret." But these terrors blew awry. The mailed fist fell upon no victim but an anvil.

Germany's mistakes, indeed, have left the non-prancing nations aghast. Our Prime Minister speaks of her "vast and grotesque, yet tragie, miscalculation." Belgium was long ago disposed of in Berlin lectures at the Kriegschule, where Von Schliffen showed the rush across the Meuse, and the Emperor rubbed his hands and beamed upon the Attachés with: "Yes, gentlemen—Paris in a

fortnight!" France was but a spoilt child, Russia a remote and clumsy cub.

As for the British, woe to the wobbly Colossus, for the Empire would topple at a hostile touch; its elements would fall away like water, and the Motherland would surely drown. No shining armour wore we in German eyes. We shivered in huckstering shirt-sleeves behind the counter, trusting to our Fleet in the day of wrath. We had none but a "contemptible army," the languid mercenaries of the Berlin postcard, whose long legs were used only for running away.

"What a fantastic dream!" as Mr. Asquith said, in no gloating mood. "And what a rude awakening!" Around Ypres, say, where the big Bavarians dropped in bloody swathes, and the proud Prussian Guard wilted away superbly in wide sheets of flame. Intent and keen, with merry football warnings—"Mark your man!" "Play to

the whistle!"—our lads withheld their fire, and watched the corps d'élite advance. Then hoarse cries rang, an awful din arose. Now was our men's mad moment—the "fifteen rounds rapid" which no living thing can face. Above the crackle and blaze the machine-guns tapped. Louder still were the grenades thrown by hand, and farther off the scream of shell and the roar of high-angle howitzers.

Those fifteen battalions were no more! Barely fifty survived, and most of those were wounded. "Hell had opened up,"

of our chief mistakes," wrote the well-known Captain Persius, "was to underestimate our opponents." "The English," Berlin was angrily told, "have been wrongly appraised. They are soldiers by profession, and put into their work all the sure and resolute qualities of their race—their direct worth as offensive and defensive warriors, as well as the indirect or moral worth which the French praise so highly in their Ally." "Said a French officer to me," pursues this German witness, "I fear our men would have given way many times but for the soothing stimulus of the



Photo by]

BRITISH POSTAL SECTION AT WORK IN FRANCE.

[Alfieri.

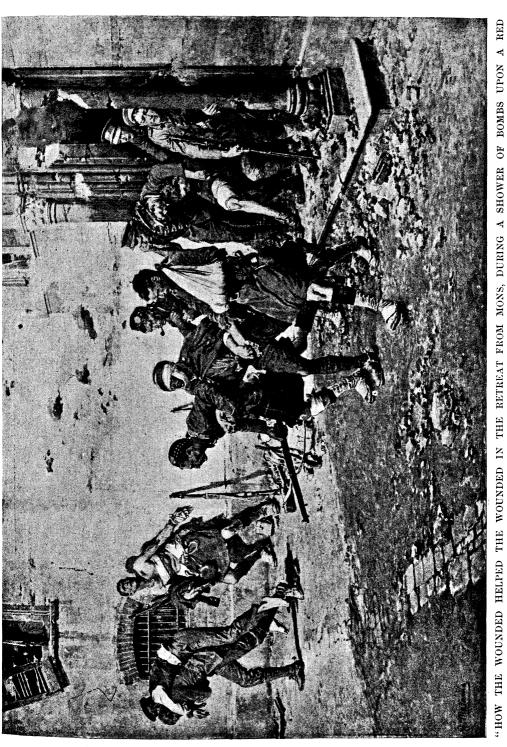
the captured diary reads, recording the diapason of murder. "It poured fire from a thousand craters, and only One above could help us." The shattering of the Prussian Guard opened German eyes as nothing else could do, for their grand attack was the supreme effort of the war machine.

Berlin papers were quick to reflect the shock. There were angry protests from the Front against the picture postcards in which Tommy was enshrined, and we were soon "the elect of the Allied Armies." "One

English which they had daily before their eyes."

Tommy of to-day, then, is growing upon a Europe which knew him not. He put new life into Antwerp under an avalanche of shell; he brings the French Staff about him, lavish in wonder and praise. "I have been in adjoining trenches with him, knee-deep in slush, while a flood of rain and shell fragments beat down from the skies, but never a word of complaint."

"The British Army has done miracles," General Zurlinden says. "Terrible fellows



CROSS SHELTER IN BELGIUM." BY F. MATANIA.

—gay, insouciant, et toujours le bull-dogue." Our military might is well put by another French observer: "With their traditional tenacity, their firmness under fire, and their phlegm, disdainful of peril, they remained immovable as walls at the points assigned, and broke the multiple assaults against their lines." And, be it added, when the storm passed, they sat down to dominoes, or played football under fire, with Uhlan lances for posts, or two piles of petrol tins, with a trench and a waggon column for touch-lines.

You can neither impress nor depress this

hall-marks of the British field ambulance." All this is fine hearing.

"The spirit of the olden times is in no way quenched," wrote Queen Victoria to the Belgian King seventy years ago, to explain the rising anger of her people. It is that spirit which begets the matchless morale of our troops, an evasive asset which Napoleon rated above whole army corps. It shines best in the afflictive inaction so characteristic of this war; in the oozy trench Lord Cavan speaks of—"so undrainable and full of water above the knee for twenty-three days." "We're the amphibious brigade," one of



BRITISH TOMMIES ASSISTING BELGIAN REFUGEES BY CARRYING THEIR CLOTHING.

As a military unit, his equal is not His superiority is a matter to be found. of demonstration in the face of frightful onset and Prussian mass-courage gloriously renewed and resisted with superhuman calm. "This determination is astounding," says "I think it due to the Italian Attaché. pride of race and a natural insensibility to There is no difference in their bearing when they advance or retire. With the enemy they are chivalrous, even absurdly so. As for their wounded, I have never seen broken men so silent and resigned. The 'stretcher smile' and cigarette are

his grim Coldstreamers wrote to a friend in the home depôt at Caterham.

Officers of all arms remark this grand endurance. To move forward in the icy dawn, drenched and numb, exposed to a withering fire in the glare of searchlights and magnesium shells; to lie all day, filthy and unshorn, in pouring rain and clayey mire, huddled and stiff, since the least motion of head or hand brought a vengeful storm; to come back to the rest-lines dog-tired, yet full of jest and fight; or, when all but spent, to charge up a steep slope entirely swept with shot and shell—



BRITISH HUSSARS CHARGING GERMAN CUIRASSIERS IN A FRENCH VILLAGE. BY PHILIP DADD.

it is morale which makes feats like these

a daily possibility

"We've come back in remnants," mourns an officer proudly. "A limping column of bearded warriors — torn, smeary figures slouching with fatigue. My men have wool caps instead of helmets. Sombre khaki toughlings, who withstand the cold and soaking wet, the unrelaxing strain, the awful sights and sounds, the lack of sleep, and utter inability to reply to shell-fire. Ah, there's where the non-British fail!"

Other leaders give kindred tributes, and the sum of Tommy's fortitude thrills the commissioned ranks with amazement. "They've done all this with zest," we hear. "Death has no sting for such men, and it makes me prouder than ever to be an Englishman." "It is this capacity for grim endurance," says Sir Douglas Haig, "which makes the British soldier so formidable an opponent." "There have been critical moments," the General went on, "but your stern fighting qualities and the initiative of subordinate commanders have always reestablished the day."

Let it be noted here that out of one list of fifty-eight winners of the D.S.O., no less than thirty-six were subalterns, and of these one-fourth were second-lieutenants—mere boys who but vesterday were at Sandhurst or in a battalion of the O.T.C. "Exceptional grit" justifies the award, or "coolness, gallantry, and exceptionally good work." But who needs telling of the spirit of our officers—of Dimmer, serving his gun with a torn and shattered face and four holes in his shoulder; of Powell, wounded, sitting in a chair to direct the assault upon Pilkem, with a hail of bursting shell and bullets all about him; of Lord Rossmore's son, "so happy and thankful I could cry with joy"; of the nameless lad who dug up the enemy's unexploded shell to consult the time-fuse and find the range?

Gleams of this ardour rise, but the full glory of it is quenched in casual wintry graves: "Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman." Make no mistake, man is a fighting animal with dross in his gold—"the God, devil, and worm," that Nietzsche found. "I feel instinctively at home," one of the analysts finds. "It seems right to carry bread and water, to dig and march and wait upon Death. The wounded are mad to get back to it, the weary can't sleep without shells, and all fear is atrophied."

The primitive hunter is here. Describing a slaughterous charge over the dying and dead, an infantry officer tells of the ecstatic wave that swept him. "It felt much as it does when one gets to close quarters with the



Photo by] [Newspaper Illustrations.

CAVALRYMEN CLEANING SADDLERY IN A STORM.



Photo by

INFANTRY GETTING THROUGH WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS.

[Central News.

African elephant—the top of the fulness of life!"

The difference between our Army and that of Germany is the difference between a fine workman and a fine machine. One of our rank and file put it well when he said: "The Germans have masses, but we have men." "We're methodical," is the admission of Von Richter, a friend of the Crown Prince, and later a prisoner at Lodz. "But if our plans, made in advance, break down, we go all to pieces." British leaders are less pedantic, less bound by the theories of war taught in the military schools. And this freedom is Napoleonic; that terrible genius never followed a previously determined plan.

Neither did Suwaroff. When the Austrians laid before him a plan of campaign for North Italy, he struck his pen through it. "No, I begin by the passage of the Adda, but I finish where God wills!" It is this elasticity which enables us to deal with the German Massenschlacht, however great the odds against. "Our cavalry do as they like with the enemy," Marshal French reports. "The German troops will not face our infantry fire, and, as to our artillery, they have never been opposed by less than three or four times their numbers."

"The decisive battle," an able officer maintains, "is won by the bayonet in the last issue—the world still belongs to the

daring and the brave. One rainy night my men lay smouldering with anger in their sodden pits. The enemy sent up blue flares to get the range, and lanes of light swung here and there in blinding feelers—great white beams, the eyes of massed batteries, pausing, sweeping, groping as with deadly inquisition.

"Well, they found us. The storm broke in flame and thunders of crashing steel, blizzards of lead, and geysers of lurid earth. Our parapets were falling in. Landslides were burying my lads alive, and we had to dig them out. Then bugles blew. Yells arose and guttural screams — the Germans poured into our foremost trench! That was the end of the machine, however.

"Our men were transformed and racked beyond restraint. Frenzy blazed along the ranks, and terror took the invader. I heard the laughter of madness. I saw mild men ply the bayonet till their arms fell in sheer fatigue, and the trench was a mire of flesh and blood. No, machines have no reply to passion of that white heat—that living wrath which makes the German drop without a scratch and pierce the night with screams. This is War with a Cause behind it."

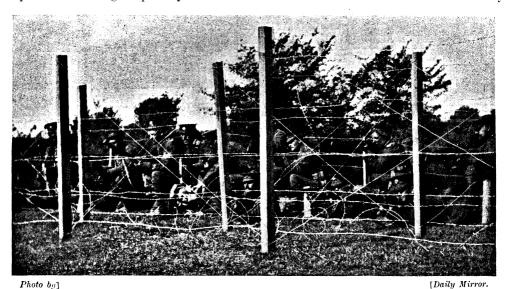
The Cause has much to do with the temper and spirit of our Army. It is a cause which has brought together English peers and French poets, the Durham miner and vineyard hands of the Marne and Rhône, to

say nothing of poor Flemings and Walloons; the Russian mujik, the Australian and New Zealander, Canadian and Boer, with all the fighting races of India—Rajput and Jat, Pathan and Punjabi, Garwhali and Dogra, Ghurka and Sikh. The sight thrills Cockney Tommy, and the sound beside him—the query of a swart hillman just back from a mission of awful silence in the trench over the way: "Do you think our Father would be pleased with us?"

India's princes voice the emotional wave that sweeps from Ceylon to the Himalay. The Nizam offers "my sword and my whole resources." Bikanir would serve in person: "My highest ambition as a Rajput chief." Jaipur and Scindia gave princely donations.

the manhood, and welded into one compact and irresistible force the energy and will of the greatest Imperial structure the world has ever known." Fijians and Maoris have come forward. The very savages would throw stones at the enemy, and the loyal Fingoes of Africa write quaint epistles to Natal papers.

All this, the grotesque and stately alike, is a moving tribute to the Mother of peoples, and the British soldier feels it in the brotherhood of the trench. Private Morgan, of the Royal Irish, shot through both legs, continued firing till he was hit again and his shoulder badly shattered. The Germans were in great force. "I awaited the inevitable, but a mass of Ghurkas broke out and fairly



INFANTRY BEHIND A BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENT, AWAITING A CAVALRY CHARGE.

There was a hospital ship from the Begum of Bhopal, offers of service from them all— sight. Then they

from veteran Partab Singh to the boy Jodhpur, who wept aloud when the Viceroy

said he was too young.

"Now is a splendid time to die," said the Maharaja of Idar. "Each in our own way, since all the fingers of the hand are not the same size. Because Britain is fighting, all we have is hers. If the Emperor wishes an army great as the Czar's, India will furnish it. Let His Majesty ask for one million—two million—three, and our pride will be all the greater."

This is the reward of our rule, the spirit of our Imperial Army in a cause which, as the Prime Minister said, "has stirred the imagination, aroused the conscience, enlisted

carved their way through—a truly dreadful sight. Then they came back and carried all the British wounded to a place of safety. I was picked up by a little fellow only half my height—and double my width!"

The enemy is "surprised," we hear from a motor ambulance driver, a non-combatant who has spoken with German wounded of all ranks from many States. The invincibility of the big machine is now known for an illusion. We can beat them on unequal terms, but at ten to one they sag our line and take a trench. This superiority is established.

"When you fired," said a Bavarian captain, "it was like a row of machine-guns, but twice as deadly." Our attack is elusive and fierce, the temper of our men incomparable



ON BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOUR.

THE RETURN FROM THE CHARGE. BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

for dogged zeal and individual fight, especially in that fateful moment when Tommy leaps from the trench and on the parapet takes all comers with any weapon to hand—butt-end or bayonet, even the fist with a knock-out on the jaw, and then a "mad moment" with the magazine, those rapid rounds which no living thing can face. Officers of all arms speak of an enemy greatly sobered and now with shrewd appreciation of the force in front. The Empire taps her huge reserve of manhood. "Millions of 'em, with power of thought and instinct for action, too."

These hosts are massing, as we know. Rhodesian Police, Pacific loggers, and pastoralists from the other end of the world. Sixty-two men came from Victoria, B.C., at their own expense. All could ride and shoot, all were keen "to join any regiment you like, at any pay you like." A young fellow in Perth, W.A., was refused on account of a malformed toe, and straightway had it amputated!

The spirit of one and all is seen here in the home camps, a vast band of brothers, from the giant Scot to the little "bantam," who has his own battalion and a cockerel crest.

Our new armies were a revelation to their own instructors. "Brains, physique, and

grit," beamed the happy major. "And enthusiasm—— Why, they were ready months before we expected! Drills, route marches, and musketry! By Jove, sir, they took to soldierin' as the Hessian takes to loot!"

They dug realistic trenches and bayoneted bags of straw. Wooden horses threw them, and their practice at the butts cast the veteran into ecstatic profanity. "It's the real game," said North Country lads. "Better than Wake week at Blackpool!" There were the clerks with blistered hands, youthful aristocrats, actors and lawyers side by side with mill-hands, miners, and farm labourers of Norfolk and Essex, all of them well fed, well clothed and housed and amused, the spiritual side looked after by the Church Army and the Y.M.C.A.

The new war is fought underground, and its best scouts are in the skies. It is like playing bridge with your opponent looking over your shoulder. He knows when you finesse and when you are playing for an opening. No lightning stroke is possible, no Napoleonic combination or crushing Moltke flank-attack.

From Alsace to the North Sea the great war is an affair of ditches and dens, in which waiting warriors play dominoes or warm their



Photo by]

[Newspaper Illustrations.



Photo by

[Sport & General.

A WOUNDED INDIAN SOLDIER BEING PLACED IN A MOTOR AMBULANCE BY MEMBERS OF THE ENGLISH RED CROSS, ASSISTED BY AN ENGLISH NURSE.

hands over charcoal braziers fashioned from an empty tin. Even the cavalry have "gone down" to do stealthy work with grenades and spades and bayonets. It is a sapper's war, a game in which spades are trumps and bombs are thrown by hand.

The war we watch is a slow field-siege, with buried walls of men hiding from each other and hiding their guns from spies in the clouds.

The hotter the fire, the deeper and narrower grow trenches, with elaborate head-cover and dug-outs in the labyrinthine ways. the war of attrition. Dash is of less account than the dogged endurance which is the supreme attribute of the British soldier. Sir John French praises his "indomitable tenacity" and courage of a new kind which new conditions have brought out. are few heroics in the heroism of a trench day, nothing that a Detaille or a Verestchagin would paint. Long intervals of tedium intervene; much squalid labour and suffering and pain. Well may the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief speak of "most trying and severe tests.

"Steadfast," "tenacious," "enduring"—these are the qualities that strike the Head-quarters Staff and stand out gratefully in the letters of all officers. "It makes my heart beat when I think of it!"—surely a notable tribute from a major in the Royal Field Artillery. And again: "Our

Tommies are wonderful. It is almost inconceivable that human beings could stand for hours what these men have stood for a week."

"In a clay trench for forty hours, in pouring rain, under heavy fire, with no matches and little food, they laugh and jest and sleep without a murmur." "Our men are standing more than I ever thought it was possible for flesh and blood to stand." "Nothing depresses them. They're always serene and ready for anything. I'm in close touch with my own Tommies, and we're great pals. They keep coming to see what they can do for me—how to make me comfortable."

These records are of the first importance to our voluntary, democratic Army. Now consider the soldier's side. Praise gives him pleasure, of course, but Tommy is a modest man. In letters home he will hide fine deeds which his officer adds in a postscript after doing a censor's work.

Our private soldiers have their eyes open, comparing the armies in the field. "Germans we talk with are astonished that our officers don't treat us like dogs, as theirs do. And that's why we trust our leaders. They don't grab the best. The other night three of them turned out in wet and cold to give up a snug bedroom in a farm to four of our fellows who were dead beat. The English officer goes at the head of his men, the

German goes behind to prevent them bolting." There is at least some foundation for this. Our officers have seen German captains beat the men with the flat of their swords and shout "Vorwärts!" from the rear, revolver in hand.

That men have been shot in the German ranks by their own officers is clearly demonstrated by surgeons of ours who have taken the bullet out. As a captured colonel of the Prussian Guard explained: "They must be made to fear us more than the enemy!" Whips have been found in the packs of N.C.O.'s, and one night a captain

an intelligent trooper writes: "A jollier, kinder lot you couldn't meet. Major ——, well stocked with cigarettes, divided them all with us, and we were able to repay him by digging out a mess-room underground. We had more digging to do pretty soon, for great shells made the place collapse like a house of cards, and we fished our officers from a living tomb."

Our men trust their officers. "They've pulled us through; they know their business." And they take risks which they forbid their troops to run, hence the heavy casualties in our commissioned ranks. "We



Photo by]

A HAPPY GROUP OF CANADIANS ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

[Alfieri.

of our own Field Artillery distinctly heard German officers threaten "to shoot any man who refused to advance." He also warned them that, besides his pistol, there was a machine-gun trained on them to assist him in his commands!

How un-English are such relations will be seen by comparing the action of Sir Douglas Haig, commanding the First Army Corps. He and other officers, we learn, will suddenly fall in with the men. "Well, boys," the General says cheerily, "how're you getting on? Any complaints? Anything I can do for you?" Share and share alike is the fraternal motto of our Army. Of his officers

can feel led," says a man of the Bedfordshires. "I'm often asked," comes from the Welsh Regiment, "what I think of our officers. No words of mine could ever convey an idea." And the writer dwells on the dying cheer of Captain Haggard with poignant affection and regret.

All through the Indian Army runs that feeling of loyal love, even unto death. But surely this spirit shines nowhere so finely as in a wounded case from Clearing-Hospital No. 14 of the Fifth Division. Surgeon Tasker tells of one poor fellow rendered speechless by serious injury to the left jaw. "At a sign from him I gave him a sheet of



AN ENGLISH SOLDIER MAKING HIS WANTS KNOWN.

[Daily Mirror.

paper, but all he wrote on it was that his captain ought to have the V.C.!" This is superb. So was the five-mile march of a few men, often under fire and sniped from trees, with the dead body of a popular

lieutenant on a plank. "We couldn't bury him anywhere. We were determined it should be Zillebeke churchyard, reverent-like and nice."

These men, all we have of them, are volunteers, uncoerced, unbribed—plain fellows ofthe county regiments, at once gay and dour, cautious and daring, clean, kind to women and children, horses and dogs. 'I found a poor perisher of a black cat the other day, badly hurt in the leg, and I gave him first-aid with vaseline and lint, to the great astonishment of Frenchies looking on."

For their conduct as fighters, "words fail me," says Marshal French, "to express the admiration I

feel." No formal report is here, but profound emotion stirring a leader of world-wide His gratitude is England's, too, renown. whose heart echoes Deborah's pæan of war: "They offered themselves willingly. They



[News Illustrations.

ENGLISH SOLDIERS ENJOYING A GAME OF CARDS DURING A LULL IN OPERATIONS IN FRANCE, WHILE FRENCH SOLDIERS WATCH THE GAME.

were a people that jeoparded their lives unto the death in high places of the field."

All this Tommy receives with stolid pride, perhaps not untinged with a misgiving. Why should he be praised for what is "the time of his life," as letters reveal? Ours is a fighting race, our Empire a concrete witness to the fact. Nor can we be frightened at all, or bluffed. Here is a fundamental error of the enemy. His most elaborate engines are laughed at by our soldiers—his "silent" mortars and great guns with shells that drive yast craters in the earth and take

aloud the news and turns it into pidgin-English—the kind that is heard in silence and mystification—"but he means well."

"An invitation to dinner," an officer remarks, "appears to be the same in all tongues. An open mouth, a pat on the stomach, and a backward jerk of the thumb, and Tommy is touched in a tender place. 'Mussy bacoo,' says he, but which house is it? He has a knack of strolling into a cottage, cadging a terrific meal, nursing the baby, and making himself thoroughly at home. The French adore our fellows. I've



Photo by]

THE LONDON SCOTTISH WASHING.

[L, N, A,

half a dozen horses. These are watched in flight, and bets made on their fall. They are only "coal-boxes," "Black Marias," and the like.

The horrors of war sit lightly upon men like these.

We know that Tommy is the pet of France in this, her hour of trial. She looks at his keepsakes, robs him of button and badge as souvenirs; watches him wash or shave at the village trough, and try French phrases on the kindly hostess who loads him with cakes and fruit, matches, cigarettes, and charcoal. His French comrade reads

seen women take pails of water to them in the firing-line. 'Thank you, my dear,' they get—and wonder what it means. 'Maybe you'd like something from the Berlin crown jewels?'"

More serious, though not less sincere, is the admiration of French officers for our men, notably officers of liason, those highly placed links between the Staffs of the Allied Armies. These observers are professionally concerned with the British soldier, especially when engaged, as he always is, with greatly superior numbers. And they put Tommy on a pedestal. He

has few equals, they say, and no superior at all as a military force. His bulldog qualities are unique, and these are just the qualities to win in a war like this.

Thus at Mons, where the very heavens appeared to be raining steel, and the din

"These fellows are incorrigibly gay," the French observer says. He saw men chasing hot steel fragments with their caps, like children after butterflies in a field! They knitted in the trenches when these were swept with shell, swearing only at the air-



"IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY."

British soldiers singing the popular song of the war as they march through a French village to the Front.

drove men distraught, the Field Artillery stood their ground "as though on parade at Woolwich." And so through bitter days of rearguard actions and snap-fighting, with every sleight known to military science, and not a few never tried before.

blast that blew out the match they had at their cigarette. "Anybody hurt?" the subaltern inquired, as the smoke cleared away. "No, sir—only a chicken, an' he died o' 'consumption'!"

These men are utterly fearless. Smoke

of strange hue and flame of bursting shell is watched as a pyrotechnic display.

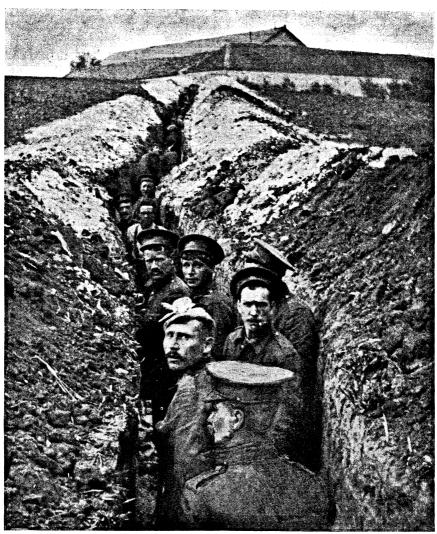
"Hey!" roared the captain. "Can't you

see that blue flare? Lie down!"

"I can't, sir," came from the warned one.
"I've got two bottles o' wine 'ere for the boys, an' no corks in 'em!" This levity,

as a sandboy, fit and bouncy as a ball. How do you explain it?

Tommy keeps in wistful touch with his home-folks. He's a little sentimental over a camp-fire, sings and passes naïve letters around to be read. The news of knitting impresses him; the collecting dogs—all the



From a Direct

IN A TRENCH AT THE FRONT.

[Camera Picture.

this inbred good humour, is a mighty stay when the blue-grey hordes are swarming and the clay wallow is climbed to repel attack. "I haven't shaved for eight days," says a subaltern of the South Staffs. "Just a souse of a wash in ninety-six hours." No sleep, nerve-racked and weary, yet happy

spirit of national motherhood. "Your kindness is not wasted," wrote a gunner of the R.F.A., in reply to a note pinned on a pair of gift socks. "It snowed all day and froze all night, and now the trench is a puddle of icy slush. And, ma'am, we're trying to keep the enemy away from

England—from our homes and our little children."

I am here reminded of a curious thing. It is not the horror of war, but the havoc—the civilian havoc—which saddens Tommy and rouses real fury in the man—blazing farms, houses that are heaps in the abrupt Biblical sense, churches defiled, loot left piteously in the street, with broken women weeping their hearts out and mere babes looking on aghast.

Our soldiers dwell upon these things with smouldering anger—upon the old folk, the widows who try to smile, the refugees with "prams" and bundles, and that in their eyes which sears the sturdy British conscience. "Streams of them pass in the snow, not crying at all, but dazed. I've seen them rake over the ashes and litter for bits of baby's cot or grannie's chair." The homes are often smashed in ape-like rage—a tangle of broken furniture, crockery, and glass, of toys and foodstuffs, pictures and clothes, medals and musical instruments. sheepish grace, Tommy plays the Good Samaritan amidst it all. "The road was "The road was lined with dead horses and men. Houses ablaze, and people flying by with kiddies crying in their frightened grasp. We fed them with biscuits and bully beef. mother gave me her baby's shoe and a I found tears rolling down my cheeks, and the boys chaffed me miles."

"In the retreat from Mons," an officer says, "many of our men carried children for the refugees, although dog-tired themselves. And they put women on the waggons, trudging along cheerily behind and talking to them—so my orderly says—'in five languages'!" This is the softer side. And war—or, at any rate, this mighty war—does sway men's characters profoundly. The ne'er-do-well becomes a hero, the scapegrace a keen officer, adored by his men.

The chaplains also report a new sense of religion, a simple appeal to the skies, with vague knowledge of death in the pestilential air. Service by night in a barn with guttering candles and unkempt men clutching hymn-books—this is a strange scene.

Old familiar tunes and words take on a meaning that grips the soul, whilst outside guns roar, shells flash and scream, lighting up stern faces with an azure glare.

Or service may be held in a field hospital —"a bandaged congregation," the chaplain calls it; piteous groups in hobbles and slings, irrepressibly gay. The chaplain himself is

part of the spirit of our Army—a horseman with wallets containing sacred vessels, his robes strapped to the saddle, and a nosebag full of hymn-books slung behind. Thus he rides from point to point in the long khaki line, ready for all events, from a sing-song to a funeral—one like General Hamilton's, buried darkly by a little church that tumbled about the mourners' ears to the vengeful din of war.

I have no space in which to deal with our aerial arm, which has served the Allied Armies with unresting zeal. At six thousand feet the pilot meets fifty degrees of frost. He descends, only to feel shrapnel bursting around him till his frail craft rocks like a tiny boat in the Niagara gorge. It is a terrible task, and breeds a new type of man, not as other men at all. "If it's hot work to be under fire, what d'you think it's like to be *over* fire, with experts gunning for you as they would for a rocketer pheasant in the November trees?"

All arms co-operate, from the sappers to the Army Service Corps, whose praise our Forces sing. For upon the A.S.C. depends the supply of food and clothes and "An army marches on its stomach," Napoleon said, and if ours marched at all, it should go round the world, so well is it provisioned. For this purpose the War Office team has long been picked—Sir William Robertson, General Long, and their staffs, whose work amounts to a positive miracle, viewed with admiration by the Allied No wonder our men can afford to feed the refugees; they never fared better on Salisbury Plain or the Hampshire heaths.

"We eat four meals a day," a young officer wrote to the Headmaster of Eton, "and get no exercise at all. I'm a colossal size, and can hardly button my coat!" In this burrowing war, the trenches are often so close together that men wander into the wrong maze with tragi-comic results. A big German blundered into one of ours with a pailful of delicious coffee, a welcome prisoner, to be made much of with exaggerated politeness in which all took a hand—and also a mug.

The daily killing is a callous thing, sure, scientific, and passionless as the electric chair, in which men die when a button is touched.

This is not to say that war is not a dreadful thing—a night-time terror showing scenes, when daylight comes, that turn the blood to ice. "You read the paper," a gunner remarked—he was home on leave for a week

—"but you can't see—thank God, you can't see or hear or smell!" Men go mad, burying miles of mutilated humanity; this is no figure of speech, but a fact. "Sickening heaps on a slaughter-house floor," is one description of a retaken trench. And when the mine goes up in dazzling flame, horror laughs at what it sees in the air.

"Imagine houses burning," says a lad in the Royal Scots, "women screaming, and all about you shattered bodies of man and beast, and blood everywhere—blood, blood, blood! I suppose I'm chicken-hearted, but I only

left school last year."

No wonder "funk" takes hold of the new-comer to scenes like these—a young clerk, perhaps, from a London suburb, thrown abruptly into a crude abyss. Our bravest own to shock and shrinking—"It's exactly the feeling of going down in a fast lift." "My brain was cool," a gallant officer says, "but my hands moved and twisted as though they didn't belong to me. I tried to use my glasses. It was as much as I could do to get them to my eyes, and then I could hardly see." The greatest soldiers who lived—Napoleon himself and his marshals—have suffered in this way.

This nerve-strain varies with the man, of course. What with snipers and spies, and the play of enormous guns that open yawning pits where they strike, one is racked in a queer, instinctive way at first. Death comes unseen from ruins and haystacks and trees, from the peaceful peasant at the plough, even from women, and men in French, Belgian, and British uniforms, no doubt taken from prisoners or the dead.

Then the noise of war wears down certain temperaments; the boom and crash, the whistle and shriek, the buzz and crack, slam and tack-tack of horrible explosive orchestras—an agony of uproar that makes soul and body quake and ache. French gunners are

withdrawn from time to time in a crise de

There is here no striving after "sensation," no intent to pile up horrors, for words are pale — no mind can grasp the real scene. Battlefield madness is a fact, and twitching hysteria that wrecks a man, without a scratch to show for his undoing. Von Hausen, the Field - Marshal commanding the Third German Army Corps, had a nervous breakdown, and heart failure was a literal as well as a metaphorical frailty. Knutsford, of the London Hospital, made a special appeal for funds to treat these cases of traumatic neurosis, "men suffering from very severe mental and nervous shock."

I speak of these things to throw in higher relief the spirit that overcomes them, and jests over each "narrow squeak" in the dreadful day. Thus: "The eighty-pound cheese I was carrying was wounded in twenty places when the shell burst, but yours truly was quite sound. Mind you, his pulse was a bit abnormal."

No army, German or other, ever took the field so perfectly equipped as our own last August. And this equipment sustains the natural morale of our men. The wounded are handled by doctors who can and do give their lives for their patients. And the motor ambulance, with its attendant kitchen, the hospital barge and ship, the base hospitals of France and devoted nursing at home, often in houses of the great—all these inspire confidence and help a man to take his chance with sturdy mates in the trench.

"It will be a terrible war," as the Chancellor says, "but we shall march through terror to triumph." And emerge a military as well as a naval Power. "We are fighting for a worthy purpose," our King reminds us, "and we shall not lay down our arms until that purpose has been fully achieved."



A LOVERS' TALE

By MAURICE HEWLETT

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Into Midfirth, in Iceland, runs the Mell river through mudflats and marl to mix green water with salt waves. On either side the land is rich and wet, giving fine pasture. There on the brae stood Melstead, and there it stands yet. Once it was the house of Ogmund and his wife Dalla; but he died before the tale begins which begins with Dalla, a widow and blind, and her two grown sons, Thorgils and Cormac. Thorgils, the elder, was a broad-shouldered, fair-haired young man, steady at his work, and in his ways mild and quiet. Cormac took after his mother in looks, being vivid black and white. He was a wild young man, but very friendly after the bout. He had no idea how strong he was; but his brother knew, though they were very good friends for all that. He had a keen eye for the flight of a bird or the play of a fish, and could sing and make verses. Sometimes he made verses because he had been moved; sometimes he was moved because he had made verses; and often he did not know which way it had been with him. Although he had no notion of setting up for a poet, he thought about himself and his sensations a good deal, and had found out already that he did not greatly care to do anything unless he could watch himself doing it, and watch the thing done as it suffered the doing. On a day in late autumn Cormac went up to the fells with Toste, the Melstead reeve, to round up the sheep. The dusk came down early and found them still at it. Toste said that it would be well to put into Nupsdale-stead for the night. "They'll feed us well, and we shall hear some good talk," he said. So to Nupsdale-stead they went, and there Cormac saw, for the first time, the beautiful Stangerd, daughter of Thorkel of Tongue, who had been fostered there for some four years. Cormac's gift of impromptu song attracted the girl's attention as much as her beauty fascinated him, and he returned to Nupsdale-stead more than once to sing further songs to her, though it never occurred to him to say that he loved her. As for as

CHAPTER X.

THE DAY OF THE WEDDING.



HE wedding was to
be in early spring
—as soon as the
weather was open—
because Cormac
would not wait any
longer, and there
were no signs of
Toothgnasher's
ship. Stangerd did
not at all understand

wny ne was in such a hurry, and he could not tell her, though he knew very well why it was.

He felt that, if he was not married very soon, he would not be married at all. It was not that he did not love Stangerd, and love her very much, but that he loved her in another way—a way which irritated and confused him and hampered the free passage of his mind. He could not enjoy the sight of her beauty, or be happy in seeing her do

things beautifully, as formerly he had. He loved her now in a greedy and grudging way, which seemed to sap the roots of happiness. He did not like to see her look at another man or even give her mind to anything which was not to do with him. He said to himself: "I think of nothing but her, and why should she be otherwise? Must all the giving be on my side?" It was not so at all, if he had thought, or been able to think, of it. She loved him with the whole of her being; and what more could she have done? But there it was. His happiness was destroyed by this love; his song forsook him. His mind was preoccupied: he had no hold on it. He could not think, or see good things, or take pleasure in anything. Stangerd filled him up. There were times when he cursed the day on which he saw her—times when he

And while he must by all means see her, know what she was doing, and prevent her being with other people, he was not happy with her. He was silent and morose. He made her unhappy, and knew that he did. There seemed always a grievance unatoned for, and another forming upon the scar of the old. All this was so unlike himself that he could not help contrasting it with what he had been before disaster fell upon him. In thinking it over, it seemed to him that he had been inconceivably happy before this fell upon him. He seemed to be looking back from a dark place upon himself free and glorious in the light of the sun. That he should count the day of his plighting his day of disaster shows you to what a state he had come.

As for Stangerd, she would have been happy enough if he could have left her alone. It was very pleasant to her to feel his domination when it was plainly exerted by love. But when love became something like hate, she was made unhappy, and came to resent it as an indignity.

"What have I done? Why do you treat me like this?" she would ask him, and he

would gloom and scowl.

"You have shown me what you really are. You have no heart, but in your beautiful bosom you have a dark nest of pride. Pride like a bed of snakes is there—a dozen angry heads with darting tongues, flat heads with narrow eyes looking all ways to strike."

Tears clouded her blue eyes. "You are hateful to say such things. You come and go as you will, and I am always here for you. You are free of the house and free of me, and yet you never have kind looks for it. I don't know what has come over

you."

In her heart of hearts she believed that he had been cursed by the spae-wife; but she dared not hint it for her life. Some such thing had been whispered, and Cormac had flown into a great passion and gone out with his sword in his hand to find the man who had said it.

So the time wore on, and the ice broke up upon the firth, and the days grew longer, and through the fog you could hear the thunder of the falling snow. Cormac said that the wedding must be soon; and then, about the equinox, there came a ship from Ireland into the firth, and reported the Toothgnasher's ship as on the way home. Thorkel said that they must wait for him, by all means, and Cormac was left to his mother to deal with.

She found him difficult. He jibbed at the Toothgnasher, and it seemed to her that he had been anxious all along to get Stangerd away before her brother could be home.

"But I had sooner be done with them without Toothgnasher," he said to his mother. "I shall have to deal with him later, I don't doubt. No, decidedly I shall not wait for Toothgnasher. Let him ease his hot gums on other men's affairs—not mine."

"But he is Thorkel's only son; he is Stangerd's only brother," said she. "You

are unreasonable."

"Ah," cried Cormac, "how do you know I am unreasonable? I tell you I won't have him there."

"What has Stangerd to say to this?" She put this to him because she was at her wits' end. Cormac gloomed and jutted out his chin.

"I have not spoken to her. She knows that I have no liking for Toothgnasher. She will say what I wish her to say."

But it appeared that here he was wrong. Stangerd wanted her brother to be at the wedding. She begged it of Cormac. She went so far as to kiss him of her own accord—a thing which she very rarely did. He remarked upon it with bitterness, and stored the memory in his troubled heart. There it remained as a grievance instead of a happy memory: the grievance was that she had not done it before. But he would not promise. Then Stangerd grew hot and showed her cheek-bones.

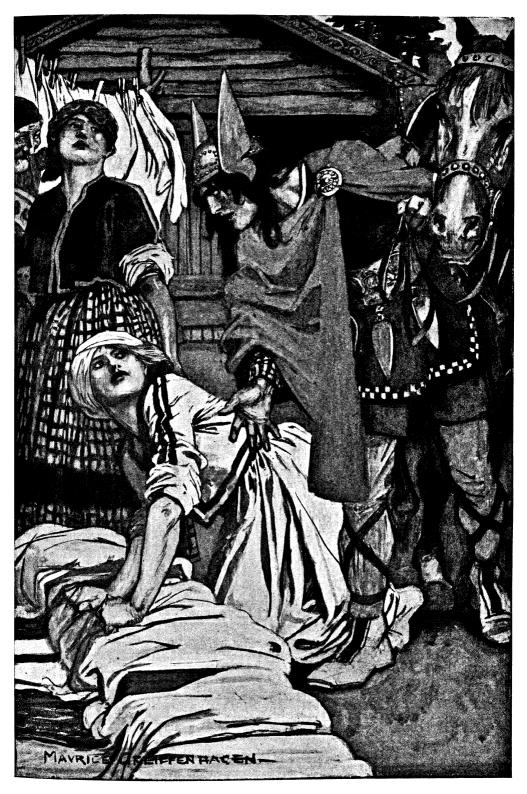
"You treat me very ill. It is the bride's right to fix her wedding-day. You force me

to tell you so."

Cormac turned rather grey in the face. "If force drives you against my wish, it is a poor look-out from where we stand now. And I will tell you this, Stangerd. It will take more force than you and your brother and Thorkel have at call to drive me against my will." With that he left her.

He did not see her again until the day which had formerly been fixed for the wedding. On that day he had expected his mother and Thorgils to ride with him to Tongue, as if for the wedding; but they would not go with him. Dalla said that he was acting outrageously, and he knew that he was. But the black fit was upon him. "If you will not come to my wedding," he said, "I shall go alone."

Go he did, and found Stangerd with her sleeves rolled up, at the well, washing linen. The morning was a fair one, with a fresh wind blowing from the land, and spray from the firth. Cormac had fine clothes on him,



"She did not flinch, but gave him a steady look upwards from where she knelt below him."

with a new scarlet cloak fastened at the

shoulder with a golden brooch.

Two of the girls stood up to look at him; but Stangerd bent down to the bulging linen and pommelled it with a will.

"Is that your bridal gown you are wetting

there?" said Cormac.

"The bride's dress is still on the loom," said one of the maids.

"What day is this?" he cried out.

"Washing day," said she, "and a good

drying day.

Stangerd had nothing to say. In a fury he slipped off his horse and went to her. He stood over her with threatening eyes.

"Is this how you greet your husband?

Is this how our wedding is to be?"

She did not flinch, but gave him a steady look upwards from where she knelt below him.

"It will not be so when the day comes—

not so on my part," she said.
"However it be, it will be you who have made it as it will be," he told her. She said no more.

One of the girls said: "Toothgnasher is off the islands. He will be here soon."

"The trolls take Toothgnasher!" said Cormac, and mounted and rode home.

In the mood he was in now, nothing could be done with him at home. Thorgils, his brother, was a peacefully-disposed man who never said very much. His mother had learned the limits of her tether, and did not pull against a rope and an iron peg. of them thought him in the wrong, but Thorgils was sure that the spae-wife had What Dalla may done all the mischief. have thought about that she kept to herself, for she knew how furious Cormac would have been. He took to the fells in these days and was seldom seen. Nobody knew what he did there. Stangerd never saw him, and felt herself aggrieved.

At the beginning of the summer, Toothgnasher brought his ship into the firth and laid her up. He was a tall, high-coloured man, with a fine flaxen beard on his lip. He had dark blue eyes like Stangerd's: they were a fine couple. Thorkel made much of him, and very soon gave him his bearings.

He stared when he heard the state of the case. "Why, what possesses the man?

it witchcraft?"

"Some fiend has him. There is no doing

anything with him," Thorkel said.

"There is one thing to do with him," said "You had better let me go Toothgnasher. and talk with him."

Thorkel shook his head. "Stangerd would not like that."

"Well," said Toothgnasher, "and do you think she likes the thing as it stands?"

But Thorkel's advice prevailed—that Cormac should be summoned to the marriage. This was done. Word was brought by Narve, who saw Thorgils.

Thorgils said he would give Cormac the message, but that he was from home just now. "And I think he is up in the fells,"

he said.

failed her.

"And what will be doing there at this season?" Narve asked.

"Amusing himself," said Thorgils, "with trapping and such-like."

"He will find few things there so hard to trap as we find at home," Narve said.

At Tongue the opinion was that he would come; but that was not Stangerd's opinion. She kept her thoughts very private, and would not talk to her maids. Her heart was sore at the slight put upon her for no fault of her own, and as well as that she had the memory of Cormac in his days of eager They had been sweet, and the sweeter they, the bitterer her present dule. But she did not cry, for that was not her way when she was sad, but only when she was offended. At this time she was more sad than offended. And she hoped up to this very last that the cloud would lift from

And so the time wore on to the day of the wedding, when she was dressed in fine clothes, and wore a gold crown on her head. She sat still and flushed, with clenched hands, on the dais with her maids; her kinsfolk and acquaintances sat at the tables, but none came from Melstead.

her sky before it was too late. She was not

yet offended, but she was a proud girl, and

knew that she could never forgive him if he

They sat there, saying at first little, and then nothing, for an hour or more. Presently Narve, who was always hopping to the door and back, cried out: "I see a man riding this way."

No one spoke. Stangerd's heart was a

He said again: "I know him. It is Thorgils, Cormac's brother, and he comes alone."

Thorgils came into the hall and saluted the company. Thorkel bade him welcome.

Then he said: "We looked to see more of you from Melstead, but you come alone. What are we to make of it?"

" I Thorgils was very much troubled.

can only tell you what I know myself. The summons was given to Cormac on the day it was delivered to me. I bade him to the marriage, and he said he would remember it and do what was right. After that he went away, and I have not seen him since. What's more, I can't tell where he is. He may be on the sea, for all I know."

There was silence for some time. Then Stangerd went away, with her maids following her. She could not now hide her tears, and

they came freely and burning hot.

When she was gone, Thorkel said: "This is a great affront put upon me by your brother, and I am not to pass over it. He sought the girl, and I agreed to it, as you know, though not willingly, for I never fancied the match. Then he began to behave strangely, and it has gone on from bad to worse. You tell me you have nothing more to say, and now I tell you that I also have come to an end of speaking."

"Yes, indeed," said Toothgnasher. "It is not a case for talk; but Cormac and I shall have other things to do than talk to

each other."

Thorgils said: "That will be as it must be. It is likely that there will be more to come. I can only say that we are concerned for Cormac. He is not himself in this. His life has been crossed. There is a spell upon him. But you have nothing to do with that, and I can't ask you even to believe it. But do not think that Cormac is pleasing himself in this affair. He is of all men the most unhappy. But Fate rules us all."

They stared or gloomed at him according as their natures moved them. It was plain there was nothing more to be said to Thorgils, who presently saluted the company and took himself off. Toothgnasher went

into the bower to see Stangerd.

She had stopped her tears, but her eyes were very red, and she was tired, without heart to speak much about it. When, however, Toothgnasher began to talk about the affront, she broke out afresh: "Oh, he is cruel, he is cruel, to use me so!"

"He is tired of you, sweetheart," her brother said, but she would not have it so.

"No, no, no! That is not so. He loves me—he loves me too much. But he is proud, and he makes me feel his pride. I know very well how it is. He is the most wretched of men just now. He wants me sorely, but will not come. He knows that I could soothe him—and so I could—but he will not allow it."

"By Heaven and earth," said Tooth-

gnasher, "I have the means to humble that pride of his!"

She put hands upon him. "Brother," she said, "you shall not touch him, or, if you do, you will have seen the last of me. It is the way of men to think that they can assuage every grief by slashing at each other. They do nothing but comfort to themselves."

"It is the business of kinsfolk to avenge each other, however you take it," said

Toothgnasher.

"And what comfort is it to me if you slay the man I love, or if he slay you?" she asked him, and then she asked herself: "Is there any fool in the world the equal of a man?"

As for Cormac, he did not appear at Melstead for two days more. Then he came in haggard and unwashen, and would do nothing but sit and gaze about him, taking quick and short breath. Nobody knew where he had been. He was splashed all up his legs with brown, so he had been in the peat hags, they judged. He said nothing about Stangerd, but sat about the house for two or three days without speaking at all. After that he seemed to have gathered strength, for he collected himself and did some work in the meadows. He seemed to have forgotten Stangerd altogether; but he had not, as it turned out.

Now, as to this curious business, there is plenty to say, and every man will put his own interpretation upon it, and every woman also. There must be few women who will not have experience within them to bring to the reading. A poet—not Cormac—has reasoned it out, but we need not bring in any more poets to the argument—at present. On the showing of this instructed man, the day of misfortune was the day when Cormac kissed Stangerd first. There may be much truth in this.

CHAPTER XI.

BERSE COMES IN.

Whether or no Cormac had got the better of his love affair—and nobody knew but himself—it had made a great to-do at Tongue. But the people there did not see how to set about avenging the slight put upon them, since Stangerd would not hear of fighting, or have Cormac challenged for atonement. It was judged finally, after much talk, that they must get her married, lest the country-side should think that she had lost her only chance—which was nonsense, seeing what

a splendid girl she was, and how much counted.

So they brought up the name of this man and that man, but could not decide upon any one man, until Narve, always ready with the tongue, lit upon Berse of Sowerby. "Now, there's a man," he said, "of all men in the world the most proper. A powerful man, a very pleasant, affable, middle-aged man, a man of wealth and a man of his hands. Bring him into your quarrel, and the thing is done. Your young fire-eater will have little to say to him, you may be sure."

That was true. The man was a notable champion. They called him Battle-Berse, Holmgang Berse, and Wager-of-Battle Berse, which all mean the same thing; for the Holmgang is to go to the holm for the fight's sake, and in the wager-of-battle you back your quarrel with another man's blood. that way Berse had backed his no less than thirty times, and had never lost it. Besides that, he had I don't know how many homicides to his account. It has been said before that he had had about enough of it, and was for peace and plenty in these days. He was a widower, survivor of a fine woman called Finna the Fair; he was rich, and he was getting fat—not unwieldy, you understand, but comfortably fat. But still, not a doubt about it, he would give a good account of himself upon the field when he was called there.

He was the man, let me remind the reader, who had given harbourage to Thorveig, the spae-wife, after the killing of her sons. He gave her the ferry-house at Bersestead, where

you cross over to go into Sowerby.

Well, they talked him over at Tongue, with other men, and none was found so suitable. So presently, without a word to Stangerd, Toothgnasher, Narve, and one or two others went over to his country and found him at home. As well as himself there were his sister Hilda in the house, a personable, active woman, a pretty girl, very fond of Berse, called Stanvor Slimlegs, and his young son Osmund, a boy of ten years old or so. He was very glad to see them, and made them a good entertainment.

They talked in the evenings of this, that, and the other. To get Berse upon his fighting days was to get him at his best; and it appeared that he was still a roaring boy for all his grizzled beard and dewlap. There was the girl Stanvor, for example, as pretty a girl as ever you saw. Now, that girl was daughter to a man called Ord, who

lived, not at Tongue on Midfirth, but at Tongue in Bitra. He was a fisherman with many men in his employ, and in a quarrel which arose over the merits of men in those parts, this Ord maintained that Berse of Sowerby, Battle-Berse, was the bigger man as against one Thorarin of Gutdale. The story came to Thorarin's ears—an ill-conditioned, strong man—who one fine day came down to Tongue in Bitra when no men were about, and picked up Stanvor out of the garth and carried her off with him. Ord in his trouble went to Battle-Berse, saying: "This blow was struck at me because I spoke well of you. I look to you now, Berse, to wipe out my shame." Berse said that he wanted no man's good word, but would do what he could. He armed himself with sword and three spears, and rode down the valley and over the ridge and down again into Gutdale. He got there late, when the men were come in from the fields and the women setting the tables. He saw Stanvor at the back door and beckoned to her. ran up and told him her troubles. got off his horse and took her by the hand. "Hold the horse," he said, "and these spears, and wait for me here." "Oh, where are you for?" she said, and he told her. a pity to come so far for such a little thing as she was—and "I'm going to see who's at home." She said: "The men are all in there at the fires." "I know that," says Berse, and goes up and bangs at the door with his fist. A man came out. tell Thorarin that Berse wants to see him," he was told. Presently out comes Thorarin with a bill in his hand, and makes a slash at Berse with it. Berse had his famous sword Whiting ready for him, and gave him a cut through the neck into the shoulder, which was his death-blow. he went back to his horse, mounted, pulled up Stanvor, put her before him, and galloped down the road to a wood. Deep in the wood he left Stanvor with the horse, but he himself went back to the skirts of it to wait Thorarin had three for the hue-and-cry. sons, who came out after Berse, expecting to trap him further on as he entered the pass into the hills. It proved otherwise, for it was Berse who trapped the trappers. had three spears to Thorarin's three sons, and he threw each of them, and with each brought his man down. The rest of the outery ran back to the house. Berse lay the three bodies out side by side, and his cloak across them to show who had done the business, and then went back to the

horse and the girl. He took Stanvor home with him to his walled house in the hills; and she would not leave him, and never That was the kind of man Battle-Berse was, and always very good-tempered over it, a most agreeable man, as Narve

He told this tale now to his guests, sitting in his elbow chair with his arm round Stanvor herself, she leaning against the elbow with her head on one side and eyes cast down. When it came to the point where Berse said that she would not leave him and never did, she looked at him gravely, with a little half smile, very pretty to see. Berse said: "Hey, sweetheart, is

Stanvor nodded her head, still smiling, and said: "I shan't leave you till you tell me to go."

You couldn't help liking the man.

Many such stories Berse had to tell, but it was not for such things they had come The talk flew about from men's courage to women's looks; and presently Narve spoke of Stangerd as the fairest of women, and Berse did not deny it.

"There's a pretty girl here," he said, "and a dainty girl, very fond of me; but I know that Stangerd is like a cornfield in bearing to a poor man's patch of rye-grass

compared to little Stanvor."

"You heard, most likely," Narve said, "of the way she was treated by Cormac Ogmundsson of Melstead? A great shame."

Berse twinkled and set his thumbs twirling like the sails of a mill. "I heard something of it," he said; "and a fine

young man, too, by all accounts."
"Too fine," says Narve; and then Toothgnasher said: "Not fine enough."

Berse nodded very comfortably. "These young men go about on the tips of their toes, asking you to stand out of their way lest by chance they should walk into you. Not but what the match was a good one. I've been told something of Cormac's handiness with weapons."

Narve snapped his fingers. "What are his hands or his weapons to you, Berse?"
Berse smiled. "Well, to me, maybe,

they are less than to yourself, my friend.

"And the match is clean off, mind you," Narve went on. "They say, indeed, that he's out of the country, and like enough gone Viking, like his father before

Berse said no more at the time, but he turned it over. He knew Thorkel was rich,

he knew Stangerd was very handsome. He liked good-looking girls and he liked riches. When Toothgnasher was getting ready to go home, Berse said he thought he would go down with him. And so he did.

Before he started Stanvor came to him. "Where are you going, master?" she asked

He twinkled all over his face, and, looking quizzically at her, pinched her cheek. am going down to the firth," he said, "to see a fine girl."

She stood flushed and serious before m. "It is like enough," she said, "but I know that she will not love you

as I do."

Berse put his heavy hand on her shoulder. "I think that's true. But what if I bring her back to Sowerby? What will you say then, pretty one? By all accounts, she's big enough to eat you up and want more."

She bore his glance. "There will still be room here for me," she said. "I shall do no harm to anybody."

"No, indeed," said Berse. "But you'll

bring happiness wherever you are."

She saw him away, and stood in the rain looking after him until he was swallowed up in it. Then she went back into the house and was busy. She was a slightly-made, graceful girl, with a pale, round face and large, blue-grey eyes. She had brown hair which rippled like running water and curled at the ends. She looked delicate, but was extremely strong. She never had much to say to anyone but Berse, but with him she would talk freely.

CHAPTER XII.

STANGERD'S WEDDING.

Berse, with all his experience to back him, admired Stangerd very much. She was a big girl, with a strong throat and deep chest; she had not much to say, but was not at all shy. These qualities pleased him; but he thought her golden hair and hot colouring splendid, and would certainly marry her if he could come to terms with her father. When she came to serve him with mead in the hall, he took her hand and looked up at her.

"I wonder that a girl like you should

remain at home, Stangerd," he said.

She blushed. "That may not be my fault, sir."

"No, no," said Berse, "but it will be a strange fault in the fine young men I see hereabouts if they leave you alone. I shall look to see you in the golden wreath before many days."

"That is as my father pleases, sir," said

she.

That was about all he said to her, but he kept his eyes upon her most of the evening, and when she had gone to bed, he talked to Thorkel about her, and asked what he would

give with her.

Thorkel, who had small eyes, shifted them about Berse without meeting his, and said that he didn't rightly know, but he supposed that a girl like his was worth a goodish deal in herself. He had been thinking it over, and had no doubt Berse would have done the same. He would like to know what Berse thought about it.

Berse said that there had been some talk about her lately in respect of Cormac

Ogmundsson.

Thorkel said there was nothing in it, and Berse said: "Perhaps not." But he heard that Cormac was a bold man with his hands. Then he said: "I will tell you this, Thorkel, that I will take your quarrel upon me, and quit you of any mischiefs with Cormac and his friends. But you must deal fairly in the matter of downy" he said

matter of dowry," he said. So they haggled over i

So they haggled over it till far into the night, and came to terms, one of which was that the wedding should be done quickly, and another that Stangerd was not to be told anything about it until just before. Berse boggled at that. He said: "It is very pleasant to court a girl. It is very pleasant to see her deal with a matter so momentous to her. Can anything in her life touch her so nearly?"

But Thorkel knew better than to listen to him. "You may be sure that my counsel is wise," he said. "Stangerd is a good girl, if ever there was one, but her heart was very much set upon Cormac, who lives just over the hill. Who can say what she might not contrive? Do you wish for bloodshedding

upon your marriage-day?"

"Well," said Berse, "I am not sure, but

have it as you will."

Next day he went home, but not before he had talked with Stangerd. "We shall meet again, Stangerd," he said to her. "I hope that you and I may be good friends."

"It takes two to make a friendship," said

Stangerd

Berse said: "You are right. But one may begin, and the other catch the complaint.

Now, I am a man very prone to friendship. How is it with you?"

She thought that she was slow to make friends, and slow to lose them.

Berse said that he was pleased to hear that, and would have given her a kiss; but she wouldn't allow that, and told him that she didn't like kissing. He took the rebuff with good humour, and soon afterwards rode away.

Whatever Stangerd may have thought about Berse and his behaviour, nothing was said to her, and she did nothing towards seeing Cormac. But it is certain that he was seldom out of her head. She was still deeply offended, and would have shown him that she was very plainly, if he had come to see her. But at the bottom of her heart she had a warm conviction of his love and of her own. Her nature was slow to move, but she had spoken the truth when she told Berse that she was steadfast.

Berse made his preparations quickly, and was ready to go back to Tongue in eight days. He set out with a party of some fifteen men—good men all, and well armed. Thord Arndisson of Mull was one of them, and Wige was another. Wige was a man who had dealings with unseen powers, and was said to be mighty in the dark. Some people deemed that he was a werwolf. Berse would not have gone without him on any account; and before he went he told him that Cormac might give trouble. Wige thought that he could cope with Cormac.

"Why, yes," said Berse, "and so can I; but Thorkel, look you, is a rare coward, and although I have sworn to take the venture on myself, yet he can't rest in his bed for thinking of what they may do at Melstead. Now, I want to keep this quiet until it's all over and she is mine. Then Cormac may do what he will, for then he will work in Sowerby, and not there."

Wige said: "Enough, I'll see to it."

They got to Tongue towards evening, and then Stangerd was told what was about to befall her. Berse told her himself.

She showed flame-red and gave him a stare for answer. Her eyes were like the flower of flax.

"Was this in your mind a week ago," she said, "when you spoke to me of your friendship?"

"Yes, it was," said Berse.

"You use a strange way," said she, "to win my friendship. I will tell you this—that it is not to be captured by a trick, as



"He told this tale now to his guests."

you take a hare, nor by a spear. Use that with a salmon, but not with a girl."

Berse looked rather foolish. He had not thought the thing out properly. "Well," he said, "you shan't repent it. I'll use you well. You will be mistress of a good house, and you will have no bad looks from me."

Stangerd turned away her face, not choosing that he should see her tears. She was taking this badly, but her mind was full of shifts and schemes how she could let Cormac know what was being done with her. Berse had hold of her hand by this time, and was trying to coax her.

"Look now, Stangerd," he said, "it is not very pleasant for you here these days. The neighbourhood will talk about a girl that has been jilted on her wedding-day, and your father don't like that, nor your brother, either. It is putting a slight upon the house, don't you see. Now, I'm a man well known in my own country for a ready hand, and there won't be things said about me which you or I won't care to hear—at least, they won't be said twice. Do your best to make a friend of me, and remember that a girl has to let her father be the judge of what's to be done with her. I am older than you are, that's certain, but see what experience I've had. Now, my first wife was a woman called Finna, of great family and riches, and she was a beauty, too. They called her Finna the Fair. say that she was your match in that respect, but she was very well indeed, I can assure Now, that woman got to be very fond of me before she died. She used to say there was no one like me for wheelling. Now, you give me a fair field, and you shall I know what can be said for that Cormac of yours—a fine, bold way with him, I don't doubt, and, when the mood was on him, I can understand that no girl could resist him. But what about his black moods, my dear? How did you find him then? Scowling, glooming, not a word to say for himself. That don't make for a happy homestead—no, no! Now, there's this to say for old Battle-Berse—that in peace or war no man has ever seen him out of temper. Still less any woman. Always ready with his crooked smile and lifted eyebrow, full of his quips and crankums, with a knee would seat half a dozen of you at once, and all yours, Stangerd, when you want it. Try me, my dear, and if you want Cormac after a year in Sowerby-why, you shall have him for me. That's a queer way of wooing a wife, but it's Berse's way. and not a bad one. Now, what do you say?"

He was an insinuating man. His arm was round her waist by now, and, before she lifted her head up, his good-natured face was close to hers; and when she did look at him, he kissed her.

It was too late to be angry, but of course she didn't like it. "If it must be," she said, "it must be, but spare me your kisses."

"No, no," he said. "They are part of the

"They are not, then," said she, "until the bargain's done." And she went away.

The hall was very full that night, and she had to serve them all; but she was desperate to find a way of reaching Cormac. Presently there is a call for more drink, and she sends Narve out to fill the pitchers, and goes out to meet him half-way.

She has a moment with him alone. She takes him by both shoulders and stares at him. He puts down his pitchers and gapes into her face.

"Oh, Narve, Narve, help me if you can!"

"That I will," he says.

She looks about her fearfully. Cormac-let him know to-night; to-morrow will be too late," she says. He sees that she is shaking all over and staring about as if she didn't know what she was doing.

"I'll go to him," says Narve. "I'll go to

him to-night, after they are abed."

She is swaying about. "Ah," she says, "catch me—I'm going to fall down!"

She falls into his arms. He picks her up and takes her out of doors and into the bower by the women's door. Then he goes back and picks up his pitchers.

In the hall he tells a maid to go and look

after her.

It was late before they were all got to Some of them were very drunk. Toothgnasher had to be carried. had all his wits about him, and Wige, the wolf-man, had more than ever he had in the day. Narve gave them an hour to get sound asleep and then slipped down the hall and unfastened the door without noise.

It was broad moonlight, and a river of black shade ran before every wall; but he was well over them all, and had forded the river before he knew he was being followed. He only knew it, indeed, by something which is beside sense; for when he looked back, he couldn't see a sign of a man. But he ran like a hare, did Narve, and was up the shoulder of the hill and speeding down the path through a little pine wood, when all of a sudden he felt a hand on his shoulder, and his heart jumped burning into his throat.

His knees failed, and down he sank upon them. By his side, right over him as he found, was Wige, all silver-grey in the

moonlight.

"Oh, mercy! What do you want with me?" he said.

me: ne said.

Wige said nothing, but stood still above him with hollow, sightless eye-sockets. He

was a very tall, thin man.

Narve's teeth were clattering together: it was a cold night. Suddenly Wige stretched out a long arm, pointing the way back to Tongue. Narve got upon his feet and, watching the arm, began to edge along the way he was intended to go. He walked sideways, that he might keep an eye upon the apparition; through the wood and up the wood he went, and got into the open. In the broad moonlight Wige looked shining like metal. Narve took to his heels and ran home as fast as he had come out, and Wige fleeted behind him with long, noiseless strides.

In the morning it was Narve's business to get out and see to the cattle in the byre. He was to drive them afield, and so he did. There was not a soul in sight, but a light mist covered the ground, so that you could not see very far. He thought the chance a good one to steal over the hills to Melstead, and took it. He made his way through brushwood and rocks, and was half-way up the fell when out of the mist there loomed before him a shape, tall and shadowy. The terrors of the night came back to him, but something else also; for Wige fell upon him with a ragged staff and beat him about the shoulders and back. Again nothing was said, and again nothing was done towards the help of Stangerd. Narve saw her when he got home again, at the door of the bower, with her hair all over her shoulders. It had been washed for the wedding, and she was drying it in the sun. He caught her eyes, and shook his head sadly. She turned away her face.

But by noon she had recovered her composure, and, looking extremely handsome, she went through the ceremonies which married her to Battle-Berse. She made no difficulties and gave no trouble, but when it came to handfasting, Thorkel, her father, saw the ring

on her finger which Cormac had put there, and told her to take it off. That she refused. "Never," she said. "That stays where it is."

Toothgnasher grew rather rough. "We'll soon see about that!" he said.

But Berse stopped him. "Leave my wife alone," he said. "The ring suits her very well, and she shall have plenty more for the other fingers when she wants them."

She was wedded by the afternoon, and the feast began and lasted all night, as the custom is. On the morning after, the Sowerby people set off home. They rode by the shore, and they rode quietly, so that few should know what was going on. There was to be a boat ready for them on Ramfirth, by the landing of Thorveig, the spae-wife. They would reach it by noon.

Directly they were well on their road, Narve started off to run to Melstead.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHASE.

In those days Cormac went about the work of the place, but he was a changed man. He was fallen very silent, and grown thin and grim-looking You never heard his voice singing about the acres or up the hill-He did not care to swim or to fish. He never spoke about Stangerd, but neither Thorgils nor his mother supposed that she was out of his mind. And she never was, not for a few moments together; but yet he did not go near her, or even over the hills which would lead him into the dale where From the top of the ridge Tongue was. you could see Tongue lying snug in sycamore trees, with its fields orderly about it; but Cormac would never go there now. He could not have told you why that was, but he felt that he could not.

Sometimes he reasoned with himself about it, especially when he felt a great hunger for the sight of her, when his eyes ached for her. Then he thought: "No, I cannot go, for I Then it might begin all over might see her. again, and end as vainly, and I cannot go on like that." He told himself it was certainly true that Stangerd was too beautiful for a man to marry. With such false reasoning he had to be content, for he could not bring himself to go to her. Not once did it enter his head that he was doing her a wrong. never occurred to him that she had given him her heart before she gave him her hand, that she was in great want of him as well as wounded in her self-esteem. He could not think of such things, because he could never

have believed that she loved him. He put her above mankind or womankind. He said: "She is a spirit who may be loved, but cannot love." Had he loved her less, he would have had more joy of her, and she of him. That's the truth of it.

Now, that morning he was at work below the house, and Thorgils with him, and some others. They were building a wall of turves. Thorgils was piling the turves, and Cormac was beating them in with a mallet. They both looked up when they heard steps on the fell, and watched the man coming over the stepping-stones of the river. Then Cormac turned to his work and worked hard.

Thorgils said: "I think it is Narve from Tongue." Cormac said nothing to that. All except himself were watching the man. Thorgils said again: "He has weapons and carries a shield. What can he be

about?"

Toste said: "He looks back. His weapons are for somebody behind him. What is the matter with him?"

Thorgils said: "He is coming here. shall know pretty soon."

Cormac took no notice, but went on working at his wall.

Then Narve came up, stepping warily, with his eyes every way at once, as if every wall-end or tussock of rushes might hold an ambush.

"How now, Narve?" Toste called out "What do you fear, man? whom are you after, with your war-gear?"

Narve puffed out his cheeks, staring about "Pheugh!" he said. "There's need of war-gear in these days, and in the nights it's worse still. When silver-grey men rise up suddenly in thickets and chase you on

"What news, Narve?" said Thorgils, who wanted to know it. "What news do

you bring from Tongue?"

"I'm late with my news," said Narve, "but I came as soon as I could. We were busy last night."

"Were you so?" Thorgils asked him.

"Had you guests with you?"
"Guests?" said Narve. "Ah, we had guests. One was a werwolf."

Cormac at this point straightened himself. "Who were your guests?" he asked.

Narve said: "There was Battle-Berse

from Sowerby, and seventeen with him, of whom one was just what I told your brother."

But Cormac held him with his eye and would not leave him. "And what was Battle-Berse doing at Tongue?"

"He was sitting at his wedding," said

Everybody was now very still.

"And who was the bride?" Cormac asked that in a quiet way.

"The bride was Stangerd, Thorkel's

daughter," Narve said.

Silence was upon all, and Cormac looked slowly about him, from face to face. He was grey and pinched, but as he looked about, and saw in every man's face what could not be hid, rage gathered in him. He rolled his eyes about and suddenly whirled his mallet round his head and struck with all his might at Narve. Narve gave a loud cry and put up his shield. That may have saved his life, but he fell back with a clatter, and lay still, just as if he was dead.

Thorgils said: "That was a shame, The marriage was not of his brother.

making."

"Bah!" said Cormac. "He croaks like a raven. Let him lie."

But Thorgils fetched water from a spring and brought the man round. Narve sat up and held his head.

"That was too bad," he said. "I did my best to come here yesterday, and this is how you serve me."

Thorgils asked him then: "Was this marriage done to Stangerd against will?"

Narve said: "It was, then. She was in a sad way about it, fluttering and holding her She got me aside and begged me to run to fetch Cormac; and so I set out to do, in the middle of the night, but Wige, the wolf-man, rose up silvery in the wood and scared me back. And yet again before sunrise I started to come over the hill, and there in the mist was Wige, a terrible man."

Thorgils looked at Cormac, who was

leaning on his wall, but listening.

Narve went on complaining: "It is very well for Cormac to play the lord of lands and choose his time. A fine girl like And so to treat a man that runs, at peril of his life, to tell him bad news! He will find old Berse of another mettle, I'm thinking, and then maybe he'll look over his shoulder for help and backing, and wish he had served me differently."

Thorgils wanted to know about the marriage bargain, and Narve told him what he knew. The risk was all to be Berse's. He had promised to keep harmless Stangerd's

kindred.

When Narve had taken himself off, Cormac

threw down his mallet and turned to go down to the house. Thorgils watched him, let him go, and presently followed him, running, caught him up and put his hand on his shoulder.

"Whither now?" he said.

Cormac showed him the profile of a stern face. "I am going after her," he said.

Thorgils was very sorry for him. "Ah, but that will do you no good," he said. "It's

"No, no," said Cormac, "it's not too late

-for one thing or another."

Thorgils knew what he meant. "Well," he said, "I am sure Berse will be home before you can fetch at him, but I shall go

with you."

"I shall wait for nobody," Cormac said, and went into the house. Thorgils turned back to summon all hands, and before he had got them together, he saw Cormac spur out of the yard on his black horse. He threw up his head and flacked his hands against his thighs in despair; but he followed him with something like a dozen men, and by hard riding managed to keep him in sight.

Cormac came down to the ferry where Thorveig's house was. There was a fine wind blowing, but all the boats were beached. Not one was in the water, and nobody about the place. Well out in the firth he saw a crowded boat—men and horses packed together. The gleam of white told him all. Stangerd was there in a white dress-she seldom wore anything else. They were too far off for him to make her out, but he saw that she sat in the forepart of the boat, and thought that she must see him. He held up his hand that held the axe. His heart beat He fancied that she lifted hers. was no longer under the curse. All his thoughts of her were purely good. should see her soon. When he turned about, he saw Thorveig standing in the door of her house, the tall, thin-haired woman with her faded, all-seeing, unseeing eyes.

"What do you want here, Cormac?" e said. "I have no more sons for you she said.

to slay."

"I want a boat to cross the water," he

said. "You shall be well paid for it."

"Ah, you'll find no boats here," she said. "They are all high and dry, as you see. They wait for the shipwright; they are all unseaworthy."

Cormac was looking at the boats. One after another he entered and eyed over. There was a hole in every one of them.

"You hag!" he said. "This is your doing! You have been at your tricks.

She frowned at him, but lifted her head high and seemed to look down at him with

"And what is it to you what I please to do with my own? Did you not so with yours when you bade me off your land? And why may you be wanting a boat on this water, which is none of yours?" And then she came closer to him and pried into his face. "And why should I help you at all, Cormac?" she asked him.

But Cormac had forgotten her and her boats, and was looking over the blue and windy water. The boat was more than half-way across. Again he flung up his hand with the axe; and when again he saw the white sleeve lift, he pressed his knees into his horse as if he would ride into the water and swim after Stangerd. But just then Thorgils and his company rode up.

Thorgils asked the spae-wife the same

question: Could they have a boat?
"Boats—boats!" she cried. "Look at the boats. There's not one sound one amongst them all."

"No, you old vixen!" Cormac said. "That's because you have stove them in."

He picked out one of them, nevertheless. "I'll try this," he said to Thorgils. can caulk her with mud and rushes."

Thorgils shook his head. "Better not she'll sink you. It will be quicker in the end to ride round by the head of the firth."

"Go as you will," said Cormac. "I shall

take this boat."

"You shall pay for her, you shall pay!" cried the spae-wife.

Cormac was on his feet, tugging at the

"Give her the hire, and let me be out," he said.

Thorgils bargained with her for half a mark, and Cormac led his horse into the boat, when they had caulked her with rope Toste went with him to help and pitch. him row. They had got about a bowshot out when the old tub began to fill. Almost before those on shore understood as much, the water was over the gunwale, and men and horses were in the water.

Thorgils cried to the woman: "You would drown my brother, would you?"

She had her lips locked together and cold fire in her eyes. She nodded her head sharply three or four times. She was a great hater.

But the men and the horses came ashore,

and Cormac owned that there was nothing for it but to go round the firth-head. That put a good fifteen miles on to the journey, and would make him too late. He had lost her!

He said nothing about it, and was surprised himself to find that he had no wish to kill anybody. Before he could reach Sowerby, Stangerd would be lost to him. He found that he loved her the more for the thought of that. The thought of her beauty mounted to his head like wine.

The whole troop of them rode round the head of Ramfirth. The first house they came to was Mull, where a man called Wale lived. He was a friend of Berse's, and had been at

the wedding.

This Wale was standing at the gate of his court, waiting for them. Greetings passed.

Cormac said: "Shall we find Berse up at his house, think you? We are come to deal with him."

Wale answered him: "You will find him there, sure enough. It is two hours' riding. And he has been home this two hours or more. There's a great company there with him. I think you will do little good."

Thorgils looked at Cormac, being himself sure they were come on a fool's errand. But Cormac was thinking of other things. So then Thorgils said: "Brother, what say you? To my mind it is foolishness, going on. We can do nothing against them. They have the law, they have the lady, and they will be more than we."

Cormac then gave him a glance—it was no more than a glance. "Do as you will," he said. "I shall go on, for I must see Stangerd."

"You will never see her," said Thorgils.

Cormac made no reply, but still looked up the shadowed valley whither they had taken her.

Presently he seemed to come to himself, and gathered up the reins and moved up the path at a walk. Thorgils looked about at the faces of his friends. "What are we to do with him?" he said to Toste. "We had better follow. No one knows what may befall him."

Toste tossed his head up. "A bad business, to my thinking, but you are right."

So they went up the road after Cormac, and all together into the dark valley among the rocks, where Berse had his homestead well fortified against the weather and his enemies. As they rounded the tongue of land which made a natural outpost to the place, they saw that they were expected.

Berse stood there in war-gear, surrounded by his friends. There were twenty to thirty of them

The party from Melstead drew rein, and each side looked at the other for a while. Then Cormac left his company and cantered forward alone. Seeing that, Berse, who was on foot, came out to meet him, but not a long way.

CHAPTER XIV.

PARLEY.

CORMAC was hot and fierce. "Berse," he said, "you have behaved falsely to me, who never did you any harm."

"Not a bit of it," said Berse.

"But I say that you have. Stangerd was my plighted wife, and all the country knew it. This wedding was done without my knowledge and against her will, and you have betrayed us."

Berse looked away from him into the sky. There was a queer light in his eyes, as if he saw strange birds flying, and was more amused than curious about them.

"All this," he said, "is very wild talk; but I understand you. You had better tell me what it is you want, seeing the deed is done."

Cormac mastered himself, and spoke as coolly as he could, but in a carrying voice. "I am come to have Stangerd back again, and ransom of the affront."

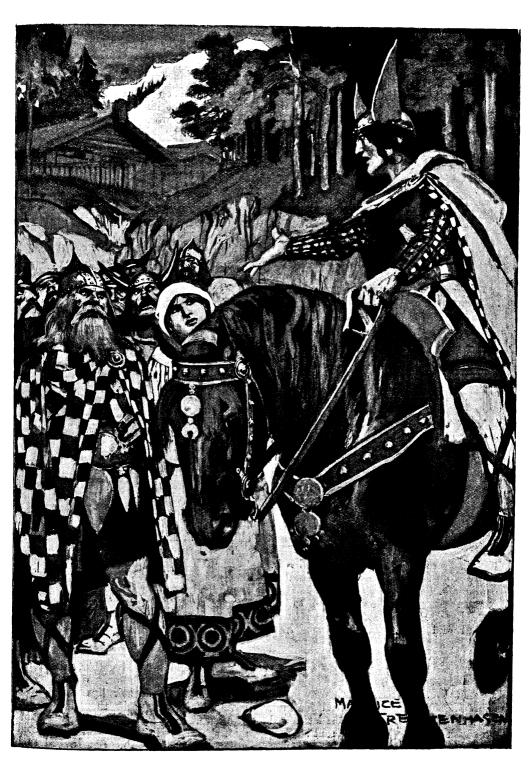
Berse looked now at his friend Thord Arndisson, who was by him. He nodded his head two or three times, and had the same gleam of amusement in his eyes.

"Fine talk," he said, "brave talk, but—" He gave up the attempt. Whatever was the use of talking like this?

Thord Arndisson spoke.

"Cormac," said he, "when you are cooler, you will see that you are asking outlandish things. Now, let us be reasonable. Berse here acted as his right was, knowing nothing of you or your affairs. What he was told, that he understood; and it was that a day was fixed for the marriage, and that you did not come, but, instead of you, your brother Thorgils came with the news that he could not find you; and 'Maybe he is abroad,' he said. Now, I offer you terms on behalf of Berse, but certainly Berse keeps the woman."

Berse said: "Cormac, there is no question of Stangerd going back with you. That I shall never agree to, nor will she, as you will find if you ask her. Instead of her, I will



"'Berse,' he said, 'you have behaved falsely.'"

give you my sister Hilda for a wife. She is here in the house, and you can go and look at her. But if you get her, you will be very well married, in my opinion. I can't say fairer for you than that."

Cormac stood frowning and biting his cheek. He was looking at the house for any sign of Stangerd, but the door was shut,

and there was nothing to see.

Thorgils thought very well of Berse's offer. "It is very fair," he said, and then to Cormac: "Let us talk about this, Cormac."

Just then a woman called out from the throng behind the two brothers: "Do no such folly, Thorgils." And then she stepped out from the company. She was a woman called Thordis, who lived at Spae-wife's Fell.

"Out on it!" she said sharply. "Don't you be tricked by them. That woman is a fool, and you expect a fine man like Cormac to take to her? Madness, Cormac!"

Thord Arndisson was much put out.

"Get back with you, witch-wife!"

Thorgils would have urged him again, but now Cormac could hear no voice but his own. He confronted Berse.

"Berse," he said, "there is but one thing to do. I challenge you to wager-of-battle in fifteen days at the Leetholm."

At this place Berse had fought many and

many a wager out.

"I know the way to Leetholm very well," he said, "better than you do, I expect. I will be there, don't doubt me; but I take leave to tell you that there is less joy for you at Leetholm than there may be here in Sowerby, if you choose for it."

"But I don't choose," said Cormac, and made to go by him towards the house.

Thord Arndisson went after him.

"Where are you for?" he called out. Cormac stopped and turned full round to face him and Berse.

"I am going into Berse's house to see Stangerd. Are you for stopping me?"

Thord said to Berse: "Do you hear that?"

"I do," said Berse.

"Is he to go in?"

"Why not?" said Berse.

Cormac by this time was half-way to the house. Berse's men made a road for him. He went to the door, shook the latch, and gave a kick with his foot which sent it flying open.

The great hall was set for a feast, and the women were still about the tables. Hilda

was there, and Stanvor also, but not Stangerd.

Cormac asked for her. Hilda looked doubtfully about her, but Stanvor was not at all afraid.

"You will find her in the bower," she said, and went on with her business.

Cormac went into the bower. Stangerd rose up. She wore her golden wreath, and was very quiet. She said nothing, and they looked at each other for a while.

Then Cormac went to her and put a hand

on either shoulder.

"You could not wait for me, my dear, and now I am too late."

She would not look up. "I should have waited if I could," she said, "but you kept me too long."

He said: "Had I kept you a thousand

He said: "Had I kept you a thousand years, that would not have cooled my love. You told me that you were steadfast."

"So I am," she said.

"You should have come with me when I called you," he said. "I told you long ago how I would have wedded you. You should have come into my arms then and there, and I would have carried you away; but you have chosen differently."

She said: "I have not chosen at all."

"No more reproaches," said Cormac, "between you and me. I shall never give you up. You are my love!"

She was more moved than he was, though she stayed very quiet under his hands. She did not raise her head to look at him, nor did he ask her. For a little time longer they remained standing so together, and then he shook his head suddenly and left her.

Presently Stanvor Slimlegs came into the bower and moved about Stangerd where she

still stood in mid-floor.

Then Stanvor came near her and said: "Listen, Stangerd. I love Berse, and shall not leave him unless you force me."

"I shall not force you," said Stangerd.

"He does not care for me in the way of marriage, or he could have married me when he chose. And you care little for him, I fancy. The world is a strange one for women."

They stood near together, these two looking out of window. Words seemed upon the edges of their lips which might have been winged if they had gained utterance. Stanvor always looked like that, as if she was full of sayings which she could not frame into speech. She seemed to be worn thin and fine with the burden of what she wanted to declare. Stangerd was silent

also. She was deeply despondent, and had not, perhaps, any desire to unbosom herself. They stood so for quite a long time, looking out at the dusk gathering about the folds of the mountain.

CHAPTER XV.

CORMAC MAKES READY.

CORMAC made a song, and sang it to himself as he wandered the fell.

He got great comfort out of the lines, but his brother looked askance at them, and his

mother gave him other counsel.

"My son," she said, "you have to confront a champion in a play which he knows by heart. Have you thought how you shall go to work?"

Cormac said that he had.

"Well," said his brother, "have you considered with what weapon you will meet Berse?"

Cormac said: "I will have a heavy axe

with a long handle."

"And he," said Dalla, "will have Whiting, which is a sharp sword and a charmed sword. It has a healing stone in its hilt. It would turn any axe you could get."

Cormac was put out. "I would trust my fingers to reach his windpipe," he said, "and after that let Whiting bite the

grass."

"All this is foolishness," his mother replied.
"I am the widow of your father, who was a fighting man, and know what I am talking about. Now, do you go to see Skeggi of Reykir and ask him for Shavening. That is a sword of renown."

"I know it is," said Cormac.

He thought after a while that he would go. Skeggi was an elderly man who lived at Reykir, across the Mid-river. Melstead looked upon Reykir. Skeggi was also a heavy, ruminating man, who, instead of answering a direct question directly, used to say, "Let us see," or "Let us think about it." That us see," or "Let us think about it." was just what he said when Cormac came for the loan of Shavening. He was threshing corn in his barn, and, having heard what Cormac wanted, said that they must think it over, and went on with his threshing. Cormac contained himself as well as he could, which was very little indeed; but Skeggi was not to be moved by finger-nail biting or ramping up and down the doorway.

Then, when he had done all he had a mind to do, he hung up his flail and came to

Cormac.

"My son," he said, "it would never do."

"Do you mean," said Cormac, "that you will not lend me your sword?"

"My meaning," said Skeggi, "is like this. You two would not get on together. That is what I mean."

"I don't understand that," Cormac told him.

"Shavening, my sword," said Skeggi, "is what we call a slow sword. It is a deliberate sword, a sword of queer temper. Now, you, too, are of a queer temper, I can see; but the queerness of your temper is not the queerness of Shavening's temper. Why, you would be for slicing and hewing before Shavening had made up his mind to quit the sheath. Tush! No good could come of it." He shook his head and felt the beard on his chin. He raised his head and stroked up the beard of his neck.

"My question, Skeggi, is: Will you or will

you not lend me your sword?"

Skeggi looked at him, suspending his work at his beard.

"That's a question," he said. "We must think about that."

"Pish!" said Cormac, and went away.

He came home in a red flurry of rage, and it was long before his mother could get a word out of him. Then she said: "You go to work madly, my son. Skeggi will lend Shavening, but not that gait. You must take a man as a man takes you. If he is slow-minded, you must keep yourself slow. He will lend you Shavening."

Cormac frowned. "It will be a fine thing for a man who is to meet a champion at the holm that he owes his weapon to his mother."

Dalla said: "He owes it to his mother that

he is able to go there at all."

After a few days she spoke to her unruly son again. "Go and see Skeggi," she said, "and treat him fairly. He will lend you his sword."

So Cormac rides over to Reykir a second time.

Skeggi was ready for him. He brought the sword out from under his bedding; it was wrapt up in a sheepskin. He unfolded the fleece and laid Shavening on his knees. Shavening had a long handle with a short guard. Attached to the handle by two leather thongs was a purse of leather sewn up. "This purse," he said, "goes about with Shavening everywhere. Now, you must leave that alone."

Cormac, frowning at the sword, nodded his head shortly.

Skeggi went on talking. "Now, these are the matters to be known in your conduct of Shavening. First, the sun must not shine upon either hilt or guard: see first of all to that, and keep him in his sheepskin until you want him. Next, you shall not wear him until the morning of the day when you have use for him—not, indeed, until you are to ride out for the place of your battle. And when you get to your battleplace, this is what you shall do. You shall take yourself apart from all men, and draw Shavening slowly from his scabbard until you have him fair in the light. Stretch him out his length, hold him up, and blow upon him. Then watch him. A little snake will come forth from under the guard with a flat head. He will come out half-way and look at you. Now, you must hold Shavening steady and in such a way that the snake can go back under the hilt. you follow me in every point?"

Cormac was frowning himself black. "I hear you," he said, "and I understand you. But let me tell you that those are tricks for

a wizard."

Skeggi said: "It may be so; but you will either do as I tell you, or be sorry for it." He wrapped Shavening again in his sheepskin and handed him over without another word.

Cormac rode home.

He thanked his mother for her help. "I was uncivil," he said. "Without you I should never have got it."

"So you have got it?" she asked.

"Here is the wonder-brand," he said, and took it out of the sheepskin. Dalla felt it up and down with her hands.

Cormac shook it, weighed it in his hand, and turned it about. Then he set his other hand to it and tried to draw it, but it would not budge. "A plague take it!" he said. "It works too stiff for me. It works as stiff as its master."

"Take care," said Dalla; "you are too rough with him."

But Cormac was angry, and the more he

tugged, the angrier he got.

"A blight on wizardy!" he cried. He put his foot on the scabbard and tugged at the hilt. The purse got in his way: he tore it off. Then he pulled with all his might. Shavening screamed, but would not come out. Cormac flung it on the floor and went out of the house. Dalla picked it up, mended the purse-strings, and wrapped Shavening again in his fleece.

Cormac took no further heed of it.

(To be continued.)



FEBRUARY.

FILL the ditches with abundant rain, And I put heart into the earth again.

The sluggish sap is stirring in the trees When I sing songs of wood anemones.

You glint of light above the shadowed hills Is just a dream of yellow daffodils.

No rapturous nightingale have I to sing, But one dear thrush who carols loud of Spring.

And, since no radiant rose may be my guest, I wear a saintly snowdrop on my breast.

FAY INCHFAWN.



Photo by] [Sport & General Dogs Employed in the Belgian army for the transport of ammunition and light guns.

THE DOG IN MODERN WARFARE

By OLIVER HYDE

RY havoc, and let slip the dogs of war," has come, in the present campaign, to convey much more than a poetical symbol. For not the least interesting minor incident of the great struggle, particularly in Belgium, has been the presence in the field of trained dogs, whose work is part warlike and part In the Low Countries the dog merciful. has long been familiar as a beast of burden, and in the streets of the Netherlands and Flanders he is to be seen daily drawing the milk cart, the vegetable cart, and generally the small trader's trolly. These dogs are yoked in pairs or in teams of three, side So picturesque is the dog-drawn vegetable cart, the travelling greengrocery of Holland, that it inspired, in Mr. D. S. Meldrum's "Home Life in Holland," a fine little rhapsody beginning, "Cart of Holland's plenty!'

So much for the peaceful use of the dog. These days of fire and sword in Belgium have brought the companion of man into a new prominence. His employment in the field, however, is no sudden innovation. The war preparations of Belgium have long taken notice of this possibility, and the dog had his part arranged in the military organisation. His usefulness in light carts inevitably suggested a like usefulness in the transport of light artillery, chiefly machine-guns of the Maxim type, and some of the earliest pictures from the Front showed him as a most valuable factor in the national defence. Two dogs are yoked to each machine-gun; they are led by a soldier, who marches on

the near side of the pair; on the off-side the rest of the detachment marches two deep. The harness is strong but simple, and the traction is effected by traces attached to a Some of the machine-guns breastband. have cycle wheels with pneumatic tyres, but the tripod gun is to be seen mounted temporarily on the cart of commerce, evidently commandeered on emergency. The dogs are of the type employed by the Belgian smugglers, and it is said that those held in readiness for war were in peace time used by the police on the understanding that on mobilisation they should at once pass to the service of the army.

But the drawing of guns is not the only use of the dog in warfare. From time immemorial his usefulness as a scout and as a watch has been recognised. The camps of ancient Rome were guarded by great hounds. The value of the dog was acknowledged by Frederick the Great and by Napoleon. The latter advised Marmont to guard the walls of Alexandria by a ring of dogs fastened to stakes. And the most famous incident of a dog alarm happened, it is interesting to note, long ago at Mons, where William the Silent was saved from surprise and disaster to his camp by the barking of a faithful spaniel. The dog's gift of scent and hearing render him invaluable as a detector of lurking danger. As a campaigner he has many recommendations-he is hardy and enduring, easily fed; and of a faithfulness that cannot be

Of recent years most of the military Powers

have put the dog to practical use in the field. It is said that the Germans employ six thousand dogs—collies, pointers, and Airedales. Russia favours the Caucasian breed, while Austria believes that the Dalmatians are the most suitable. France uses the same type as the Belgians; the Turk's choice has fallen upon Asiatic sheep-dogs. We hear also of the employment of the German boarhound and the Russian borzois for the transport of ammunition and lighter stores. The Austrians believe in the dog as a

8th Gurkhas by Mrs. Alban Wilson, wife of Major Alban Wilson of that regiment. Keen-eyed as the little Gurkhas are, and keen of hearing, they were outdone by the Airedales. Their success was complete. Here is Major Wilson's testimony: "Never once did the dogs fail to give notice of an enemy on the path, with the result that neither the advance guard nor the main body was ever ambuscaded." During the recent siege of Adrianople, some of Major Richardson's dogs were in the service of the



A DISPATCH-BEARING DOG ACCOMPANYING A FRENCH MOTOR-CYCLIST SCOUT.

When the scout has information, he fastens the message to the dog's collar, and he is sent by the General Staff to the French headquarters.

path-finder in mountain warfare. The French in Algeria have long used him, and one canine hero was promoted first corporal and then sergeant, of which ranks he proudly wore the stripes. It was in great measure owing to the vigilance of dog sentries that the Trans-Siberian and Manchurian railways were kept safe from Japanese raids. In the Abor Expedition the dog won for himself the highest commendation. He was represented there by two Airedales trained by Major Richardson, the pioneer of this enterprise in England. The dogs were presented to the

Bulgarians, who found them invaluable in giving warning of impending Turkish sorties.

It might be objected that however useful the dog may be in giving warning of the enemy's approach, his method of doing so is, on the other hand, a peril to the warned, as it betrays his own position. With some furiously barking breeds, this may be true; but here it is that Major Richardson justly claims superiority for his Airedales, which he accounts the best of war-dogs. When he detects the foe, the Airedale makes no fuss;



Photo by] [Sport & General.

MEN AND DOGS OF THE BELGIAN GUN SECTION RESTING IN AN INTERVAL OF THE FIGHTING ROUND LOUVAIN.

he merely gives a low growl and stiffens his body, hints sufficient for the human sentinel, who immediately puts his dumb friend's advice to good account.

Another use of the war-dog—not less important—is that of messenger to outposts. For this branch of the service Airedales from the kennels of the famous English trainer are maintained in the French Government kennels at Fontainebleau. Hitherto they have proved their usefulness with the Chasseurs and Alpine Regiment in

Algeria and Tunis. Now they are doing noble service on the soil of France. Methods vary with different circumstances, but one way is for a motor-cyclist scout to take out a dog with him on his side-car, and to send him back to headquarters with information. The message is concealed in the dog's collar. Very often a dog will manage to slip through unobserved where a man could not hope to do so. His instinct is another asset, for it enables him to rejoin his distant master, and thus, as it were, keep up a sort of dog-post



Photo by]

[Sport & General.

between the outposts and headquarters. One of these, "Prusco," is a centre of admiration wherever he goes, for even in the midst of war there are moments of leisure when hardened combatants form a crowd at a roadside or a village street-corner to enjoy and discuss any novel or amusing incident.

But these activities do not exhaust the list of the dog-soldier's accomplishments. What has been mentioned hitherto has been on the side of offensive or defensive warfare. We have seen the dog as aid to the forces of destruction. But in war there marches, side by side with the actual combatants, a great army of mercy whose duty



Photo by] [Sport & General.

TAKING A WOUNDED DOG TO HOSPITAL IN ANTWERP.

it is to succour the wounded. In Red Cross work the dog is beyond price. In this primarily he has been trained by Major Richardson, who was first and foremost a trainer of ambulance dogs, great as his services have been in the other departments of canine militarism. It is with the Red Cross dogs that the gallant Major has now gone to the Front himself, with a detachment of his trusty Airedales and bloodhounds.

The dog's sagacity in cases of accident to the human species is proverbial. School books abound in well-authenticated stories of what may very properly be called the dog's "human kindness." He will die beside the body of his fallen master, he will summon aid by devices that approximate to reason. Your dog always knows what to do, but his natural intelligence can be supplemented and heightened by careful training. can, in fact, be taught system up to a certain point. In the far-flung modern battlefield. where it is infinitely more difficult than of yore to discover and reach the wounded, the dog plays the part of a ministering angel. He is specially trained to detect the presence of the wounded, to whom he bears a flask of cordial and bandages. In some cases the fallen man may thus be able to help himself a little until the arrival of the bearer-party, to whom the dog gives notice by barking. In serious cases the dogs are trained to stay

by the wounded man, and even to lie close to him and keep him warm until further help is available. Very often, after a position has been abandoned in the heat of the conflict, wounded men have, perforce, to be left behind for the moment, and these, if they have been taking cover in thick underwood, are in danger of being forgotten, overlooked, and left to perish miserably. It is in the discovery and recovery of such that the dog is invaluable. ambulance squads enter the line of fire and send out their dogs, who presently guide them to the concealed The formation $\mathbf{wounded}.$ of a French dog company on the march is three deep, each man leading his dog by his left hand. A dog

often accompanies an ambulance waggon.

In the field the ambulance dogs wear, besides their equipment of first-aid necessaries, a white coat on which the red cross is prominently displayed. It is to be hoped that this sacred symbol of the neutrality of the wounded and the medical staff will in future be better respected than it has been by the present enemy, who has not hesitated to advance "culture" by violating every condition of the Geneva Convention. Of the causalties among the ambulance dogs we have as yet no record, but those legitimately liable to wounds and death have suffered severely. Of a score of machine-gun teams (40 dogs) that went to Namur, only one solitary dog



Photo by] [Newspaper Illustrations.

A FRENCH RED CROSS DETACHMENT WITH ITS HOSPITAL DOGS.

returned. Elsewhere also they suffered, and during the retreat to Antwerp wounded dogs were to be seen on their way to hospital. The dog here shown in our illustration had been hurt in the left fore-paw. First-aid dressing had been applied, and the poor fellow, not too much injured to be able to limp along, was being taken where he could receive further and more leisurely attention than is possible in the field. Another

wounded dog was seen gamely limping along with his cart in the retreat from Antwerp. The poor fellow saved his bandaged foot as far as he could, and would hop along for a bit on three legs, and then let down the wounded leg for a step or two.

The present campaign is not only the greatest in point of numbers engaged, but it is also the most exhausting for man and beast that the world has known. That the last



Photo by ["Topical" I

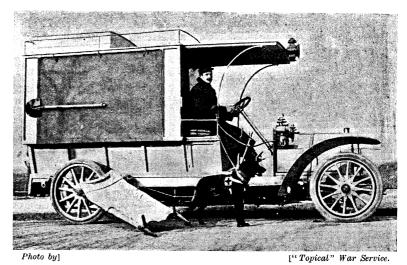
MAJOR RICHARDSON'S RED CROSS DOGS FROM ENGLAND AT THE FRONT-

["Topical" War Service.

ounce of strength is being taken out of the combatants is sufficiently manifest from accounts of the battles, but the camera reinforces these statements with interesting and convincing evidence. Very remarkable

is one picture of a machine-gun section resting after the fighting around Louvain. Both men and dogs lie in the posture of utter weariness, and the dogs afford the best possible illustration of the familiar phrase "dog-tired."

The dog of the Low Countries has also found other and less martial duty to do in these troublous times, and in many cases it has taken him far from home. shelter as might still be found. In these melancholy groups the dog with his little cart has played a prominent part. Sometimes the cart conveys old women and children, sometimes it is heaped high with the



A DOG IN ATTENDANCE ON A RED CROSS CAR FOR AMBULANCE WORK.

At no moment could our Belgian comrades count upon the security of their persons, their wives and children, or their homes. They had to be ready to flee at a moment's notice, and such of the cities of refuge as remain unsacked and burned have been familiarised with the sight of long processions of panicstricken peasants crowding in to seek such household gods of some once smiling country cottage, now reduced by the modern Huns to a smoking heap of ashes. But in such salvage work as has been possible the faithful beasts of burden have borne a notable part. In some cases, where but one dog was available, the load often seemed out of all proportion to the size of the draught



THE USE OF DOGS FOR RED CROSS WORK WITH THE FRENCH ARMY.

[Record Press.



Photo by]

DOGS USED BY THE SENTRIES AT GIBRALTAR.



Photo by] ["Topicat" War Service.

MAJOR RICHARDSON LEAVING CHARING CROSS FOR THE FRONT WITH HIS BLOODHOUNDS.

animal; but they are tough little beasts, and plod along as if they understood the danger of the community and the service they were rendering to their owners.

It is only recently that this country has seriously begun to consider the utility of the war-dog. Other countries, as we have seen, have been far ahead of us in this; but now there are signs that Britain will not for ever neglect the possibilities of the dog in warfare. The men of the Norfolk Regiment lately desired to have a sentry dog, and Major Richardson presented them with one, which did very well in manœuvres. The Admiralty is giving the matter serious attention, and dogs have been sent to aid the sentries at Gibraltar.

Some idea of the favour in which the dog is held by the military authorities of foreign countries may be gathered from the following particulars. The Russian Red Cross found their dogs of the utmost use in their last war. In the millet fields of Manchuria the wounded were easily lost sight of, but the dogs accomplished what human ambulance workers could not. In one battle the dogs found twenty-seven wounded men in places where no one would have thought of looking for them. On the Austrian frontiers, dogs act as Italian Customs guards, and some of these animals did excellent service against

the Turks in Tripoli. The Germans use dogs to guard fortifications. In recent experiments the 15th Army Corps found that the dogs never missed any unauthorised person who tried to slip past the sentries. They took no notice, however, of friendly patrols or ambuscades, displaying therein a discrimination perfectly human, and applied in a way impossible to mankind. a military training school for dogs at the Hague, and dogs are attached to the Dutch Grenadier regiments. Prince Henry of the Netherlands is President of the school. Twenty-three Airedales do duty with the Imperial Guard. The whole Bulgarian frontier has its dog-watchers, and Sweden holds periodical trials of this important arm of the service.

Of late years the dog has proved a most valuable auxiliary to the work of the police. Major Richardson has supplied dogs for this purpose to the police of the Empire and to many foreign countries. The dogs have been entirely successful, and one of their greatest merits is that they are never at fault in the dark. A criminal may thus, under cover of night, give a policeman the slip; but the dog holds on without check, and many cases of capture stand to the credit of that good animal whom man is

honoured to call his friend



A PRAYER.

GOD send us grace
To know our duty's place;
God give us wit
To hold, or follow, it.

God give us might
That we may greatly fight;
God keep us free from sin
That we may rightly win.

God give us heart To accept a waiting part; God send us good, that we May give in charity.

God give us each Wisdom of act and speech; Bind us and hold us, thus All shall be well with us.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

THE DOG THAT SAVED THE BRIDGE

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Author of "Hoof and Claw," "The Feet of the Furtive," "Neighbours Unknown," "Kings in Exile," "More Kindred of the Wild," etc.

Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo



HE old canal lay
dreaming under
the autumn sun,
tranquil between its
green banks and
its two rows of
stiffly - trimmed
bordering poplars.
Once a busy highway for barges, it
was now little more

than a great drainage ditch, with swallows and dragon-flies darting and flashing over its seldom ruffled surface. Scattered here and there over the fat, green meadows beyond its containing dykes, fat cows lay lazily chewing the cud.

It was a scene of unmarred peace. To the cows nothing could have seemed more impregnable than their security. Off southwestward and southward, to be sure, the horizon was columned, decoratively but ominously, by pillars of dense smoke, sharp against the turquoise sky. But such phenomena, however novel, failed to stir the cows to even the mildest curiosity. The spacious summer air, however, was entertaining a strange riot of noises. It thumped and throbbed and thundered. It seemed to be ripped across from time to time with a dry, leisurely sound of tearing. would be suddenly shattered with enormous earth-shaking crashes. But all this foolish tumult was in the distance, and it gave the cows not the slightest concern. It had not interfered with the excellent quality of the pasturage; it had not disturbed the regularity of milking-time.

Strategically considered, the lazy old canal led from nowhere to nowhere, and the low levels through which it ran were aside from the track of the fighting. The peasant folk on their little farms still went about their business, but very quietly and with lowered voices, as if hoping thus to avoid the eye of Fate.

Along the grass-grown towpath, marching in half-sections, came a tiny detachment of long-coated Belgian riflemen with a machinegun. The deadly little weapon, on its twowheeled toy carriage, was drawn by a pair of sturdy, brindled dogs-mongrels, evidently, showing a dash of bull and a dash of retriever in their make-up. They were not as large as the dogs usually employed by the Belgians in this kind of service, but they were strong, and keen on their job. Digging their strong toes into the turf, they threw their weight valiantly into the straps, and pressed on, with tongues hanging out and what looked like a cordial grin on their panting jaws. They seemed desperately afraid of being left behind by their quickmarching comrades.

The little band kept well under the trees as they went, lest some far-scouting aeroplane should catch sight of them. In the south-eastern sky, presently, an aeroplanea Taube-did appear; but it was so distant that the young lieutenant in command of the detachment, after examining it carefully with his field-glasses, concluded that it was little likely to detect his dark line moving under the trees. The Taube, that execrated dove of death, was spying over the Belgian trenches, and doubtless daring a hot fire from the Belgian rifles. Once it made a wide sweep north-westward, rapidly growing larger, and the little band under the trees lay down, hiding themselves and the gun behind the dyke. Then its flight swerved back over the Belgian lines, and the commander, lowering his glasses with a deep breath of relief, gave the order to march. Two minutes later, around the questing aeroplane appeared a succession of sudden fleecy puffs of smoke, looking soft and harmless as cotton-wool. One of these came just before the nose of the aeroplane. Next moment the machine gave a great swooping dive, righted itself, dived again, and dropped like a stone.

"Thank God for that!" muttered the young lieutenant, and his men cheered

grimly under their breath.

Three minutes later the detachment came to an old stone bridge. Here it halted. The men began hastily entrenching themselves where they could best command the approaches on the other side. The machinegun, lifted from its little carriage, was placed cunningly behind a screen of reeds. The two dogs, panting, lay down in their harness under a thick bush. In an amazingly brief time the whole party was so hidden that no one approaching from the other side of the canal could have guessed there was anything more formidable in the neighbourhood than the ruminating cows.

The neglected, almost forgotten, old bridge had suddenly leapt into importance. Reinforcements for the sore-pressed division to the south-east were being sent around by the north of the canal, and were to cross by the bridge. The detachment had been sent to guard the bridge at all costs from any wide-roving patrols of Uhlans who might take it into their heads to blow it up. In war it is a pretty safe principle to blow up any bridge if you are quite sure you won't be wanting it yourself. The fact that the other side has spared it is enough to damn it off-hand.

The tumult of the far-off gunfire was so unremitting that the ears of the bridge-guard gradually came to accept it as a mere background, against which small, insignificant sounds, if sudden and unexpected, became strangely conspicuous. The crowing of a cock in the farmyard a few fields off, the sharp cry of a moorhen, the spasmodic gabbling of a flock of fat ducks in the canal—these small noises were almost as clearly differentiated as if heard in a stark silence.

For perhaps an hour the detachment had lain concealed, when those ominous pillars of smoke against the sky were joined suddenly by swarms of the little white puffs of cotton-wool, and the confused noises redoubled in violence. The battle was swaying nearer and spreading around a swiftly widening arc of the low horizon. Then another aeroplane—another bird-like Taube—came in view, darting up from a little south of west. The young lieutenant, in his hiding-place beside the bridge-head, clapped his glasses anxiously to his eyes. Yes, the deadly flier was heading straight for this position. Evidently the Germans knew of that out-of-the-way bridge, and in their eyes also, for some reason, it had suddenly acquired importance. The Taube was coming to see in what force it was held.

"Spies again!" he grunted savagely,

turning to explain to his men.

Flying at a height of only five or six hundred metres, the Taube flew straight over them. There was no longer any use in attempting concealment. The riflemen opened fire upon it furiously as soon as it came within range. It was hit several times; but the Taube is a steel machine, well protected from below, and neither the pilot nor any vital part of the mechanism was damaged. It made haste, however, to climb and swerve away from so hot a neighbourhood. But first, as a message of defiance, it dropped a bomb. The bomb fell sixty or seventy yards away from the bridge back in the meadow, among a group of cows. The explosion killed one cow and wounded several. The survivors, thus rudely shocked out of their indifference, stampeded off down the field, tails in air and bellowing frantically.

"That cooks our goose," snapped one of

the riflemen concisely.

"Their shells'll be dead on to us in ten minutes' time," growled another. And all

cursed soberly.

"I don't think so," said the young lieutenant, after a moment's hesitation. "They want the bridge, so they won't shell it. But you'll see they'll be on to us shortly with their mitrailleuse and half a battalion or so, enough to eat us up. We've got to get word back quick to the General for reinforcements, or the game's up."

"I'll go, my lieutenant," said Jean Ferréol, an eager, dark Walloon, springing

to his feet.

The lieutenant did not answer for some moments. He was examining through his glasses a number of mounted figures, scattering over the plains to the rear in groups of two and three. Yes, they were Uhlans

unquestionably. The line of combat was

shifting eastward.

"No," said he, "you can't go, Jean. You'd never get through. The Bosches are all over the place back there now. And you wouldn't be in time, even if you did get through. I'll send one of the dogs."

He tore a leaf out of his note-book and

began scribbling.

"Better send both dogs, my lieutenant," said Jan Steen, the big, broad-built Fleming who had charge of the machine-gun, unharnessing the dogs as he spoke. "Leo's the cleverest, and he'll carry the message right; but he won't have his heart in the job unless you let Dirck go along with him. They're like twins. Moreover, the two together wouldn't excite suspicion like one alone. One alone the Bosches would take for a messenger dog, sure, but two racing over the grass might seem to be just playing."

"Bon!" said the young lieutenant. "Two

strings to our bow."

He hurriedly made a duplicate of his The papers were folded small and tied under the dogs' collars. Big Jan spoke a few words crisply and decisively in Flemish to Leo, who watched his lips eagerly and wagged his tail as if to show he understood. Then he spoke similarly, but with more emphasis and reiteration, to Dirck, at the same time waving his arm toward the distant group of roofs from which the detachment had come. Direk looked anxiously at him and whined, and then glanced inquiringly at Leo, to see if he understood what was required of them. He was almost furiously willing, but not so quick to catch an idea as his more lively yoke-fellow. Big Jan repeated his injunctions yet again, with unhurried patience, while his leader fumed behind him. Jan Steen knew well that with a dog, in such circumstances, one must be patient though the skies fall. At last Dirck's grin widened, his tail wagged violently, and his low whining gave way to a bark of elation.

"He's got it," said Jan, with slow satisfaction. He waved his arm, and the two dogs dashed off as if they had been shot out of a gun, keeping close along the inner

base of the dyke.

"Dirck's got it," repeated Jan, with conviction, "and nothing will put it out of his head till he's done the job."

II.

Side by side, racing wildly like children just let out from school, the two dogs dashed off through the grass along the base of the

dyke. Leo, the lighter in build and in colour, and the more conspicuous by reason of a white fore-leg, was also the lighter in spirits. Glad to be clear of the harness and proud of his errand, he was so ebullient in his gaiety that he could spare time to spring into the air now and again and snap at a low-fluttering butterfly. The more phlegmatic Dirck, on the other hand, was too busy keeping his errand fixed in his mind to waste any interest on butterflies, though he was ready enough to gambol a bit whenever his volatile comrade frolicked into collision with him.

Soon—Leo leading, as usual—they quitted the dyke and started off across the open meadows toward the hottest of the firing. A couple of patrolling Uhlans, some distance off to the right, caught sight of them, and a bullet whined complainingly just over their heads. But the other Uhlan, the one who had not fired, rebuked his companion for wasting ammunition. "Can't you see they're just a couple of puppies larking round?" he asked scornfully. "Suppose you thought they were Red Cross."

"Thought they might be dispatch dogs, Herr Sergeant," answered the trooper

deprecatingly.

"Well, they're not, blockhead," grunted the cocksure serge int. And the two rode on, heading diagonally toward the canal.

The dogs, at the sound of the passing bullet, had crouched flat to the ground. When the sound was not repeated, however, they sprang up and continued their journey, Leo, excited but not terrified, more inclined to frolic than ever, while Dirck, who by some obscure instinct had realised that the shot was not a chance one, but a direct personal attack, kept looking back and

growling at the pair of Uhlans.

But though Leo, the exuberant, gambolled as he ran, he ran swiftly, none the less, so swiftly that plodding Dirck had some trouble to keep up with him. Ten minutes more, and they ran into the zone of fire. Bullets hummed waspishly over them, but, after a moment's hesitation, they raced on, flattening The German themselves belly to earth. infantry were in position, quite hidden from view, some six or seven hundred yards to the right. They were firing at an equally invisible line of Belgians, who were occupying a drainage ditch some three hundred yards to the left. The two dogs had no way of knowing that the force on their left was a friendly one, so they kept straight on beneath the cross-fire. Had they only known, their errand might have been quickly

accomplished.

A little further on, the grass-land came to an end, and there was a naked, sun-baked stubble-field to cross. As the two raced out over this perilous open space, the battle deepened above them. The fire from the Belgian side went high over the dogs' heads, seeking the far-off target of the enemy's prostrate lines. But the German fire was sighted for too close a range, and the bullets were falling short. Here and there one struck with a vicious spat close to the runners' feet. Here and there a small stone would fly into the air with a sudden inexplicable impulse, or a bunch of stubble would hop up as if startled from its root-hold. A ball just nicked the extreme tip of Dirck's tail, making him think a hornet had stung With a surprised yelp, he turned and bit at his supposed assailant. Realising his mistake in a second, he drooped the injured member sheepishly and tore on after Leo, who had by now got a score of paces ahead.

Next second a shrapnel shell burst overhead with a shattering roar. Both dogs cowered flat, shivering. There was a smart patter all about them, and little spurts of dust, straw, and dry earth darted upwards. The shrapnel shell was doubtless a mere stray, an ill-calculated shot exploding far from its target. But to Leo it seemed a direct attack upon himself. And well he knew what was the proper thing to do under such circumstances. Partly by instruction, partly by natural sagacity, he had assimilated the vital precept: "When the firing gets too hot, dig yourself in," With his powerful fore-paws he attacked the stubble, making the dry earth fly as if he were trying to dig out a badger. Dirck watched him wonderingly for a moment or two, till a venomous swarm of bullets just over his head seemed to let light in upon his understanding. He fell to copying Leo with vehement enthusiasm. In a brief space each dog had a burrow deep enough to shelter him. Direk promptly curled himself up in his, and fell to licking his wounded tail. But Leo, burning to get on with his errand, kept bobbing up his head every other second to see how the bullets were striking.

Another shrapnel shell burst in the air, but further away than the first, and Leo marked where the little spurts of dust arose. They were well behind him. The rifle bullets pinging overhead were higher now, as the Germans were getting the range of the Belgian line. The coast seemed clear

enough. He scrambled from his hole and dashed onward down the field, yelping for Dirck to follow. And Dirck was at his heels in half a second.

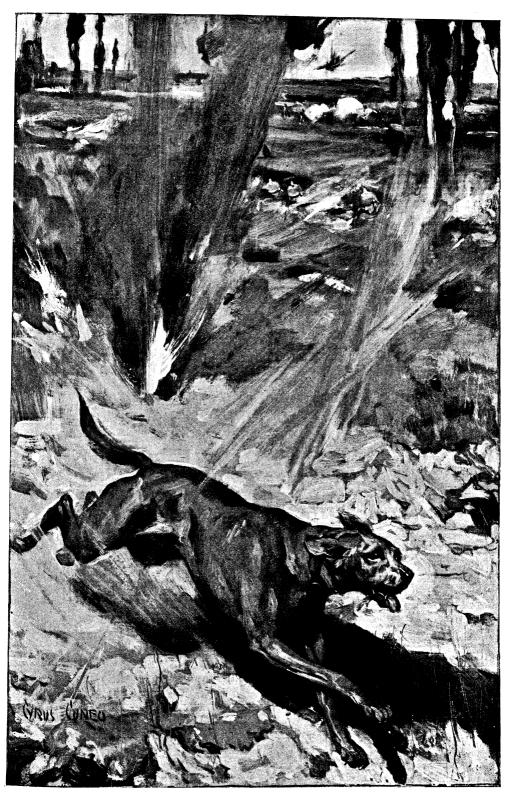
The tiny canal-side village which was the goal of these two devoted messengers was by this time less than a mile away and straight When they left it with the machinegun that morning, it had seemed a little haven of peace. Now the battle was raging all about it. The tall church spire, which had risen serenely above its embosoming trees, had vanished, blown off by a shell. cottage was burning merrily. Those harmless-looking puffs of cotton-wool were opening out plenteously above the clustered roofs. But all these things made no difference to these two four-footed dispatch-bearers who carried the destiny of the bridge beneath their collars. They had been ordered to take their dispatches to the village, and to the village they would go, whether it had become an inferno or not.

But now the spectacle of the two dogs racing desperately toward the village under the storm of lead and shell had caught the attention of both sides. There was no mistaking them now for frolicsome puppies. There was no question, either, as to which side they belonged to. The German bullets began to lash the ground like hail all about them. Leo, true to his principles, stopped at a tiny depression and once more, with feverish eagerness, began to dig himself in. The earth flew from his desperate paws. In another minute he would have achieved something like cover. But a German sharpshooter got the range of him exactly. bullet crashed through his sagacious brain, and he dropped, with his muzzle between his legs, into his half-dug burrow.

But Dirck, meanwhile, had for once refused to follow his leader's example. His goal was too near. He saw the familiar uniforms. Above the din he could detect the cries and calls of encouragement from his people. Every faculty in his valiant and faithful being bent itself to the accomplishment of his errand. The bullets raining about him concerned him not at all. crash of a shrapnel shell just over him did not even make him cock an eye skyward. The shrapnel bullets raised jets of dust before and behind him and on either But not one touched him. knew nothing of them. He only knew his lines were close ahead, and he must reach them.

The Belgians cheered and yelled, and

. . .



"He only knew his lines were close ahead, and he must reach them."

poured in a concentrated fire on that section of the enemy which was attacking the dog. For a few seconds that small, insignificant, desperate four-footed shape drew upon itself the undivided attention of several thousand men.) It focussed the battle for the moment. It was only a brindled dog, yet upon its fate hung immense and unknown issues. Everyone knew now that the devoted animal was carrying a message. The Germans suddenly came to feel that to prevent the delivery of that message would be like winning a battle. The Belgians turned a battery from harrying a far-off squadron of horse to shell the lines opposite, in defence of the little messenger. Men fell by the score on both sides to decide that unexpected contest.

And still Dirck raced on, heedless of it

Then, within fifty yards of the goal, he fell. A bullet had smashed one of his legs. He picked himself up again instantly and hobbled forward, trailing the mangled limb.

But the moment he fell, a score of riflemen had leapt from their lines and dashed out to rescue him. Three dropped on the way out. Half a dozen more fell on the way back. But Dirck, whining and licking his rescuers' hands, was carried to shelter behind the massive stone wall of the inn yard, where the Brigadier and his officers were receiving and sending out dispatches.

An aide drew the message from under Dirck's collar and handed it, with a word of explanation, to the General. The latter read it, glanced at the time on the dispatch and then at his watch, and gave hurried orders for strong reinforcements to be rushed up to the old bridge. Then he looked at Dirck, whose shattered leg was being dressed by an orderly.

"That dog," he growled, "has been worth exactly three regiments to us. He's saved the bridge, and he's saved three regiments from being cut off. See that he's well looked after, and cured as soon as possible. He's a good soldier, and we'll want him again."



A RONDEAU OF CANDLEMAS

PUT out the light—a darkling tomb Lurks in the shadow of the room; Why let a mocking tongue of fire Sharpen a bitter heart's desire? I shall not see the pearly bloom

Of April, when, from winter's loom,
The four winds hang o'er copse and combe
New gossamer for spring's attire—
Put out the light.

Why quench the candle, friend for whom One star across a night of doom
Did trinity of kings inspire,
To find a King within a byre?
At Candlemas cry not for gloom:
"Put out the light!"

LOIS VIDAL,

AN ORDINARY MAN

By L. G. MOBERLY

Author of "Hope, My Wife," "Christina," etc.

Illustrated by Frank Gillett



ordinary man! The words exactly expressed him. Paul Mercer was just an ordinary man, nothing more, nothing less, built upon the same lines as the hundreds of other ordinary men you may meet any

day in the Tube, or the omnibus, or walking about the streets of London. He was ordinary to look at, ordinary of speech, and absolutely ordinary in his behaviour and manners and ideals.

Ideals? It may be doubted whether he had ever cherished any ideals, certainly none of a particularly lofty order, nothing higher or more inspiring than a desire to be in the swim, to act, under given circumstances, as other fellows acted, to do the correct thing.

It was this particular desire of his to do the correct thing at the correct moment which had originally prompted him to enter the Territorials. Other fellows of his class were doing it, therefore he thought it might be as well for him to do it too. He was not inspired by any thought of patriotism or of duty to his country—these did not enter into his calculations—but it had seemed "the thing to do," and he did it.

Equally, when that extraordinary and unexpected moment came, and he found himself being mobilised with all the rest of the Force, mobilised for actual warfare, he found himself also volunteering to go to the Front, but with only a very vague idea of what it all signified, or why he was doing it, excepting that the other chaps had volunteered, and it seemed simplest to go with the stream. And, after all, though all this military business involved a great deal of exertion, and far more discipline, punctuality, and regularity

than Paul altogether liked, still, everyday existence had been turned so topsy turvy that he might as well be fighting in some not precisely indicated spot in a foreign land as living his life at home deprived of his customary recreations and his special friends. His golf club was closed; the field where he occasionally played cricket was now occupied by troops drilling unceasingly; the even tenor of his ways had been jerked out of its course and into something very new and strange. Therefore, when the others volunteered for the Front, he volunteered, too; and if he had looked ordinary in the black coat and tophat which he had worn every day when he went to the City, he looked no less ordinary in his khaki uniform, which made him seem no whit more distinguished than did the garments of the civilian.

He was a harmless little man enough, and he had lived a harmless enough little life, with no particular vices and no particular virtues, monotonous, colourless, ordinary. Yes, we come back again to the original word—he was ordinary, and he looked that, neither more nor less, on the day he was first under fire.

His usually pale face was brown—the sunhad tanned it during the past weeks of openair life—but his rather pale blue eyes, his mouse-coloured hair, his expression, that seemed a reflection of a limited and narrow intelligence, all told of the commonplace. There was nothing of the conventional hero in Paul Mercer's appearance—he was just an ordinary man.

And at that moment, when it was first borne in upon him with a horrid certainty that the firing out there ahead of them was real firing—not with blank cartridges, but with real bullets, which might really kill him if one of them hit him—he felt a curious sensation in the pit of his stomach, and he knew that he was afraid—afraid with a

deadly, sickening fear. He wondered dully whether Mike Richardson felt as he did. He could see Mike lying just a few paces ahead of him amongst the dusty grass. He wondered whether the poor little beggar had that same sinking sensation of dismay and of blind, unreasoning terror which was pouring over his own soul. In his secret heart he had always rather despised Mike, looking down upon the sallow, big-eyed Cockney from the East End as very much inferior to his own superior middle-class self. Mike lacked all the refinements of life; he lacked a good many other things in life as well. Paul had come to learn that, in those times when the little man waxed confidential and threw off his usual reticence and reserve.

"It ain't all beer and skittles, not volunteerin' and fightin' ain't," he had said to Paul only two nights before. "There's my missus at 'ome, and the kid, and you bet she wouldn't like fer me to be killed—not 'arf! There ain't many missuses like my missus, and the kid—well, there, 'e's a fair nipper, the kid! 'E takes the bloomin' biskit, the kid does! Just beginnin' to walk, too, 'oldin' on to my finger wiv 'is little bit of a 'and. Why, it 'ud surprise yer what a lot o' grip that kid's got in 'is absurd little 'and!"

Funny, Paul thought, how all these things went pounding through his mind nownow when the bullets were raining in upon them, when he was mechanically firing his own rifle because the other chaps began to fire theirs, as a word of command had rung out sharply-a command they had all responded to with that same odd, mechanical response. Funny to look at Mike's thin, eager face, and wonder whether that same deadly fear was gnawing at Mike's heart ... What rotten ass was it who had compared a battle to a game of football? He only wished the rotten ass was there to see what an ass he was to have made a statement so far removed from the truth. Paul's ordinary face grew very grim, and under the tan it turned very white, and, if anybody had been free to look at him, they would have seen a scared expression in Paul's pale blue eyes. But there was no one with sufficient leisure to look at Paul or to speculate about him and his sensations, and his own glance frequently turned towards Mike's white, eager face, tense and strained, with tightly set lips and deep-set eyes.

That long extended line of theirs had risen now and was advancing rapidly, when a pain, sharp and agonising, ran along his left arm,

and it dropped limply to his side. But before his senses, dazed with the sudden pain and shock, could realise what had happened, his eyes, still fixed upon Mike, saw the white face quiver and contract, saw the little Cockney fling up his arms and fall a tumbled heap. There were confused noises in his ears: the men around him and behind him were dashing forward; he was dimly aware of torturing pain, dimly aware that he was powerless to fire his rifle any more. But he saw nothing excepting that limp, inanimate form a few paces away—he saw Mike's white face upturned to the August sky, Mike's arm flung out towards him as though in an appeal for succour.

"You bet she wouldn't like fer me to be killed—not 'arf!... There ain't many missuses like my missus ... 'E takes the bloomin' biskit, the kid does!..." The phrases beat in upon Paul's brain, mingling with the confusion of hurrying footsteps pressing onwards, of words of command, of sharp firing. "Why, it 'ud surprise yer what a lot o' grip that kid's got in 'is absurd little

'and!

Paul stumbled to Mike's side. Out of the jumbled maze of his thoughts one clear certainty emerged. He could not shoot—that pain which was making him feel so ridiculously giddy and queer somehow prevented him from shooting, though his puzzled brain could not exactly explain why—but Mike—he could manage to help Mike back to the rear, where they would look after him and see that he did not die. Mike must not die. The missus wouldn't like it-not 'arf-if Mike died, and the kid—why, the kid would have no one's finger to grip with his absurd little hand, if Mike died. Oh, no, Mike must not die. Who on earth was it said a battle was like a game of football? Silly blighter! A pretty sort of game of football!

"No, round my neck. Can't you hear? Just put your arms round my neck—so. That's all right. Don't you worry—don't you worry!" He said the words jerkily, dreamily, as a drunken man might have said them, but then he was almost delirious with pain and giddiness. "Can't leave you here to be fired at, dontcherknow. Missus wouldn't like it—not 'arf—nor the kid—the kid—absurd little hands" His patter of words died into silence.

He remembered nothing but a whirling chaos of endless pain, endless walking under a burden of intolerable weight—walking whose every step was torture. And by the time one of the bearer-company met him,

staggering and swaying along at a snail's pace, Mike's limp form hanging on his back, he was beyond giving any explanation, beyond any knowledge of what he was doing, or even where he was doing it. He looked vacantly into the man's face and smiled a wavering, vacant smile.

"The missus," he said, "Mike's missus

before he opened his eyes in the hospital tent and became aware once more of things in the everyday world.

everyday world.

"Blighter!" That was his first coherent word, and the orderly coming to his bedside smiled, thinking the word was addressed to himself.



"He remembered nothing but a whirling chaos of endless pain, endless walking under a burden of intolerable weight."

wouldn't like—him to be killed—not 'arf—kid—absurd—little—hands..." And then he and his burden sank unconscious together at the orderly's feet.

He seemed to pass through years of whirling blackness, of strange dark depths, in which there was always toiling, always pain,

"Blighter!" Paul repeated firmly. "Never saw a battlefield in his life, that silly cuckoo who talked of football and war. Oh, my aunt!" And he laughed a weak laugh, then broke off and looked up into the orderly's face with a troubled glance.

"Where's Mike," he questioned—"Mike Richardson? Said his missus wouldn't like it -not 'arf-if he died-and the kid, you

"Do you mean the chap you brought in?" An odd little smile broke over the face looking down at the man in the bed. "He's getting along all right. He'll be invalided home soon. You needn't worry about him."

"The missus will be glad," Mercer said dreamily. "That was a blighter, though, who talked about football matches and war.

When I get back, I——"

"I suppose you know what you'll be recommended for when you get back?" the orderly put in, with a little laugh that was

somehow not quite steady.
"Me recommended?" Paul replied ungrammatically and with a puzzled uplifting of his eyebrows. "Good Heavens, no! What should I be recommended for? I tell you what, my boy, between you and me, I never felt in such a jolly funk in my life as I did in that blooming scrap that some ass at home compared to a football match. Blighter! But something inside me went pit-a-pat, I can tell you!

"All the same, they'll recommend you for the Cross," the other man said drily.

"The Cross? What Cross?" Mercer's pale blue eyes grew round and bewildered.

"The Victoria Cross, of course, bless the man! Haven't you ever heard of the cross they give for valour, or are you too strange to the Army to know what it means, eh?" the orderly questioned, with mild sarcasm.

" Me? The Victoria Cross? What in the wide world for ? You're pulling my leg!" And a little quavering smile trembled across Paul's white face. "They give Victoria Crosses to thin red lines of heroes, and that sort of thing, not to ordinary men like me. getting at me."

"All right—wait and see." The orderly went off, chuckling, whilst the ordinary man lay staring straight in front of him, wonder-

ing greatly.

The Victoria Cross for him! But why-

why, in Heaven's name?

The ordinary man had not the ghost of an idea that he had turned into a hero.



THE GUNNERS.

THO may the victors be, not yet we know; Our care, all sights set true, the shell in place, The flame out-leaping, sending death apace, To check the rush of the oncoming foe. And then, as sounds of thund'rous hoof-beats grow, With grind of wheels 'neath Allies' guns at race, We hear a shriek the air brings nigh, and face Our instant doom. Then tumults cease, and lo!-

The shining dead men, rank on rank appear, Their voices raised in one great cry, to hail The gunners prone, for whom reveille clear, Their silver bugles blow in morning pale. Thy battle, God, to make men great; and here, In that cause dead, unvanquished, we prevail.

GERTRUDE BARTLETT.

TO SEAT FOUR

By DORNFORD YATES

Author of "The Brother of Daphne."

Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst



HALL we rest here a minute?" said The White Hope. "It's rather a climb, isn't it?"

"Oh, but it is so lovely," said Betty, sinking on to a low stone seat, to gaze down and over the smiling

bay. "Isn't this wonderful, Robin?"

Her cousin deposited three heavy coats, two tennis rackets, and a despatch-case upon the parapet before replying. Then—

"Glorious," he said.

A ripple of laughter floated up from the curling flight of steps they had just ascended. The next moment Fay Broke stumbled into view, her fresh young face alight with merriment.

"Oh," she cried, "Bill's being so awfully funny about your bag, darling. He says—Oh, I say, how lovely! Look at the sun on the mountains."

The prospect was very pleasing.

The terrace was set upon the edge of the cliff, down whose side steps had been built and fashioned in odd curving flights to the dark rocks below. Here was a rough-hewn landing-place, to which a launch belonging to the hotel was used to bring visitors from the liners in the bay. So it had brought the Fairies, Betty, and Bill, at half-past seven o'clock that fair March morning. The Brokes, too, and the man of law. The latter had constituted himself their guide. Had he not been to Rih before—many times?

Rih. From islands set in the midst of shifting ocean, you have almost a right to expect something. Perilous seas and faery lands seem to go together—the one but the toll-bar to the other. Rih.

Far at the back, high mountains stood

up against the sky, their steep heights thickly wooded, the line of them broken now and again by a sheer gorge, for all the world as if the ridge had started asunder at some mighty shock, suffered when Time was young. Very fair, these timbered heights, very arresting; but the mighty sweep of the mountains away and down into the glistening sea—that was the thing. A sweep miles long, steep at the first and then growing ever more gentle, its warm slopes rich with wood and sward and plantation and, presently, with flower-gardens, vet never losing the line of its grand curve, till the ribbon of surf in the bay cut it across, noisily marking the place where land slipped under water. All about the sides of the bay hung the little town of Starra, its white-walled houses clustering thick by the water's edge and thence scrambling creeperwise up the long slopes, to lose their fellows and at last themselves in the deep gardens and the woods above. The blue of the sea itself was wonderful, and the great sky matched it. The hue was almost that of the Mediterranean. On the horizon, straight ahead, two shadowy forms seemed to float upon the face of the waters-baby islands, these. Except for them, beyond the bay itself, there was no land, no sail, nothing. Miles away a faint wisp of smoke betrayed the whereabouts of some liner, herself hulled down behind the vast spaces of the Atlantic, which appeared to stretch endlessly into the distance, about it an air of such superb immensity that all talk of mastery and subjection, ruling the waves, and the like, seemed on a sudden impertinent, vain, very ridiculous. Over all, the sun blazed out of the heaven, crowning beauty with splendour, making the blue sea brilliant, the grand sweep of the mountains glorious

The prospect was very pleasing. Fairie's head appeared above the topmost

step. For a moment he stood regarding the others, who were gazing over the sunlit bay. Then—

"If I were to drop this bag," he said,

"it would imbed itself in the rock."

"It isn't really heavy," said Broke, looking round. "The trouble is, you're not carrying enough in the other hand. you were, you wouldn't notice it. All a matter of balance, you know," he added airily.

Fairie looked at him.

"Would you rather die now, or after breakfast?" he said. "I mean to say, it doesn't matter to me. The bears are waiting on the tennis-court." He nodded towards where the wire-netting rose high among the bushes on the right. "Within call. see, you shouldn't have mocked me."

"Poor old boy," said Betty.

gave me the bag, didn't you?"

"I didn't fill it with ingots," returned her husband, heaving himself up the remaining steps on to the terrace. "Incidentally, if Fay's bag's half as heavy as this, Falcon'll never get up these steps alive. However." He set the offending receptacle down gingerly. "Not another inch," he added defiantly.

"But you can't leave it here," cried Betty. "Can't I?" said Bill. "Well, I'm going to have a devilish good try. And when we get up to the hotel, I'll send some men down with a truck and ropes and things. I don't know why you didn't bring the safe. would have taken your hats easily. Did I tell you that the hideous strain has displaced several of my organs?"

"This manual labour," murmured The White Hope. "Well, well," he added, "I think Mrs. Fairie's fears are groundless. The bag will be all right here. So will the garments and sporting requisites at present embarrassing your left arm. The porters

can bring them."

With a sigh of relief, Fairie laid four coats

and two rackets upon the stone seat.

"I am in your debt," he said. now, I take it that we are now in the hotel's

'unrivalled garden.'"

"Yes," said the lawyer, "and this is one of the 'extensive views." With a sweep of his hand he indicated the bay of Starra and its surroundings. "Is it to your liking?"

"Every time," said Fairie. "But break-

fast would be more."

"Shame," said Robin. "The air is champagne, this prospect a meal in itself."

"Good for you," said Betty.

"Perhaps," said Fairie. "But not for me. That's just it. Alas, my diet does not include air, and prospects, like pork, are poison to me."

"Fool!" said his wife.
"That's right," said Fairie. "Revile
the hungry sage. Personally, I'm not used to doing weight-lifting stunts

empty---

"As a matter of fact," said the man of law, "the view from the hotel's verandah is rather finer than this, so that, if we were to continue our progress, our differing appetites might be respectively indulged. Incidentally, the various fruits peculiar to Rih are very toothsome."

"At once rare and refreshing?" said

Fairie.

"More," said The White Hope. "They

are tangible."

Slowly they passed up through the fair garden, over the cobbled paths. Some new wonder of blossoms met them at every step, gladdening their eyes with colour, filling the morning air with perfume. Here was a riot of roses, and here luxuriant honeysuckle scrambling beside them. Here again were thick-growing daisies, the gentle blue of plumbago bushes rising in their white midst, while there, at a bend of the pathway, flamed a deep mass of bougainvillea, which, like nothing so much as some red tumbling torrent, streamed down over a pillared arbour, drenching the white walls with scarlet, and magically arrested, somehow stayed in its fall, spell-bound, perhaps, at its own loveliness. Everywhere rose up great palms: shady junipers, too, and trees, fragrant and flowering, without number. Now the path was shadowed, and now again all open to the sun, but for the most part its reaches lay in a shade, splashed here and there with sunlight, odd rents in the protecting screen of foliage just suffering the great fellow to plant rude badges of glory by the way, lest you should think he was not shining and so the spring morning the poorer for his loss.

Through all this matchless beauty passed the five wayfarers, fascinated and, for a little space, speechless, lizards darting at their approach on every sunlit wall, canaries innumerable leaping and singing in the boughs above. It was a royal progress

This, then, was Rih. Of a truth, the entering in of the island was a thing to remember.

Suddenly—

"Listen to the birds," said Betty, turning

to throw a reproving glance in the direction of her spouse. "They aren't worrying about breakfast."

"Rot!" replied that gentleman. "They

had theirs at cock-crow."

"How d'you know?" said Fay. "I believe they started singing directly they woke up, and it's all so lovely they haven't had the heart to stop."

The White Hope looked round with a

quiet smile.

"One might almost say 'Songs without

Worms," he said.

Some two hours later Broke and Fairie were leaning upon the rail of the broad verandah, contemplating the bay of Starra, where the liner that had brought them to Rih rode easily, her burnished metal-work gleaming in the sunshine, boats of all shapes and sizes dancing about her great flanks. A slight haze of smoke drifted above her funnels, and, as they stood watching her, the breeze brought the faint sound of three bells to their ears. Half-past nine. Another hour and a half and she would sail.

"Aha," said Fairie, tilting his hat over his eyes. "This is what I call good. Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious

summer by this sun of Rih."

Before his cousin could reply—

"That's right," said the K.C., who had come up behind them noiselessly in his rubber-soled shoes. Smilingly he tapped Broke on the shoulder. "Your bruised arms hang up for monuments," he added, referring to the latter's recent battery on shipboard. "Or was it the shins that suffered? In that case you must put your feet up."

"Yes," said Fairie. "They'd make rather good monuments, wouldn't they? Slabs

always do."

"They'd be up now," said Broke, ignoring the offensive allusion, "only there don't seem to be any public chairs. All these are labelled with some visitor's name, and we're afraid to sit in them in case the owners turn up."

"It's the custom here to purchase your own chairs on arrival," explained the lawyer. "When you go, you take them to use on board. As I come every year, mine is kept for me. Are you going down into the

town?"

"We're only waiting for the girls. I understand the luggage won't be up before noon, so we may as well move round till it comes."

"Then I should get four chairs without delay. Insist upon their being delivered this afternoon. And here come the ladies." Betty and Fay appeared on the verandah.

"At last," said Robin. "What have you been doing? Having your hair washed?"

"No," said his sister coolly. "We've

been putting our gloves on."
"That admission," said Robin, "is in the

nature of a gratuitous insult."

"Come along," said Fairie, moving towards the lounge. "I ordered a taxi

twenty minutes ago."

The taxi proved to be a large open touring car, high-powered, too, and driven by a dark-eyed Portuguese, a shy smile on his merry face. He greeted the party with easy politeness, raising his peaked cap. But he could speak no English, so the concierge told him where to go—that was, just down Town, say, to the top of the Avenue Fayal. It seemed that there was a café there, "The Golden Gate" by name. This place was, as it were, the hub of Starra.

It was a pretty run, some ten minutes

long.

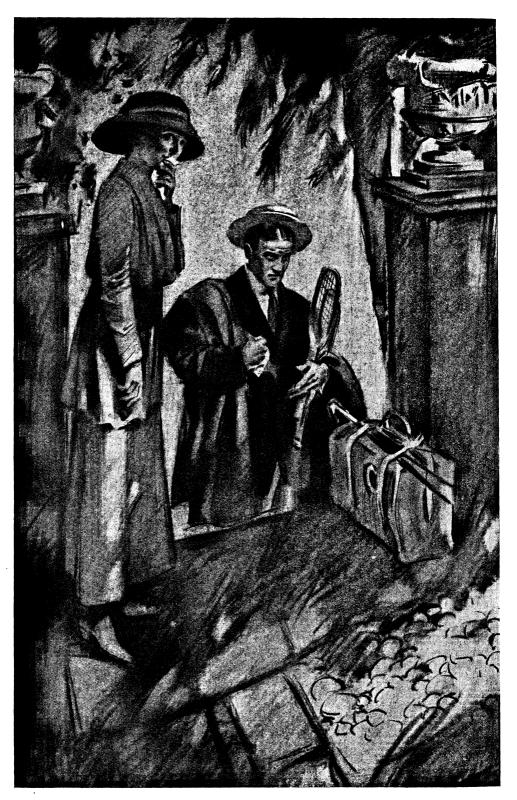
The avenue led from the quay up to a broad place, full of noise and movement, all dazzling in the bright sun. Movement, mark you, not bustle. There is no hastening in Rih. Men go about their business as it

were leisure. Often enough it is.

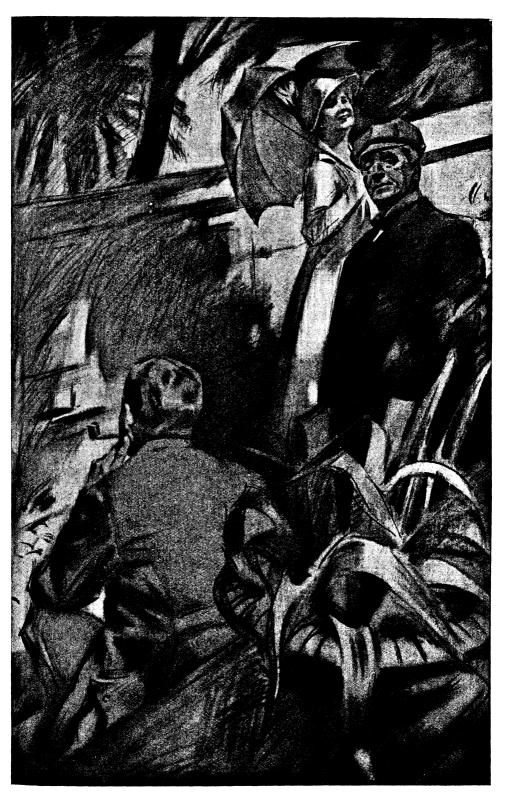
And there, at the corner of the place and the avenue, stood "The Golden Gate." In a sense the spot seemed a terminus, a bourn. In London, omnibuses would start from such a place instinctively. There would be no question about it. And we should call the site a circus. But here there were no police and no pavements, and the traffic went as it pleased. Motors and bullock-cars, some occupied, others awaiting that honour and so at rest by the low wall, men, all in white, standing in groups, passing the time of day, black-haired girls in coloured stuffs, baskets upon their bare brown arms, lingering as they turned their steps marketwards, dogs asprawl on the cobbles, blinking sleepily in the hot sunshine, and little brown boys everywhere, now scrambling at play, now rushing to press tight-tied posies of wild flowers on such English visitors as passed by—these and their like made up the scene. Up the avenue a string of mules was slowly making its way, the poor beasts grateful for the shade of the tall plane-trees.

Betty and Fay were out of the car and across the avenue before Bill Fairie had

paid the driver.



"For a moment he stood regarding the others."



"The trouble is, you're not carrying enough in the other hand."

"What's the matter with them?" said

that gentleman.

"Embroidery," replied his cousin, with a bored air. "I don't suppose we shall get them away under five pounds."

"Leave it to me," said Bill.

Together they crossed over, to find the girls excitedly examining large piles of exquisitely worked collars, while a fat Portuguese stood benignantly by, supervising their inspection and smoking a cigar which was curved like a banana. A comfortable smile of anticipation had already spread over his countenance.

" More underwear?" said Fairie pleasantly,

as they came up. "I thought—"

"If you don't go and wait outside, I'll buy the lot," said his wife. "Oh, Fay dear,

just look at this one."

The case seeming hopeless, the men retired to the doorway in some dudgeon. They were, indeed, on the point of crossing over to test the hospitality of "The Golden Gate," when there appeared two of their late fellow-passengers, who, bound for South Africa, were slowly returning to the quay laden with all manner of purchases and looking rather like freebooters who had had a good morning.

"Aha," cried Fairie. "The sack of arra. Have you put many to the sword?" Starra.

Mrs. Merrow laughed.

"It's we who've been bled," she cried, "or, rather, Denis. He hadn't been ashore a quarter of an hour before he'd gone and bought a hundred bananas and a hundred and fifty passion fruit. Says we must have some fruit on board. Of course, everybody thinks we're victualling the ship."

quay," said Denis. "That's why we're so early."

"While I go round with the tambourine?" said his wife. "How much do you think we shall take?"

"I for one would gladly contribute fourpence," said Fairie, "for the privilege of watching your husband tell over his fruit amid the plaudits of a helpful crowd. Friend," he added, turning to the culprit, "you are about to be stung. Of course, they'll give you short measure, and any idea of reckoning's out of the question."

"Yes," said Robin. "Each time you got going, some kid 'd roll up and badger you to buy his flowers or something, and by the time you'd told him off, you'd have lost

your place in the produce.'

Denis Merrow grinned.

"Any way," he said, "we shan't have

Fairie and Broke bade them farewell, and stood watching them pass down the avenue towards the sea.

"Bill," said a voice.

They turned to see Betty standing in the doorway of the embroidery store, a delicate collar in either hand.

"Aren't these lovely?" she said.

"Positively breath-removing," said Fairie. "Idiot! The only thing is, I think he's

asking rather a lot. D'you think you could —I mean, I believe one ought to bargain, only I can't do it."

"Leave it to me," said Fairie. "I know my East. What does the merchant ask?"

"Two pounds each."

In silence Bill took the embroidery and passed into the shop. The others followed a little uneasily, and stood hesitatingly in the background. The stout Portuguese, a fresh cigar in his mouth, was hanging affectionately over his stuffs, carefully restoring order among such as had been inspected by the two girls. Fairie raised his hat. Then-

"You speak English?" he said.

"A little," said the other, raising his hat in return.

"Right-o," said Fairie. He held up the collars. "These aren't so bad. How much d'you want for them?"

"Two pounds each," said the Portuguese.

Fairie shook his head.

"You mistake my meaning," he said. "I'm not asking what you pay for your

"Two pounds each," said the other.

Fairie raised his eyebrows.

"That is too much," he said coolly. "I'll give you three-and-sixpence for the two."

A perfect shrick of horror and dismay went up from Fay and Betty, while, with a choking sound, the Portuguese leaned forward and snatched his precious embroideries from Fairie's hand. The next moment the two girls bore down upon the latter and hurried him protesting from the shop. Robin, red with shame, remained behind, fumbling nervously with his sovereign case, endeavouring to apologise to the indignant shopkeeper and explaining, in his anxiety in bad French, that his friend was not normal and had had sunstroke before.

Once outside—

"I was a fool," said Betty. "I was a fool to ask you. I might have known.

Three-and-sixpence! I wonder the man

didn't try and murder you."

"My dear," said her husband, "to ignorant the haggler's art seems almost—

"Rubbish," said his wife.

"You didn't give me a chance," said Bill. "I was prepared to go up to two pounds. The beastly things cost him about six shillings each. He probably received them, knowing them to have been stolen."

"I wonder you didn't tell him so," said

Betty.

Her husband shook his head.

"No," he said gravely. "That might have annoyed him."

Fay broke into peals of merriment, and Robin emerged from the shop. As he came

"There are your wretched collars," he said, handing a small package to Betty.

There was something irresistibly ludicrous about his demeanour.

"Oh, Robin dear," said Betty, her voice

trembling with laughter. "I hope the rude man did not overcharge

you, brother," said Fairie.

"As for you," said Robin, "you owe me four pounds and your life. Call it four

guineas."

For a while they wandered about the little town, exploring its winding streets. It was when they were making their way back to the hub of Starra that Fairie stopped suddenly and announced his intention of having his shoes cleaned.

"Nonsense," said Betty. "You've done

enough harm for one day."

Critically her husband regarded his brown

"They been through it on board," he said, "and a devilish good greasing is what they want. They'll never get it at the hotel."

He pointed to a tiny frontless shop, little more than a booth, where two chairs were standing upon a dais, the shoeblack's paraphernalia lying about them. On the threshold was lolling a little Portuguese, his arms folded, expectancy in his dark eyes.

"I'll have them done here," he said. "You go on and pick up a car. I shan't be

five minutes."

With that he entered the shop, ascended the dais, sank into a chair, and lighted a cigarette.

The others strolled on resignedly.

Ten minutes later Robin returned to the

"What on earth——" he began.

"Hush," said his cousin. "Not a word. The professor is in his element. Never have I witnessed such shoe-cleaning. When I tell you that he has only just done one——"

"What!" cried Robin.

"—to his satisfaction, you will appre-

"Well, we're going, and you must come on in another car."

"That's a nice thing to do," said Bill. "You wait until-

"Until we're fed up," said Robin. "It's getting on for eleven now. Will you have finished by lunch-time, or shall we begin? So long."

With a sigh Fairie lighted his third

cigarette.

The professor had just smeared his patron's left shoe with cream for the third time, when a dog's cry of pain rang out above the slight clamour of the street. A passionate lover of animals, Bill Fairie sat up. Again came the cry. The next instant he was out of the chair. As he reached the door, there was a quick swish of a skirt and the flash of white ankles twinkling, as a girl in a white frock darted by. Fairie was by her side in a moment, running fast.

"Where's the dog?" he cried.

"Over there," she panted, nodding towards the cathedral. "Oh, the brutes!"

Under the shadow of the great church, close up against its very wall, a poor brown mongrel was shrinking from the attentions of two Portuguese. Whatever it was, the active cruelty had stopped, but the unhappy animal crouched there in obvious dread and terror of its tormentors. It dared not move, for it was in a corner where two walls met. To bolt would have meant to run the gauntlet.

The two youths were so engrossed in their occupation that Fairie's hands were upon them before they were aware of his approach. He brought their heads together with a shock that rattled round the open space in The knees of which the cathedral stood. one sagged under him, and he collapsed, holding his head and weeping like a child. The other tottered to the cathedral steps and sat there rocking himself to and fro, clasping his temples.

The whole affair was over so quickly that, before onlookers had recovered from their surprise, and those who had seen nothing had had time to inquire what was the matter, Fairie had picked up the trembling animal and was walking back with the girl towards

"The Golden Gate."

"I'm so glad you were here," she said jerkily, for she was still out of breath. "I couldn't run properly because of this skirt."

"You were going all right when I joined

you," said Bill.

With a little laugh she put out a slim hand to stroke the mongrel, which was looking up at Fairie with wonder in his brown eyes.

"Poor old chap," she said soothingly.
"I do hope he isn't much hurt. You were splendid," she added; "the noise of their heads coming together made me feel sick."

Fairie laughed.

"It'll give them something to think about for twenty-four hours," he said. "Is there

much cruelty in Rih?"

"Practically none. I've been here for a month now, and this is the first I've seen. You see, the place is so English that the Society's practically wiped it out."

At this moment they were confronted by the professor, who, raising despairing hands, clearly implored his patron to let him

complete the cleaning of his left shoe.

"Ah," said Bill. "I'd forgotten about my shoes. I was having them cleaned, you know." He turned to the Portuguese and pointed to the cafe, sixty paces away. "Golden Gate," he said. "Bring your cloths along and finish them there."

The fellow appeared to understand, and turned again to his tiny shop. Fairie and

his companion passed on.

Five minutes later they might have been seen sitting in wicker chairs outside the house in question, engaged in merry conversation, while their rough-coated protégé stood confidently between them, devouring a large portion of bread and meat. My lady was sipping a lemon squash, while on a table by Fairie's elbow stood a French vermuth and soda. The latter's left foot was poised upon the small portable dais peculiar to the shoeblack's art, once so familiar a sight, and yet to be observed, in the streets of London, and the professor, with the aid of a tin, two bottles, three cloths, and a toothbrush, was working upon the leather with renewed energy.

"Fairly spreading himself, isn't he?" said Bill, pointing to the cleaner of shoes. "If he rubs it much longer, the leather'll catch fire. I wonder how I'm to pay him.

By time or distan—I mean area?"

"Labour's cheap in Rih," said the girl, with a smile. "If you give him sixpence, he'll probably fall over himself."

She was a goodly specimen of English

maidenhood, say, twenty-one years old. Dressed all in white, too, save for her brown straw hat, which shaded a gentle face and two grey eyes, that met your glance squarely, but could dance with merriment when their owner listed. Her mouth was a little large, but well-shaped, while all the colour of health was springing in her fresh cheeks.

At the neck her white shirt was cut just low enough to show how well her head was set upon her shoulders, and, behind, under the hat's broad rim, there was more than a promise of thick brown hair, matching her straight dark eyebrows. Two large buttons at the foot of the white skirt were unfastened for freedom's sake, so that one instep showed white and gleaming above its buckskin shoe.

"Is this your first day?" said the girl.

"I haven't seen you before."

Fairie nodded.

"Arrived with the dawn," he said. "Breakfasted before you'd had your bath. You're staying at 'The Bristol,' of course?"

"Naturally. Everyone is. Are yo

alone?"

"I have with me three children, two girls and a boy. They're not mine," he added hastily. "I'm just looking after them."

"Are you?"

"Well, I was; but they cleared off just now, while I was having my shoes cleaned. I expect they'll find their way back to the hotel."

"Their absence doesn't seem to worry you."

"No," said Fairie. "Their presence does

"I believe," said the girl slowly, "I believe I saw them, just before we met, getting into a car. Was the—er—boy wearing a Zingari tie?"

Fairle looked at her with a smile.

"I might have known from your eyes," he said, "that it was impossible to deceive

you."

Over the munching mongrel the two became fast friends. It appeared that she was a cousin of Dorothy Lair's—they had been at school together. And Betty and Bill knew Dolly. It was she who had suggested that they should come to Rih.

"How strange!" said the girl.

"Yes," said Fairie. "Please don't add that the world's very small."

"I wasn't going to," laughed his companion.

"But why?"

"Well, I've heard it said seven times in the last four days, and it annoys me. In the first place, it's a platitude; secondly, it is a grossly inaccurate statement. The world is, unlike your feet, extremely large."

"If you travel, you must put up with these

things.

"I could put up with your feet for ever."

"Thank you, but I meant—

"I know you did," said Bill. "Any way, there are compensations. You're one of them. And now may I have the honour of driving you back to the hotel? I see that Orlando, who drove me down, is disengaged and ready for anything."

"Thank you very much," said the girl. "And we'll take the dog, too. One of the gardeners up there is a friend of mine. If I ask him, I think he'll give him a home."

"If you ask him," said Fairie.

They were just swinging out of the sunlit place, when the spectacle of a large store, crowded with wicker chairs of all sorts and descriptions, made Fairie remember the words of The White Hope. He cried to Orlando to stop, and turned to the girl.
"My dear," he said, "it's up to me to

buy four chairs."

"For yourself and the children?"

"Got it in one," said Bill. "May I

"The honour, etc., of my assistance? You You're very polite this morning, aren't you?"

"Always the same, believe me. Never a

cross word."

"I thought you knew it was impossible to deceive me.

Fairie regarded her amusedly. Then—

"I wish you'd take off your hat," he said.

"I want to see your hair."

The chairs were really quite inexpensive. For six or seven shillings you could purchase a very throne of luxury. After testing the resiliency of several seats, Fairie came to the conclusion that, so far as he was concerned, the choice lay between two triumphs of wickerwork.

"Hadn't you better have that one?" said my lady, her voice trembling with laughter.

The chair she was indicating with a rosy forefinger had a socket to take a tumbler by the side of its right arm.

Fairie shook his head.

"Attractive," he said, "but useless. all confirmed drunkards, I soak in secret."

He was on the point of ordering three others, similar to the one he had selected, when a miniature chair, in every respect like the others, but fashioned to fit a child, caught his eye. The girl's words flashed across his mind. "For yourself and the children," she had said. Quickly he turned to the man who was serving him.

"Have you two others like this?"—

pointing to the miniature chair.

"Oh, yes, sir."

"I'll have three, then. Send them up

with the big one this afternoon."

"Oh," said the girl, and fell into long laughter.

At Fairie's dictation the man wrote the four names on luggage labels, and, to avoid all possibility of mistake, Bill tied his own label on to the big chair with his own hand. Then he paid for his purchases and cheerfully followed my lady out of the shop. The proprietor saw them to the door and watched their departure with every manifestation of respect. As the car disappeared, he sighed. A man of business, if not of humour, he could hardly have been expected to acquaint Fairie with the fact that, some thirty minutes before, two ladies and a gentleman had stopped at his emporium and chosen three large chairs and one baby one, giving the same four names and ordering them to be sent to the Bristol Hotel. The baby chair to be labelled "W. Fairie."

At seven o'clock that evening four large chairs stood in a row on the cobbled drive, close to the main entrance to the hotel. Brokes and Betty saw them, as they came in They had all been at the Casino.

Their annoyance to notice that the chairs were all of the same size was intense. They were theirs, too; the labels showed that.

Disappointedly they passed into

Five minutes later Fairie appeared in the company of the King's Counsel.

"Are these your chairs?" said the latter. "They're not the ones I paid for," said

Bill uneasily.

Then he examined the labels.

"Well?" said the man of law.

Fairie sighed.

"Your prayers," he said, "are desired for the fool who sent these chairs. He has not long to live."

They had nearly finished dinner, when—

"I see the chairs have come," said Fairie carelessly.

"Yes," said his wife. "Aren't you grateful to us for-"

"What d'you mean?" said Fairie. it hadn't been for my providence—

"Yours?" cried Fay. "Why, you forgot all about them."

Fairie put down his glass and looked at her

"If selecting, ordering, and paying for no less than four slumber-suggesting——"

"But we ordered them, too," said Robin.
"Then those are yours outside," said

Fairie.

"We—er—thought, perhaps, they were yours," stammered Robin.

"No," said Fairie. "Mine were different.

I mean——"

"So were ours," said Betty. "Those

aren't the chairs we ordered."

For a moment they stared at one another. Then, "Come along," said her husband. "We're about the last, as usual. We can thrash this out on the verandah."

With one consent they rose and passed out of the room, threading their way between the

tables in single file.

In what was, perhaps, the most prominent place upon the great verandah stood four baby chairs, conspicuously and respectively labelled "Mrs. Fairie," "Miss Broke," "R. Broke," and "W. Fairie." Immediately opposite them, his back to the balustrade, lolled the King's Counsel, beaming over a long cigar and patiently contemplating the ridiculous quartette with immense gratification. In the shadow of a tall pillar the lady of the mongrel was shaking with suppressed merriment. The dictates of good taste forbade steady and undisguised observation on the part of the other visitors, but there was on all sides an air of expectation and

"awaiting results," and, as the Brokes and the Fairies, all unsuspecting, emerged from the lounge, the interested smiles broadened and here and there conversation died down. Discerning the long form of the lawyer twenty odd paces away, Betty, naturally enough, started towards him, and, that nothing might be wanting to fill their cup of confusion to the full—

"Any way," Fay was saying, "we may as well have the chairs put here, even if——"

A stifled cry from Betty made her look up, and the sentence died on her lips. She caught at her brother's arm.

"What's the matter?" said Robin.

"Good Heavens!"

The last to perceive the chairs was Fairie. For an instant his face lighted. The ones he had ordered, after all! The next moment he saw there were four. He recoiled literally.

With an elaborate wave of his cigar, The White Hope indicated the row, the smile of

smiles upon his legal face.

"The seats of the mighty," he drawled.

"Won't you sit down?"

Their sense of humour asserting itself, Betty and Fay began to laugh helplessly. Bill pulled himself together.

"I prefer to stand," he said simply.

"Besides, I never take the chair."

"It is a mistake to confine yourself to biscuits," observed the lawyer. "Believe me, you would more than fill the position."

"The truth is," said Fairie, "I'm afraid

it would cramp my style."

The fourth story in this series will appear in the next number.

DISTANCE.

THE red sun rides the blue hill's crest,
Bright as a lamp in the dimming west.
So red he glows and so near he stands,
Beyond the valley and sloping lands,
I think I could run to the next blue rise
And touch him with my hands.

Nay, foolish feet! Nay, foolish eyes! Between this hillside and those skies Is she I long for, dream of, pray for. So, by my yearning heart, I know How far away is the red sun's glow.

THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS.

MEN OF MARK IN THE WAR

By ERNEST A. BRYANT

THIRD ARTICLE.

OME little time ago Earl Grey crossed the Atlantic in the same ship with an acrid product of German Kultur, who

was awaiting, with settled convictions, the advent of der Taq. "You English," he amiably informed his distinguished interlocutor, "you English are rotten through and through. You are sunk in sordid sloth. Nous sommes des auerriers!" Well, King George has been over the water, spending nights and days on the field and about the trenches with the men to whom it has been given to furnish the first chapters of the nation's reply to this generalisation upon British qualities as seen by jaundiced German eyes. The King boasts not himself, nor his brethren of the Britains, yet, in answer to this and similar indictments. he might feel himself justified in remarking that out there, amid the murk and mud, as among the fifteen hundred thousand men training at home. he found the same

unfailing spirit as of yore, the same ardour, chivalry, endurance, and daring, the old unshrinking readiness on the part of all—

For that sweet Motherland which gave them birth, Nobly to do, nobly to die.

Sustained heroism and self-sacrifice do not consort with the properties ascribed to us. Our contemned few had just concluded a month of battles against an army half as large again as that with which Napoleon began his march on Moscow. They had

flung themselves, a human wall, pathetically thin in numbers, distributed over woefully wide areas, to bar the way to the Channel ports. They had put out of the fight 200,000 men, and they had yielded not an inch of ground.

In achieving these incomparable results. the rank and file were called upon for exertions and lofty self-abnegation without parallel; in the warm, red blood of their indomitable hearts these men have written an epic of heroism whose magic touches to vibrant life an abiding passion of emulous ardour in every British heart. The Army has proved itself one of exalted equality-equality attained by a levellingup to the standard set by the highest command: valour and efficiency at headquarters, valour and

Elliott & Fry. efficiency in the unsunned gloom of The wonders that have been the trenches. wrought by the Staff only the broad results accomplished can attest. The Commander-in-Chief has had at his right hand, in Sir Archibald Murray, a Chief of Staff whom Napoleon would have crowned. Sir Archibald has before now stood up to the smashing attacks of Zulus whose numbers clouded



Photo by1

THE EARL OF CAVAN.

Mentioned in dispatches for "the skill, courage, and coolness with which he led his troops."



Photo by] [Lafayette.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL C. T. M'MURRAGH KAVANAGH,

Whose skilful command at Klein Zillebeke won high praise
from the Commander-in-Chief.

the horizon; he earned mention again and again in dispatches in the Boer War, until he was overwhelmed by wounds. But in the present war, the nature of his duties and his method of discharging them, as read in the bulletins from the Front, suggest that Sir John French might say of him, as Lord Roberts said of Sir John: "He never makes difficulties. His truly soldier-like qualities are equalled only by his unerring instinct and his perfect loyalty."

A new memorandum from the German War Office informs the Forces that cavalry, as such, finds its occupation gone. General Gough and his gallant coadjutators have shown us a new style of cavalry fighting. It was General Gough who, with the Second Cavalry Division, led the great trek from the Aisne to the Ypres-Armentières line, and it was the same force which had such desperate fighting, in the saddle and in the trenches,

round about Messines, through Garde Dieu. Wambeck to Houthem and along the Opposed by overwhelming Kortewilde. numbers of the enemy, he clung with fierce tenacity to his line, and fought it out from sun-up to midnight, from midnight to dawn, day after day. Sheer mass and momentum bent back his front a little, but his exhausted men were at last reinforced by Indians and by a couple of regiments from General Allenby, and then for three days General Gough smashed the attacks directed against him—a triumph for continuity of valour and persistence not to be overrated.

The same qualities, exercised in circumstances of even graver responsibility, placed the nation under obligation to General Pulteney, to whose skill and daring, in



Photo by] [Elliott & Fry.
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR DAVID HENDERSON.

In command of the aviation work.

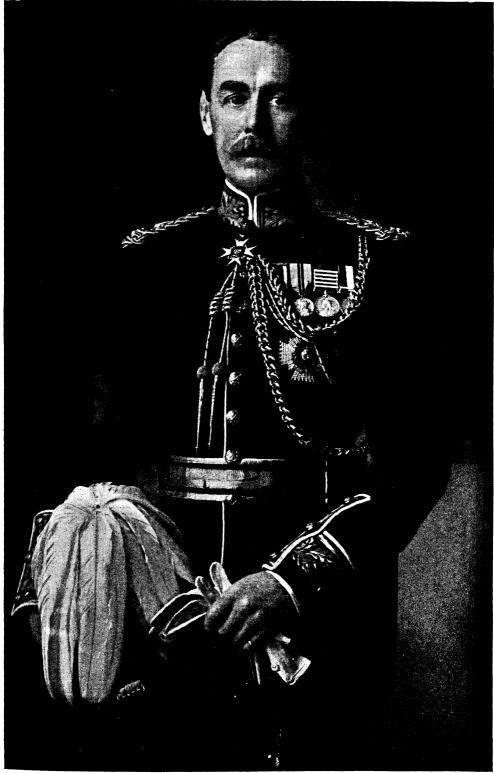


Photo by]

F. A. Swaine.

holding the right central of our line, the Commander-in-Chief has paid a glowing Commanding the Third Army Corps, General Pulteney had to hold from twelve to thirteen miles of front which embraced many weak spots, and necessitated his placing his little force astride the Lvs, upon the right bank of which the enemy was in great force. Without reserves, without respite, the Corps battled day and night. "That the Corps was invariably successful in repulsing the constant attacks, sometimes in great strength, made against them by day and night," says Sir John French, "is due entirely to the skilful manner in which the Corps was disposed by its commander." son of the parsonage, General Pulteney has been fighting, off and on, for the last four-and-twenty years, but he must be on especially happy terms with the Belgians, from the fact of his having acted for some time as

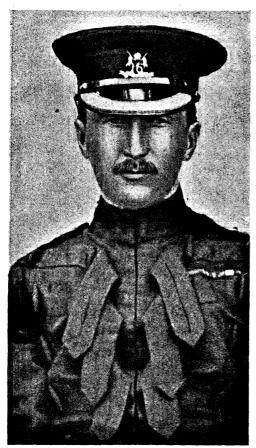


Photo |by|

[Gale & Polden.

GENERAL GOUGH,

Whose command of the Second Cavalry Division has achieved memorable results.



Photo by]

[J. Russell & Sons.

LIEUTENANT J. H. S. DIMMER, V.C., Who served his machine-gun until he had been shot five times.

Vice-Consul to the Congo Free State. What military experience has not taught him of feint and strategy and placidity in crises, his encounters with wild beasts have, for among big game hunters he is a Nimrod.

Another sportsman of the "hard as nails" type, singled out for mention by the Commander-in-Chief, is the Earl of Cavan, commanding the Fourth Guards Brigade. He had already proved his metal in South Africa, but here he has set the seal upon his reputation as the head of an old military For five-and-twenty days he and his men held their trenches on a hill, which were more than knee-deep in water, and in spite of heavy ordnance, in spite of massed rifle fire, and in spite of volleys of hand grenades, kept their position unconquered and intact. Lord Cavan yields the glory to his men, but Sir John French celebrates his feat as due to "the skill, courage, and coolness with which he led his troops, and for the successful manner in which he dealt with many critical situations." Lord Cavan had a sentimental personal interest in Belgium, for Lady Maud Barrett, his widowed sister, was there an inmate of a convent.

A fine old Irish fighting family is represented at the Front by Brigadier-General



Lafayette.

M'Murragh Kavanagh, a son of picturesque and heroic figure, the Hon. M'Murragh Kavanagh, mastering terrible physical disabilities—he lacked feet and hands-rode, hunted, fought, legislated in the House of Commons, and dispensed justice under the great oak upon the lawn of the ancestral home. His son shows that the fighting blood of the line has not run thin, for it was he who, with the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, saved the situation at Klein Zillebeke. The French had stumbled upon unexpected masses of the enemy, and come back at a run. The Irishman flung a couple of squadrons across the road to steady friends and stay foes, and though all together—



Photo by] [Russell of CAPTAIN W. F. BLUNT, R.N., D.S.O.

Awarded the D.S.O. for conspicuous bravery.

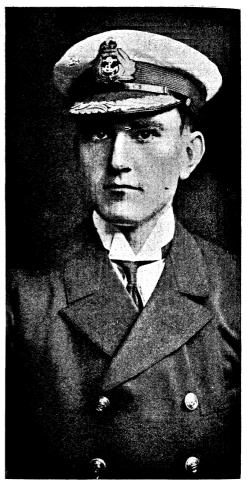


Photo by] [Lafayette.
COMMANDER THE HON. HERBERT MEADE, D.S.O.,
Who led a division of destroyers and sank the German
"VI 87" in the Heligoland action.

French, British, and Germans—were plunged en masse into the reserve trenches, the man of Borris got things sorted out, disposed of his Germans, set the French forward on their legs again, and saved an ugly situation. The Commander-in-Chief makes special note of this incident, but mentions generally the skill, the personal bravery, and dash of this talented and fearless officer.

Another name prominent in the dispatches is that of General Hunter-Weston. At a time when the centre of the British line was being pressed "with ever-increasing force," the General planned and carried out a brilliant counter-attack, which mercilessly punished the enemy, carried their trenches, took two hundred prisoners, released forty of our own, and entirely altered the character



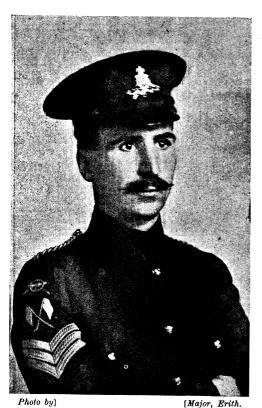
Photo by]

BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. P. PULTENEY,
To whose skill and daring the Commander-in-Chief has paid a glowing tribute.

[Maull & Fox.

of a nasty situation. Rightly Sir John French accords warm praise for this, and for the skill with which throughout the long battle this officer handled his troops. General Hunter-Weston has fought on many an Indian and African field, and he has nothing to learn from the Germans of the art and ordeal of night fighting.

The war at sea has continued to furnish material for just pride in the deportment and powers of all ranks of the Navy. To Vice-Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee it fell mightily to avenge the ill-fated Admiral Cradock. His mission was accomplished with such dramatic secrecy of preliminaries as almost to take one's breath away. the Good Hope and Monmouth went untimely to the port of lost ships, he was at the Admiralty, Chief of the War Staff. He put on his hat one morning, walked out of Whitehall, and was seen no more. Men thought that his disappearance was associated with other changes there, and lamented the removal of a very fine officer. when next we heard of him, he was seven



SECOND-LIEUTENANT DAVID NELSON, V.C.,

Whose bravery has earned him a commission as well as
the honour of the V.C.



Photo by]

[Newspaper Illustrations.

LANCE-CORPORAL WILLIAM FULLER, V.C.

Another V.C. hero. He is here seen holding in his hand
the shot which wounded him.

thousand miles away, and riding victorious over waters into which he had sunk the four German cruisers by which the valiant Cradock had been overwhelmed. He had accounted in the fight for more men than were lost by the three fleets combined at Trafalgar, yet his own casualties were but a score. A Hampshire man, he had seen fighting at Alexandria, and had commanded the British force at Samoa, and knew, moreover, the inner working of the Navy from the vantage-point of important administrative positions on shore.

Yes, there are as good men at sea as ever went upon it, and as daring, or the Turkish warship Messudiyeh would still be affoat in The day for cuttingthe Bosphorus. out expeditions is past, but Lieutenant-Commander Norman Holbrook, on his antique little B 11, has shown that procedure far more scientific and sensational has come to take its place. How, setting out from Malta and sailing to the Dardanelles, he dived, passed beneath five several lines of mines, came up beside the Turkish battleship, torpedoed her, dived again, dived and dodged, dodged and dived, eluding destroyers, defying shore guns, negotiating the multitudinous mines afresh, constitutes a story now world-known, but its glamour



Photo by

[Ellio't & Fry.



Photo by]

[Sport & General.

SQUADRON-COMMANDER E. F. BRIGGS,

Who made the successful raid on the Zeppelin station at Friedrichshafen.

cannot fade in the days of the generation whom this inheritor of the Drake and Nelson tradition adorns. He is one of a fighting house, for he has four brothers in the Services, and his father, Lieutenant-Colonel Holbrook, is doing excellent work at Bulford Camp.

In Commander the Hon. Herbert Meade, another name famous in naval annals recurs. His father was many years an admiral, and his brother, the present Earl of Clanwilliam, to whom he is heir, was in the Navy. The Meades are all first-class fighting-men, and in the Heligoland Bight the gallant Commander lived fully up to the family motto "Toujours prêt." It was he who, in the all but 30-knot ocean-going destroyer Goshawk, coolly and skilfully led in his division of destroyers and sank the German VI87; and it was he who, in the midst of the battle, humanely stayed to pick up the survivors. Another new Companion of the "D.S.O." is Captain W. F. Blunt, of H.M.S. Fearless, who is responsible for more than one particularly spirited attack upon German cruisers.

The two surprises of the war have been the submarines and aeroplanes. As to the latter, the Commander-in-Chief declares that their value to the Army is incalculable. He states of the work of Sir David Henderson and his men: "Almost every day new methods for employing them, both strategically and technically, are discovered and put into practice." The uses of a man such, for example, as Commander Samson, R.N., are practically inexhaustible. He is still on the right side of thirty, but within the last four or five years he has crowded into his life the experiences of a dozen men. He was the first man successfully to practise aerial flight from a warship; he showed the Kaiser how the thing is done by flying over his head on the Medway; and it is conceivable that he has been near him during the war, for the Germans are said to have offered £1,000 for his capture, dead or alive. He has specialised of late in armoured car forays, and his "bag" has been remarkable. specific and salutary aerial achievement,



Photo bul

F. N. Birkett.

FLIGHT-COMMANDER J. T. BABINGTON,
Who played a brave part in the Friedrichshafen attack.



Photo by]

COMMANDER CHARLES R. SAMSON, R.N.

Made a D.S.O. Companion for his conspicuous services.

[Elliott & Fry.

however, the feat of Squadron-Commander Briggs, Flight-Commander J. T. Babington, and Flight-Lieutenant S. V. Sippe, stands

pre-eminent.

ordinary Zeppelin costs, roughly, £70,000, and takes many months to build. The Germans had the nicest of super-Zeppelins newly housed at Friedrichshafen, on Lake Constance. It was ready for launching against the unsheltered asylums of women and children, when this dare-devil trio launched themselves over the mountains, flew through a variety of evil climatic conditions, braved the frantic fire of rifles and machine-guns, swooped down upon the factory, deposited their bombs with meticulous accuracy, and saw from fire and volleying smoke that it was good. Then they came back, but not the three of them. Briggs's machine was winged, and himself sorely wounded. He descended, fighting

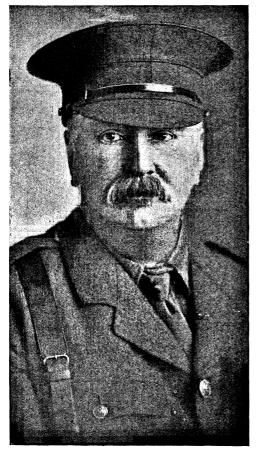


Photo by] [Sarony & Co.

COLONEL R. J. BAKER.

In command of the Indian Field Ambulance Corps.



SECOND-LIEUTENANT G. T. DORRELL, V.C.

Promoted from the ranks and awarded the Victoria Cross
for conspicuous courage under heavy fire.

like a maimed, unconquered lion. He was made prisoner under circumstances in which the last shred of German reputation for withered. But his comrades chivalry returned to tell the tidings of an unequalled feat brilliantly performed, for the Admiralty justly to remark: "This flight of two hundred and fifty miles, which penetrated one hundred and twenty miles into Germany, across mountainous country, in difficult weather conditions, constitutes, with the attack, a fine feat of arms." Inasmuch as the aviators scrupulously avoided attack upon civilians, this would doubtless be considered in Germany a gratuitous eulogy.

The V.C. list grows, not as it might could every hero have his due; but the deeds for which it has been so far awarded have been such as to make us feel that this simple badge of courage becomes more and more a patent of nobility. Never was it better earned than by Lieutenant J. H. S. Dimmer during the great fight at Klein Zillebeke,



LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER NORMAN D. HOLBROOK, V.C., Who daringly torpedoed the Turkish warship "Messudiyeh."

when he served his machine-gun until he had been five times shot, thrice by shrapnel and twice by rifle bullets. Not until his gun had been smashed to fragments did he bethink himself of his wounds. Lieutenant Dimmer, an ex-ranker, is a credit to the conditions out of which he evolved, and an honour to those to which he has won promotion.

Two fine fellows won fame in the fierce fight at Nery, in the persons of the then Sergeant-Major G. T. Dorrell and Sergeant David Nelson, both of the Royal Horse Artillery. Dorrell's gun was under concentrated fire from cannon and Maxims at 600 yards range. One by one the officers and men dropped dying or dead beside him, but alone, in a horrible isolation, he grimly fought until he had fired his last shell. Nelson helped to bring his guns into action at the same place, and, though badly wounded and ordered to retire, set his teeth, stayed, and fought so long as ammunition lasted. Both these men belonged to the now famous "L" Battery, and, in addition to the V.C., each has received a commission. Lance-Corporal William Fuller is another recipient of the V.C. for conspicuous bravery in the field.

Many merited tributes have been paid to the magnificent fighting qualities of our Indian troops, to their peculiar ingenuity in attack and defence, and to their unflagging cheerfulness in new and strange conditions. For the comfort and well-being of the men who pay the warrior's penalty, the contingent is greatly indebted to Colonel R. J. Baker, who is in command of the Indian Field Ambulance Corps. This is, perhaps, as delicate and difficult a position as a firstclass fighting man could hold. Caste and creed partition our Indian troops as sharply one from another as from our Occidental selves. Colonel Baker has to deal with them when they are sick and wounded. One section of the troops must not have alcoholic medicaments; another must not be offered the consolation of tobacco; those of one religion will not eat the flesh of an animal which has been killed by a wound at the back of the neck; another will not face that of an animal which has had its throat cut, and all avoid beef and pork as the pestilence. Colonel Baker knows his men, knows their creeds and scruples, respects both, and the brilliant fighting of the Indian troops is the verdict upon his work. In a specialised way he is helping us materially to fight our battles.

A further group of portraits of other Men of Mark in the War, not here represented, will appear in the next number.

THE CALL.

THE frost is white on grass and tree, the vale is white with mist, And dawn has lit the hillside with a flame of amethyst; Like silver shine the quiet hills from foot to wooded brow, And through the mist, with jingling teams, the lads go out to plough.

Oh, lads, 'tis not so long ago, and not so far away,
That folk went out to till the fields as you go out to-day;
Now bursting shells have ploughed their land, 'tis wet with blood as rain,
And thick along the furrows lie the bodies of the slain.

They saved your peaceful country from the fate that wrecks their own; They checked the fierce invader, they were crushed and overthrown. They would not break their promised word, they faced the sword instead, And England fights beside them, 'mid their ruins and their dead.

Oh, hear the guns! They're loud enough to wake the lads that sleep! They're calling you to nobler work than tending cows and sheep. There's finer work for lads like you than staying by the plough, So leave your half-turned furrow, for your country needs you now!

THE CLOUD

By ALAN J. THOMPSON

Illustrated by C. Fleming Williams



BOVE the green
Downs a lark, lost
in sunlight, was
trilling its lyric
ecstasy. The girl,
lying with hands
clasped behind her
head and eyes half
closed, looked for
it idly. Her companion sat beside

her, smoking with tranquil enjoyment. He was ten years her senior, a deep-chested, powerful man, with the steady, watchful eyes peculiar to those "who go down to the sea in ships" or travel where horizons are vast and unbroken. For nearly an hour neither had spoken. This was the ninth day of their honeymoon—the ninth day of a happiness beyond words.

At length the girl sat up, tidying her corn-coloured hair with the deft movements that are so intrinsically feminine. Leaning against her husband's shoulder, she threw

out a slender hand.

"Our world!" she said. "Still our own dear, sunny world!"

The man, slipping his arm about her, nodded. His greatest enemy could not

accuse him of loquacity.

From the west of the sun-bathed hill where they sat, the swelling Downs stretched peacefully on every side. Except for a little plume of smoke beyond a distant clump of alders, which hid the modest farm where they were staying, no sign of man or his handiwork was visible.

"Yes, lassie, our world," said Carlston, with the slow smile of a man whose life had afforded little cause for smiling—" pathless,

cloudless, and untrod."

"Is that a quotation?" asked the girl.
"If—— But I forgot. You are a poet, of course. All explorers are poets at heart, aren't they, and occasionally break out with something tremendous and impressive

like that 'pathless, cloudless, and antrod'? But you might be truthful, O poet! Look! No, not there. There—towards Corrindene. That is a cloud, I believe, and not a flock of sheep!"

The man laughed for the pleasure of

hearing her rippling laughter.

"It is a cloud, all right," he admitted, "and, to show our contempt for such intrusion, we will start our lunch directly its shadow reaches your little feet, which, by the way, look all the better when one can see that there are ankles attached to them."

Pulling down her skirt with a playful rebuke, the girl began to unpack the picnic

basket.

"Lunch already!" she murmured. "'To show our contempt for the cloud!" Any

excuse! Oh, these men!"

When the simple repast was ready, she resumed her former restful attitude. Cheek to cheek, husband and wife watched the progress of the cloud. It came up slowly, although the sea-breeze was freshening. Suddenly the girl gave a little cry of dismay.

"Phil! A man! Oh, how annoying!"
As Carlston's eyes followed her outstretched hand, he frowned. It was quite true. A man—the first disturber of their idyll—was plainly discernible on Corrindene Beacon. He was a long way off—a dwarfed black form, silhouetted against the rounded mass of feather-grey cloud—yet it was

evident to the watcher's keen eyes that he was approaching.

He came on steadily, with the cloud. They watched him in silence, hoping he would turn aside and leave them to "their own world," the unbroken solitude à deux in which they had luxuriated for nine perfect

summer days.

But the man advanced without pausing, keeping pace, as it were, with the cloud, coming towards Philip Carlston and his beautiful young wife as if he could see them upon the hill-top as clearly as they could see



"'I have come back to see a man hanged."

him in the valley. He was in the valley now.

The shadow of the cloud was very near. The girl shivered and murmured that it would be cold without the sun. Her husband made no response. He was intent upon the black figure ascending the green slope of their kingdom; his lips were set; there was a curious expression in the deep-set grey eyes—fear, or its parent, apprehension.

The man gained the summit, thirty yards from the Carlstons. He stood quite motionless—a black-clad, sinister figure, one hand spread across his face, the other behind him. The shadow of the cloud glided over the crest of the hill and enveloped all three. The lark had become silent. The girl shivered again. Lunch was forgotten.
"He must have come the wrong way,

Phil," she whispered, as if afraid to break

the prevailing hush, "to be up here standing like that, so—so strangely."

"I will go and see what—what he thinks

he is doing," muttered Carlston.

He rose to his feet, keeping his back towards his wife, and went to the stranger with sudden haste. The girl sat still, watching the two men. It was too bad of the stranger to come blundering in on their privacy. But Phil would soon send him packing. They were talking a good deal, with lowered voices, though, and she could not hear the words. Presently both came towards her, the stranger walking a little in advance, with his black Homburg beneath his arm. Her husband was looking down, and she could not see his face.

"Ethel," said Carlston heavily, "this—gentleman has lost his way. He is tired and hungry. I thought, perhaps, you could

spare him a little lunch.

The girl smiled with a cordiality she was far from feeling. Of course, it was very good-natured of Philip and just like him, but it was disappointing. "Certainly," she said. "Won't you sit down?"

Her husband had already seated himself on her left, a little behind her. The stranger bowed, and, still uncovered, sat at her right

hand.

"Thank you; you are very good," he replied gratefully. "I am extremely sorry to intrude, but, as your husband remarked, I have lost my way. I am walking to London, and turned in the wrong direction when I

left the village yonder."

As he extended a lean, yellow hand towards Corrindene, Ethel Carlston, with the consummate skill of her sex, dissected his appearance at a glance. Tall, thin, slightly bald, middle-aged, black frock-coat and trousers, and patent-leather boots—all rather the worse for wear. There was something decidedly attractive about his smooth white face, his candid blue eyes, his deferential smile. She allocated him as "shabbygenteel." He looked very hot and tired. She felt sorry for him.

"It is very easy to lose one's way on the Downs," she said, passing him a plate of

sandwiches.

"True," assented the stranger, "especially if one has never been there before, like myself. I only arrived in England last night after twenty years' absence. I have been living in Peru."

"Peru!" With her involuntary cry of

surprise, Mrs. Carlston started.

"Ah," said the stranger quickly, "you

know Peru, madam? You have been there?"

"No, I have not, but——"

The girl paused and looked tentatively towards her husband. He was leaning sideways on one elbow, with his face hidden. He did not speak. The stranger finished his sandwich and took another.

"But your husband has been there?" he

queried, after a brief silence.

"Yes, he was there for six years."

The girl spoke reluctantly. Philip was not fond of discussing Peru, and she was afraid that he would be displeased with her for being too communicative to this unwelcome guest, who was regarding her so amiably over a glass of claret.

"Curious!" he murmured. "A very curious coincidence to meet like this. No doubt you are acquainted with Lima, Mr.—I declare I have forgotten the name

you mentioned."

"My name is Carlston," was the curt

reply.

"Ah, yes! It seems familiar, and yet— No, a mistake. My name is Harper— Joseph Harper. And you know Lima, Mr. Carlston?"

"Yes."

Ethel Carlston blushed at her husband's brusquerie. No doubt he was annoyed that this intruder should spoil their lunch, but he had invited him, and he ought to make the best of it. Certainly he ought not to speak with his mouth full. She raised her chin a couple of inches to show her displeasure at his lapse from grace.

Carlston's mouth, however, was not full. He had eaten nothing. He was sitting well back, his strong fingers buried deep in the

turf.

The stranger, who appeared unconscious of any discourtesy, drained his glass with

evident enjoyment.

"I am glad you know Lima, sir," he remarked affably. "It is a fine city, and Peru is a fine country—for those who are lucky. Scores of men have made their pile out there, come back to the Old Country, and married very comfortably—very comfortably indeed. Perhaps you have heard of such cases Mr.—er—Carlston?"

Her husband's grunt by way of rejoinder was so ill-mannered that Ethel Carlston

hastened to cover it with civil words.

"I am sure Peru is wonderful," she said.
"I should like to go there immensely. I—
we—in fact, my husband is one of the
lucky ones. Perhaps you——" The girl

2 D

hesitated, but the stranger's gentle smile, his deference, his air of engaging candour, dissipated her scruples. "Perhaps you, Mr. Harper, have come back to be—married?"

Mr. Harper shook his head and took

another sandwich.

"No," he replied, smiling more blandly than ever, "I have come back to see a

man hanged."

Mrs. Carlston, half inclined to resent the bad taste of such an unpleasant remark, and half inclined to laugh at its incongruity from the mild-mannered man beside her, sought in vain for suitable comment. Her husband did not help her, and the stranger

spoke again.

"I hope you don't think that is a senseless joke," he said. "I have come from Lima to England—a long way—moved solely by that much-condemned motive revenge. You, madam, frown and shake your head, and you, Mr. Carlston, I perceive, strongly disapprove. Yet I think I can justify—But perhaps I should shock you, Mrs. Carlston, and that would be too bad after your kindness and your husband's generosity to—a stranger."

Mr. Harper leaned forward a little, across his hostess, to look at Carlston, who had changed his position. He was sitting now with knees drawn up and hands locked closely about them, so closely that his knuckles gleamed white from sunburned flesh. He remained where his wife could see nothing of him except his neat tan boots. But Mr. Harper, who saw his face, seemed

refreshed by the privilege.

"Well, Mrs. Carlston, shall I shock you?" he asked, with quite a rallying air. "Are

you sensitive?"

Ethel Carlston gave the rippling laugh which her husband had so often admired.

"Oh, dear, no!" she answered. "I have heard too many travellers' tales to be easily shocked."

"Ah!" murmured Mr. Harper. "Your husband has—— Of course, of course! I dare say he can tell better stories than this, which, by the way, posesses the merit of truth. No offence, Mr. Carlston. Hee, hee!"

Joseph Harper expressed his amusement by a singularly unpleasant noise, but Carlston, who had winced at his wife's laughter, joined boisterously in this cacophony.

"A hit!" he said. "Ha, ha, ha! Excellent! Let us have the story, sir, by

all means!"

"Willingly," was the smooth response, "though it is really not a story at all; it is just a problem in morals. My brother lived with me in Lima. We were greatly attached. He was dearer to me than anyone on earth. Three years ago he was murdered; he was shot dead in cold blood by the man whom I have at last succeeded in tracking to England. I don't intend to rest until he is hanged. That is the position. Do you think that I have no moral right to my revenge?"

The low, deliberate voice ceased, and there was a brief silence, broken by Ethel

Carlston.

Her white forehead was furrowed with

evident perplexity.

"This is rather a terrible problem if—you are serious," she said hesitatingly. "Of course, you would have suffered horribly. But—but I don't think, apart from my religious belief, that even in such an extreme case revenge could do any good."

The stranger nodded and smiled.

"No," he murmured. "But then, you see, I don't want to do any good. I want to do harm—the greatest possible harm to the man who murdered my poor brother."

The girl made no comment. She drew a little nearer to her husband and a little further from Mr. Harper. This intruder was not such an agreeable-looking man, after all. She noticed now that his nose was a shade too long, his eyes too close together, his smile fixed and sinister. He was glancing in an odd, furtive way towards her husband.

"Well, Mr. Carlston," he queried, "do

you think I am justified?"

Carlston looked up. There was a dazed, hunted expression on his white face. His voice, however, was quite steady as he replied—

"It is difficult to say how far such——But are you sure that you have tracked the

right man?"

"Quite sure, Mr.—Carlston."

"And you have sufficient proof of his

guilt?"

"Quite sufficient. Newspaper reports with photographs of the murderer, the statement in court of the girl who witnessed the crime, et-cetera—everything quite clear."

As he spoke, Mr. Harper's hand strayed towards the breast-pocket of his buttoned frock-coat. Carlston had become very intent on a sprig of gorse broken from the bush behind him.

"But suppose," he said tentatively, suppose that this man shot your brother in

a sudden passion, and has regretted it ever since, suppose he has suffered, and will suffer, deep remorse, suppose that he has tried to make reparation by doing good, by devoting his life to the poor and afflicted, surely you would spare him then?"

Mr. Harper's smile became a grin.

"I am afraid not," he murmured. would be none the less my brother's murderer. I would see that he paid in full, and——"

"No, no!" interposed Carlston, with sudden agitation. "You would not be so remorseless, so unchristian. 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.' And suppose—suppose there was a woman, quite innocent, who loved him. Think of her! Why, the shock might kill her! Surely you would spare him then?"

"I am afraid not," repeated the stranger, "I am not in the same soft voice. sentimental. But you plead quite eloquently for this wretched criminal, doesn't he, Mrs. Carlston? Your kind heart does you credit, sir. But I still think I am entitled to full revenge; I am still determined to bring the murderer to the scaffold."

Carlston caught his breath. He had crushed the gorse and lacerated his hand; it was bleeding, but he did not notice it. With a mirthless laugh, he sprang to his feet.

"Ah, well," he said, "I see my eloquence is wasted. I certainly don't agree with such extreme measures; but it is no good discussing the matter, especially as I felt a few spots of rain. Better slip on your coat, Ethel. We must get back. Mr. Harper, we shall have to wish you good afternoon. You know your way to the main road to London now, don't you?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Harper, as he stood up, calm and smiling, "I know my way, thank you. You have both been very kind. A thousand thanks! I—er—— 'Before we part,' as the old song has it, there is a small matter, Mr. Carlston, I should like to-"

"All right," interposed Carlston hurriedly. "I will walk a little way with you. I shan't be long, Ethel; perhaps you would not mind waiting."

Side by side the two men descended the They turned to the west, and were soon invisible to the girl, who knelt by the

picnic basket, watching them.

Carlston walked so fast that his companion had to trot to keep pace with him. Harper glanced once or twice at the younger man's white, set face, and smirked as he read the signs of despair. Carlston was a beaten man. "Not so fast, my friend, not so fast!" he

remonstrated, breathing hard.

But Carlston took no notice. clenched hands thrust into his jacket pockets, he hurried on until Harper began to think he would never stop. He did so at last, however, very abruptly, and stood with bent head, kicking sullenly at the turf. other man, recovering his breath, watched him with greedy eyes.

"Well," said Carlston, after a long silence,

"have your say, if you are going to!"
"I am that!" was the jaunty rejoinder. "And I think I've earned it after scouring London for you the last six weeks, Mr. Renshaw—Carlston, or whatever name you prefer. 'We must say good afternoon, Mr. Harper. You know your way, don't you?' Curse your insolence! Did you think you were going to slink off with that piece of pink and white up there? What d'you take me for? Bah!"

Mr. Harper spat emphatically. He had shed his spurious gentility as a wolf sheds the sheep's coat when its teeth are rending

its prev.

"We won't say good afternoon just yet," he went on. "No, no, laddie. you now—got you by the neck!"
Carlston nodded. "What are you going

to do?" he asked heavily.

"Ah, that's more the right tune! should have liked to have seen you swinging, Renshaw—I beg pardon, Mr. Carlston and to have seen that sanctimonious young lady of yours squirm. But I am too poor to afford luxuries. So we must make it

"I see-blackmail."

"No, damages." Mr. Harper's smile "You downed me in Lima, old friend," he added vindictively, "and I haven't forgotten it. I'm top dog now, and I shan't quit until I've had my bellyful. Ten thousand pounds is the figure!"

"Ten thousand!" cried Carlston. "Too much! It would ruin me-leave me a beggar. Be reasonable, Harper, for Heaven's

sake! Ten thousand!"

"That's the figure—not a ha'penny less unless you prefer your neck dislocated. You snuffed young Bart, and you've got to pay for it. I've got you, laddie, got you by the neck!"

"Too much," repeated Carlston firmly. "Let me remind you that I shot your brother to save poor Julie, and Heaven only knows how many miserable successors. It was an act of justice. He was a beast—a foul,

black-hearted beast. So I shot him, and I'm glad I did it. I would do the same to-morrow and every day this week, if

necessary."

"You had better be civil, Renshaw," said Harper, with an ugly smile. "I'm not taking any palaver. You've got to pay, or swing. I've got you, laddie, got you by the neck!"

Carlston, who was still intent on the turf,

coughed.

"You're fond of that remark," he answered; "you have already said it three times. It's picturesque, but scarcely true. I don't see that you have got me at all."

"Oh, talk sense!" cried Harper impatiently. "What I want to know is—"

His voice dropped abruptly as Carlston raised his head and looked at him. There was no sign of fear now on that strong countenance, no pleading now in the steady eyes; there was menace—grim, purposeful menace.

"No, Harper," he said, "I can't agree with your view of matters. Just cast your eyes about you. If you were as well acquainted with the Downs as I am, you would know that this little cup-like valley in which we stand is one of the loneliest spots in England. That is why I came here. Perhaps a shepherd might wander across in search of stray sheep once or twice a year, but even that is rather unlikely. A dead body, Mr. Harper, might remain here undiscovered for months."

Mr. Harper's expression changed, and he drew back, glancing fearfully about him.

"What d'you mean?" he demanded, in

a curiously flat voice.

"I mean you are a hopeless fool," was the crisp response, "to come to me with your blackmail trickery! Pshaw! I thought you knew me better. I know you, Joseph Harper, from A to Z. If you had an ounce of your brother's brute courage, you would be a dangerous cur; but you are merely contemptible—a mean, treacherous, thieving hypocrite! I made Lima too hot for you, and I could do the same here, if it was necessary. But it isn't necessary. There's a better way than that of getting rid of such vermin. I shall send you after your brother!"

The level voice was more ominous than

any furious outburst.

"You will—you will be sorry for this—cursed mummery!" muttered the black-mailer, licking his white lips.

His face was quivering with fear as

Carlston, tall and powerful, towered above him—Carlston, the man who had shot his brother.

"Not me!" was the scornful retort.
"I shall think no more of wringing your neck than that of a fowl. You are too greedy to have a confederate, and no one will miss you. To come to me with your insolent threats! Yes, my friend, I'm serious, and I mean business, unless you turn out your pockets sharp. I want that rubbish you call 'evidence,' to burn. Ah, you understand now what a fool you have been! Yes, I'll have those papers. Then I'll give you six hours to clear out of the country. Quick! It's your only chance. The papers, or you follow your brother!"

Carlston thrust a fierce, inflamed face close to his enemy's livid countenance. Once more Harper drew back. His breath came quickly. He saw that he had made the biggest mistake of his villainous career. He saw that the grand coup on which he had spent his last penny, to which he had devoted every hour of the last ten months, was on the brink of irretrievable disaster. His yellow hand rose uncertainly as he fumbled at the buttons of his frock-coat.

"You are on top again now, but I'll have you yet, you cursed bully! Take the papers and——"

The yellow hand sprang to sudden activity, followed by the gleam of metal, a flash, and

a sharp report.

There was a profound silence. The pungent smoke drifted slowly away. Carlston stood very erect, with his foot on the revolver, which lay where it had fallen when he struck it to the earth. For a moment he looked steadily at the cowering wretch before him. Then he laughed, and, leaning forward, put his strong brown hands on Harper's scraggy throat.

"Got you, laddie!" he said grimly. "Got

you by the neck!"

Joseph Harper had played his last card, and lost the game.

Ethel Carlston fidgeted with the strap of the picnic basket, which she had packed half an hour before, expecting every moment to have her husband's assistance. But he had not come back. Surprise had given place to annoyance, annoyance to anxiety, yet she waited for him in vain.

What could be keeping him? Why on earth should he stay so long with that

objectionable Mr. Harper? It was very strange. If he had not been so strong and capable, she would have been afraid.

Mrs. Carlston glanced at the watch on her

wrist. Thirty-five minutes!

It was really too bad of Philip! Surely he *must* be in sight now. She went to the crest of the hill and looked eagerly for the familiar form.

The Downs lay sombre and desolate. There was no living creature in sight, no sound but the faint voice of the wind as it

hummed past her.

The girl shivered. What could be keeping him? Of course, it was possible that he had slipped, sprained his ankle, and lay— What was that? It sounded like a muffled report. The sound startled her, bringing a new thought, which flushed her cheeks and set her pulse throbbing rapidly.

Supposing this stranger who had come to this remote place in such a curious manner, this stranger with his sinister, white face, fixed smile, and ghastly conversation, was mad, a homicidal maniac! Suppose, when Philip's back was turned, a sudden stab or

a shot—that report!

Seized with panic, Ethel Carlston began to run in the direction taken by the two men. For several minutes she sped on with the swiftness of fear, then gave a low cry of relief and stopped. Her husband was in sight, approaching briskly.

"Philip," she exclaimed, when he had reached her, "what a time you have

been!"

"Have I, sweetheart?" he said. "I am very sorry, but I wanted to see Mr. Joseph Harper quite clear of this place. He was not a very desirable intruder."

Carlston was quite cool and composed, and, if he noticed the girl's agitation, ignored

it completely.

"I think he was horrid!" she declared.
"Horrid! What did he want, dear—

money?"

"Yes," replied Carlston, with a slight smile, "but he didn't get any. His methods were rather unscrupulous. I gave him, instead, a little advice." The girl's hand closed on her husband's

"I hope he won't come back," she

murmured.

"He will never come back," was the quiet rejoinder; "you need have no fear of that, Ethel."

They walked on, shoulder to shoulder, until they reached the little patch of gorse which

marked their kingdom.

Carlston stopped and picked up the picnic basket.

"I don't see why we should go in yet, dear," he said. "It has stopped raining. I'm awfully thirsty. I could do a cup of tea. Shall we?"

He lifted the basket tentatively.

The girl clapped her hands. She was so glad, so thankful, to have her husband back again, safe and uninjured, that she would have agreed to anything.

Carlston busied himself with the little spirit-stove while his wife set the cloth and

sang softly.

"Phil," she cried suddenly, "listen! There is the lark again. And look—oh, look! Here comes the dear old sun! The

cloud has passed."

They both turned. Looking westward, they watched the lifting fringe of cloud and the golden glory beyond. The radiant light spread quickly over the Downs, it filled the valley, it flooded the hill where they stood.

"Yes," said Carlston softly, "the cloud

has passed."

He knelt by the little spirit-stove, with his back to the girl, and took something from his breast-pocket. There was a pungent smell of methylated, a crackling, and a sudden upward rush of flame.

"Phil," cried Ethel Carlston, turning

sharply, "whatever are you doing?"

"Burning some paper," Carlston answered—"that's all. The kettle is boiling, dear. If you will kindly pass the teapot, I will show you how to make the finest tea you ever drank!"

The freshening breeze caught the charred paper and set it drifting gaily in the wake of

the cloud that had passed.



THE EXTERMINATION

By BARRY PAIN

Illustrated by A. Wallis Mills



R. ROBSON
BARTLET had a
weakness for being
an Authority. If,
for example, you
told him what
you had done to
improve your
tennis-lawn, he
would say: "Well,
you've ruined that.

at any rate." Asked his opinion of any investment, he informed you either that it was all right if you wanted to lose your money, or that many safer things yielded a better interest. He did not conceal from you that you were smoking the wrong cigarettes and drinking the wrong claret, that you were being swindled by your coal merchant, and that your tailor did not know his business. He doubted the bona fides of your solicitor and the stability of your insurance office. If he heard what make of motor-car you had just bought, he would say: "I wish I'd known before that you were going to do that—I might have saved you." He checked admiration. If you had spent an enjoyable evening at the theatre, you would find that Bartlet had been so bored by the same piece that he left after the first act. Your favourite singer was certain to be somebody who, in Bartlet's opinion, had never had a voice or had lost it. pictures that you admired would make him smile at your childishness. And on such occasions his favourite phrase was: "And I assure you the experts think just as I do." Nor was it of any use to quote by name experts who thought differently; that, as Bartlet would show you, only proved that they were not experts. It was safe to admire anything that Bartlet possessed, or anything that Bartlet had done; but, as he had not done very much, the field was limited.

But there was just one subject on which any casual acquaintance might chat freely in.

the presence of Bartlet without the least fear of correction or interruption. That subject was the law. However absurd the mistake, Bartlet said nothing. He was by profession a solicitor, and he did not give to casual acquaintances what he sold to clients.

He had several other sterling qualities, including strict probity in business hours, white whiskers, and temperate habits. But, in spite of them, Bartlet was not popular. Popularity has its mysteries, and many attain to it most easily who least deserve it. But it is safe to say that the Discouraging Authority is rarely popular. Such is the weakness of human nature, that we do not like to be told we are wrong even when we are. Still less do we like to be told we are wrong when we happen to be right. And we do not love our corrector the more if he keeps silence on the one subject which he really understands.

Now, it had happened that Maddison and I had been playing auction-bridge at the club in the afternoon. Robson Bartlet never plays, but he had been present as a spectator, and had not, perhaps, shown as much reticence as is expected from a spectator of the game. At any rate, Maddison was feeling sore about it. He was speaking of Bartlet at dinner. Bartlet also was dining at the club, but he was at a table at the other end of the room, out of earshot, which was, perhaps, just as well.

"We call this a Christian country," said Maddison, "and yet I'm not allowed to poison the soup of that hairy-faced reptile Bartlet, or to cut out his silly tongue. As he happens to be a member here, I can't even be reasonably rude to him. He comes oiling into the room, stands where he can see three hands, and, after the game's over, tells me I could have made another trick. Of course it was true that, if I'd not taken the finesse, I should have caught the king. But in no possible way could I tell the king was cold without looking over my opponent's

cards. I don't mind his ignorance or his——"

At that moment Blake sat down at our table and asked what was the matter with Maddison.

"Too much Bartlet," growled Maddison.

"You needn't worry about him," said Blake. "I'm going to exterminate him."

Blake is a small and quiet man, and does

not talk for show.

"Glad to hear it," said Maddison. "But

what have you got against him?"

"I'll put it as shortly as I can," said "I was talking to Thompson about Blake. something I intended to do, if it was legal. Thompson thought it was, and so did I. As we were talking, Bartlet came and stood by us; he heard everything and said nothing. Then he started to tell Thompson about the only man in London who can make boots. Well, I didn't do what I intended to do, because I thought that, after all, I'd better see my own lawyer first. If I had done it, I should have lost a lot of money and suffered a deal of inconvenience. Bartlet would have let me go on. He's a bore and an interfering nuisance, of course, but this puts on the lid.

I'm exterminating Bartlet."

"It's all very well," I said, "but a solicitor has to pay for his special training. Is he to give away his advice to every

member of his club for nothing?"

"You're muddled," said Blake. "I don't want his advice, and, if I did, I'd pay for it. But it couldn't have hurt him—as a matter of fact, it would have helped him—if he had warned me that I needed legal advice. It was not to him that I told the story; it was to Thompson. I wasn't fishing for any gratis assistance."

"All the same, you can't exterminate him," said Maddison. "I wish you could."

"Don't be afraid. I can and I shall."

As we were all sitting and smoking after dinner, Bartlet strolled up. He gave a little sniff

"What's that eigarette you're smoking?" he asked Blake.

"Archimedes," said Blake pleasantly. "Know them?"

"I once smoked part of one. I really don't know why you should smoke Archimedes when there are at least fifty better brands on the market at the same price."

"Well," said Blake mildly, "perhaps the Archimedes cigarettes have improved. Won't

you just try one?"

He offered his case, and Bartlet waved it aside.

"No, thank you," he said. "I know Archimedes by heart—lowest-grade tobacco combined with chopped straw."

Blake put the case down open on the table

beside him.

"And what do you smoke yourself?" he asked.

It seemed to me that Bartlet rather liked

this question.

"Ah," he said, "my cigarettes are not on the market at all. I get the tobacco as a special favour, and they are made for me only. The experts agree with me that there is nothing so fine to be bought for the money in London. I wish I could tell you how to get them, but, unfortunately, the supply is strictly limited. However, if you like to try one—"

Blake took one, and said it was most awfully good of him, which seemed to me

a little excessive.

And then Blake did an astounding thing. With Bartlet's cigarette in his hand, he picked up his own case and, under cover of shutting it, slipped Bartlet's cigarette into it and extracted another Archimedes. It was most clumsily done. I have never seen worse conjuring even in an amateur. I was sorry to see, too, that Bartlet had also spotted it. He watched Blake narrowly as he lit the Archimedes cigarette.

"What do you think of it, Blake?" he

asked.

"Heavenly! Much better than my own."
"That's right," said Bartlet, and stalked

away.

"I suppose you know that any fool could see you change those cigarettes," said Maddison.

"Really?" said Blake, unperturbed.

"What's worse," I said, "Bartlet saw it. He knows you've got his extra-special in your case, and that you're really smoking one of your own."

"Very likely," said Blake. "But what

of it?"

"Just this—any little practical joke you intended to play on Bartlet over his cigarettes will be a failure. It doesn't look very hopeful for the prospects of extermination."

"The prospects were never better," said Blake. "And now let's look at the cigarette that can't be bought in London." He produced it from his case. "Rather large. Oval. Good tobacco. No mark on the rice-paper except the name 'Robson Bartlet, Esq.,' in small gilt letters. Handy for him. Then, if he forgets who he is, he can look at one of his cigarettes."

"But how is this going to exterminate Bartlet?" asked Maddison.

In reply, Blake quoted a saying which Mr. Asquith had recently made popular as to the advisability of delaying judgment until

you are acquainted with the issue.

Then for some days we saw no more of Blake, and had almost forgotten the incident of the cigarette. Then he turned up at dinner at the club, and asked us if we felt positive that Bartlet had seen him change the cigarettes. Maddison and I both felt sure of it.

"I'm sorry, Blake," said Maddison. "It's quite an easy trick, and if you had only given it a little practice, you'd have been all right. As it was, you were clumsy. If that cigarette forms any part of your scheme for scoring

off Bartlet-

"It certainly does," said Blake.

"Then you'd better chuck it and try something else. Bartlet's a nuisance, but he's not an idiot."

"You think that if I made some excuse and offered him my case open with only one cigarette in it, that same cigarette being placed so as to hide the inscription upon it, Robson Bartlet, Esquire, would have a suspicion that I was tendering him his own cigarette back again under a different name?"

"Suspicion? He'd have a certainty. And he'd only have to look at the name on the

rice-paper."

"True. So he would."

"And the laugh would be all against you your little practical joke would have broken down—he'd be triumphant."

"I'm not quite so sure of that. I'll try,

if a good opportunity offers."

Apparently, a good opportunity did offer. After dinner we found Mr. Robson explaining to a group of hardened and experienced golfers what were the weak points of the game, and why he had never thought it worth while to take it up.

Blake went straight up to Bartlet.

"I say, Bartlet, I wish you'd do me a You once tried the Archimedes favour. cigarette and found it rotten."

"I'm afraid I can't go back on that."

"Well, I do think they've improved immensely of late. I wish you'd try onejust a whiff or two of it, at any rate, so as to

give me your opinion."

He opened his cigarette case. There was one cigarette in it. The shape and size gave it away. Besides, it was placed by Blake with considerable care, with the inscription

downward just before he offered it. Maddison looked at me and shook his head.

"You needn't mind taking the last one," said Blake. "I've a box of them in my pocket."

"Oh, very well," said Bartlet. "If you think my opinion of any value, I don't mind giving it."

He took the cigarette and bent down to take a match from the match-stand on the table. As he did so, he took one quick glance at the name on the cigarette. position hid him from Maddison and Blake, but I could see him from where I stood. He did it very quickly and neatly, and his eyes lighted up. I felt rather sorry for Blake.

Bartlet lit the cigarette and smoked placidly, and said nothing.

"Well?" said Blake.

"You'd like me to speak candidly?"

"Oh, do."

"Well, my palate does not often lead me This is not an Archimedes cigarette. I've tried the Archimedes cigarette once, and I know. If I mistake not, this is one of my own cigarettes—the cigarettes that are made solely for me from a tobacco which never comes into the market. If so, it will have my name printed on it. If the name is not there, I will confess at once that I am wrong." Here he examined the cigarette. "I am not wrong. My name is there. suppose it never occurred to you to look for any mark on the paper. The name is so small that it escaped your notice. people that try to be too clever generally overlook some trifle that gives you away. It puzzled me at first to think how you could have got the cigarette. But I remember now that I gave you one. I supposed you smoked it, but no doubt you kept it for this little game. And a pretty rotten game it's turning out for you, isn't it?"

"Oh, not so bad," said Blake genially.
"Not so bad? Well, a practical joke is a poor thing when it succeeds, and when it breaks down, the joker looks pretty ridiculous. You gave me back my own cigarette in the

hopes I should take it for something else and abuse it. Nobody who was a judge of tobacco could possibly have been taken in by

your silly trick."

"Perhaps not. But you're taken in, all the same, taken in all the way round, dished and cooked. To start with, that cigarette which you are smoking with such ostentatious enjoyment is not one of your own cigarettes at all."

"Nonsense! It has my own name on it."

"That may be. You are not the only man who can get that name printed on a piece of rice-paper. Having got one of your cigarettes, it was easy enough to get replicas

made differing in only one point, and that's

"Take one of your own cigarettes from your own case and open it. Then open the cigarette you are smoking. You will see the two tobaccos are not even of the same colour. Also I have the evidence of the highly respectable firm that made these little



"Bartlet had also spotted it."

in the tobacco. The tobacco you're now smoking is the lowest-grade stuff I could buy, and is used for the very cheapest cigarettes."

"How am I to know there's any truth in that?"

connoisseur-traps for me. No, you can't get away, Bartlet. One more little point—you asked me what cigarettes I was smoking. I knew that, whatever I said, you'd condemn it. So I said Archimedes, and, so far as I know, there is not, and never has been, a cigarette

of that name. But you knew all about the Archimedes cigarette, you did. You'd smoked part of one and found it beastly, you had."

"A man may make a mistake in remembering a name."

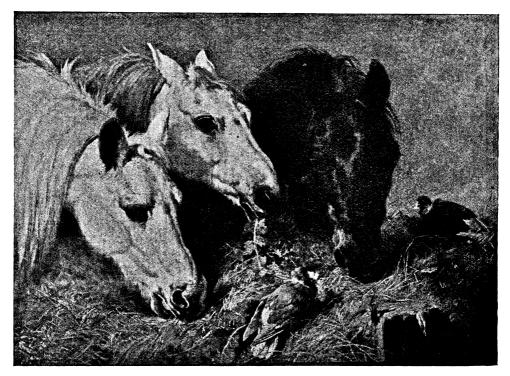
"He may. And he may make a mistake in thinking that he's got a palate, and in——"

"I simply decline to discuss the matter," said Bartlet, and turned away in fury. And the men who sat around smiled broadly.

I doubt if Blake really intended to exterminate Bartlet. But the life of a deposed authority is not pleasant in the club where he originally set up his pedestal. He becomes subject to chaff. So when Bartlet discussed comparative golf-balls and gave his decision, somebody asked him if he had ever tried the Archimedes. When he spoke of his recent acquisition of a signed work of art, people reminded him that the name on a cigarette paper was not necessarily a criterion of the tobacco inside.

So Bartlet began to back his bill at luncheon and dinner, and then sent in his resignation on the ground that of late the cuisine had gone to the dogs.

But a man who has once been an authority does not easily give up the position. Bartlet has already set up his pedestal in another club, to which I offer my respectful sympathy.



"THE SCANTY MEAL." BY J. F. HERRING.

From the original in the National Gallery of British Art, Millbank, S.W., reproduced from a photograph by H. Dixon & Son.

A QUESTION OF CARAT

By MRS. FRANCIS BAILEY

Illustrated by A. Gilbert



A DAME LA COMTESSE had, in the space of a brief twenty minutes, run through every possible key of emotion, and was reduced to the staccato of sheer breathlessness. For

the past five minutes, indeed, she had only been able to ejaculate the one word

"Incroyable!"

She kept uttering it feebly, as if she could only thus explain in some measure the incredible behaviour of her daughter. That young lady, Mademoiselle Yvonne Duroiselle, aged nineteen, stood looking at her irate mamma with a calmness that had more amusement than defiance in it. Mademoiselle Duroiselle had a slim, lithe figure, wavy hair that reminded one of red-brown beech leaves, and eyes like the petals of a dusky pansy. Not that she had any resemblance to real beauty, since her nose had been known to her English school-fellows as a "cheeky snub," and her laughing mouth was altogether too wide for her small face. irrepressible gaiety was a constant irritation to Madame la Comtesse, who found it bourgeoise, if not positively vulgar, to which Yvonne had replied, as she did to many of the maternal objections—

"Pourquoi non? If to laugh is vulgar, I prefer to be vulgar. In the English school, one could laugh like—like a cat of Cheshire"—with a sudden memory of English idiom and a very French shrug—"and we did not find it vulgar. Here it is not correct to do anything at all but

become as a vegetable—a mere cabbage. Eh "—sighing stormily—"it is not amusing for me, maman. I do nothing—nothing at all, all the days, but a little embroidery, a little dull reading, and in England I have learnt to do things."

And then, with several decisive nods of her red-brown head, Miss Yvonne had proceeded to explain that she must have something to do soon, or perish. She was not at all particular what it was, from learning to be chauffeur to acting as a bonne-since she adored babies, that would be a mere amusement—but she must do something. When it at last dawned on the never very lively mind of her plump mamma that this only daughter of hers was proposing to earn her own living—a Duroiselle, whose mother had been a St. Briande—she had given way to her indignation until she was breathless. During which Yvonne listened dutifully but with amusement, and merely laughed when the staccato finale had quite ended.

"Eh bien, my dear mamma, do not disturb yourself—the matter will arrange itself." And then she had gone, with a gay wave of the hand, to work off her vexation, as she always did, by visiting every animal of the château in turn. Animals, Yvonne had found from her babyhood, understood things so much better and more quickly than did stupid people who always wanted you to see

their way.

Just now the way of Madame la Comtesse was so much in exact opposition to the sort of thing her daughter wanted to make of life, that Yvonne privately decided that it might be necessary to bolt from all the advantages that were promised her in her mother's château.

Just back from three years in England.

she had almost forgotten the prim little life her mother led, the long empty days, and, above all, M. Fournol. It was this appalling want of appreciation of the great landowner of the Department that had reduced Madame la Comtesse to speechlessness. That a girl should be so entirely crazy as to suggest going away to earn her living pour s'amuser, when here was M. Fournol only waiting for one word—bah, it was not to be believed! It all came of Uncle Jean's mad idea that she should finish her education in England. Everyone in England was mad—that was well known—and it was clear that Yvonne had developed the same malady. Why, this good M. Fournol, so desirable and so rich, although with no title, had been ready to marry her before she went to England. It was a thing that was understood always.

"But I, at least, have not understood it jamais, jamais, jamais!" retorted Yvonne, with decisive nods, a little angry for all her

laughter.

And as she went down the flagged path to the stable, she told herself still more decisively that never, never, never would she give up her liberty by marrying anyone.

Within the next half-hour she was, womanlike, wondering who was the particularly good-looking man who shot by her in a motor, and feeling a quite irrational regret that M. Fournol did not look like that. Then, her irritation having been calmed by talking to the fat old horses that were fondly thought to be "fliers" by Madame la Comtesse, the girl turned back slowly to the house. She was not at all anxious for another outburst from her good mamma. Since the matter had been decided, as far as *she* was concerned, why argue it?

But coming upon Madame la Comtesse as she issued hasty orders to servants in that tone of fussy importance only caused by contact with the outside world, Yvonne concluded that something more important

had happened.

"It is André who sends a friend—already this evening—a very good friend, to whom he wishes us to be kind," explained her mother. The girl's mouth stiffened. She did not feel pleasantly excited at the news. She had known too many of her brother's very good friends for that.

André, who was with his regiment, and no particular credit to it, had all the futility of purpose that in Madame la Comtesse resulted in fussiness. In her spoilt son it had become something a good deal worse,

though his regimental routine had kept him moderately straight. Yvonne wondered, as she dressed for the early evening dinner that was compulsory in the château, whether this particular "good friend" would get drunk or try to borrow money, as the last two had done.

Her surprise was, therefore, all the more pleasant when she saw M. Max Couillard, for he did not look in any way like the vauriens who had so far come with introductions from André. He was altogether much nicer, Yvonne decided, as she glanced shyly at him. The fact that he was able to make her feel shy was in itself a proof of her interest in the visitor. He could talk, he had evidently travelled, he had the manners of a prince. Yvonne found herself asking wherever André could have picked up this friend, since his previous ones had all been vapid or insolent.

"See, then, André is not so foolish as you would like people to think," her mother had proclaimed triumphantly that night. "You can see that this M. Couillard is most amiable and accomplished, and he talks much of the ability of André." And the plump Countess strutted off to bed like a

proud hen.

Her pride in their new acquaintance increased so greatly that occasionally Yvonne felt called upon to restrain her, although she was herself quite as pleased with M. Couillard. She was especially delighted with him when M. Fournol, coming in to spend the evening, which meant smoking slowly and staring at her in stolid admiration, eved their visitor with much disapproval. Yvonne felt almost boastful of the capabilities of M. Couillard, and within the first ten minutes of the sociable evening was enjoying herself enormously at the old game of playing off one admirer against another. She had hardly realised before that she counted M. Couillard an admirer, but she had got to the stage of seriously considering his looks and abilities before the evening was over. It was indeed droll, she decided, to watch poor M. Fournol's jealousy. It was equally droll to see this M. Couillard's easy way with M. Fournol and the whole household. Apparently he thought was now quite one of the family; it was quite amusing, and relieved the usual monotony so much that Yvonne forgot to think about going out to be a bonne. She found M. Couillard much more flattering to her grown-up dignity than her elderly admirer had ever been, since poor M. Fournol could

never regard her as anything but a little

girl.

"He talks to me—bah!—as if I were a lap-dog," Yvonne had told herself indignantly, "or possibly a little cow that should some day take a first prize. He does not credit me with a head, this old M. Fournol."

That the new acquaintance flattered her cleverness as well as her eyes at once placed him in a different position, though it hardly accounted for the fascination which he had gained over her in a few days. The very extent of it made her somewhat uneasy. She began to wonder precisely what service her foolish brother André owed to this stranger that had earned that letter of introduction. Perhaps, after all, those who drank or requested loans were safer than this smiling man who did neither, and only seemed to be visiting the château in order to be charming.

Yvonne's head began to forget the external attractions of M. Couillard and to

think for itself, and to wonder.

* * * * * *

She wondered a good deal more when, returning late one afternoon from the village by a side-path that was her favourite way when alone and on foot, she found M. Couillard violently quarrelling with a stranger. Since their visitor had been careful to explain that it was the first time that he had been in their charming Province, it seemed strange to find him on such familiar terms of enmity with anyone in it. Moreover, M. Couillard had excused himself from accompanying her on her visit to an old servant, saying that he had urgent letters to write.

It was certainly curious, and Yvonne detested mysteries. Moreover, they were speaking English, or, rather, the stranger was evidently helping out his halting French with his native tongue, for, as Yvonne came nearer, she heard the word "Liar!" hurled at M. Couillard in a voice that was decidedly English and as decidedly that of a gentleman. His clothes, too, were English, and had once been "smart," her quick eye noted, though now they looked somewhat shabby. Possibly it was some rich eccentric—there were so many such—who had become angry because he did not know his way and could not ask it. But as the Englishman turned his head at the sound of Yvonne's step, she saw that it was not a stranger; it was the good-looking man who had driven past her in a motor-car two days before. At the same instant M. Couillard wheeled round, flung

some inaudible remark that seemed a sneer at the Englishman, and was ready with twenty apologies to Mademoiselle Yvonne. He had accomplished his correspondence rapidly than he had expected, and naturally he had at once hurried to meet her, he explained. He had, of course, been desolated that he had had to leave her to walk alone; nothing should have prevented him had not the letters been so urgent. All this in a swift breath as he hurried Yvonne towards the château. There was too much hurry about it altogether, thought the girl, as she glanced at him gravely, and saw him fitting on, as it were, the pleasant mask that she had hitherto known as M. Couillard.

"I did not know that you had friends in our neighbourhood, monsieur," was her only reply to his fervency, as she looked back towards the man they had left. He, too, was looking at them quite deliberately and not pleasantly, standing where they had left him at the angle of the woodland path.

M. Couillard gave a contemptuous little

laugh.

"A friend? *Ma foi*, no, mademoiselle—a fool of an Englishman who——Bah, why trouble you with the tale?" Then, as Yvonne still looked at him expectantly, he went on in a confidential tone—

"There is very little to tell. I had the misfortune to meet this man in a train one day—it was a long journey to the South -and we played cards, as men do, The English mademoiselle, for money. gentleman was "-M. Couillard shrugged his shoulders—"a cheat, a swindler. He alighted finally with much of my money, and I—well, I had never expected to see him again, and here he arrives in the middle of a wood. I remind him of our short acquaintance, and ask for an explanation, and—voilà tout, mademoiselle. Bah! The scoundrel is not worth a thought, much less that he should disturb you!" And M. Couillard, quite himself again, began to talk of the waterfall they were to visit next day.

But Yvonne's eyes kept their unusual gravity, and her mind was busy trying to fit the portrait of a card-sharper to the tall Englishman. Above her uncertainty rose the sharp fear of some possible connection of André with the gambling episodes of M. Couillard. The fear finally outweighed any greater discretion.

"M. Couillard," she said at last, stopping in the road to ask the question, "does my brother also gamble with you? Does he owe you money?"

Obviously, M. Couillard had not expected her thoughts to run in that direction. He hesitated and looked curiously at her before answering the question, then said with a light laugh—

"Why, it is the custom, dear mademoiselle. We all play cards, naturally, and one does not keep strict account of all one's debts. I am not a money-lender. Those who owe debts of honour must keep account of them—

not I.

But the careful evasion did not take the grave look from Yvonne's face, and she walked down to the château in silence. The face of M. Couillard, if she had glanced at it again, had taken on a curious grimness over its pleasant smile.

* * * * *

Ten minutes after she reached the château a note was handed to Yvonne by the old woman who was now supposed to be her maid, having been her nurse from babyhood. note was from M. Fournol, asking her if she would give herself the trouble of walking to his house as soon as possible after dinner, since César had been unreasonable enough to grow worse, and the veterinary surgeon at Auxerre was equally unreasonable, since he had allowed himself to be kicked by a horse. He had sent an assistant in his place, an Englishman who evidently knew his work, but who certainly did not know French. Would not Mademoiselle Yvonne display her usual kindness of heart, therefore, by paying a brief visit as soon as dinner was concluded? postscript, in pencil and in a good hand, quite unlike M. Fournol's sprawling flourishes, added: "It would be better not to mention the fact that anyone is here except M. Fournol. The matter is urgent."

The postscript, added to such a letter as M. Fournol's, certainly proved that the writer could not know much French; beyond that it told nothing. Yvonne was in doubt if she were to go to act as interpreter, or only to assist, as she had often done, in giving the old mastiff, César, a pill. But that curious message baffled her. Who was the writer, and why put it in English? Had, then, M. Fournol spoken of her so freely to this unknown assistant of the "vet."? And did M. Fournol usually hand around his notes to

be thus added to?

It was in a mood of decided irritation that Yvonne slipped out of the room as soon as Madame la Comtesse had settled herself for the sleep that was to her the final course of dinner. Yvonne knew that she would not be

missed, and their solitary guest must be left to himself in the dining-room a while.

It was of this guest that she thought as she hurried down the private path that connected the château with M. Fournol's grounds. Her thoughts lay so steadily in one direction that it was more natural than surprising to find M. Fournol awaiting her in company with the tall Englishman who had called M. Couillard a liar. He, in fact, seemed a great deal more surprised than Yvonne, for he flushed and stared at her in amazed silence.

M. Fournol, however, fully made up for anyone else's lack of words. He implored her excitedly to find out what this Englishman wanted, since it was evident that he could not talk a dozen words of French, and he, Maurice Fournol, did not know three of

English.

"And so, Mademoiselle Yvonne, there remained nothing but to place myself in your hands, since you are not only so proficient, but so charming, so willing to be of service to us poor ones who have not had the advantage of residence in England." M. Fournol's politeness remained despite his breathlessness. "I think I understood from the young man that he must go at once, and not to Auxerre, but to Lyons or The automobile of his employer, in which he arrived, is still here. The young man himself was to remain for another day, until there was no more sickness in the stable, and here he demands that he must go at once on a most urgent affaire, an affaire for the police. He asks in despair, was there not one that could speak English in the village, that he might explain, and then I recall the good heart, the cleverness of our dear Mademoiselle Yvonne. But he asks that it shall be quite secret—that word he knew, and said many times. So I have written, you see, the note of a diplomat, and this mysterious stranger reads it slowly—he can read our language, it seems, better than he can speak it. And so, in short, that is all, Mademoiselle Yvonne, and it remains for you to tell us if the young man is quite mad or anxious to elude the police.'

And M. Fournol, having said more than Yvonne had heard him say since she returned to France, drew himself up and tried to look judicial, but only got as far as looking like a

ruffled bantam.

The veterinary surgeon's assistant turned to her the instant that M. Fournol's rapid speech ended, judging it to be some résumé of the matter. He spoke gravely,

and Yvonne thought he looked with a little scorn at her.

"I conclude that M. Fournol has explained to you that I speak very little French. I have also, mademoiselle, very little time. Pardon me if I am abrupt. What do you

she said coldly. "That gentleman"—with emphasis—"is a guest at our château, and he is, I believe, sitting there smoking at present."

"Then Heaven help you and everyone in it," was the curt answer, "for he's the



"The girl fell also, but across his body, with her arms shielding it."

know of that man who went away with you this afternoon? Where is he now?"

Yvonne flushed with quick anger. She was a born aristocrat, for all her "English notions," and she resented the masterful tone of this—this stableman.

"I do not understand you, monsieur,"

biggest scoundrel in France! Tell M. Fournol that, please, and that I must go at once and put the police on his track."

Yvonne, bewildered, did so, to the instant amazed delight of M. Fournol. He would even, he assured her, lend horses from his stable for such a laudable purpose.

"But what do you know? I do not

understand," she began lamely.

The other broke in abruptly. "Mademoiselle, I told you I had no time to waste. The man has been a swindler, a card-sharper; it was as such that I had the misfortune to meet him. He took all that remained of my fortune. I was a fool. But that does not matter now. But since then he has done more. Do you recall the case of the old Baroness D'Avron, mademoiselle?"

Yvonne looked at him, silent with fear, and M. Fournol leant forward at the name.

"This man who is in your house murdered the Baroness for her money and jewels, as he would murder any one of us at this moment for the same reason or to save himself. Now you know why I want to go as quickly as possible to the police." He paused and looked at Yvonne while she translated to M. Fournol.

It was the latter who said instantly: "And yourself, Mademoiselle Yvonne—what becomes of you? There are jewels at the château also!"

The Englishman turned on him almost fiercely. The words he had only half understood, but the girl's shiver was patent as she looked up at him fearfully.

"Monsieur, are you then sure of this? This M. Couillard came to visit us as the friend of my brother, who is in the army. My brother had sent a letter to tell us of him, and he is educated and seems——"

"Quite a gentleman. He began life as one, I believe, and the trick of it stays with him. But I have made no mistake, mademoiselle," the Englishman went on gravely. "This is the man the police know as Gaudon. How he came to know M. your brother, I cannot tell, but I should say he arranged to come here because it is remote; there is no telephone in the village, and, I believe, not one motor-car. Once in the château, too, no one would suspect him; they are busy looking for a sailor-man near Bordeaux, I believe. Your country, mademoiselle, is beautiful, but your police-The Englishman gave quite a French shrug. "Still, we must get them here. Though I carry a revolver, M. Gaudon is not the sort of gentleman to attack alone."

"What does he propose to do?" broke in M. Fournol impatiently. "Have you told him, mademoiselle, that you live alone in the château with madame, your mother, and a crowd of silly maid-servants, and two old men who cannot shoot and are too fat to run for aid? Bah, let the police wait! It

will not recall Madame la Baronne to life that you shall also be murdered. You must remain here. I will call the men in to keep guard while we go to maman. When you are both safe, this M. Dent may go anywhere he pleases in his automobile."

He waited while Yvonne translated—the whole conversation having been a three-cornered gasp of haste—and then, saying that he also had a revolver, went off to

get it.

At the same time the Englishman Dent

opened the long window.

"It will be, perhaps, better for us to go out this way, mademoiselle, as it is not in view of the road. I hope to find that it's all right at the château. I will go in front," he added, as he stepped outside. As he did so, a bullet sang out in the still night air, and he dropped across the window-sill. the same instant the girl fell also, but across his body, with her arms shielding it. And there M. Fournol, rushing back at the sound of the shot, found her, and, having said in ten words more strong language than Yvonne had ever heard in her life, picked her up tenderly, and was genuinely surprised and even displeased to find her alive and talkative, though a little incoherent.

"It is only that I am stunned. wounded. We must get a doctor. Oh, go, dear M. Fournol, go to maman." Which last request the bewildered gentleman hurried off to obey. Madame la Comtesse, being found still comfortably dozing, was fully persuaded that M. Fournol had gone suddenly mad owing to the heat of the weather, until that plump person lost patience and ran her down to his house by dint of a forceful arm. There, on seeing her aristocratic daughter sitting on the floor and holding the head of a perfectly strange and shabby man, madame fell into such genuine hysterics that she had forthwith to be taken away by the head groom's wife.

Through all of which the Englishman lay unconscious, with the blood trickling from a wound above the collar-bone, and Yvonne staring at him in helpless silence. Everyone was running in different directions. The whole village had come up to discuss the affair or to join in the rather tentative search for the vanished M. Couillard.

"And in the meantime this man will bleed to death," said the girl to herself. There was no doctor nearer than Auxerre, and the messenger who had gone for him on horseback would take hours over the double journey. There was not a motor in the

village, nor anyone to drive it if there had been. Suddenly Yvonne remembered that this M. Dent had himself arrived in a motorcar, and she—she could drive. She had learnt to drive, among other things, in England.

She was back in a few moments, compelling M. Fournol to do what she wished, despite

his imploring.

They lifted the injured man on to the floor of the car—a small and light one much knocked about by country work. A young stable lad who volunteered for the job crouched beside him to shield him from the jolting of the road, and in the driver's seat sat Yvonne, a loaded revolver—which she had no notion how to fire—beside her, but with her hands firm on the wheel and her mind swept clear of all fear save the dread that this man should die before she could get aid for him.

It was only when the wild drive through the night was over, and the Englishman safe in the surgeon's hands, that Yvonne fainted very completely, falling at the patient's feet.

It added to the very deep admiration of both the doctors, and also to the overwhelming feeling of abasement which filled Dent's mind when he again became conscious of having a mind.

Later, when he was able to speak, he found that he could say nothing that fitted the case, and even when M. Fournol, ever generous, brought him back to convalesce at the village, Dent still found that he could say very little. He was, however, able to look a great deal, apparently—a look that

brought Yvonne to his side, slowly but quite willingly, and kept her there while he told her brokenly the thing that is the same in any language.

Madame la Comtesse was incredulous, furious, and tearful by turns; Yvonne placid and firm. To find that this audacious assistant to a veterinary surgeon was the younger brother of a lord, who had run through his fortune and left England to pick up a living as best he could, was somehow a great sedative to madame's injured maternal To Yvonne it did not matter in the least-she knew that nothing mattered any more since she had sat shielding that fluttering life that night. The Englishman himself was in a paradise that, he frequently told himself and Yvonne, could not possibly be real. Therefore he treated it as a tender jest, and hardly troubled himself to consider worldly affairs as yet. Once, however, he wondered what had become of Couillard, and why he had not tried to stop the car. Yvonne flushed a little and turned her eyes away as she said-

"Well, if you would like to know—as you will have to know some time—it was not worth his while. I—paid him." She looked into Dent's puzzled face mischievously.

"I thought he would follow when he heard the car, and so I brought money—fortunately I had a good deal lying idle in my room—and I put it in a bag with some jewels, and wrote across it that I was only going to find a doctor, not the police. If he left us—me—alone, I for one should not trouble about him. He came just where I had expected—at the end of the road above the wood—and I—just threw it to him and trusted to my luck." And Dent thought he knew then why she had fainted as soon as the strain was over.

But again he could not say much, only over and over again, "Oh, you little brick!" as he held her close to him.

And Yvonne, knowing the depth of that English term, was quite content.



THE LETTER OF THE LAW

By J. D. SYMON

Illustrated by A. J. Gough



R. JOHN HUNTER
was a man of
consequence in St.
Nicholas. Somewhere about 1820,
his business in the
Northern seaport
first took that
prosperous turn
which was to make
its founder the

the town, Lord foremost merchant of Provost, and in time Member of Parliament. In those days St. Nicholas lay very far away from the rest of the kingdom; she nestled contentedly between her two rivers, doing a considerable business in timber with America and the Baltic, and producing in her factories her own famous staple of wool and linen. London was distant a good forty-five hours' journey by coach, or three weeks by the sailing-smack. Self-centred, the city bred a strong, if narrow, individuality in her children, who were a curious blend of the commercial and the academic; for many of her merchants, no less than her lawyers, doctors, and divines, were proud to write themselves graduates of her ancient university. Keen and enterprising men they were, with tongues tuned to a racy vernacular not yet debased by popular education. They dressed correctly in black surtouts and elegant narrow trousers, well strapped, wore their high stocks with distinction, and would as soon have thought of going barefoot as of appearing, week-day and Sunday-or "Sabbath," as they said with punctilious Hebraism—without the indispensable tall beaver hat. In their local Athenæum Club, with its wide windows overlooking the Cross, they read the already

aged London papers, and discussed the sins or the virtues, according to each man's persuasion, of the reigning Government. For local interests they had the eternal water and harbour questions, varied with city improvements, the future of gas, and the coming of the railroad. A narrow life, perhaps, but very vital, and richly conservative of the national character. Of fine and even distinguished manners, these merchants and advocates were men of honour, among whom survived the temperament and style of the eighteenth century. "Mr. Hunter, a glass of wine with you, sir." "I thank you, sir, with the greatest of pleasure. I nottice in The Herald," and so forth. The accent, even more than the phrasing of their speech, proclaimed them Scotsmen.

It was a fine April morning in the very early 'forties. In ten minutes, Mr. Hunter, punctual to the moment, would enter the office and give his confidential clerk, James Stephen, a courteous greeting. He would then change his coat with ceremony and sit down to open his letters. Already Mr. James Stephen was at his own desk near the window, looking over manifests from the Sir Richard Arkwright and the Richebucto, just entered inwards. But Mr. James's thoughts were not on his work. His interest slackened; he looked idly out upon the harbour, sparkling in the sunshine, at the tall masts of the firm's great sailing-ships, away to the green slopes beyond the river, and so back to the quay, with its busy sailors and shore-porters unlading merchandise. Mr. James, a correct, if minor, edition of his chief, was not, as Sandy Mackay, the office-boy, knew, in the best of tempers. Sandy had had his lugs skelpit—that is, his ears boxed—for "impidence and negligence,"

as a preliminary to the day's activities, and was now snuffling in the outer office, and telling a very junior clerk how "Jeemsie Stephen-set him up !--was in one o' his tirryvies," and had nearly committed murder on the person of Alex. Mackay aforesaid. Assuredly Jeemsie Stephen would one fine Monday morning at eight o'clock "look down Keith Brae," which was the local euphemism for being hanged; for, in those days of public justice, victims of the law in the braif town of St. Nicholas faced the thoroughfare in question just before they were turned off. Sandy was old enough to remember the last city hangman, an amiable character, who used to duck his scolding wife, Kirsty, in the canal, to the infinite diversion of schoolboys; but the office had now been nearly ten years in abeyance, and St. Nicholas depended, at need, on the expert services of Mr. Calcraft from London.

Unconscious of the fate prophesied for him, Mr. James frowned through the smallpaned window at the harbour and at life. Things were not well with him this morning. St. Nicholas seemed a hopeless place, for all her bright air of prosperity. Her clean, hard, white houses and streets, sparkling granitic in the sun, had turned forbidding. The heights beyond, with their suggestion of holiday rambles in the sweetest of sweet company, had grown things to shun. Why not throw it all up, take shipping—an easy thing—and be off to America, to tempt fortune in a wider world? Now, as Mr. James enjoyed a snug berth, rising esteem, and a reasonable emolument for eight-andtwenty, you will have guessed that his pessimism had its roots in some affair of the heart, which was very true. Like the traditional industrious apprentice-although he was now confidential clerk—James loved his master's daughter, and yesterday—Sunday -having dined with his employer, he had taken his courage in both hands and spoken, only to be informed that while as a confidential clerk he was possibly second to none, as a son-in-law his position left something to be desired. Mr. Hunter, almost fatherly in his consideration, begged to hear no more of the matter, and trusted for a continuance of former relations, cordial but more or less business. No harm was done, Miss Hunter was much honoured, but Mr. Stephen would understand. Another glass of port, and that was an excellent sermon of Dr. Murray's this morning.

Thus it was that Mr. Stephen, slim,

good-looking, gentlemanly, clean-shaven, and wearing the somewhat ambrosial locks of his period, sat listening in some apprehension for his master's footstep. Had Mr. Hunter, for all his summary dismissal of the question, made inquisition of his daughter? On that score Mr. James was uneasy, for he knew that Letitia, although probably "much honoured," was also ready and willing. He had not gone to headquarters without being very sure of the lady's mind. His present glimpses of the hills southward and the green slopes on the cliff-heads towards the battery, the lighthouse, and the sea, brought back memories of many stolen walks with his beloved, and he wondered whether the chief was now master of these and sundry other matters, confidential, certainly, but outside the strict routine of clerkly duty. There had been letters, also privately conveyed, no matter how, and altogether Mr. Stephen had reason to fear that there might be something more to say. He had been very presumptuous, but, by Jove, he did not care! Letitia loved him-he would have her yet. Here, at home, promotion, if sure, was very slow; he would be off to America and come back full of dollars before you could say "Jack Robinson," or, at least, before the bloom was off Letitia's lovely cheek, and so-confound all purseproud fathers! It might be good tactics to hand in his resignation at once.

A precise step and the rattle of the door "sneck" here told him that the moment had come.

"Good morning, James!"

"Good morning, sir!"

"That's a fine day. The wind a bittie snell yet, but a promise of spring in the air. Ay, ay! Well, I see that the Sir Richard's in, and the Richie. Ye've got the manifests there; let us see them. I met Captain Mitchell on the quay. A fine passage, I hear."

The coat was changed, the master sat down, and immediately strict attention to business was the order of the morning. The captains of the newly arrived ships called on their owner and gave account of their stewardship; other callers came and went in the more leisurely fashion of the time, yet none without a strict eye to the main chance. Posts were few, and in an age when the worries of the telephone and the telegraph were undreamt of, "hustle," in the modern sense, was not, but the life was strenuous enough. Money was to be made, and made it was, with a tight and ready

hand, and the makers knew the full zest of the game.

In the short intervals allowed him for reflection, James Stephen marvelled to find how readily he had slipped into routine. Where were his vainglorious resolutions, the high courage with which he had meant to fling down his resignation? His master's familiar greeting, his easy assumption of authority, his methodical gathering up of the threads of work, had blown away the clerk's more fantastic castles in the air. He became at once a cog in the machine; for the time being he thought only of business. Letitia, it is true, hovered in the background, but merely as she had done in the pre-prohibition era—as a stimulus to industry. Last night's trying incident receded. The Queen's government—otherwise the work of the firm—had to be carried on. That had become second nature to Mr. Stephen. habits of a dozen years were not to be broken in an hour. Immersed in American correspondence, he no longer dreamed of emigration.

The day passed. As five o'clock struck on the Town House clock, Mr. Hunter signed his last letter, rose, and changed his coat. He took up his hat and umbrella and glanced down the harbour, where the topmasts, tipped with the pale gold of an April sunset, stood clear against the cold grey of the eastern sky, always something inhospitable at that hour on that coast. But the sight of his argosies was warm and comforting. He nodded and turned to go, just as he had turned every night from time immemorial. Another moment, and with "Good night, James," he would be gone. But at the door

he stopped, his hand on the latch.

"James!"
"Sir?"

"I have had some words with my daughter. It seems you have been corresponding. matter is more serious than I supposed. Her affections are, it seems, deeply engaged. You are a bold young man. My duty would be to put a stop to this affair once for all, but my daughter's distress tempts me to make an exception-I pray it be not weak and All will depend on your own industry and conduct. I think very well of you, James, very well, so I neither forbid entirely nor sanction your addresses. you will give me your word not to have any more clandestine meetings. As to writing, any discreet notes you may care to entrust, unsealed, to me will be duly delivered. These may from time to time be exchanged. For the rest, all will be as before. I shall give you occasional opportunities of seeing each other, as heretofore, under my own roof, but not, of course, solus cum sola." (Mr. Hunter rolled out the Latin unctuously.) "You will thus improve your acquaintance, and in a year or two, if you are still of the same way o' thinkin', we'll consider further. This I do, mind ye, for Letitia's sake alone. You understand?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"No secret meetings."

"No, sir."

"And letters, if any, through me."

"Yes, sir, if any."

The sour dubiety of James's "if any" all but betrayed Mr. Hunter into a grim smile of satisfaction. "Good night," he said curtly, and went his way, congratulating himself that his highly peculiar conditions as to correspondence would have the effect he intended. He had been very diplomatic, he fancied. He had not aroused active opposition. The affair would die a natural death. There would be no letters, or, if any, of such a perfunctory sort as to be quite useless. He knew James to be a man of his word, and already he had had Letitia's tearful promise about further correspondence. He had found her wonderfully tractable on that head, but he put it down to his authority and to daughterly duty. If there had been a fight, he would not have wondered, but all's well that ends well. James, of course, had yielded because he saw, or thought he saw, where his interest lay. Oh, yes, yes, Mr. Hunter had come out of a difficulty with credit, as usual. And when he made his concession about a strictly regulated correspondence, Letty had brightened up surprisingly. Well, half a loaf was better than no bread, surely. He didna think there would be many half-loaves after a while. Oh, he had played his cairts fine! And if, of course, the thing was to be, if it was the Lord's will and a' that-well, nothing on airth would stop it, and he had done nothing to occasion reflections. James, though freely young yet, had sterling stuff in him, and might be worth a partnership. We would see, we would see, come time. The cautious course was the thing.

In a glow of self-congratulation, this pompous, good man stepped homeward to his mansion in Silver Square, where Letitia reigned, and every day, her father thought, grew bonnier and liker the mother she could

not remember.

The eagerness of her welcome to-night



"He obeyed, however, and a crackle of paper sounded from the coat-tail."

persuaded him that already the cloud of last night had passed away. The young fools did not know their own mind. Oh, he had been politic, very politic, and the firm parental hand was a salutary institution. Letty brought him his house-coat and his slippers. He dined informally, and dozed over the fire with a glass of port and *The Herald*. Then, early to bed, which with its complement, early to rise, was the way to be healthy and wealthy and, Mr. Hunter was convinced, wise.

II.

Things fell out entirely as the wise man had foreseen, and rather more so. He had expected a letter or two-cold consolation. but the only thing possible—to pass between the lovers per his good self. But the days went on, and neither of the pair sought his kind offices. It had been a mere squib of passion, after all—calf love, easily killed by common-sense. He watched for signs of pining—in those days girls "pined"—but Letty bloomed into fuller graciousness, and went about the house singing. Of secret meetings John Hunter had no fear, for Letty had a man's sense of honour. Deceit was out of the question. Evidently the thing was finished. Mr. Hunter was puzzled, and, to tell the truth, not quite pleased. Reflection had presented Mr. James Stephen in no unfavourable light. He was becoming the mainstay of Hunter and Forbes, shipowners and shipbrokers. Forbes was long dead, without heirs or assigns—he had always been more or less a cipher. John Hunter had no son, he was turning over to years now, and, in the course of Nature, Lettv must one day be Hunter and Forbes. She would need a prime minister, one entirely devoted to her interests, if such could be found. Mr. Hunter looked about and could see nobody better fitted than—but this was premature. He had still a good actuarial expectation of life. Hoots, toots! the matter remained simmering in his mind.

But such backward young people! No sign from either. The master had made small haste to invite the man to stretch his legs again under the hospitable mahogany at Silver Square. When neither lass nor lad showed inclination, there was little call to fling together persons better, far better, kept apart. And the lassie was cheerful, contented. Why awaken old follies? James Stephen, too, growing more confidential every day, seemed at ease with the world. He had lately, during Mr. Hunter's absence

in Leith, brought off some delicate pieces of business in a masterly manner, and the New Year would see a rise of salary. For the rest, he went his way apparently heart-whole, accompanied his widowed mother to the kirk on Sundays, and was the shining light of the Young Men's Literary and Debating Club. On Saturday afternoons he took a turn on the sunny side of the glorious but then unfinished Great Bridge Street, which was, and is, the ornament and wonder of the town. It was gay in those days of bright colour as it has never been since, for St. Nicholas had then a regular garrison, and the gallant tartans and flaming tunics of the officers who promenaded there, to the delight of the city's womankind, qualified that grey civilian thoroughfare with a dash of military ardour. And in winter the scarlet gowns of the students rivalled the coats of Mars. Skirts, apple-green and skyblue, of surprisingly thin texture for the rigorous North, ballooned round the figures of damsels whose bright eyes, curls, and roses peeped bewitchingly from beneath the deep shadow of poke-bonnets, the elderliness of which could not disguise the charm of youth. And on sunny afternoons, when the regimental band played at the Cross, when silks rustled, plaids fluttered in the breeze, and spurs and sabres clanked on the planestones, the braif town boasted a bravery of which the present generation does not dream. If amid such a scene Mr. James Stephen happened to meet Miss Hunter and exchanged a ceremonious bow, a word, and a pressure of the hand-well, the place was public, and none could call the meeting clandestine. That they seldom missed that fleeting consolation must be attributed to the benevolence of happy chance. Whether or not they sighed for the stolen rambles of earlier days, the chronicler cannot say.

Thus a year passed, and again it was April. John Hunter, pondering many things in his heart, was seized with a perverse longing to know the young people's mind. Mr. Stephen had dined on New Year's Day at Silver Square, but his attitude and Letitia's had been exasperatingly ceremonious. John Hunter watched their meeting with curious eyes, but he got no enlightenment for his pains. The self-contained hussy did not even blush. Mr. James was as correct as his own immaculate stock. Cordiality reigned at the board and pleasant friendliness, but nothing more than became master's daughter and trusted employé. And when, at parting, Mr. Hunter, shrewdly

observant, and with just a hint of sly meaning in his tone, gave the immemorial city toast, "Bon-accord! Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again!" neither of the young people moved an eyelid of betrayal. For once the keen old merchant was out of

his reckoning.

Yet deep in his heart he asked himself whether they were only cunning dissemblers. That first night, when he taxed his daughter with her attachment, he had seen a storm of passion that seemed to him, and he was not without experience, very like the real thing. It was that which had made him lenient, after his curious, qualified fashion. Girls were changeable, he knew, but this coolness had something unreal about it. He could end it, to be sure, by a favourable movement, to which he was more and more inclined, and know the truth one way or But supposing all was really ended, such overtures would place him in an awkward position. He must bide his time. Somehow he suspected he was being hood-Their love, if it still lived, must be feeding on some secret consolution. But he was sure no letters had passed, and meetings had been merely a bow in the street. Even that could not have been frequent, for at the hour when Letty usually went out, James was pinned to his desk, and girls had little freedom of movement in the Dark Ages. John Hunter was well served in his own household. Andrew Mackintosh, his ancient butler, had certain orders. No suspicious letters had ever come for Miss Letitia. any come, Andrew's integrity would have suffered the severest strain, but it was never put to that test.

On the first of April, however, illumination came, sudden and unwelcome. That morning, James Stephen, drawing some documents from his pocket, let fall a letter on his master's desk. With an unwary cry, he snatched at it—too late. The old man's eye had caught the address—"the backing,"—as they called it then. He put his left

hand over it.

"With all respect, sir—" James began,

but the old man waved him off.

"No, no, James. This requires explanation. It's not old—the ink is fresh. I know the hand. I am sorry to have been deceived."

"You have not been deceived, sir. Heaven is my witness, the letter of our agreement has been faithfully kept."

"James, James, how can ye stand there and lie to me like that? I undertook to

deliver such letters as you and my daughter thought fit to write to each other, but never once have you or she asked me to favour a line. This is a serious matter, and I had such an opinion of your integrity."

"Sir, I do not lie to you. I repeat we have kept our bargain to the letter. More I cannot say just now without Miss Hunter's

permission."

"Are ye out of your senses, sir? Ye know as well as I do there's been never a line betwixt you that I've carried. Oh, James, James, can't ye be a man and confess and take the consequences? And your lying is very clumsy—eediotic, in fact, eediotic, sir. How ever am I to trust you again?"

"I would resign, sir, at once, if I'd been guilty, but I've a complete answer. Ask

Miss Hunter, sir."

The merchant sat silent for a minute or two.

"Well," he said at last, "it's verra peculiar. Answer me this, James. Am I right in supposing this letter is not an old one, belonging to the time before I forbade correspondence? What's the date? No, I'm not going to read it."

"To-day's date, sir."

"There's no postmark, I see."

"No, sir, nor any seal or wafer. Turn it

over, please, and see."

"Very strange. Now, as it evidently came by hand, I must make it my business to find out your go-between."

" As you please, sir."

"Precisely, and not by your leave. Has there been much of this, may I ask?"

"A considerable deal."

"For how long past?"

"Since the day you bound us over."

"You are a rascal, sir—an unprincipled rascal and hypocrite—but you'll have a fair chance. You say my daughter can give me a complete answer. I will lose no time in asking her. Help me on with my coat. I'll step up the way and get to the bottom of this without delay. It is a serious matter for me, James—more serious than you can know. I pray God you are telling me the truth, young man, for I liked you, and at my age it's ill discovering perfidy in those you have trusted. I trusted you, James, and esteemed you above the common."

"You will not find you have been mistaken, sir." He took down the coat and held it out. A close observer might have noticed that he was struggling with some secret amusement during the moment his master's

back was turned, but he met him again with

a straight face enough.

"Stay," said Mr. Hunter, "I'm not going to violate confidences. We'll seal this very open love-letter before I take it away. use your own signet-ring, James—the one I gave you. I must say you were very confiding in the honour of your go-between, whoever he or she may be."

"He has our entire confidence, sir."

"Well, no more trifling. Get on with those statements until I come back."

Heavily Mr. Hunter departed and marched up Great Bridge Street, too preoccupied even to return the greetings of entering Silver acquaintances. Solemnly Square, he took out his "lifter," as the townsfolk called a latchkey, and "let himself in" to the house.

"Letty, Letty, are ye in?"
"Yes, papa." An anxious little person in billowy skirts whirled downstairs to meet her father. "What's the matter? He at this hour? You're not ill, are you?"

"No, my dear, not ill. But, Letty, come into the library; I want a word with you."

Letty trembled a little, for her father was plainly upset. Her colour came and went, but she met her father's eye fearlessly. This he noted to her credit.

He closed the door, opened his pocket-book, and held out the letter.

"Do you know that?" he asked.

Letty nodded. "All but the seal," she said. "We promised to leave them unsealed."

"It would have been well, don't you think,

to have kept other promises?"

"I don't understand. But how did you come by this?"

"You may well ask, my deceitful leddy."

Mr. James dropped it on my desk."

"Careless wretch! Still, it was thoughtful of him to seal it on receipt. But what's all this bother about? You gave us permission to write, didn't you?"

"Yes, on conditions."

"Well, it was unsealed when it left my hands, I protest, papa."

"But that wasn't the chief condition, which has been treacherously disregarded."

" Are you sure?"

"Take care, Letty. Don't play James's game of impertinent prevarication; it won't help you. You remember I was to carry all letters?"

"And haven't you?"

"Letty, Letty, I'll be saying something I'll be sorry for, if you carry on like this. You know as well as I do that I've never been asked to convey a single line for either You've gone behind my back-

He stopped, dumfounded, for Letty had sunk into an easy-chair, where she lay

shaking with uncontrollable laughter.

"Oh, my dear papa—oh, oh, it's too funny for words! I really— Gracious Heavens. can't you guess? 'Gone behind your back!' Yes, yes, if you like. Oh, it's too good! Bless me, you dear old thing, wait till I get my breath, and I'll explain. I say, you haven't dismissed James, have you?"

"Not yet. He said he had a complete answer, but must have your permission

first."

"James is a gentleman. I'll forgive him

for dropping the letter."

"Yes, yes, but explain, Letty. Remember, to me this doesn't seem at all diverting. My trust in you both is in jeopardy. I've more at stake in this than you know.

Letty struggled to control herself.

"Dear papa, you remember the night James first spoke to you, and I'd to confess having written and received letters, you said you didn't understand how I'd got them, but would ask no questions, only you would be the bearer in future?"

"Of course I remember. Well?"

"Well, the bearer was never changed." "That's just what riles me. You have

acted very deceitfully."

"Hear me out, please. Will my dear papa kindly pick up the skirt of his coat and examine it."

"What the mischief does the lassie mean?

Are we a' daft?"

He obeyed, however, and a crackle of

paper sounded from the coat-tail.

"Look, my dear," Letty went on, "don't you see that slit in the lining—all my own work. See what's inside. If I'm not mistaken, it's James's daily letter to me, unsealed, of course, and put in when you're out of your own room for a moment. It is really not safe to change your coat at the office."

"And do you mean to tell me that all this twelvemonth I've been carrying his letters?"

"Yes, papa dear, and my replies."

For a moment John Hunter stared at his daughter, uncertain of the next move. Then his sense of humour prevailed, and he laughed himself to the verge of apoplexy. When he found his voice again, he wagged his head at Letty, saying: "Two such accomplished criminals are too many. The sooner we get you made one, the better. I'll away back to the office and ask James's opinion on matrimony."



Photo by] [M. Jacole some of the indians in London who are active in relief work, and their friends.

INDIA'S ACTIVE PART

IN MEDICAL RELIEF DURING THE WAR

By SAINT NIHAL SINGH

INDIA is not contented with supplying fighters to help to crush the enemies of the Empire, and paying for their maintenance while on active service, but she is bestirring herself to furnish men and money to nurse the disabled soldiers back to efficiency. Rajas and commoners, men and women, one and all have been active ever since the beginning of the war in providing medical relief. Indians at home and those sojourning abroad—in the United Kingdom and elsewhere—have volunteered to aid in restoring the wounded and sick soldiers to prime fighting condition.

On account of their proximity to the field of action, Indians permanently or temporarily residing in and near London and in the Provinces have proved of great use in looking after the batches of wounded Indians conveyed to this country from the Continent. Many scores of them are now engaged in relief work. The majority of them are students or ex-students; some have secured medical and surgical diplomas; others were attending the various Inns of Court, technical institutes, etc., when the war broke out. The majority is composed of professional men, retired Government servants, and the like. Those with medical qualifications are

acting as physicians and surgeons, and are assisted by medical students. Others are employed as orderly officers, and are serving in various capacities, such as looking after stores, distributing rations, acting as interpreters between the wounded Indian soldiers and British doctors and officials, carrying on correspondence, and doing other work.

The alacrity and whole-hearted patriotism with which these men gave up their regular occupations and placed their services at the disposal of the India Office evidenced how closely India and Britain are knit together, and how Imperialistic is Young India. may point out that the sacrifice they are making for the Empire is not that of stay-at-home people, but of strangers in a strange land, thousands of miles away from their kindred. In devoting themselves to this work, they are prolonging their stay away from their loved ones. those familiar with the instinct of Indians, which induces them to be attached to their homes and families, will really appreciate the depth of the sentiment which has prompted so many of them to defer their return to their parents and, in many cases, to their wives and children.

I may say a few words as to how the units

were organised to render efficient aid during the crisis. As soon as the political horizon foreshadowed war, Indians at the British Universities, Inns of Court, and other institutions, began to offer their services as volunteers. These applications came from Indians in London, at Oxford and Cambridge, in Scotland and Ireland—in fact, practically from every large educational centre in the United Kingdom where Indians were localised. These men wanted to go to the Front to fight the enemy, and expressed their readiness to undergo the military training

deal of the credit for this wise and conciliatory move is due to Mr. M. K. Gandhi, barrister-at-law, who for many years has been the recognised leader of Indians in South Africa, where, during the Boer War, he organised his countrymen residing in that part of the world to do relief work. He had arrived in this country about the time of the outbreak of the war. His health was far from satisfactory, but, believing that every Indian should do all in his power to help Britain during this struggle, he set out to rally all the influential Indians in Great



Photo supplied by]

[Dr. Ranade.

DR. RANADE AND AN INDIAN SERVICE BEARER CORPS WHICH SERVED IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

required to fit them for active service in the firing line.

These applications opened up the vexed question of Indians being allowed to volunteer, a right which at present is denied to all Hindus, Moslems, Animists, Jains, Sikhs, etc. Feeling that such a crisis was not the time to seek to force the hand of the authorities, patriotic Indians realised the necessity of initiating a movement which would induce their countrymen domiciled or sojourning in these isles to offer their services unconditionally to the India Office, thereby leaving the Secretary of State for India absolutely unfettered as to the use he should make of Indian volunteers. A great

Britain around him to place their services unconditionally at the disposal of the Government.

In view of the fact that a large percentage of the Indians living in the United Kingdom held medical degrees or were qualifying for them, the authorities came to the conclusion that it would be best to employ Indian volunteers in relief work. The initiation of the movement that has been referred to strengthened the hand of the India Office in this respect.

A short time after the war had been declared, a corps of Indians desiring to make themselves useful in medical relief work was organised. Dr. James B. Cantlie, the



Photo by] [F. A. Swaine.

MR. N. C. SEN,

Assistant Adviser to the Indian Students in the United Kingdom.



Photo by]
MRS. N. C. SEN.

[F. A. Swaine.

Harley Street specialist, who has distinguished himself in Red Cross work, and who is famous the world over for championing the cause of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the man who overthrew the Manchu dynasty in China, undertook to give a course in first-aid to the injured at the London Polytechnic. Lieutenant-Colonel Baker, retired I.M.S.,



Photo by] [Marshall, Mandalay.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL KAMTA PRASAD.

was delegated to drill the men and prepare them to render efficient service to sick and wounded Indian soldiers. They were not only drilled every afternoon, but also had a week-end camp not far from London, where they were familiarised with the conditions with which they would be required to cope when actually engaged in relief work.

Not long after the organisation of the

corps, the call came for these men to engage in the work for which they had been thus prepared. Details of them were sent out to various points to afford medical relief to wounded Indian soldiers. Particulars on this subject I am not allowed to divulge. Some were placed on hospital ships to look after the needs of their countrymen while they were being taken from the Continent to the base hospitals.

I can speak of the relief work being done by Indians from personal observation. They are engaged in relieving the distress of sick and wounded Indian soldiers with a conscientious care and devotion to duty which impresses all those who see them discharging their tasks, and which has won the approbation of their superior officers, mostly belonging to the retired list of the Indian Medical Service or the Royal Army Medical Corps. The professional skill of the doctors and nurses is demonstrated by the fact that the wounds are rapidly healing, and sickness is quickly disappearing.

To say that the soldiers among whom they are placed appreciate them is to make a very mild statement. The relief workers, like the Indian soldiers for whom they are caring, are gathered from various points of the Peninsula, are of diverse nationalities and races, and profess widely differing religions. This means that the various groups of Indian fighters are likely to find among the corps men who can talk to them in their own language, know their psychology, temperament, and habits of life, and understand all about their prejudices. The presence of the Indian relief workers among the wounded Indian soldiers literally creates for them a little India thousands of miles away from Hindustan.

While visiting a hospital recently, I witnessed a touching scene, showing the magic effect which the sound of one's own familiar patois exercises upon a person far from home. The Indian officer who was

showing me round the place happened to be from Sindh, and could converse in Sindhi. In a ward which we visited—one which did not belong to the hospital in which my escort was stationed—there happened to be a wounded soldier from Sindh. The minute he learned that my companion could speak his dialect, his face brightened. He leaned as far out of bed as he could, caught both of the officer's hands in his own and held them lovingly, and the two chatted away for many minutes. At parting, the Sindhi soldier thanked the officer most profusely for giving him the opportunity of talking in his mother-tongue. This affecting scene led the head of the institution to remark that while halting talk in a foreign language often is most useful, it does not satisfy the craving of a stranger in a strange land to hear his dialect spoken with its native intonation, its correct accent, proper modulation of voice, and the colloquial terms to which he is accustomed.

A feature of the hospital that strongly impressed me was the great care taken by the authorities to afford facilities to the soldiers to enable them to eat the kind of food they are used to having, to give their dead the cremation or burial enjoined upon them by their respective religions, and to take all possible precautions against the infraction of caste canons. It was pleasant to note that Indian soldiers who were able to assist in cooking were engaged in preparing food for their disabled comrades, and that separate kitchens had been provided for Hindus and Moslems.

The thoughtfulness of the Indian ladies in the United Kingdom, in sending sweets and other delicacies to the Indian soldiers, has won their deep gratitude. They are also grateful to the Indians, Anglo-Indians, and others who have sent them and their comrades at the Front warm clothing in addition to what is provided by the military authorities





A GIRL'S SONG

By KATHARINE TYNAN

THE Meuse and Marne have little waves;
The slender poplars o'er them lean.
One day they will forget the graves
That give the grass its living green.

Some brave French girl the rose will wear That springs above his comely head; Will twine it in her russet hair, Nor wonder why it is so red.

His blood is in the rose's veins,
His hair is in the yellow corn.
My grief is in the weeping rains
And in the keening wind forlorn.

Flow softly, softly, Marne and Meuse; Tread lightly, all ye browsing sheep; Fall tenderly, O silver dews, For here my dear Love lies asleep,

The earth is on his sealed eyes,
The beauty marred that was my pride.
Would I were lying where he lies,
And sleeping sweetly by his side!

The Spring will come by Meuse and Marne,
The birds be blithesome in the tree.
I heap the stones to make his cairn
Where many sleep as sound as he.



THE TRAMP

By EDITH DART

Illustrated by Balliol Salmon



HE blinding sun
poured down upon
the stretch of open
moor, whose only
shade was given
by gorse bushes
meagrely here and
there. The figure
of a tramp crouched
under one of these.
There was no other

living being in sight, for the troops of moor ponies, which browsed at will on the short moor grass, had all disappeared as the sun heightened. The solitary figure did not move, but crouched under the shade and, hands on knees, watched intently some point within his line of vision.

Westward was cultivated land. A broad park lay to the north; beyond its clumps of fine old trees might be discerned the sweep of a river gleaming in the midday sun. every other side swept the moor in great free curves. Jagged tors cut the skyline; granite boulders piled carelessly, as though giants at play had left them hurriedly, lay In winter and spring a everywhere. brawling stream ran just below the spot where the tramp rested—a stream rapid and noisy as all moorland streams. It was nearly dry in August. A botanist would have known of its existence by the presence of plants of sundew, milk-wort, and a creeping bog campanula, rare even in a marshy up-The tramp was no botanist. never gave a glance to the rare plants at his Nor, although they were all about him, did he notice the twin glories of gorse and heather, purple and gold tapestries fit for a king's triumphal way. Two great waves of colour, they rippled and swept all over the land. After a time the figure changed its position, and lay flat on the dry, springy turf, eyes still fixed on something. He continued to look, never taking his gaze from the point of vantage.

There was the murmur of many wild bees about the heather-bells and thick clusters of golden gorse blooms, that poured nutty fragrances on the warm air. White butterflies flew here and there, slight specks of grace in their light flight; one sometimes rested for an instant on the tattered sleeve of the recumbent figure. Motors went by on the high-road to the south-west; their noise was carried on the still air. Tourists came near and passed; the tramp did not hear them. Minutes drew themselves to an hour: the next was three-quarters gone, when there came a slight sound from among the trees of the park, the sound of an approaching vehicle. A woman with a sun-bonnet on her head came out and threw back the lodge gates. She waited, watching for a moment.

An old-fashioned, wide-bodied carriage came in sight. It was drawn by a pair of bay horses; there was a coachman only on the box. Within were two occupants, an elderly lady beneath a large frilled sunshade, and a girl of eighteen or thereabout. The old lady bowed stiffly, without smiling, to the salutation of the lodge-keeper; the girl in the wide-brimmed hat called out something. The sound of her laugh was quite clear at the little distance where the tramp watched, half hidden by the furze bush.

His eyes fastened upon the face of the girl. She carried no sunshade, and her head was held high, her face clearly to be seen. It was a face good to look upon, such as is to be found only in an English family of quality. Yet it had an individuality of its own, and could never possibly have been mistaken for another. It was an oval face, with a clear, pale skin only slightly flushed by the burning sun. It bore the look of perfect health. Her hair was abundant brown, with flecks of gold where the sun caught it. Her eyes were grey, with depths in them, and they looked out confidently and steadily from behind the straight dark lashes that fell, when the eyes were lowered,

heavily on the pale cheek. She wore a pale blue linen frock, and in her white hat there was a knot of briar roses.

All these details the eyes of the tramp took in as he stared from behind the bush. Then the carriage had passed. He could only look at its back as it went up the road

between the open moor.

The wretched figure turned away; his knuckles showed white against the unwashed hand that had supported his face. He tilted his apology for a hat over his eyes, and lay back again, gazing up at the tense blue sky, where the air quivered in eddies and moving His unloveliness was more apparent now as the sun poured down. It showed clearly the rents in his coat, the cracked boots that were only partly done up, and that with a piece of string. His collarless neck was burnt brown, so that its unwashed state was not as dismaying as usual. a thin grey moustache and an unshaven chin, and no respectable being would willingly have been seen in his company for five minutes. He had the look, the clothes, and the unshamed unwashedness of the outcast stamped indelibly upon him.

A close observer might have noticed that his hands were well formed, with flexible, lean fingers, having occasional gestures not usually seen in his class; but their deplorable state, the broken nails and cracked tips, were ill to look at, and most observant eyes looked away almost as soon as they rested on them.

An hour later the carriage reappeared. The tramp had no time to take up his old position before it was on him, had passed and gone through the lodge gates, which the woman in the pink sun-bonnet came out and speedily reclosed. When it was lost to sight, he got up, searched in his bundle, and, finding a tin can, shuffled across the road to ask for

some boiling water.

The lodge was off the beaten track; not many tramps came that way, or the lodgekeeper might have been less confiding. The door of the small abode was left ajar, the kitchen was empty. There was a kettle on the fire boiling away. The disreputable figure crossed the threshold stealthily and hurriedly filled his can. The little room was filled with the useless and ugly knick-knacks dear to its class. There was a rickety bracket in the corner by the door. no doubt cost sixpence-halfpenny at the nearest town. A hideous glass vase, blue, with yellow and pink roses, stood upon it, and against the vase was propped a small photograph, evidently a snapshot of the girl

in the carriage. It was an amateurish thing, but it had caught her to the life, as amateurs sometimes do. She was hatless, in a white frock, holding a terrier pup in her arms.

The man stared at the little picture blankly for a moment. Then he stretched out his lean, shaking hand, took and hid it in the inner pocket of his tattered coat. His whole body was shaking as he turned away. He could hardly get across the road, pick up his bundle, and depart with much haste.

His throat was parched with thirst, but he did not stay to put in his pinch of tea to the water in the can. It slopped over upon the dusty road as he went hurriedly. The road was the nearer way, and he did not turn on to the springy moor until he was well out of

sight of the lodge.

When in safety, he sat down and began an unappetising meal. After it was over, he searched in his coat for the object of his mild theft. He gazed at it intently, then he tore away the cardboard mount and hid the pieces carefully under a stone. From another deep pocket he produced a metal matchbox. was battered and the front scratched so that an engraving on it was quite illegible. opened it carefully. There were no matches in it, but two scraps of newspaper with a line or so of print on each, such as an announcement of birth, death, or marriage. The little photograph just slipped in on top of the The tramp's fingers worked dexterously to get it in without crumpling. He managed it. The photograph fitted as in a frame. The owner smiled as he looked at it. The smile seemed to make the bleared eyes more terrible still. They were unsteady, watery eyes. They met no man's gaze willingly, but shifted at the merest glance. They had seen horror and hunger, and worse than either, without dismay.

As he retook his way to the nearest town, to get a night's cheap lodging, his fingers went ever and again to seek the matchbox with its treasure. He smiled each time that he knew it safely there. The woman at the lodge never discovered her slight loss. The snapshots were taken by her eldest boy, who was going in for "the photography" at Plymouth, and who always brought a camera when he came home. The people at the big house were often his subjects, especially Miss Moira, who made so pretty a picture, and was

adored by her small world.

Lady Elverton lived for the greater part of the year at the "big house," as Penstow was always called locally. Herself, her

granddaughter Moira, and her companion, Miss Venner, completed the household

Lady Elverton's was not a very attractive personality. Life had treated her rather badly, though she would never have admitted the fact. Her husband had died young, leaving her with three daughters and no Lady Elverton was not afraid of responsibility; she seemed made for the bringing up of a family according to the tradition of her day in the 'sixties. brought them up according to those traditions, and her daughters stood in sincere awe of her—children were supposed to stand in awe of their parents in the early 'sixties. had married them all; she was the sort of woman who would have been furious at having a girl what she would have called "left on her hands."

Her daughters were not; they "went off," as the phrase is, as though they were efficient They were all more or less beautiful. Lady Elverton herself had been the same in her day. Hard as it was to believe, she, in her youth, had been almost as beautiful as her granddaughter Moira was to-day. Moira sometimes shuddered when old people, rare visitors to Penstow, told her this. She was devoted to her grandmother. She was the only being in the world who had given her love without fear. Yes, she loved her, but to think—those heavy wrinkled eyelids, the mottled face with the fleshy jaw and two chins, the obvious toupee without a grey hair! And Gransy had once been like herself! Life frightened Moira then-Moira, who had never known fear of anybody or anything—this strange process that moulded and changed women by its mere course. Moira did not, and would never probably, know all that her grandmother had suffered of Fate and her own manœuvring.

It was a story that was never breathed in the family; not her very nearest and oldest friend had ever as much as mentioned it in Lady Elverton's presence. That was one gift being born in the 'forties had conferred upon women—they dominated their circle, and nobody dare dispute it. Moira's mother had been Lady Elverton's youngest and favourite daughter. Moira had her mother's temperament over again, except with a dash of independence and of valour thrown in. Lady Elverton had married her youngest daughter to her cousin, her husband's heir. At first Helen had rebelled madly, there had been scenes and protests, but in the end she was married as her mother arranged. Three years of married life only were hers,

and, when the end came, the first to be thankful was her own mother. Helen Elverton had wedded a cur, a man born out of his station, a criminal, as it afterwards appeared. There was an awful affair of dishonour, a nine days' scandal before all the world, then social disgrace, imprisonment, silence. Of course, somebody ought to have known before—everybody said so—but then nobody did who could have prevented the marriage. Lady Elverton was not the woman to take hints.

Moira was born, and her mother died when she was a week old. She had chosen the name — "never another Elverton," she had said. Moira became her grandmother's charge, the very apple of her henceforth. She never from beginning had the slightest fear or awe of her grandparent. To all her world Lady Elverton grew colder and more stony-hearted; to the child she was never either. It was almost as if Moira knew of instinct, as if she were trying to make up for that awful blow that Fate and herself had dealt Lady Elverton long ago. They lived quietly away from people. Moira never knew anything else. She grew up in an atmosphere of love and tenderness.

She seemed to attract happiness as the sun attracts a flower. She made the grim old house gay by her mere presence. She was the light and centre of everything, of everybody, from the youngest stable-boy to Lady Elverton herself. She had a sympathy, an instinct of intuition strange and rare in one so young and untutored. She never spoke of her parents, except sometimes a whisper of her mother to Miss Venner, Gransy's sorelytried companion, who only replied by tears. "Some day she will ask me. I shall be obliged to tell her the truth," Lady Elverton would say to herself in moments of panic. "It is only natural that she should want to know." But the years went on, and Moira asked nothing. She felt the shadow that lay about the past as surely as though she had known the tragedy from the beginning. She knew her grandmother shrank from any mention of it. She would never hurt her by inquiry, and nobody ever asked Miss Venner for information. It muddled more than ever her easily disturbed intelligence.

Miss Venner was the sort of woman born to live in other, stronger women's houses and lives. She took the colour of her surroundings as the sea mirrors the sky, and almost forgot, in the interest of other people's lives, the flatness and monotony of her own. She



"The beholder thrust his own hands in the depths of his pockets and kept them there."

had very little individuality, only a kind heart, an exceeding patience, and very easily muddled brains. She was the safety-valve for her employer, to whom she was, oddly enough, devoted. They had that capacity, the women of the past generation—the capacity for attracting and sustaining devotion. It was probably as bad for their characters, as for most of us, to own slaves. It fostered a spirit of domination, dear to women of a certain type, yet its possession augured some sterling qualities, no doubt. Miss Venner's domestic barometer registered "set fair" or "stormy" according to that of the mistress of Penstow. She never breathed a hint of this to anybody; she was far too loyal to do that. She suffered in silence, and never for one instant considered the idea of seeking another and more congenial post.

When Moira was older, and stayed up to dinner every night, she discovered that poor little Miss Venner was bullied within an inch of her life by many and subtle ways known only of elderly ladies with devoted and weak-

minded adherents.

Moira's criticism on her discovery was candid and fearless.

"Why, Gransy, you are cruel, you really are! Poor old Venny has been crying her eyes out because of the way you scolded her over those stupid maids' blunder. It wasn't her fault at all. Unless you are kinder to her, I am sure she'll die of a broken heart." Lady Elverton said something rather incoherent, implying that Venny's heart was of a less destructible variety than Moira imagined.

"I expect it must be," replied the frank critic, "or you would have done for her long enough ago." The answer was a grunt, half of indignation and half of amusement, that Venny should ever have found a

champion.

"My dear," said the being in question later—she had been told of Moira's defence by the tyrant—"how ever dared you speak like that to your grandmother, and on my account, too?" Moira had laughed at the question, and stroked one of Venny's bony hands with her warm young fingers. "Dare?" she said. "There was no daring. I just told her what I thought about you; and if she is cross again, I shall say the same. It's so horrid of her—detestable!" And the listener gasped, and began to talk on another topic.

It was hard for dreariness to live in Moira's company. She was so young and alive in every fibre of her slim body, in

every inch of her, from her bonny brown head to her little feet. She grew to a woman in the big stone house, with its many unoccupied rooms, its echoing corridors, and its two old women for company. She did not make friends easily even when she had the opportunity. She had lived so much alone that it seemed the most natural thing, particularly as she was never dull or bored for a moment of the day. There was something occasionally, a hint, a whisper that she did not understand, in the way people outside the circle of Penstow regarded her. could not describe it even to herself—she could only feel and keep it to herself—but it made her dislike society instinctively.

* * * * *

So life went on, and summer came round again. Every fine afternoon Moira drove with her grandmother in the old-fashioned carriage across the moor. When Lady Elverton was especially affable, Venny came, too, and Moira fought for the seat with her back to the horses, and, being Moira, got it.

One of her aunts had written, offering to chaperon her niece, and suggesting that it was quite time that she should begin to see something of the world. Lady Elverton's brow had clouded as she read it, and patches of purple started on her baggy cheeks. She gave the letter to Moira. She knew that the latter did not care for her aunt and girl-cousins, but she did not know that it was because of the vague atmosphere of pity with which they enveloped her, which Moira hated and did not understand.

"No, thank you, Aunt Louise, you do not tempt us. London in June—June, Gransy! Think of it! What—leave the country in its most beautiful time for stuffy London and stuffy functions, dressed up in fine, uncomfortable frocks? Not for this child! Shall I write, or will you? We must

say 'No,' prettily, I suppose."

"I will write to your aunt and explain. I am glad you are not eager to leave the old woman, selfish though I may be." Moira had stooped and kissed the cheek next her, and laughed again, her happy laugh that was infectious. She did not see the tears that rose without falling in the tired old eyes—tears that had started at her gay refusal of her aunt's offer. Moira had heard the dogs outside, and rushed to let her favourites in. In her caresses and their wild delight at the sight and touch of their beloved young mistress, the subject finally dropped.

Lady Elverton was more disagreeable than

usual for the rest of the day, for which, when Moira was absent, Venny suffered visibly.

The following afternoon Moira left the carriage to walk back over the moor to give

her dog exercise.

"He doesn't get half enough. Gransy, do look at Buster's antics! What? Not safe to go across the moor? My dear Venny, Buster could tackle an obstreperous tramp by himself—he's a splendid protector. should see tramps fleeing before him! Don't fuss. It's perfectly all right. We shall go straight across and back by Wembford way. If I am late for tea, don't worry or wait for me, remember !" she called back, and

Lady Elverton sighed as she watched her. Her companion sighed, too, for which she was promptly rebuked.

"She grows more beautiful every day,"

Venny said, wiping her eyes.

"Is that what makes you weep over her?" asked the other, with her usual sarcasm.

"Would you prefer her plain?"

It was a day of swiftly changing lights and racing shadows, inexpressibly beautiful. Moira crushed the wild thyme with her light tread; its faint bruised odour followed her The dog enjoyed himself vastly, darting hither and thither after rabbits, or turning back to fawn on his mistress, coming at her word or whistle, to leap upon and nearly overthrow her. The keen moorland air, the springy down that defied all thought of weariness, the quick walk across the uplands, exhilarated the girl, seemed to fill her with more youth and vitality, so that she sang lustily as she went, with nobody to hear but the dog, the wind, and the wide moor about her.

They described a half circle, and when they left the moor and came out on the high-road that led to the park, the dog rushed on towards a shabby figure of a type familiar on the roads. Moira whistled, but the wind carried the sound behind her. She put her hands round her lips and called a well-known cry. Buster was on her almost as she called.

When she overtook the tramp, she stopped. "I am awfully afraid that my dog scared you," she said. "He is only young, and not properly trained yet." The face of the man became ashen as she spoke. staggered and had to lean against the hedge to recover himself. A little line came between the serene brows of the girl as she watched

"You are ill, I am afraid. Shall I get you some water, or something? There is a little stream the other side of this hedge."

The man made an effort and recovered

himself.

"I am all right; it is nothing," he gasped huskily. "Your dog gave me a bit of a jump, that's all." His eyes avoided the girl's direct gaze.

"I am sorry. You look queer still. Are you sure you are all right? It would be nothing for me to get you some water, if you

had something I might bring it in."

"I am all right now," he said almost ughly. He walked on. Moira, with the roughly. dog well in hand, walked with him.

"Where are you going?" she asked him,

after a silence of some minutes.

"To Bickerton, for the night." "Then, if you come through the park with me, it will save you more than a mile." They had reached the little stile leading into the park. Moira was over as soon as the dog. The tramp had to climb cautiously. She held out her hand to help him, but he ignored it and scrambled down unaided.

"It will be quite all right if you give my name to anybody whom you may meet here. Sometimes they are fussy—the keepers, I mean—but if you say you are here at Moira Elverton's invitation, they will say no more."

"Moira!" The name escaped him. The

girl turned to him.

"That is my name. Did you ever know

anybody called by it?"

"Nobody," he replied, speaking roughly. They went through the leafy glades together. They made a strange contrast—the cleareyed, happy-faced young girl, in her well-cut gown of grey tweed, lithe and slender, with shadowless face and a smooth brow, where the faintest line deepened whenever she raised her eyes to the tramp beside her. "Perhaps you have seen better days. You do not speak like the others I have met," she said, seeking in his appearance and finding nothing to correspond with his speech, obviously not uneducated. The other kept his face turned away from her; a vein in his forehead swelled as if to burst. did not speak for some little time.

"Better days!" he echoed bitterly. I had, do you think I'd want to remember

them now, like this?"

Moira's face clouded. "Forgive me! did not mean to hurt you. I did not think what I was saying. Please forgive my stupid thoughtlessness." There was a note of genuine distress in her voice.

The man laughed grimly. "Don't trouble

yourself about my feelings. I shouldn't know where to find any to be hurt. Don't bother about me!"

The hot blood surged over Moira's white skin as he spoke. The bitter, hopeless words now hurt herself in some curious and unknown manner. The tramp watched her intently when she was not looking at him. The sun fell on her masses of brown hair, turning them, wherever it touched, to gold. She trembled visibly. Tears rose to her eyes, she knew not why. She was not easily moved to them. She held out her hand, pulling off her loose doeskin glove. It was a small, well-formed hand, with delicate fingers that had gestures quite unlike most girls'; it was sunburnt, too. As he looked at it, the beholder thrust his own hands in the depths of his pockets and kept them there.

"Please take my hand, to let me know that you have forgotten what I said. It will make me feel happier then." She had an odd sense, pity and yet something deeper mingled with it. She was moved out of all proportion by the slight event. There was a turbulence in her mind, a choking sensation in her throat. "Please," she urged persistently, "forgive me my thoughtless words!"

"Aye, I'll forgive, right enough, not that you have said anything for me to forgive. It's not worth while for you to trouble about me. Keep your pity for somebody more worth it." A single tear trickled down Moira's cheek. "Don't," he said brokenly—"don't cry! I can't bear that!" And he shuffled away, leaving her with outstretched hand and trembling lips.

Hidden from a distance, he watched her.

For some minutes she stood motionless, then she turned and went slowly towards the big stone house facing the lake. gambolled about her, jumping to lick her hands, to attract her attention. She took no notice of him, but walked with bent head as though deep in thought. When she was quite lost to sight, the watcher returned from his hiding-place behind a distant tree to the spot where they had stood together under a spreading elm. He stooped, peering at the grass. He found a headless dandelion stem. He had seen the girl lash it with her dog-lead as she talked to him. If he had known Moira Elverton, he would have realised her perturbation, for she never wilfully destroyed any living thing, not even a dandelion After some search he found the crushed grass where she had stood; there were the slight impressions of her little feet. The man looked round cautiously. Nobody watched. There was not a single being in sight, except the groups of deer browsing on the opposite hill, the sun touching their fawn-coloured, dappled hides with a vivid light that came and went. The great house winked innumerable lights, with the sun glinting from row upon row of its windows. The man's eyes lingered on the house for a few moments.

Then he turned away and knelt on the grass where the girl had stood. He put his lips to the place. For a minute, perhaps, he was motionless. Then the wretched figure got up and went on its way. There was an odd look on his face, a strange light that touched it, a glow as of happiness or victory. "Moira," he whispered to himself many times in his progress, "Moira! I never knew her name before."





COOK: Well, I never! That nice young policeman's been and gone off now, an' bless me if that miserable old sinner who sacked me two months ago ain't an extry speshul constable in 'is place!

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

THE NESTLING.

The dove of peace desired to build
A nest both stout and strong,
And every nation sent her twigs
To help the work along.
And German linden, English oak,
As tough as seasoned leather,
French chestnut and the Russian fir,
Were woven all together.

With folded wings in calm content
She brooded on the nest,
And felt life stirring in the egg
Beneath her downy breast.
Then bang!—the shell blew up and freed
Its dark and dreadful culture.
The frightened dove discovered she,
Alas, had hatched a vulture.

Minna Irving.



An Irishman walked into an hotel and noticed two men fighting at the far end of the room. Leaning over the bar, he earnestly inquired of the bar-tender: "Is that a private fight, or can anyone get into it?" "DID you break any eggs, Tommy " said the small boy's mother.

"No, but the shells came off some," was the reply.



MISTRESS (engaging new cook): You cook with gas?

BRIDGET: Sure, mum. My last mistress would gas to me the whole morning long.



The night watchman of a large hotel saw an apparition in white moving along the hall at 2 a.m. He hastened his steps and tapped on the shoulder what proved to be a man.

"Here, what are you doing out here?" asked the watchman.

The man opened his eyes and seemed to come out of a trance.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I am a somnambulist."

"Well," said the watchman, "you can't walk around these halls in the middle of the night in your nightshirt, no matter what your religion is."

MICHAEL MURPHY, from a remote part of Ireland, once arrived at a railway station. Having never had occasion to travel before, he was quite unaware of the manner of procedure. It so happened that a young lady went up to the booking-office and said: "Polly Hill, single." Up marched Michael and called out through the pigeon hole, much to the mystification of the clerk: "Michael Murphy, married, and one child!"

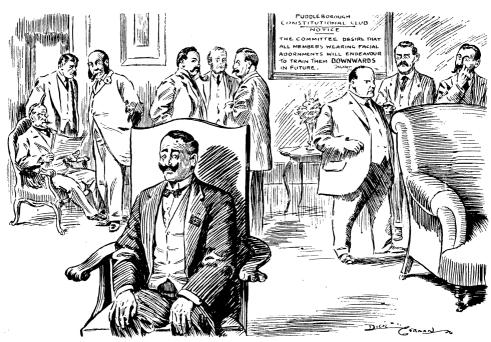


HE was always boasting about his ancestors, and one day employed a genealogist to hunt them up. In due time the connoisseur of

and finding the old man's condition in no way improved, the doctor asked him if he had been taking his medicine faithfully. The old Scotchman replied that he might have been a wee bit shy on the pills, but that he was six weeks ahead on the whisky.



An inspector of schools, while visiting one lately, thought he would explain to the youthful idea the significance of the colour of white. "Why," said he, "does a bride always wish to wear white at her marriage?" None of the children seemed able to answer, so he went on to explain that the reason was, white stands for



THE PARIAH.

Unfortunate position of handsomest member of club, who has hitherto always been flattered on his resemblance to a certain august personage.

pedigrees returned, and was cordially received by his patron.

"So you have succeeded in tracing back my ancestors? What is your fee?"

"One hundred pounds."

"Isn't that high?" objected the patron. "What's it for?"

"Principally," responded the genealogist, "for keeping quiet about them."



A DOCTOR was treating an old Scotchman, and prescribed a pill to be taken three times a day, and two tablespoonfuls of whisky every evening at bed-time. Calling a few days later,

joy, and that a woman's wedding-day is supposed to be the most joyful in her life. To his surprise, a small urchin asked: "Why is it, then, that the men all wear black coats when they get married?"



A FRIEND INDEED.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed,"
Is a proverb tried and true.
But even if you have that friend,
The friend likewise has you;
And then sometimes you'd like a friend
When you are not in need,
So the friend who always is a friend,
That is a friend indeed.

Laurence Brooks Robbins.



VOLUNTEER: "We want to go to the front at once, Sir!"

Officer (good-humouredly): "All in good time, my lads!

You must first get into perfect condition, like 'Johnnie Walker.' Then you'll be in front—and not easily shifted."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

"AH, how do you do, Mrs. Beaumont?" cried the genial master of the house, returning to find a visitor installed in his absence. "Do you know, I felt sure you must be coming to-day, though I forgot to make sure by asking my wife."

"Really! How was that?" asked the visitor.

"Why, I noticed she had got out all your photographs and put them about the house," was the cheery reply.



One night, a short time before Christmas, three-year-old Harold added the following to his usual petition—

"And, dear Santa Claus, if you will bring

don't let me see a nut for some months. Why, do you know, Smithers, even their conversation was vegetarian."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes, all their beastly stories were chestnuts."



THE Pullman porter stood before the traveller in an expectant attitude.

"Well, George," said the traveller chaffingly,

"can I give you anything?"

"Whatever your generosity permits, sir," answered the porter.

"Well, boys," replied the traveller, turning to his companions and winking, "what do you say to giving the porter three cheers?"



OUR BLOODTHIRSTY TERRIERS.

CORPORAL: What on earth are you fellows doing? There hasn't been a hit signalled for the last half-hour.

TOMMY: I think we must 'ave shot the marker!

me a gun, some soldiers, and a little donkey, I'll be a good boy."

"But, Harold," reproved his mother, "you should not expect pay for being good."

Harold was silent for a minute, then, brightening, said: "Well, mamma, you wouldn't have me good for nothing, would you?"



Jones had been to dine with some vegetarian friends, and returned out of humour with all the world.

"For goodness' sake," he grumbled to his decorously sympathetic servant, "bring me something decent to eat, and just take care you

ONE VARIETY OF FOOL.

There was a man in our town Who wasn't very wise.

He lost his heart completely to A pair of hazel eyes.

And when he saw his heart was gone, With all his might and main, He tried and tried, but uselessly, To get it back again.

Which proves his folly plain enough
For, 'spite the pain and cost,
All wise men know a heart's no good
Until that heart is lost.

Walter G. Doty.



Human Fear War and Peace.

IN War the element of human fear is of paramount importance, and has decided the destiny of nations. In peace it has sealed the fate of numberless individuals.

Alexander the Great was careful to propitiate fear by lavish sacrifices previous to leading his legions into action, while to-day

the methods of instilling fear into men's minds in order to paralyse their actions have a prominent place in certain philosophies of conquest.

Young children in particular can never, with impunity be subjected to fear, and thus it is that authorities on the subject with one accord advise the use of a Night Light where a child evinces a dread of the dark.

Therefore, use Night Lights, and use the best.

Price's Night Lights

The Largest Sale in the World.

ROYAL CASTLE or CHILDS'.

For Small Light.

PALMITINE STAR. For Medium Light.

To burn in a saucer containing

To burn in a Glass Holder without water.

water.

CLARKE'S PYRAMIDS.

For Large Light and Heat. The only lights suitable for use in CLARKE'S PYRAMID NURSERY LAMP and FOOD WARMER.





SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

"WILLE," admonished the mother during the recent frost, "why don't you let your little brother have your toboggan some of the time?"

"Why, I do, mamma," said Willie. "He has it half the time. I take it going down hill,

and he has it coming back.'



CUSTOMER (to milkman): The milk was very watery this morning. How was that?

MILKMAN: I dunno, sir, unless it was the big rain we 'ad the night before last—the old cow must 'ave got wet through.

"My husband works over the account books all day in a temperature of ninety-eight degrees.

"Dear me, that is close figuring!" said her

friend sympathetically.



"I have a very bad report from your master about your behaviour," said Mr. Brown to his "Now, there is Johnny Smith-I am sure his father never gets such reports about his conduct. Why don't you take a leaf out of his book?"

"Well, that's just what I did," replied



PROMPT OBEDIENCE.

IRATE BRITON: And here have I been paying for the last five years to have you taught their abominable German language! Pah! Forget it, my boy, forget it! SON AND HEIR: I have, dad!

MY INKPOT.

As late I glanced towards the ink, Intending Delia's charms to sing, Behold! it winked so sly a wink That straight the muse took wing.

O inkpot! in thy depth there lies An impish eye, whose knowing gleam My unborn poems prophesies, And hints each embryo theme.

But now it sends my thoughts awry, And outdoes Delia's eyes of blue . . . Confound thy tricks, thou Evil Eye! Confound my Delia, too!

M. A. MacGregor,

"I was tearing two leaves from. Johnny's book when Mr. Wild caught me."



A CATALOGUE of farming implements sent out by the manufacturer finally found its way to a remote rural village, where it was evidently welcomed with interest. The firm received a carefully written, if somewhat clumsily expressed, letter, asking further particulars about one of the articles advertised.

To this, in the usual course of business, was sent a typewritten answer. Almost by return of post came a reply.

"You need not print your letters to me. I can read writing."

Menace seen In White Bread

The eminent scientist—**Prof. Le Tulle**, of Paris, recently made a remarkable statement regarding food conditions in France. It is even more applicable to Great Britain—he said:

"France has changed an essential of her nourishment. White bread is made more and more starchy, and is less and less nourishing. The rich products which are extracted go to feed the pigs. The baker now utilises only fifty per cent. of the wheat elements, whereas fifty years ago he utilised eighty-five per cent."

The "rich products" referred to, which are "extracted" from wheat, are the mineral elements—phosphate of potash, iron, sodium, etc. These elements are absolutely essential to proper nutrition of body, nerves and brain, yet they are nearly all thrown out by millers just to make the flour look white and pretty!

The lack of these invaluable phosphates is one of the chief causes of nervous prostration, dullness, languor, constipation and other ills—big and little.

In the making of

Grape=Nuts

all the "rich products" of wheat and barley, from which the food is made, are retained.

A regular ration of Grape-Nuts is not only a delicious part of the meal, but admirably supplies the mineral salts which the ordinary diet often lacks.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts.

-sold by Grocers everywhere.

STRANGER THAN FICTION,

I HAD promised to meet him at three o'clock. which meant that I must catch the two-fifteen from our local station. Lunch was late, to start with, and when I rushed up to dress, everything went wrong, particularly my whisker curl, which took twice as long as usual to train in the way it should go. Just as I was starting, I found my watch was five minutes slow, by the dining-room clock, and I ran all the way to the station, though my skirt was tight and so were my shoes. When, flushed and panting, I entered the booking-office, my hat slipping off and my curl anywhere, through the window at the back of the booking-clerk's cubby hole I could just see the engine of a train drawn up at the platform below.

I asked for my ticket and added: "Please hurry. There's a train in, isn't there?" The booking-office clerk was a sandy-haired person window I saw that it was followed by a procession of empty trucks.

The booking clerk smiled.

"It is a 'Gentlemen's only,' isn't it?" he remarked, passing me my ticket.
"Yes," I stammered, redder than ever;

"but I didn't know-

"You didn't know it was going to be a goods train?" he interposed.

"No, I was going to say," I replied, as I took my change, "that I didn't know that booking clerks ever made jokes."

Jessie Pope.



JANE had just returned from her first day at school, and was asked how she liked it.

"I don't believe I care very much about it," Jane replied. "That teacher talks back at me almost as much as my mother does."



WAR NEWS

PATIENT OLD GENTLEMAN (wishing to give no offence): Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, may I turn over?

with spectacles. His face was deeply lined—he looked bored and depressed.

"Yes, the train's in," he said, "but you'll

have to go by the next.

"Oh, I can catch it!" I panted.
"You can catch it," he replied, "but you can't travel by it."
"Why?" I gasped.

"Because it's a 'Gentlemen's only,'" he

retorted callously; "no women allowed."
My brain surged. I glared at him. Never before had I worried about the suffrage, but at that moment I almost became militant. Things were going a bit too far. First of all they refused us the Parliamentary vote, and

now we were denied the parliamentary train.
"What do you mean?" I ejaculated.
"This is a new regulation, surely."

"Oh, no," he replied; "it's been in force now

for a long time.

At that moment the engine gave a shrill whistle, and with a series of painstaking puffs proceeded on its way, and through the little

"Do moind yez don't git hur-rt, Pat," said Bridget, as her liege lord started to work. "It's so dangerous a-workin' in that quarry."

"Thot's ahl roight, Biddy," said Pat. "O'ive borryed two dollars frim th' foreman, and he don't let me do any dangerous work anny more."

A TRAVELLER noticed that a farmer was having trouble with his horse. It would start, go slowly for a short distance, and then stop again. Thereupon the farmer would have great difficulty in getting it started. Finally the traveller approached and asked solicitously-

"Is your horse sick?"

"Not as I knows of."

"Is he balky?"

"No. But he is so afraid I'll say 'Whoa!' and he won't hear me, that he stops every once in a while to listen."





THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN: COSSACKS PASSING THROUGH A VILLAGE IN GALICIA ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT.

DRAWN BY CHRISTOPHER CLARK FROM PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIAL.

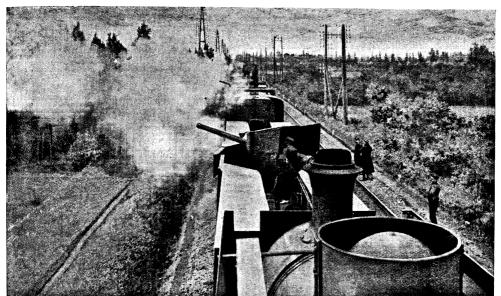


Photo by]

AN ARMOURED TRAIN IN ACTION.

[Illustrated London News.

ROAD AND RAIL IN MODERN WARFARE

By H. C. O'NEILL

THE deciding factor in warfare, other things being equal, is numbers. Every general aims at putting in the field the greatest possible number of men, and it is to this end that modern systems of national service or conscription have been introduced. But, from the nature of things, the introduction of such systems logically tends to make war either impossible or impossibly stupid. For if numbers are decisive, then the most numerous race must ever be the conqueror. A nation cannot increase its population on the outbreak of war. Its number of men capable of bearing arms is fixed. The modern strategist, therefore, attempts to multiply his forces by several factors which are not, and can never be, fixed. He increases their efficiency to the utmost; he nurses and fosters their spiritual strength—morale, as it is called; he looks with equal care to their physical well-being.

Now, these are valuable factors, which are daily playing their important part in the war. A German Staff officer has paid a

remarkable tribute to the British soldier for possessing all three. Their physical strength, he says, makes them receive a charge easily; they are undaunted by the fiercest bombardment by shells—"they are a cool lot," he admits; and their efficiency makes them formidable opponents.

But valuable as such factors are, they are not enough to turn the scales. The Franco-German War was won by actual superiority of numbers; the retreat from Mons and Charleroi was compelled by a great superiority in numbers, and the problem of every successful general is to strike at some point which he selects under the same conditions. And since his total numbers may be much inferior to those of his enemy, he introduces the factor of time; and the servants of time are the road and the railway. general aims at moving a number of his soldiers from one part of the field of battle and from one place to another as rapidly as possible, and to do this he must be able to count upon good roads and railways. The value of good roads has ever been admitted.

1915. No. 243. 455

The Romans, as part of their military scheme, built good broad roads on which they could march rapidly and with little fatigue.

But railways and roads have never played so great a part in warfare as they do to-day. The huge armies of the present make good roads and railways absolutely necessary, and a general regards a country from this standpoint. In the days of small armies, roads and railways were not of so much consequence; but when a general has, say, 400,000 men in his army, he is confronted with a very serious problem to bring them into battle. An army marches in column, but it fights deployed, spread out. If more than one army corps some 40,000 men—are using the same road, all behind the first corps would be so far away that they would not be available for a battle.

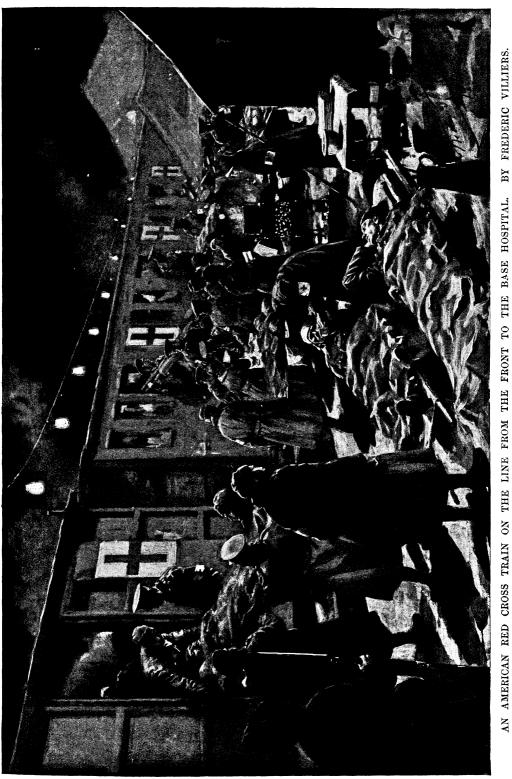
What the general looks for, therefore, is the place which has many more or less parallel roads. A thickly-populated country which is not mountainous means much traffic and, therefore, many roads. That is the meaning of the German choice of the south-western area of Belgium—the Belgian plain—as a thoroughfare for their armies. Belgium is one of the great highways of Europe, and the Belgians are its toll-keepers. And that, too, is one reason why the Germans did not violate Swiss territory. few roads through the Swiss valleys, and a small force on the French side could have accounted for a vastly larger force trying to enter France that way. The Ardennes district, a thickly-wooded country, is also unsuitable for a great army to march through, and the French have taken the precaution to fortify their eastern frontier, a device which enables a force to impede and break the progress of an army three or four times its strength. These are instances of roads conditioning strategy.

But before the Germans reached Belgium, they had to be mobilised and be taken to the frontiers. In the modern Continental armies, recruited and concentrated locally, a highly-developed railway system is necessary both for local concentration and for the concentration of local units to form an army. Railways are, therefore, of the first importance; and it is for this reason that the Government took over the British railways on the outbreak of war, and the Territorials were sent to guard the chief railway lines, junctions, bridges, and tunnels.

A glance at the map of Germany, showing the centres of concentration of the German army corps and some of the chief railway lines, will show how well everything has been arranged for the gathering of large armies on the western or eastern frontiers. A more detailed map would show double lines and branch lines where they were quite unnecessary in peace time. They had been laid solely for use in war, not only to carry troops, but to keep the troops in being. The ammunition for modern guns, not to say the food for the army and the troops themselves, must come by railway; and this was the reason for the siege of Liege, Namur,

and Maubeuge. All these fortresses command the great main line which runs through Belgium from Germany to Paris. Until Liège—the forts, not the town—fell, the great line was not available, and hence it was quite necessary that it should be reduced. Other fortresses could be masked by troops to prevent a sortie of the garrison, but Liège, Namur, and Maubeuge had to be taken. Germans could have reached the Belgian plain without taking either Liège or Namur. There is a narrow gap between the Dutch frontier and Liège, and troops could and did get through. But to carry the huge armies of Germany, and to maintain them in being, the railway was absolutely necessary, and the lines which relieved the immense traffic on this main line were also necessary. When the Belgian Army made a sortie from Antwerp in the early part of September, it directly threatened the branch line which through Louvain, and hence the importance of its attack. Troops were being hurried through Belgium to assist the German right wing, which was being thrown back from the Marne to the Aisne; and the immediate threat to the supplementary line, with the remote menace to the main line, caused two army corps to be recalled to drive the Belgians back into Antwerp. Belgians, from the beginning, showed a sufficient grasp of the scheme and needs of modern warfare in contesting every bridge across a river and defending and breaking the railway lines. They even blocked tunnels and roads, and therefore correspondingly delayed the advance of the Germans.

It was but a few days before the Belgian sortie that the very flower of the German Army had been taught the value of good roads. The Prussian Guard paid a bitter price for their lesson. On September 9, the Franco-British line was sweeping northward, and the Ninth French Army caught the Prussian Guard a little south of the marshes of St. Gond. There are four fair roads across



these swamps, but the French soldiers hurled the Guard into the marshes so violently that, when rain came on, numbers of men and quantities of material were lost.

played its part in the German victory. About a week before, the Russians had gained a great victory at Gumbinnen, in the north of East Prussia, and, followed up

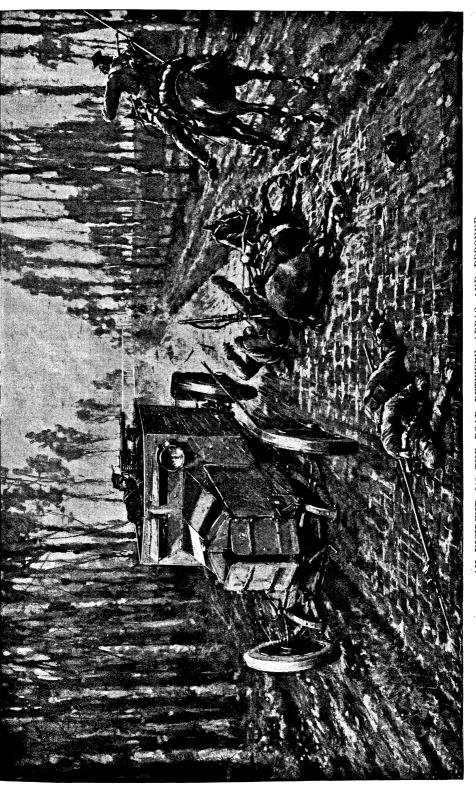


A RED CROSS MOTOR FIELD-KITCHEN SERVING OUT SOUP TO WOUNDED ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

This Red Cross motor field-kitchen for wounded is attached to the Allies' Field Ambulance Corps, which is doing such excellent work under the direction of Miss Jessica Borthwick. Its ready provision of suitable food—in the form, for instance, of hot coffee or soup—has been of the utmost value, for, next to dressing his wounds quickly, there is nothing so wise as giving the wounded man mourishment of one sort or another at the earliest possible moment. The vehicle is of 35-horse-power, and can carry three hundredweight of concentrated meat extract for soup—a supply sufficient for five hundred wounded men for four days. Inside is an oven, with a patent stove beneath, and beyond it are two cooking-coppers—one for soup, the other for coffee—which boil thirty gallons in twenty minutes. From a drawing by S. Begg.

A somewhat similar but more decisive rapidly, it practically gave them command engagement had occurred in East Prussia of all East Prussia east of a line through

on August 31. Here road and rail each Königsberg and Soldau. The roads became



AN INCIDENT ON THE ROAD BETWEEN ARRAS AND PERONNE.

A scouting Belgian armoured motor-car ran into a party of Uhlans who were hiding in a small wood. Several of the enemy were killed by the rapid free from machine-guns, but the car, driven at a furious pace, came within an ace of heing wrecked by a fallen horse. Drawn from a description by an occupant of the motor-car.

crowded with German refugees hurrying away from the victorious Russians. The bulk of the German soldiers had been sent to France, but now about 100,000 men were carried swiftly across Germany from west to east and were concentrated against the Russians at Osterode.

Eastward of Osterode lies a region covered with small lakes, with swamp and marshland in between. The Germans threw a large force on Niedenburg, and, aided by heavy artillery brought from the neighbouring fortresses, drove the left wing of the Russians east and north. Another force

splendid generalship saved them. Two main railways lay behind their lines, connecting them with their bases of supply. These were the arteries and veins which kept them in being. Down them came unceasingly food and ammunition; up them, back to German centres or the German bases, ran another stream carrying the flotsam and jetsam of war—the maimed and sick and wounded.

On the west, the main line from Liège, Namur, and Maubeuge ran through La Fere, along the Oise. On the east, the main line from Treves ran through Luxemburg and

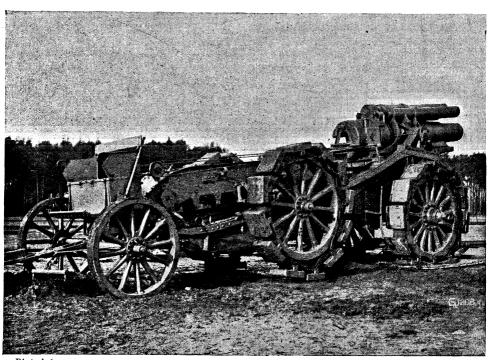


Photo by] [Record Press.

THE NEW GERMAN SIEGE GUNS, WITH "CATERPILLAR" WHEELS, USED AGAINST THE BELGIAN AND FRENCH FORTS.

from Allenstein drove the Russian right wing east and south. The Russian troops were now almost surrounded, and a general advance drove them into the marshes. Here, again, men, horses, and guns became engulfed, and the army lost coherence. The gallant Russian General Samsonoff was killed, and valuable numbers of men were lost and taken prisoners. Such a rapid transference of troops across the whole breadth of Germany would have been impossible sixty years ago.

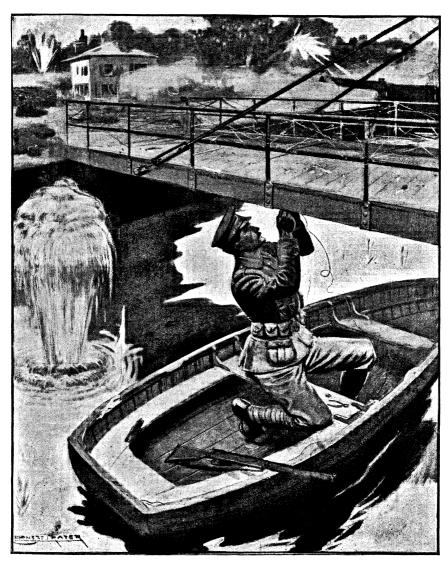
A little later the German armies in France were fighting for their lives, and only

Thionville, across to Mézières. Attempts had been made to open up fresh and safer lines by battering down Fort Troyon. If this had been reduced, the great fortress Verdun could have been surrounded, and it was hoped that it would also fall. In this case, new lines through Lorraine could have been opened up. But the advance of the Allied line relieved Fort Troyon just in time, as it was on the point of falling. It did more, however, since the French left threatened first to break the line at Noyon, and later at St. Quentin. Fiercely fought engagements at both places preserved the

necessary line to the Germans. Similarly, the French right, pushed up the Meuse at Verdun, threatened the other main artery.

How, it may be asked, did the German armies advance so rapidly when, as is clear

railway. It is through the importance of time in modern warfare that an army, or even an army corps, marches self-supporting even to the extent of carrying sections of pontoons, so that temporary bridges can be



THE IMPORTANCE OF A BRIDGE: LANCE-CORPORAL JARVIS, V.C., FINISHING HIS WORK OF RENDERING A BRIDGE USELESS TO THE ENEMY.

Lance-Corporal Charles Alfred Jarvis, 57th Field Company, Royal Engineers, was awarded the Victoria Cross "for great gallantry at Jenappes on August 23, in working for one and a half hours, under heavy fire, in full view of the enemy, and in successfully firing charges for the demolition of a bridge." Jarvis worked with his comrades for some time, and then sent them to the rear, finishing the job alone. Drawn by Ernest Prater from a rough sketch by Lance-Corporal Jarvis.

from Sir John French's dispatches, he destroyed the bridges in his retreat? A glance at the map will show that the British line followed, in its retreat, this main line

rapidly made. The railway line can then be used between those places where the river bridge has been destroyed, and the engineers set to work to repair all breaches in the

continuity of the lines. After the advancing army of the Allies marched another army, whose function it was to re-erect enduring bridges where the old ones had been destroyed, to repair the track and relay lines.

One of the most wonderful instances of the use of rail and road in the war was the transference of the whole of the British Force from its station on the Aisne to the extreme north-west of France, where it successfully barred the way to Calais. At dead of night the men left the trenches, French soldiers moving up to take their places. A silent march until there was no fear of advertising the withdrawal, and then the

Germans, with a strange lack of foresight, had left open a way of escape from, and an entry into, Antwerp. The armoured train was an efficient patrol and convoy to Antwerp.

Another new machine in this war was the armoured motor-car; and they laid a great strain on all but the best roads. These heavy cars—in one of which Commander Samson, R.N., seems to have inflicted a wholesome terror on the Germans—with heavy motor-omnibuses bearing familiar British names and advertisements, were not the best sort of friend to the roads of Northern France and Southern Belgium. They began to play havoc with the surface, and the finishing touch was given, no doubt,

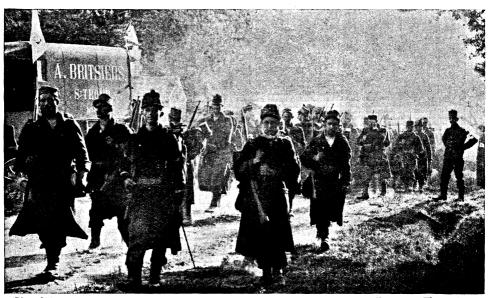


Photo by [Newspaper Illustrations.

BELGIAN INFANTRY MARCHING TO MEET THE ENEMY.

men were entrained for Paris. Thence viâ Amiens they were taken to almost the very places where they lay entrenched at the middle of December. Sixteen days were occupied in the completion of the withdrawal, finishing with the arrival of Sir Douglas Haig and the First Corps at St. Omer on October 19.

Besides troops, ammunition, and food, railways in this war have had to convey armoured trains and heavy guns. In Belgium the armoured trains fulfilled an important rôle. The entry into Antwerp towards the end of September was a venture not without serious risk. The Belgians had not the strength to hold in force all that remained to them of their country, and the

by the heavy German siege guns. heaviest, indeed, with their complement of thirteen traction engines, could not use every road, and some had to be specially prepared for them. It was largely due to this heavy traffic on the roads, and the cutting about they received from heavy shell explosions, that the rate of progress made by the Allies against the weakened German lines was so slow in November and the first half of December. The road-makers found it an impossible task to repair the surface of roads which were virtually swamps. It was at length decided to lay new foundations and remake the roads altogether.

If this was the case in France and Belgium, what must have been the difficulties

our Russian Allies had to contend with in Poland and Galicia? It was in this quarter of the theatre of war that rail and road acted most conspicuously as a determinant. We have seen already how the Germans were able to inflict a heavy defeat from Osterode upon the Russians by bringing men from the French battle-line right through Germany to East Prussia. Yet it was not wholly a defeat, for the Russian raid had aimed at drawing off from the French field a sufficient German force to enable their allies to cope with the remainder;

Russia. But these very frontier railways were fated to play an important part in the later campaigns.

Russia is not well supplied with railways to her frontiers, though her railway system has grown by nearly fifty per cent. since the Russo-Japanese War, when Russia began to appreciate its vast importance. It is a perilous thing to allow oneself to grow accustomed to dependence upon a machine, and the Russian strategy played upon this in its strategic retreats. After the victory of Osterode, the Germans, flushed with



Photo by]

A ROAD SCENE NEAR THE FRONT IN FRANCE.

[Daily Mirror.

and the issue of the Battle of the Rivers was not a little due to this timely aid.

At the very outset of the war, however, Russian patrols had crossed the frontier of East Prussia and acted in a way which must have seemed meaningless to anyone not acquainted with the field of action. The raids on Eydtkuhnen, Bialla, and Johannisburg were, however, quite purposeful, for they aimed at cutting the frontier railway—and the Germans, as we have seen, take care to supply their frontiers with railways—and so hindering the concentration in those quarters of a German force against

success, hurried after the retreating Russians, who allowed themselves to be pushed back to the line of the Niemen. Here, however, the Germans had no railways to depend upon, and the Russians turned, defeated them, and pushed them back across the frontier.

The Russian campaign in Galicia was similar to the German march upon Paris in this respect—that the main force marched along a main line railway. Lemberg, Przemysl, and Cracow are all fortresses along this line. With these fortresses in her hands, Russia will have command of a strong line of communications into the heart of industrial

Germany. A blow here strikes more at the heart of Germany than a blow at Berlin, and this is one of the most important features about the Russian campaign in Galicia. It is a very strong bid for the quickest road to Silesia, just as Germany chose Belgium as the quickest road to Paris. When Przemysl had been surrounded, the Russians took the small town of Lusko, south of the fortress, another apparently meaningless act, but that it obtained possession of the key to a road, the pass, and the railway over the Carpathians.

When the Russians defeated the Germans before Warsaw, they succeeded because they were then resting securely upon their main line of communications. Behind Warsaw lie a number of criss-crossed railway lines, which facilitate the bringing up or transference of troops and the supply of ammunition and The Germans, on the other hand. had been enticed into this most difficult country away from their railways. railways leading towards Warsaw and the line of the Vistula are few. The Russians were able, therefore, to bring up heavy reinforcements, and they drove the Germans back to the Russo-German frontier. Patrols even penetrated to Ploeschen, an important railway junction across the frontier.

Here, however, the Germans and the Austrians were on their own ground. huge Russian army was holding Cracow and trying to reduce it. Two other Russian armies lay to the north, protecting the flanks of this army. Taking the total numbers involved, the Russians were in greater force, but behind the German frontier lies an extraordinary network of railways between two heavy double lines. These railways gave into the hands of the Germans the deciding factor. They determined to hold Cracow with only a small portion of their forces while they entrained a large number to the north. Here, between the Warta and the Vistula and about Lodz, the Russians were weakest. Suddenly the German Army, heavily reinforced from the south, fell on this part of the Russian lines. The Russians were taken by surprise. But fortunately, before the German force which had broken through could move against either of the halves of the Russian troops, reinforcements came up and caught the Germans. Russian line was pierced about the middle of November, and although the Germans were caught in their own trap, the Russian troops were forced at the beginning of December to fall back. This was the most significant use of the railway, but it will by no means be the last.

Seldom have any roads been the stage of such strange and pathetic scenes as the roads of Belgium, France, East Prussia, and Poland during the war. From the siege of Liège to the taking of Antwerp, the highways and byways of Belgium became crowded with refugees, mostly women, children, and old men. Sometimes they carried all their valuables with them. In Belgium, at times, a dog-drawn cart contained all that was dearest to two old people, who were making their way they knew not whither. From Dinant and Brussels they flocked to Bruges and Ostend; from Malines and Termonde to Antwerp; from Antwerp they crowded the roads leading to the Dutch frontier.

It was a sad case when an enemy patrol came up with such pitiful fugitives. An old woman who, as her treasure, carried all her linen, had it pierced and torn by the lance of an Uhlan. Sometimes a blind man or woman would be found led by a child along the road to safety. Often a mother with a number of children, one in her arms, would be seen. The richer people—none were *rich* after such a visitation—left the towns in trains, in carriages, in motor-cars, in carts. On the first few days of September the roads to the south and south-west of Paris were crowded by a motley of this sort.

Strange and sad, too, was the sight of Red Cross motor wagons plying swiftly between the battle-line and the hospitals. There was a spice, too, of the bizarre in the large motor omnibuses promising, with a brazen fiction, to carry from Peckham Rye to Ealing. This was paralleled, though in a whimsically ironical way, by the German soldiers who entered Belgium in railway carriages on which they had scribbled the destination "Calais— Dover." There was heroism and inspiration on the roads, too, as the unimpressionable Tommy sang his favourite lament on the distance to Tipperary. Young men in the prime of life, many fresh from public school and university, or from the counting-house, swung their way along to the battle-line. And of all that could be seen on rail or road in the broad field of war during the first months—bizarre, heroic, amusing, or tender —hardly a thing was there which did not in some way bear upon the struggle.

THE CORONA **KEFFORDI**

By RALPH STOCK

Illustrated by Charles J. Crombie



HE shot had hardly stabbed the hot, steaming silence. when the bush seemed to wake as from a stupor. Something crashed in the distance, wings drummed overhead, and quite close a cock-some

hoary deserter from a plantation chicken run—crew raucously.

But Charteris was waiting for something else, and presently it came, in a series of low, snuffling grunts. He waited, rifle to shoulder, then fired again as a gigantic boar, with long, uplifted snout and blood-flecked jaws, crashed out of the bush and fell in a quivering heap on the track.

Charteris inspected his bag with satisfaction. He had heard that there was rough country and the chance of a bush pig among the hills of Vanua Levu, and for once

rumour had spoken true.

In answer to his whistle, Johnnie muttered "Io saka," out of habit, and clambered down

from a neighbouring dabi tree.
"Vinaka, Vinaka!" he chuckled, shuffling round the carcass and clucking with admira-

"String him up," said Charteris, turning on his heel. "You can come back to-night. We must strike water soon."

Half a mile further on he came to a halt at the edge of an open glade, and swore softly. Someone was before him, comfortably ensconced in a speckless tent beside a spring in the volcanic rock. It was an ideal camping-ground, and the next might be anywhere. Besides, what in thunder were "speckless" tents doing among the hills of

Vanua Levu? Charteris determined to quench a five-hour thirst and find out.

It was not difficult. He was lying full length, with his face immersed in the deliciously cool water, when a voice came from somewhere above him-

"Would you prefer a cup of tea?"

It was a gentle, refined voice, with a precise English accent that fell on Charteris's ears like music of bygone days. He turned, and looked up to find a tall man of perhaps sixty, with rather long hair, a straggling grey beard, and horn-rimmed spectacles, watching him gravely. His general appearance suggested the missionary.

"Thanks," said Charteris, "I should," and a few minutes later was inside the mysterious tent, sprawling luxuriously in a deck-chair, and speculating on the contents of a bundle, wrapped in banana leaf, hanging

from a nail on the centre pole.

"I suppose I ought to introduce myself," he said. "My name's Charteris, and I'm after bush pig.'

His host smiled and bowed with an old-world courtesy as he manipulated the

spirit-stove.

"Mine is Kefford," he said, in the same precise manner, but with a twinkle of his pale blue eyes behind their horn-rimmed glasses, "and I am after orchids."

"Thank Heaven!" sighed Charteris. thought you were a missionary."

"You don't like missionaries?"

"I neither like nor dislike them," said Charteris, "so long as I don't have to depend on them alone for exchange of But orchids—I didn't know there was an orchid in all Fiji."

"Nor I," exclaimed the other, his gaunt face lighting up at mention of the cherished word, "nor I. But this is a wonderful country, Mr.—er—Charteris, a truly wonderful country, and it has been overlooked. I spent four months in Borneo and six in Siam before it occurred to me to try the South Pacific Islands; but I have been rewarded. In three weeks here I have done better than during all those months."

He got up from the camp-bed where he had been sitting, and commenced to untie the sinnet lashings of the banana leaf bundle with thin, nervous hands.

"I know nothing about it," warned Charteris. "My intelligent interest stops

at bush pig, I'm afraid."

"Ah, but they are wonderful," said Kefford, on his knees now, sorting out bulbs and stalks with an almost frenzied eagerness. "Even to those who do not understand, they must be wonderful. Look at that! In another month it will have bloomed. The petals and sepals will be milk white, splashed with an exquisite shade of chocolate. The lip will be orange-tinted and the pouch dark brown. I only know of twelve others. One belongs to Griffiths, of Stone, Staffordshire. Another—"

Suddenly he paused and squatted back on

his heels.

"Another," he went on more slowly, belongs to Sir James Raymond. You have heard of him?"

Charteris smiled and shook his head.

"Not Sir James Raymond, of Bishop Stortford?" Frank incredulity was written on the collector's face. "He is a wealthy man, Mr. Charteris—a very wealthy man—and he has the finest collection in the United Kingdom, which means the world. It is a curious thing, but the same idea must have struck Raymond and myself at much the same time, though we were then seventeen thousand miles apart, for when I landed at Levuka, the first thing I read in the local paper was the announcement of the arrival of his agent, a man Burns by name." His voice shook with some emotion that Charteris was at a loss to understand.

"But why should that matter?" said Charteris. "Surely Fiji is big enough to

hold the two of you."

Kefford's thin lips twitched into a rather

wan smile.

"One would imagine so," he said, "but Mr. Burns seems to think otherwise. He has been following my footsteps like a shadow for the past three weeks."

"Do you mean he is here-now?"

"He is camped—it is a very elaborate

camp, Mr. Charteris, with every modern device for comfort in the tropics—half a mile eastward, with fifteen boys supplied by the Governor. Can I get you another cup of tea?"

"Thanks, no. But why should he want to follow you like this? What can he gain

by it?"

Kefford's smile savoured of compassion this time, as he re-wrapped his orchids with the tenderness of a mother putting her child to bed, and hung them on the

centre pole.

"Knowledge," he said, without the least assumption. "Mr. Burns is fully aware that I know more than he does—that where I go, he cannot do better than follow. He is very thorough. I have seen his boys lurking behind trees and slipping away when they think I am not looking; but I have very quick eyes, Mr. Charteris, very quick, indeed, though you might not think it."

"Can't you steal a march on him and get away?" suggested Charteris, warming to the

subject.

"I have tried and failed," said Kefford wearily, "and now it is too late. I have reached my Mecca here, and to move away would mean leaving the spoils to the enemy."

"The skunk!" muttered Charteris.

"Hardly that," the other rejoined mildly.

"Say, rather, a man of few sensibilities egged on by a promise of one thousand pounds to find a new variety."

"He told you that?"

"No, but I know it to be Raymond's custom. He tried to engage me once. I told him that, if I found an unknown species, it would be a physical impossibility for me to part with it for fifty thousand."

"You have met Burns?"

"Several times."

"How does he behave?"

"He is always pleasant, polite. He comes over in the evenings, as a rule."

"To your camp?"

" Yes."

"Well, I'm—what infernal cheek!"

Charteris got to his feet, walked to the

tent door and back again.

"Look here, Mr. Kefford," he said, "I won't apologise for meddling in an affair that doesn't concern me, because it's a habit of mine, and, what's more, I do it out of vulgar curiosity; but, if you have no objection, I should like to camp here and watch the fun."

Kefford's pale blue eyes grew round behind

their glasses.

"If you think you will extract any entertainment——" he began.

"I'm easily amused," said Charteris, "and I may be of use. Where are your boys?"

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Charteris, I am not altogether sure. Some time ago I sent them to gather firewood."

"Where did you pick them up?"

"At the mission."

"Ah, that accounts for it!"

"They are unusually intelligent."

"I don't doubt it," said Charteris, noting the pile of unwashed tin plates and litter of empty corned beef tins outside the tent door. "Far too intelligent. I suppose you've been living on unadulterated tinned beef for three weeks."

Kefford smiled his wan smile.

"Really," he said, "I hardly noticed——"
"Well," said Charteris, "perhaps you'll notice a brace of pigeon and a slice of bush pig, or, if you don't, it won't be Johnnie's fault."

Half an hour later Charteris's camp was He never carried a tent, for the reason that Johnnie's improvised shelters of branches and green banana leaf were equally watertight and a great deal cooler.

When Kefford's boys returned—two sleek youths in "store" shirts and spotless sulus, gingerly carrying an armful of brushwood apiece—they received the shock of their lives.

"What have you been up to?" snapped Charteris. "Combing your hair? Get to work on the fire, you. And you, clean up. Look at those plates! And sling those bullamacow tins half a mile out of here before all the ants on Vanua Levu get at us! Lift your feet!"

For a moment they stood regarding this apparition of authority in stolid amazement, then obeyed. Thereafter, Johnnie's dignified delight at having someone to order about was almost pathetic.

That evening, after a meal that had the extraordinary effect of causing Kefford to leave the topic of orchids for over half an hour, Mr. Burns strolled into camp. was a stout man with a red-ochre face and an exaggerated manner that seemed to be striving after genial openness.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he observed, stooping in the low doorway to mop an immaculate solar topee. "Quite a family gathering, eh? May I come in? Thanks. Pleased to meet you, Mr. Charteris "-this in response to Kefford's introduction. "It is a pleasure to happen on company—and such

company—in the wilds. Ah, bush pig? Yes, I have seen, or, rather, heard, several during my rambles. But we are after other game, are we not, Mr. Kefford?"

"Yes," said Charteris, filling his pipe between his knees. "I don't think we shall poach on one another's preserves, do you?"

The other shot him a quick glance, then

laughed boisterously.

"No, indeed, no," he said, rubbing his fat red hands together, "if there are any preserves on Vanua Levu."

He talked a great deal about nothing in particular, but always, Charteris noticed, his glance kept reverting to the banana leaf bundle on the centre pole.

"Well," he said at last, turning to Kefford with the air of a father humouring information from his child, "and how have we been getting on to-day?"

Charteris saw the old man's figure stiffen slightly, his thin lips contract, but his glance, too, went instinctively to the precious bundle.

"Fairly well, thank you, Mr. Burns," he returned, in his precisest manner, "very

fairly well."

"Ah, I'm glad to hear that. Personally, I have reason to congratulate myself to-day. I came upon a variety of the odontoglossum, but the lip is pink instead of chocolatecoloured. I wonder if that could be a peculiarity of the Fijian species? It seems to me——"

Charteris watched the poison at work. Kefford unbent, reluctantly but surely. In spite of his dislike for this man, the collector's mania swept all barriers aside. He became interested, enthusiastic. The end inevitable. The bundle was hoisted down from the tent pole and opened out again, the thin hands moved deftly amongst its contents, while Burns bent over them with straining eyes, and finally Kefford held aloft a delicate waxen flower.

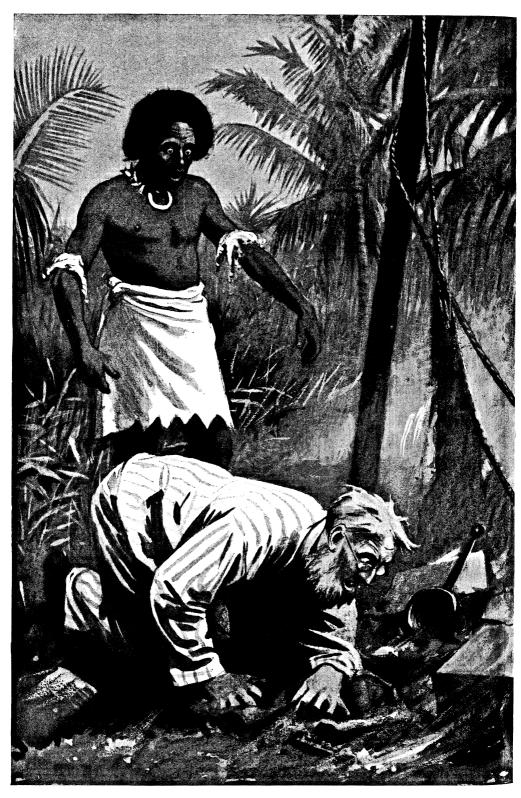
"Do you mean this?" he queried, with

shining eyes.

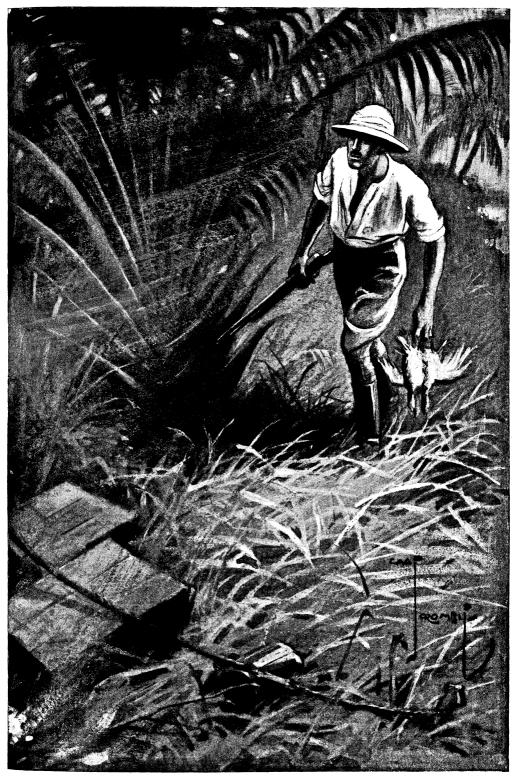
"Ah, I might have known you'd have it," said Burns, with well-simulated disappoint-"There's no getting the better of you, Mr. Kefford."

The thing was so ridiculously easy that it sickened Charteris instead of amusing him.

The following evening he waited for Kefford as long as a voracious appetite allowed, then ate dinner alone. o'clock, as the soft, transparent eight darkness was settling down on the camp, a gaunt figure emerged from the bush and staggered towards the tent. It was Kefford.



"Kefford, in striped pyjamas, grovelling amongst the charred remnants of the tent."



"To stand at the edge of the glade and stare for one, brief moment at the extraordinary scene."

His ducks were caked with mud from the waist down, his shirt was smeared with it, his beard full of it. He was hatless, sweating, and breathless, and he moved like a drunken man trying to hurry.

Charteris went out to meet him, but Kefford took not the faintest notice beyond brushing him aside and diving into the tent.

"Matches—lantern!" he kept muttering.

"Where are the matches?"

Charteris lit the lantern and stood back, while Kefford turned the place upside down in a feverish search for something. At last he found it—a battered note-book close beside him on the folding-table—pounced on it with a muttered exclamation, and devoured it through mud-flecked glasses.

For perhaps two minutes there was silence, save for the rustling of paper and heavy breathing, then Kefford crumpled up on the camp-bed, made a queer little noise,

half laugh, half gasp, and fainted.

"The Corona Keffordi!" he mumbled, almost as soon as his eyes fluttered open. Then he seemed to notice Charteris for the first time. He swung on to the edge of the bed and blinked across at him in a sort of radiant daze.

"I tried the swamp to-day, Mr. Charteris. It stretches for miles and miles to the westward. It quakes as you pick your way from tussock to tussock, and it is impossible to stand in one spot for more than a few seconds. I have no idea how many times I fell in, but something impelled me to go on. I doubt if anyone has been as far over that swamp as I have to-day. I am quite sure I could never do it again." He paused and blinked reflectively, then went on in the precise little sentences. exceedingly difficult to watch overhead and yet pick one's way over a swamp, but I managed it by allowing three seconds' rest every few yards. Longer than that was, as I have said, impossible, and I was beginning to wonder how I should get back, when I caught sight of something white above my head among the branches of a ti tree. It was the Corona Keffordi. I have no idea how I climbed that tree, or how I returned here; but, thank Heaven, here I am, Mr. Charteris, and here "—he swung the mudcaked specimen box attached to his belt on to his knees and prised it open—"here is the Corona Keffordi!"

His hand trembled as he held out the flower, a delicate waxen thing drooping from a stalk still embedded in the ti tree bark.

Charteris examined it with interest. He had caught something of the other's enthusiasm.

"Is it rare?" he asked.

"Rare!" Kefford gave an hysterical cackle of exuberation. "It is unknown, Mr. Charteris, unknown! Do you realise what that means? It is the Corona-you notice the crown formation—the Corona Keffordi! Ah, you cannot understand," he went on, taking down the bundle from the tent pole and placing his rarest treasure in a compartment of leaf and moss to itself with trembling hands. "When a man has orchids, he has no need of children. They are his children; he can tend them, breed them, perhaps give his name to them, though it is given to few to do this. I have done it. It may be that others of the same species will be found in the future, though it is unlikely-one might search those swamps for a year and not find this one's duplicate—but even then it would not be the Corona Keffordi. Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see," said Charteris. "It's confoundedly interesting, but hadn't you better change your things before you get

dengue?"

"Good evening, gentlemen," boomed a voice, and Mr. Burns's bulky form filled the doorway. He took in the situation at a glance, and Charteris lay watching his simulated enthusiasm while Kefford discoursed on his find with the exuberance of a schoolboy over a new pocket-knife. His gaunt face was transformed. Three years had dropped from his shoulders.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Kefford," said Burns. "I congratulate you most heartily." Kefford beamed and blinked through his

mud-stained glasses.

For the next two days Kefford rested on his laurels, as he put it. But Charteris knew it was a case of necessity. The struggle in the swamp, the frenzied excitement, had done their work, and the reaction had set in. The collector's face was still radiant, but his body failed to respond to the exuberance of his mind. He was weak, pitiably weak. Charteris saw the shadow of dengue fever hovering over him, and routed out the medicine case.

Then one night, as he lay staring through the mosquito netting into the velvety darkness, and wondering exactly what he ought to do, something black and hardly discernible moved slowly across the glade, paused, and moved on again. He lay quite still, watching it for upwards of half a minute; then, as it approached Kefford's tent, he thrust the netting aside and made one frantic dive. It was the only thing to do, and even then he was barely in time. His outstretched hand came into contact with something warm and greasy that instantly slid from his grasp. It was a man's ankle, and its owner, smarmed with cocoanut oil and mother-naked, bounded to his feet like a black indiarubber ball and sped for the bush.

Fijians can run, but so could Charteris. Again and again he gripped some part of the fugitive's wriggling, dodging anatomy, and again and again it melted through his fingers until, in sheer exasperation, he leapt blindly with outstretched arms and bore him, still writhing, to the ground. Even then it was like wrestling with a conger-eel. Charteris was never sure of his grip until he had a bulky strand of six-inch-long hair wrapped about his fist. Then a yell broke the stillness of the night, and the writhings died down to convulsive cringings.

"Ah, you stop him! You stop him!" squealed the unhappy youth. "I think

Missi_Keffodie call—I go quick!"

"Yes, on your belly, you young snake! Get up!" Charteris dragged him to his feet by the hair, and carefully changed his hold to the left hand. It was Samuel, one of Kefford's mission boys.

"Now listen to me," Charteris went on.
"You go back to your new boss and tell him I sent you to ask him if he'd be so good as to come and do his own dirty work—savvy? Then you can vamose to where you came from; it's the only place that'll hold you."

Samuel nodded as emphatically as the grip on his hair allowed, and stared at his captor with bulging eyes. It was too dark to find suitable material, so Charteris did the best he could with his bare hand, and polished it off by assisting Samuel three yards of the way with a well-directed foot. Then he turned towards camp, crawled under the mosquito net, and slept till dawn.

Kefford was in a bad way. For two days his temperature hovered round 102.8, and on the second Charteris moved him from the stifling tent to his own cooler quarters, and set out with the rifle in search of pigeon

broth in embryo.

It was noon when he returned, to stand at the edge of the glade and stare for one brief moment at the extraordinary scene before him. Johnnie was standing with inanely drooping jaw, watching Kefford, in striped pyjamas, grovelling amongst the charred remnants of the tent and uttering strange

little cries of alternate hope and disappointment. To all intents and purposes, the man was mad. His eyes bulged from his head; his singed beard was flecked with foam. It took all Charteris's strength to wrestle him to the bed.

"Corona Keffordi!" he laughed, and

collapsed.

"What happened?" said Charteris, with his knee still on Kefford's chest.

Johnnie lifted his eyes to heaven for assistance.

"Dunno, saka," he said. "Missi Keffodie him all right—ongo." He pointed down at the bed. "Me, me all right—ongo." He indicated the improvised camp kitchen with a nod of his bullet head. "Me make him drink. Tent him go 'Puff!' all quick."

Charteris nodded and drew the medicine

case to his side.

That evening Burns strolled into camp. Charteris could not help admiring his masterly assumption of concern at the "accident."

"Most unfortunate, Mr. Charteris," he intoned, shaking his head and looking down on Kefford's tossing form beneath the mosquito net. "And the orchids, too—after all the work and worry—too bad, too bad!" He clucked softly, sympathetically, until Charteris, who was kneeling at the sick man's side, knew that he must speak or burst.

"You've missed your vocation, Mr. Burns," he said evenly and without looking round. "You ought to have been an undertaker."

There was a pause, then Burns's voice

came in an altered tone.

"What you mean by that, Mr. Charteris, I'm sure I don't know; but if I can do anything—anything—I hope you will let me. I have a spare tent, and perhaps my medicine case——"

For some reason he stopped as Charteris got slowly to his feet and faced him

squarely.

"If you want to get out of here," he said, in a low, distinct monotone, "with a face that your Bishop Stortford friends will recognise, I give you until I have counted ten. One!"

For the next ten seconds Burns's face was a study in changing emotions. Offended dignity, defiance, appeal, disgust, were all reflected in turn and abandoned as useless. He wagged his fat hands impotently.

"If you will explain— "Two!" said Charteris. "What the devil d'you mean by---"

"Three-four!"

"Really, I must ask you to——"

"Five—six—seven!"

Burns cast one last look of exquisite loathing at his inflexible adversary, shrugged his shoulders, and turned on his heel.

But a few seconds later he was smiling as he walked briskly down the bush track to

camp.

The next day Charteris was kept busy, but on the second he went far enough afield to assure himself that Burns and his retinue had vanished.

On his way back to camp, he unhitched a banana leaf bundle from the lower branch of a dabi tree close to the edge of the glade, and rehung it near the sick man's bed.

Kefford was lying very still, staring stonily at the mosquito net. Charteris

lifted it and knelt at his side.

"Do you think you're strong enough to

stand a bit of good news?" he asked.

Kefford regarded him with pale blue, lack-lustre eyes that suddenly seemed to start from his head. He struggled valiantly on to an elbow.

"Lie still," commanded Charteris, forcing him gently back. "It's all right. It is the

Corona Keffordi, and the rest.

"But I don't understand," panted Kefford.
"That doesn't matter in the least," said Charteris. "I thought they might be safer out of the tent, that's all."

"But how did you know?"

"I didn't know-I only thought."

"Thought—thought what?"

Education Charles

"That they would be safer out of the tent. Lie down! I'll bring them to you."

Three months later Sir James Raymond, alone in his barn-like dining-room at Bishop Stortford, laid down a newspaper and rang the bell.

"Ask Mr. Burns if he will kindly see me

at once," he told the footman.

"I thought," he said, when Burns had been motioned to a chair on the other side of the fire, "I thought you said Kefford was doing no particular good out there."

"Not when I left, Sir James."

looked vaguely apprehensive.

"Then he must have done remarkably well in a very short time afterwards. Why did you leave until you had done equally well? I set no time limit."

"I-er-conscientiously believed I had exhausted the resources of the country."

"And yet in this paper"—Sir James tapped the printed page with a skinny forefinger-"I read he has just returned-only three weeks after yourself—with the very varieties you have brought, and an unknown species he is going to christen the Corona Keffordi."

Burns wriggled on the edge of the chair

and glared at the fire.

"He must have found another," he muttered, with a queer abstraction.
"Another?" snapped Sir James.

"I mean he must have found it—yes, he must have found it very soon after I left. What bad luck—what terribly bad luck! I'm exceedingly sorry, Sir James."

WINTER IN ENGLAND, 1914–1915.

IKE the fierce strife that desolates our world, A changeful winter reigns upon the earth; Anon he strikes, and then, with sudden dearth Of whirling storm, his shattered flags are furled,

Mired in deep mist, wherein the thought of death And dim imaginings of widespread woe Grip the heart coldly, while to hope fall'n low The world seems empty, without life or breath.

Then breaks a morn illumined by a sun Clear, radiant, pure, birds wake and voices rise Of men who lift courageous hearts in song; And stars at eve, presaging victory won, Echo the hymn that peals along the skies, Of peace to come and triumph over wrong.

MARIAN HOCKLIFFE.

A LOVERS' TALE

By MAURICE HEWLETT

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Into Middirth, in Iceland, runs the Mell river through muddlats and marl to mix green water with salt waves. On either side the land is rich and wet, giving fine pasture. There on the brae stood Melstead, and there it stands yet. Once it was the house of Ogmund and his wife Dalla; but he died before the tale begins, which begins with Dalla, a widow and blind, and her two grown sons, Thorgils and Cormac. Thorgils, the elder, was a broad-shouldered, fair-haired young man, steady at his work, and in his ways mild and quiet. Cormac took after his mother in looks, being vivid black and white. He was a wild young man, but very friendly after the bout. He had no idea how strong he was; but his brother knew, though they were very good friends, for all that. He had a keen eye for the flight of a bird or the play of a fish, and could sing and make verses; Sometimes he made verses because he had been moved; sometimes he was moved because he had made verses; and often he did not know which way it had been with him. Although he had no notion of setting up for a poet, he thought about himself and his sensations a good deal, and had found out already that he did not greatly care to do anything unless he could watch himself doing it, and watch the thing done as it suffered the doing. On a day in late autumn Cormac went up to the fells with Toste, said that it would be well to put into Nupsdale-stead for the night. "They'll feed us well, and we shall hear some good talk," he said. So to Nupsdale-stead for the night. "They'll feed us well, and we shall hear some good talk," he said. So to Nupsdale-stead they went, and there Cormac saw, for the first time, the beautiful Stangerd, daughter of Thorkel of Tongue, who had been fostered there for some four years. Cormac's gift of impromptu song artracted the girl's attention as much as her beauty fascinated him, and he returned to Nupsdale-stead more than once to sing further songs to her, though it never correct him to say that he loved her. As for ask

CHAPTER XVI.

BATTLE.

So the day came round for the battle, and Cormac, with his brother and his men, rode out to the holm which is called Leetholm, a day and a night's journey for the party, but not so far for Berse and his party.

Berse went off before it was light, and left Stangerd in bed. She would have nothing to say to him about it, but he kept his temper. Young Stanvor Slimlegs was astir to give him a horn of hot drink and to see him ride away. She served him while he was fastening up his fighting-gear; she brought him Whiting and buckled it upon him,

then his cloak to go over all. There was no speech between them till just the end, when Berse put his hand on her shoulder and said: "Good girl!"

Stanvor then said: "Good luck to your fighting."

Berse pulled a wry face and jerked back his head on his shoulders.

"That much is more than she says."

Stanvor replied: "She does not know her own fortune, but she will know it."

Stangerd, lying in her bed with her hands between her knees, heard them talking. She ground her teeth together and listened. There was no more said.

Berse left the house without more ado and

rode away down the valley, neither speaking to Stanvor any more nor looking at her.

Leetholm on Whamfirth is a flat meadow beside the river. The fells stand all round about, so that you scarcely see where is the road to the sea. It is hard ground at most times of the year, and a very good battle-

ground.

Cormac and his men were first to be there. He was in a bad temper, and had done, so far, none of the things he had been told to do. He had girt himself with Shavening outside his clothes, so that the sun had shone upon the hilt from its first rising; and he had taken off and left behind him the purse which Skeggi said was to be left in place. He was, in fact, most perverse.

When the two parties were within hail, Berse rode forward and saluted Cormac's

company.

"Let me have a word with you, my friends," he said pleasantly, "and most of all with you, Cormac."

Cormac, scowling, said: "We are not come

to have words with you."

"But you shall have them, whether or no," said Berse, "and I have this to say. You are a young man, and I am not; you have fought little, and I have fought much. You have challenged me to wager-of-battle, which is a tricky game, wherein neither rage, nor spleen, nor youth, nor muscle will help you so much as a cool head and a knowledge of the game. These have I. Now, if you will, the battle shall be changed to a fighting-match—that is, a bout where there are no rules but the rules of Nature. Wild-cats can play that game, and moor-cocks know it well. Take it as you will—I mean fairly."

Thorgils said, "Nothing could be more honourably spoken," and all his friends agreed among each other that he was right.

Cormac would not accept of it. He shook

off Thorgils and moved apart.

"I will abide by the challenge," he said.
"I will face you in any way, and match
myself with you in everything. If you
know the rules, I will learn them."

Berse shrugged his shoulder. "Be it so.

I have done my best for you."

Then they prepared the ground according to the laws of wager - of - battle. They stretched an ox hide on the ground and pegged it out with hazel wands. Upon this they set the champions facing each other, and then the shield-bearers stood up. In wager - of - battle either man has a shield-

bearer, who defends him with three shields in turn. If these are cloven without a scratch given or received, the men fight without shields, save the targets they carry for themselves, until blood falls upon the hide or one man is driven off it.

Now, Cormac forgot all the rest of Skeggi's instructions. He did not withdraw himself when he unbuckled Shavening, and, instead of unsheathing him slowly, he tried to get him out with a quick jerk. Shavening would not budge. Cormac, red and furious, took him by the point of the scabbard, set his feet upon the guard of the hilt, and tore the scabbard off him by main force. Shavening screamed as he came out. The snake did not show himself at all, but instead a dull mist settled down upon the blade, and did not clear off again, running before the strength of the sun, but some remained in blotches upon him.

Berse said: "I know that sword of old. That's not the way to treat him." His little bright eyes were twinkling, and he twitched his cheek-bones incessantly. He took his stand upon the hide without any fuss, walking to it as if he knew the way very well—as indeed he did—talking as he went to his shield-bearer, and making jokes. Cormac was serious, and had nothing to say. He felt that all eyes were on him, to see where and how he failed in the laws of this battle. But he did not require to be shown where to stand. Thorgils was his shield-bearer, and the first blow was to Berse.

Whiting seemed to cut leather and wattle like butter. He sliced through the rim and shore the shield in two halves, but did not touch Cormac or drive him back. Then Cormac, in his turn, cut at Berse's shield. Shavening would have worked more easily if he had not been so driven. But, as it was, the shield was broken rather than cut, and Shavening required some force to be withdrawn. Berse blinked and shook his head to see that. It was on the tip of his tongue to give advice, but he stopped himself in time.

The three shields to a man, allowed by the laws, were broken, and then the champions faced each other with sword and targe. Berse was now warmed to his work, and the battle-joy shone like points of fire in his eyes. He meant business now, one could see. Cormac was very still and rather grey in the face. He was the first to attack, and Berse parried him, took a step backwards, which brought him to the edge of



"Then Cormac, in his turn, cut at Berse's shield."

the hide, dipped sideway, ran in under cover of his round shield, and made a feint at Cormac's left shoulder. Cormac stopped him there, and Berse swung Whiting round and brought him down like a squall to Cormac's right. Cormac got Shavening up in time, and caught Whiting at the point where the ridge ends and the blade gets thin. Shavening sliced through Whiting and dispointed him. The point spun in the air like a coin and struck Cormac on the swordhand. It cut the knuckle to the bone, and the blood spurted. Men gave a cry, and then it was seen that Shavening had come down upon Berse's target and got a jag in himself. Berse had given back to the edge of the hide, and Cormac was in the act to rush in upon him when Thorgils lifted his arm and prevented him.

"Bloodshed," he said. "The fight is done,

brother."

Cormac glared at him and next at Berse; but now the onlookers were between the champions. The fight was over, Cormac bleeding freely from the hand.

Berse was wiping the sweat from his face. "I'm shorter in the wind than I was," he said to his friends. "If Cormac were not in such a rage, he would have done better. As it is, he has done well."

"He'll not be satisfied with this," a man

said.

"He'll have to pay the blood-money,"

said Berse.

Cormac was not at all satisfied. "Does he call that victory? A scratch from a broken sword-point? Can he do no better? Let him get a sword from his kindred and meet me again. I have one hand left." He was talking wildly.

Presently Berse pushed through the

crowd and came to him.

"I claim the ransom," he said. "You did

well, Cormac, but I bled you."

"You shall be paid," said Cormac; "but

this is not the end."

"It is, for me," Berse said. "Now, you have a nasty jag in the hand—no fault of yours, but pure misfortune—and you have far to ride. Now, will you come home with me and get it dressed there? Stangerd shall see to you. I promise you that."

Cormac shook the blood from his hand. "Do you think that I will see my love in your house? I would bleed to death before I saw it! Get you gone with your broken sword, and find you another. There is no end to the strife between us."

"You are talking wildly," said Berse.

"But I see that you would take anything amiss. We had better part now; but I wish you well—and more sense."

So they parted.

CHAPTER XVII.

BERSE GOES HOME.

At the door of his house stood Stanvor Slimlegs in a white gown, with the fire of welcome shining in her face.

Stanvor did not move from the doorway, for she was shy and always wary in what

she showed.

"One-and-thirty battles now," she said, as Berse came up.

You notice—as Berse noticed—that she

took his victory for granted.

He asked her where was Stangerd. She told him: "In the bower."

"Does she not know we have come home?"

"I think she does. I am sure she does, because I told her when I saw you coming round the shoulder."

Berse twinkled, looking at her. "You

have a far sight, my child."

She made no answer to that, and moved away, because Stangerd had come into the hall, and stood looking at Berse and his

company.

She had a blue gown and a green scarf over one shoulder and half her bosom. Her eyes were watchful, and brighter blue than her gown; her colour was high, burning on her cheek-bones. Certainly she was the most lovely woman in Iceland. Berse's courage rose to meet her.

"Well," she said, "have you killed Cormac?" She spoke sullenly, without curiosity or anxiety; but Berse was very

gay and laughed at her.

"I have not, my dear. I am too old a hand for such folly as that. Now, shall I tell you in Cormac's way what I have done?"

She looked at him steadily. "You shall,"

she said, "if you can."

Berse did not lose heart. He lifted his sword Whiting as if it had been the backbone of a harp, and struck upon it with his fingers.

"Listen all! The battle flame
Flickered from the cloudy dark,
Breathing slaughter; on he came,
Stood within the withied hide;
There the old war-dog stood stark.
Shavening screamed, but Whiting met him:
Whiting fell, but Shavening bit him—
Took his nose off, flung it wide.
Ill to see and ill to bide
When the shard flew off and hit him—
Red blood flowed—the law must hold.
Yet the young man matcht the old."

Stangerd, whose colour was very hot now, said: "That is bad poetry, if ever I heard it,

but it shows you a generous man.'

Berse laughed. "Sweetheart," he said, "I should like to please you if I could. I tell you he made a good match. A fine fighter. A champion."

She said: "You do please me by such

dealing."

He put his arm round her. "You have never said a kinder thing to me. You make me a generous man by treating me so."

Stanvor Slimlegs watched them from a

corner of the room.

Stangerd drew away, but not roughly.

Her eyes were full of thought.

Afterwards she and Stanvor served the men in the hall, and once, as she stood over Berse to pour into his horn, she put her hand on his shoulder and left it there for a while. Berse said nothing and did nothing except twitch his face and blink his eyes.

That night little Stanvor, lying awake, was full of thought. "He is a wonderful man to have brought her round. Now he will be happy. He can't bear to have glum

looks about him."

In the morning Berse was full of his jokes and mischievous tricks. He played with Stanvor and made Stangerd jealous. he made friends with Stangerd against her She would not look at him, but she listened to him, and, in spite of herself, laughed at what he whispered in her ear, and let him kiss her. There was no more talk of Cormac; and when Berse brought out Whiting from his scabbard and showed him to the two girls, with his ragged square end where the point had been sliced off by Shavening, Stanvor, looking guardedly askance, saw that Stangerd's eyes were very She said nothing, but it was she herself who turned the grindstone when Berse repointed the blade.

Then she began to do little offices for Berse which Stanvor had always done before. She used to come to the door to wait for him, and find Stanvor there. After a few days of that, Stanvor gave up going there; but she watched for him out of the window of the hall. She fancied sometimes that Stangerd might really be jealous, but would be too proud to show it. That made her very careful. She told herself that she would be showing her love for Berse a very shabby thing if she stood in the way of what his heart was set upon. He was making progress with Stangerd, it was very clear. He used to discuss that with Stanvor

whenever he found himself alone with her. He would say: "The proud girl laughed at me this morning. She has a kindness for me, you know, child."

Stanvor would say: "Be sure she has. I

have noticed her."

Once Stanvor told him things which she had found out. "Stangerd was very restless because you were so late home," she told

"Was she indeed, child?"

"Yes, she couldn't settle to anything. She asked me three times to tell her who would be at the horse-fighting, and afterwards at Thord's house."

Berse twinkled and rubbed his chin.

Presently she said: "She asked me if I thought there would be any girls there."
"And what did you say?"

Stanvor opened her eyes wider.

there would not be any."

"Good!" said Berse. "I like her question and I like your answer. You are a girl of He rubbed his hands together. "We are getting on-oh, yes, we are getting on! She's a beauty—isn't she, now?"

"I think she's very beautiful," Stanvor

"So she is, then," said Berse, then looked closely at Stanvor, and then stopped. had turned her head away, but showed by no other sign that the talk was painful to her.

Cormac made no sign until the spring, nor was the ransom paid. But when the weather opened and the spring was come, there was talk about the Thing at Thorsness. where Berse would go and some of Cormac's friends would certainly be. Berse made sure of being paid there.

When the time came that Berse was to set out for the Thing, Stangerd wished to go with him, but he would not allow her. "No, no, my beauty," he said. "The Thing is no place for women. It's rough lodging there, and rough work is done. Besides that, you would meet your old flame there, and I shouldn't like that now."

She looked at him steadily. "Is that

what you are afraid of?"

"I don't know that I am afraid of anything," he said; "but you've taken a liking for me lately, which I should be sorry to have disturbed.

She did not answer him directly. was always slow to speak. Nobody but Cormac had ever got a confession out of her. She kept her eyes fixed towards the ground. "I should like to go with you," was all she had to say.

Berse's face flickered. "It can't be so, my dear. I am sorry about it. But it would make trouble."

"No," she said, "it would not. It would

spare trouble."

"I'll take all the trouble that comes to me about you," Berse said. "I told your kindred as much, and will be as good as my word. You are worth it."

She looked at him now. "I don't often

ask you to do a thing for me."

"My dear," he said, "that is true. I wish

you did."

"You won't let me come with you?" She was very insistent. It was plain to Stanvor that she wanted to go, and why she wanted to go. It was plain, also, that Berse misunderstood her. To this last question of hers he shook his head. "That can't be."

She turned away. "Have it as you will," she said, and went away without another word. He thought that she would be sulky with him later on, but she was not. She never opened her heart to him—that was not her way. Yet he felt that she was inclined to him, and said to himself: "This is the best of my battles—to have engaged with this stormy heart and to have quelled it."

When he was ready to go, and came to bid her farewell, she clung to him. That touched him, and he stayed with her for a while.

"Speak to me, Stangerd," he said. "You are a strange girl to be so quiet when I am such a magpie."

"I can't talk," she said; "but you should

have let me come. I had a reason."

"I knew that," he answered. "Come, now, what was your reason?"

She wouldn't tell him for some time, but at last she said: "I could have shown that to Cormac which would have made him leave you alone."

He held her close. "My dear one," he said, "you make me happy. Now, understand that I can take care of myself very well, and that Cormac shall take no harm from me." Then he kissed her, and she looked at him sadly.

"You should have taken me with you," she said again. "You will be sorry that you

did not."

"Why, so I shall, sweetheart," he said, with a laugh, "but I shall be the merrier for you when I come back."

So he went off to the Thing, without a good-bye for Stanvor, who watched him go

from her window of the bower.

The two girls were very guarded with each other while Berse was away. They never once spoke of him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DOINGS AT THE THING.

To the Thing at Thorsness came all the West. When Berse came there with his friends, he was late. Most of the booths were full, and he could not get his proper place in that of his chief, Anlaf Peacock of Herdholt. There was a great crowd. In the seat which Berse had always had, next to his friend Thord, there sat a large man, very broad-shouldered, covered with a bearskin. Over his head he had a hood made of the skin, which fell before his eyes and made a darkness. He had a black beard down to his breast. Between his knees was a long sword in a grey sheath of walrus hide, and both his hands were upon the hilt of it.

Berse looked him over, and puzzled who

he was.

He asked his neighbour: "Tell me, who is our huge friend?"

"Some call him Glum, some call him Grim. I don't know what his real name is, but I am sure it is neither of those."

"Well," said Berse, "we'll have it out of

him presently."

Men were jostling and crowding in the booth, all talking together, drinking and making jokes. Berse bided his time, and presently trod heavily on the foot of the covered man.

He drew it in hastily. "Steady, there!" he said.

Then Berse turned to look at him. "So you live—some part of you? I was thinking you disposed for burial, and was minded to pile stones over you."

"A cairn will be built, it is very like," said the stranger, "but the dead man is

not known who shall sit in it."

"Now," said Berse, "we will make some way towards knowing his name. You shall tell us yours, to begin with—whether Scrum, or Glum, or Bears'-Paws, or whatever it may be—and then you shall tell us why you choose to sit in the dark."

The stranger pushed his hood back and showed his fierce face and black beard. He was very white-skinned, but his hair and eyes

dark as thunder.

"Stanhere is my name," he said, "and I am of this country. I may have money of Cormac's to pay over to you, or I may not."

Cormac's to pay over to you, or I may not."
"Oho, that's it, then!" says Berse.
"Cormac has been long settling his accounts.
I wonder that I don't see him here."

"You will see him," said Stanhere, "but not yet. Now, I challenge you, Berse, to

wager-of-battle here at the Thing, and it may be that you will get double ransom, but I think myself that you will get none."

Berse chuckled. "You and your friends are in a hurry to get rid of me," he said; "but I have been too bony for Cormac to swallow, and perhaps I may give you a stomach-ache before I've done with you. You take a high road, it seems to me. Perhaps you may stumble one of these fine One-and-thirty men have tried to stretch me out, you must know."

Stanhere looked straight before him, an immovable kind of man. "We don't desire

your death," he said.

"Then what in thunder do you desire?" Berse asked him.

"We desire to put you in your place," said Stanhere.

"You've done that already," Berse told

Afterwards the day of meeting was appointed, and, before it was reached, Cormac had come to the Thing. Nobody but Stanhere knew where he had been or what he had been doing. He had not been at home since his battle with Berse, but he had returned Shavening to Skeggi without a word, and then had betaken himself to his cousin Stanhere's house. There he had remained ever since, hardly speaking or moving. Stanhere, who was a silent, heavy, slow-moving man himself, saw nothing in this, but it was very unlike Cormac to be brooding.

Berse armed himself for the battle in his usual brisk manner. He had Whiting, he had a target which Thorveig, the spae-wife, had given him, he had Anlaf Peacock to hold his shield. He came joking to the holm, and when he saw Cormac was to be Stanhere's shield-bearer, he nodded and

laughed, as if it was all a good joke.

Scryme was the name of Stanhere's sword, and they say of it that it never got rusty. The reason of that may be that it had no time, for its master was as frequent a champion as Berse.

Now, Berse, who began the battle, cut away two of Stanhere's shields one after the other; but at the third shield he got Whiting jammed in the iron rim, and for a moment could not get him out. Cormac turned the shield sideways and jammed Whiting the faster; then Stanhere, with both hands to Scryme, made a huge cut at Berse, who parried with his target, Thorveig's gift. The target was true, and turned Seryme, but the force of the blow

could not be stayed. Scryme slid off the target and caught Berse upon the buttock. It split the flesh from there down the thigh to the shin-bone, and there it stuck. Berse tottered, but his sword Whiting was free. He drove at Stanhere with all his might, shore through his shield and target, and smote him on the left breast. Then Berse fell forward on his face, and his blood poured from him.

They carried him to the booth and bound up his wound. It was an ugly gash, full two feet long, and had reached the bone. The muscles were cut clean through. But Berse was still full of his jokes. "Dig that trench deep enough," he said, "and Cormac will lay me in it at the next bout." And

then he sang—

"There was a carle at Windy-Gate," which is a well-known song, and also—

"When on my chin the young beard grew,"

which is another.

But he was very ill, and not able to be moved for a week or more. Even then they had to make a litter for him and carry him down to the firth.

So it was that Stanvor, who was on the look-out every day, saw them carrying him up. She turned rather grey, and went to find Stangerd, who was working at a

"Stangerd," she said, "there are men

coming up from the water."

Stangerd looked at her. "Berse will be coming." Her blue eyes were large and bright.

"Yes, I think Berse is there," said Stanvor,

" or what is left of him."

Stangerd grew suddenly red. "Is he dead? Is he dead?"

Stanvor said: "I am sure that he is not. He is hurt, I believe." Then she added: "I shall go to meet them. Or do you go?"

Stangerd said: "I shall not go. I knew that this would come of it. He should have taken me with him. I will not go."

Then Stanvor ran out of the house just as she was and down the path to meet them.

Berse was in great torment, but heard her coming from a long way off, and listened. "That's Slimlegs," he said. And then he sighed and turned away his head.

But he had a twinkle for her when she came. No words passed between them, but Stanvor walked beside the litter, with her hand on it. And so Berse was carried into

his house.

CHAPTER XIX.

STANGERD FREES HERSELF.

STANVOR SLIMLEGS tended Berse night and day, and only slept when he slept, which was not often, because he had fever and was light-headed with it, and wandered in his wits. She grew very thin and looked more than her age; her eyes grew larger and lighter, as if they would absorb danger from all about before it could get at Berse. But she never failed, and felt sure that she was From the first Stangerd had not tired. withdrawn herself and taken no part in the issue of the quarrel, though she herself hardly knew why. Her first thought, when she heard of the mishap, was one of anger against her husband. "I offered myself to save him from this. He would not let me go with him. On his head be it. I know very well what I can do with men, and what I am worth. He thought he knew better, and this is the end of it." So she sat fuming while they were bringing him in, and would not go to see him. Stanvor had come to her to say that he was put to bed, and that he had asked where she was. "Well," she had replied, "and you told him, I suppose?"

Yes, Stangerd said, she had told him.

"And did he ask you to come and fetch me?" Stangerd wanted to know.

Stanvor said: "No, he did not ask in so many words."

"Let him ask, then," Stangerd said. "He is not slow to seek what he wants."

Stanvor, who was very grave, said that the wound was bitter. "He is slit from the buttock to the knee. He may limp till his death-day."

Stangerd flamed and said: "He was Battle-Berse when he took me. Now he is Buttock-Berse. I am wife to a maimed man—wife to Buttock-Berse!"

Stanvor, looking scared and grave, left her without another word, and she sat on in the dusk by herself, twisting her white fingers together in her lap. When it was dark, she got herself some supper and made a bed in the bower, where she slept ever after.

She was left very much to herself by some sort of common consent among those of the house and Berse's friends who came to see him. Stanvor saw her on and off during the days that followed, but offered her no news, and was not asked for any. But she did hear from common talk how the fight had gone, and how Cormac had taken some part in it. She did not praise him for that. She said to herself: "That was not done for

love of me or to get me. It was done to spite Berse. Between them these men bring me to shame." Then she looked at herself a long time in the glass. She observed the sheen of her cheek where the light caught the round of it; she felt her smooth throat, and drew her hair between her fingers and saw it like a mesh of golden silk. She said to herself: "Here am I even as I am, jilted by a young man, and bought by an old one who is lame of one leg. What does this mean? I was taught to love without my asking, I was married without my leave, and now I am to be housewife to a limping dotard!"

But she did not yet know what she could She was resolved that she would not stay with Berse, and clear that she could not call Cormac to her. If he came of his own will, she might take him; but she would want more wooing. Her heart was cool; he must chafe it till it was hot again. Sometimes she thought of calling Cormac in to help her; sometimes she turned to her brother Toothgnasher. Finally she decided that she would go by herself, as the law allowed her. There was one thing against If she went, she would leave Stanvor alone with Berse, who almost certainly would make her his third wife. Now, she told herself that it was no concern of hers what became of either of the pair. She had no quarrel with Stanvor, whom she despised; but she felt that she might be affected by it if they came together. She wished, on the whole, to go on despising Stanvor. But you cannot despise a person who makes you uneasy in your mind.

One day—it was towards evening—she stopped Stanvor as she was carrying a warm drink to Berse.

"Where are you going?" she said, though she knew quite well.

Stanvor looked at her quietly, without a flicker in her light blue eyes. "I am going to take him this," she said, "and then he will sleep."

Stangerd grew angry. "Him!" she said. "He! You talk strangely, my girl. One might think you talked of your husband or lover, to hear you."

"No one would think so who knows us," Stanvor said. "You at least know better. Forgive me if I leave you. This gruel will get cold, and then he will make a grimace and refuse it. I will take it to him, and then come back and listen to you." With that she went away.

When she came back, she found Stangerd

in a cold rage. She stood quietly before her with unfaltering eyes. Stangerd looked all ways but hers, then broke out—

"What are you here for? Why are you

here?"

"I thought that you had more to say."

"No, no, there is nothing more to say. You know all that is in my heart."

"If I knew that," said Stanvor, "I should

know more than you do."

"If I knew what was in your heart, my girl," Stangerd cried, "I should kill you!"

"No, indeed, you would not," said Stanvor. "You would be sorry for me." With that she went about her business.

She lay on the floor below Berse's bed, having covered herself with a bearskin. She was awake, and listened to him grumbling

and muttering to himself.

"There's no sense in it," said Berse.
"I'm an old fool for my pains." Then he stopped for a while, but grunted as his pains shot in him. "A pretty child, a pretty girl," he went on. "All that the heart of a man could desire. But the other touches my pride. I've always had what I wanted." Then he dropped off to sleep, but Stanvor lay with her eyes wide open, staring into the dark corners.

As the days wore on, she knew that Stangerd was busy about something. Stangerd used to go out by herself, and was away for a good many hours of the day. One of the house-carles said that she had been seen down by the firth talking to Thorveig, the spae-wife. Berse had given up asking about her. He was getting better, and had begun to take notice of Stanvor. One day he said to her: "You ought to be married, sweetheart."

Stanvor's heart stood still, but she recovered herself. "Get well again, and we

can think about it."

"That I will," said Berse. "He'll be a lucky fellow that gets you."

She turned away her head.

Then came the day when he could get about the house. He came hobbling out into the sun, leaning upon a stick and Stanvor's shoulder. They came full upon Stangerd, who was sunning herself in the court. There were house-carles at work in the outhouses. Stangerd clapped her hands together, and when they looked up, she called to them to come to her. Berse all this time was shaking on his stick, watching her, twitching his eyebrows.

When the men were standing about, Stangerd, whose colour was like flame,

swept Berse into her talk with a stretchedout arm. "Take notice, all of you, and bear me witness," she said, "that I, Stangerd, Thorkel's daughter, separate myself from this half-man. He was called Battle-Berse when I took him; but now he is Buttock-Berse, and I will have nothing to do with a blemished man. I separate myself from him, and claim my liberty and my goods. That is all I have to say."

"Mistress," said Berse, who was very still, leaning on his two sticks, "you have said enough. Less would have served your turn." Then he turned and left her, hobbling along the flags in the sun, with Stanvor walking beside him. Stanvor held herself as stiffly as a young birch tree. Not a word upon the scene passed between them. Berse talked gently and quietly, and

Stanvor helped him all she could.

That same day Stangerd left him and rode down to the water. She went home to her own people. Berse made no effort to stop her, and when she was gone, he called Stanvor to him and took her in his arms. She came readily.

"It's you and me now, sweetheart," he

said

"I'm ready," she said.

"Do you mean that?" said Berse, holding her close. "Have you no pride?"

"I have a great deal," she said, "but I

gave it to you long ago."

Berse kissed her, but immediately put her down.

"If I have your pride to keep, I'll use it to the best advantage. You and I will keep our distance of each other for a while longer. We must see what that termagant does next. She is a fine woman—I never saw a finer—but some fiend is in her. Let him take her. She is nothing to me now."

"She is beautiful," Stanvor said.

Berse regarded her. "Yes," he said, "so she is—as a field of corn full of red poppy is a goodly sight. But there's the less corn, there's the less nourishment for the husbandman. Wait till I can get about again, and we'll see what can be done."

Things went quietly for a few days; but Stanvor was aware that Berse often looked at her when he thought she did not know anything about it. She smiled to herself and kept a good heart. By and by, before the winter had come, and no tidings yet from Stangerd's kin, Berse stopped in front of Stanvor and said: "I am minded to take a child in fostership. It will be good for you, and the money will be kept for you

when you want it. What do you say to this, sweetheart?"

Stanvor said: "I say what you say. What

child have you in mind?"

"I shall take Anlaf Hoskil's son Haldor," said Berse. "A good, strong boy, more than twelve years old. He shall be in your fostership."

Stanvor said: "Very well; I'll do my

best with him."

So that was done. Haldor was a bold lad, saucy, and forward for his age. Stanvor got very fond of him, and he of her. He learned of her to consider Berse the greatest paragon in Iceland. Berse, except for a slight limp, was now as well as ever he had been, and amused himself that winter by teaching Haldor how to exercise himself. He showed him the use of the sword, the bill, the axe, and the spear; he gave him horses to ride, and made him swim in the river every day. Haldor was a rough boy when he came, but this sort of work made him as fierce as a young man. Stanvor used to talk to him every night about Berse's gentleness and good temper. Between them they were in a fair way to make a man of Haldor.

CHAPTER XX.

TOOTHGNASHER.

Now, in the spring, Thorkel Toothgnasher, who was Stangerd's brother, came up to Sowerby and asked for Berse. He had a man called Wale with him, a red-haired, broken-nosed man with a very shiny face. Stanvor saw them, and said that Berse was from home. They said that they would wait, and sat down in the hall. Stanvor served them with drink, and Toothgnasher, before his draught, looked at her over the rim of the horn.

"You had something to do with my sister's flitting, little mistress, I think."

"Nothing that I know of," said Stanvor.
"She told Berse why she was going. I heard her."

"Did she not tell you another reason?"

"No," said Stanvor.

"What? Was she not jealous of you, for ever about her husband?"

Stanvor said: "She could have tended him herself if she had cared. Then I should have kept away. I never did anything that she offered to do. She will never tell you that she was jealous of me."

Toothgnasher said: "Well, it's strange if a man don't know his sister's mind."

"It is strange," Stanvor agreed, "but it seems to be your case."

Haldor was listening to all this, sitting by the fire, nursing his foot. He frowned. "Do you think he would pay such as you two are?" he said.

Wale started. "How now, you little egg?"
"You will see," said Haldor. "My fosterfather will make short work with you."

"Oh, be done!" said Toothgnasher, and turned again to Stanvor. "You, mistress," he said, "were an inmate of Thorarin's house once upon a time?"

"Yes," said Stanvor, "very much against

my will."

"Thorarin paid Berse for that," said Wale. "He did so."

Stanvor answered quietly: "Yes, he paid with his life and the lives of his sons."

"And now it is Berse's turn to pay," said Toothgnasher, very red.

Just then Berse came in and greeted the strangers civilly.

Toothgnasher at once opened his affair. He desired the bride-price and the dowry of Stangerd, who had declared that she would not be the wife of a maimed man. Berse sat and twiddled his thumbs, while Stanvor,

"I don't pay," said Berse. "I'm as well as ever I was in my life. I'm as pleased as daylight that she has taken herself off; but I won't pay, and that's flat."

"It is much too flat for us," said Tooth-gnasher. "You shall fight me for that, Berse."

"So I will," says Berse.

kneeling, took his boots off.

Toothgnasher got up. "Wager-of-battle at the holm by Tiltness, it shall be."

"So it shall, then," Berse said. "You'll be making little of me, I dare say, such a stout man as you be grown, but I shall be there for you."

Then Wale had something to say. His eyes were bright, but he was rather short of breath. "If I were to come to you, Berse, with money in my hand, and ask for that young girl in marriage, what would you say to me?"

Berse, twinkling, looked about for Stanvor. She stood in the shadow, but he saw her steady eyes, very watchful. He smiled and nodded to her.

"I should say that you were too late in the day," he told Wale. Everybody was tense and quiet. Everybody spoke shortly, and those who did not speak held themselves in waiting for something.

"I don't care much for that answer,"

Wale said.



""I separate myself from him, and claim my liberty and my goods."

"It's all you will get from me," says Berse, "but you may ask her, if you please."

Wale said that he should ask her. "And I'll ask Ord, her parent," he said, growing angry.

Berse said: "Get you gone, the pair of

you, and do your worst."

"By my head," Toothgnasher said, "I'll get me gone, as you say, but I'll do my worst beforehand!"

With that he reached back for his bill and hewed at Berse. Halder slipped into the fray with Whiting, and saved Berse's life. He cut in like a flash of lightning and knocked the bill sideways. Then he handed Berse the sword, and Berse in his stocking feet engaged with Toothgnasher. Halder took down a spear from the wall, and stood leaning on it to watch the fight. It was long and arduous. Toothgnasher had a great reach and was very active. Berse could not get in at him at all.

Stanvor stood where she was, in the shadow of the great hearth, and was so intent upon the battle that she did not see what Wale was about. He had got behind her to the door which led to the bower, and suddenly threw his cloak over her head and drew it across her mouth so that she could not cry out. Holding that fast in one hand, he put the other about her body, lifted her and turned to take her out by the back door.

Haldor saw him and went after him. He caught him just by the door and drove his spear into the middle of his back. That was his death-blow; he fell forward on to the top of Stanvor, and there he lay. She lay quiet, too, until Haldor got the cloak off her head. Then the two of them went back to see what was being done. They found Berse wiping the blade of Whiting.

"Hot and dirty work," said Berse, "but

there lies Toothgnasher."

Haldor said: "Foster-father, I have killed a man. I have killed Wale."

"Have you so?" said Berse. "What

did you do that for?"

Haldor told him. Then said Berse: "You have done well, my lad. Now get we these two without the house, and then we'll have supper, and then we'll go to bed." So they dragged out of doors Toothgnasher and Wale and covered them decently with a cloth.

When they came back, they found that Stanvor and the women had set the table. They had supper, and Stanvor waited upon

Berse as she had always done.

But towards the end, Berse, who had said nothing, told Stanvor to fetch another jug of mead. When she brought it and had filled his horn, he held it up and said to her: "Drink of it, sweetheart."

So she put her lips to the horn and gave it back to him. Berse drained it.

He said no more, but sent Haldor to bed, and sat by the fire, knitting and clearing his brows. Stanvor was at work upon embroidery on the other side of the hearth. When the time came, she put the work away in its place and came to Berse to say good-night. He put his arm round her and kept her there.

Presently he said: "Two wives have I had, and intend for a third. What do you say

to that, sweetheart?"

"I say what you say," she replied, looking down at him, for he sat in his chair while she stood over him.

"My first wife was very well. They called her a paragon, but I don't know. We fell out now and then about trifles. She had a quick temper, and was very particular. Myself, I'm a careless sort of man, always in scrapes. She could not bear that. liked the same things to take place at the same hour every day. Now, they never did with me, and never will. However, we made a shift to get on. Then there was Stangerd. I don't know what had warped her, but I was a fool to be talked overah, and a fool to be taken by her good looks when I had a better beside me. But when I told you I was going to take her, what did you say? You said: 'Well and good, master.' Now, why did you say that?"

She still smiled, tolerantly and wisely, and still looked down kindly at him. "Because you must always do as you like," she said.

"And so I will," he said, "and you shall marry me, sweetheart, when you will."

The tale has no more to say of Battle-Berse.

CHAPTER XXI.

THORWALD THE TINSMITH.

Now back we go to Tongue on Midfirth to see what was going on there. Stangerd's father was not overjoyed to have her back again at home, but he said that she had been very right to leave Sowerby and a husband who put her to ridicule. He was sanguine, too, that she would get her property back either by a pleading at the Thing or by Berse's sense of justice; but his son Toothgnasher thought differently, and as the season wore away, it seemed that

Toothgnasher was right. Then came the battle in Berse's house, and the end of Toothgnasher and Wale. Thorkel took that hardly, and showed Stangerd by his dealing that he put some of the blame upon her. He now talked of ransom and the need of a champion to take up his quarrel. He talked more than once of Cormac as of the right man in the right place, as the natural champion of his family, and all the rest of it. Stangerd said nothing, but remained handsome, silent, and self-possessed as she had always been. Yet there's no doubt but she expected Cormac to come, and looked for him every day.

But he did not come, though he was known to be at home and at work about his house and fields. Narve had seen him, and had even hailed him from afar off; but as Cormac made no sign of access, the timid man had not cared to pass the time of day with him, or to slip in the news which was so much in Thorkel's mouth just now.

But it must needs be that Cormac knew of her return: in fact, he did know it, for his brother had told him. He took the news quietly; he was fallen very glum of late, and made no more poetry. He went on with his work as if there was no such person as Stangerd in the world, and then he began to get restless again, and irritable. He lost his temper with things—not with persons—and could not stay long at one job. Then, in the late summer, suddenly he told his brother that he thought of going to sea. He said that there was a ship in the firth to be had at a moderate figure. He would get some stuff together and a crew, and go off trading to Norway. Maybe they could do some raiding. He wouldn't say, but they might go to Ireland.

Thorgils said that he would go, too, and as soon as the gear could be got on board and the men found; but nothing much was done until the early winter. Not a word,

so far, of Stangerd—not a word.

But by this time news had come to Midfirth that Berse had married Stanvor Slimlegs, and had made himself very comfortable, being perfectly recovered of his slit buttock. He had fortified his house with a great wall of stone and turf. Thorkel was in a fine way over these tales, and went about saying that he had fallen on evil days, and that Iceland was no longer the home for free men or honest men. If a man could turn his wife out of the house at a moment's notice, kill her brother, and take a new wife, and no call to be made

upon him, what were we coming to? Narve's teeth chattered, and he said it was very dreadful.

The upshot was that Thorwald Tinsmith came into the story, a well-to-do man of large presence and a comely, fair beard, which lay upon his chest like a force of water. He was always fondling it, and had a trick of squeezing it up in his hand so that he could make a brush of the end of it, and brush his nose with it. He had flat, light blue eyes, and spoke slowly and gravely. A rich man, one of the Skiddings of Fleet, a widower without children, an excellent tinsmith. After a great deal of debating with his brother Thorvard and his neighbours, he took boat and sailed into Midfirth.

He stayed the night on board, and rode up next day, with his brother and a couple more witnesses and tokeners, to see The day was spent in talking. He saw nothing of Stangerd till the evening meal, when she came out in white-just as she had been when Cormac first set eyes upon her—and served the table. She was, maybe, more matronly than she had been Experience had made her more then. There was no spying through Hagbard's eyes, no tiptoe work behind the hangings; but then there was no seer to view her feet and no singer to cry upon her starry beauty. The grave, portly tinsmith hardly looked at her; and when she had gone to bed, and the men drew closer together to bicker the thing to an end, and Thorkel began to vaunt her as a wonder of the world, Thorwald roundly said that one wife was as good as another to him, so far as her looks went. A wife, he said, should be well found in money and other movables, and handy in the house. She must have a pleasant nature, and not be always asking the reason of things. It might easily happen, he said, that a man did not know, or have at call, the reason for something said or done, or required to be done. He did not care—nor was it convenient—that he should have to own up to ignorance. It made him look foolish; moreover, it might lead to debate, and bring endless confusion in the household. For everything he said he appealed to his brother Thorvard for confirmation. confirmed him every time; and the end of it was that they were too many for Thorkel, who found himself asking them to take Stangerd off his hands, offering to make good the gear which she had left behind

her at Sowerby, and to add more to it. With these terms the tinsmith was content, and said that he would talk to Stangerd

next day.

When her father told her what was forward, she gloomed and said nothing for a time, neither assenting nor refusing. Presently she began to breathe quickly, as if thought troubled her breast. And then she said: "It is a strange thing to me that I am so unhappy in my dealings with men. See that little pale slip of a thing, Stanvor: she has been made happy with what I despised. See Cormac, who loved me first. What have I done—what did I do—that he should treat me so? It seems to me that a girl's good looks are her bad fortune. I wish I had never been born!"

Thorkel had little comfort for her. "Thorwald," he told her, "thinks nothing of your looks. He is a peaceful man, who wants to be quiet. If you let him alone, he will let you alone. What more do you want?"

There was more, but in the end she dried her eyes and consented to see the tinsmith.

Thorwald stroked his fine beard as he looked at her the next day. She stood up before him, but he did not at first think it

necessary to rise from the bench.

"So, Stangerd, it seems you are inclined to try again," he said. "Now, let me speak to you of myself, for I would not have you say afterwards that I had deceived you, or hear you tell me that you separate yourself from me on that account. I am a well-to-do man of quiet and ruminating temper. do not jump at a thing. I like to turn it over and about. You must not expect me to be always fondling and kissing. I have many irons in the fire, and, when my mind is occupied, I expect to be let alone. All in good time, and a time for everything, is my favourite saying. I have turned off many a trouble by the use of that lore. I have a good house, and many people about it, one way and another. You will have half a dozen women to oversee, and there are house-carles and labourers and shepherds. It is well stored, and I choose to have a generous table; yet I love thrift and detest wastefulness. My brother Thorvard lives with us. He will please you; he can be very merry at times, and sings a good song. So do I, for that matter, but I don't profess to be a skald. I hope we shall be very happy together, and don't doubt of it if you remember that I am a serious man who has no time for trifling or outbreaks of temper."

Then he got up and, putting one hand upon her shoulder, put the other under her chin. Lifting her face, he looked kindly into her beautiful, stormy eyes, and then kissed her.

Stangerd had never been wooed after this sort, and her heart was like lead within her. She had, indeed, no heart wherewith to fling away from such a suitor, but she was very near to tears. She was as lovely as ever she had been, and yet the light seemed to have left her, so that she was anybody's for the picking up. But she had lost her spirit. Cormac, perhaps, had got that: she didn't know, and didn't care. She allowed her lips to the tinsmith, she faltered that she would do her best, and then she went away.

Within a short time she was married to him, and knew the best and worst of him. He, for his part, neither knew nor cared

what she was made of.

They were married at Thorkel's house, and there they stayed for the midwinter season. Then suddenly one day Cormac came to the house and saw her again.

CHAPTER XXII.

CORMAC COMES BACK.

SHE hadn't seen him since the day of her first bridal, the day when Berse brought her home into Sowerby. They had parted in unkindness, and it seems that they were to meet so, for her first feeling in her discontent was of hot rage against him as the maker of it. Her eyes were angry and her cheek-bones were angry; she sat where she was by the fire, with her needlework still in her lap, and watched him, waiting for him

Cormac also at first said nothing to her. He stood framed in the doorway, wryly smiling, frowning with one eyebrow. He considered her as a painter considers his unfinished work, whistling in his teeth as he wonders where he shall begin. Words and phrases sang and danced in his head as he absorbed her again. Then he said: "Stangerd, you are like a morning in April, when the sun is breaking through the rain and thinning it into mist. If I could stand always at this distance from you, Stangerd, and look at you like this, I should make songs which would be the music of all Iceland. But I can't—and you know that I can't-keep so far from you now, after what has been betweeen you and me; and so I

am going away from you, my golden wonder, and will put the blue water between us.

What do you say to that?"

He spoke lightly and mockingly, or so she felt it. She governed herself, therefore, so that he should never guess that she was unhappy. She picked up her needlework and took a stitch or two as she said: "You will do as you please, I suppose. It is what you have always done. When will you sail?"

"Not yet, not yet," he said. Then he came into the hall and stood near her, right over her

"I am going with my brother Thorgils to Norway," he told her, "but I thought that I would come to see you again before I went. What are you making there?"

She told him—a shift.

"Is it for yourself? You will wear it?"

"I suppose so," she said. "Why do you ask me?"

He said: "It would be strange if I was not interested in anything which will be as near to you as this linen. Will you do me a service?" he asked her.

"What do you want me to do?"

"That linen you are stitching would make me a shirt to wear over my mail. Will you make it for me instead of yourself?"

She looked at him quickly. "Are you going to wear mail? Are you going Viking?"

His eyes laughed. "I think so," he said, "like my father before me, but not by any means for so good a reason."

"What was your father's reason?" she

asked him, and he told her.

"He was a man of large mind and great passions. He felt that the world lay to the hand of the man who could handle it. He said that the might followed the mind. He was restless and cramped in this country of stony hills and narrow dales and strait seas. The fire burned in him, and he gave it vent. He went far and did greatly; he went often, and at last he never came back. But he died as he had lived—greatly."

She thought that very fine, and expected much the same answer to her next question,

but she did not get it.

"And what is your reason?"

"My reason is that I may forget that you ever lived and made me suffer," he said plainly.

She bit her lip and her eyes filled with

smarting tears.

"You are ungenerous. You are a coward to say so. And it is not at all true. I was living at Nupsdale when you came there. I could not know that you were coming, or who you were that came. You saw me, and after that never left me alone. You taught me to love you, and then you left me, when you had made your songs about me. That was all you wanted out of me, I see very well. Well, go now and make your songs of whom you will."

He stood over her now, dark with rage. "Song! Song! What song is left in me? What have I left to sing of? The glory of song is departed from me. Once I had it like a running water in me, a well-spring that never ran dry. Then you came and dipped your hands in it, and it flowed all about you as if it would carry you away to the sea. And then it slept. It went when you were false to me."

And now she jumped up, flaming. "I was never false to you! I was never false! You are lying! It was you who tired of me, and left me in the lurch on my wedding-day. I sat alone here in my crown, with my maids, waiting for you, and you did not come. Now go to sea or where you will, but leave me. I will never make a shirt for you so long as I live!"

There where she stood, all flushed and splendid in her fury, he came to her and took her in his arms. Before she could stop him he had kissed her twice, roughly and fiercely. Then she broke away and left him without another word.

But when she came back, more than an hour later, he was still there in the same place. She stiffened her neck and squared her shoulders.

"I required you to go," she said, "but you are still here. What sort of conduct is this, do you think? My father and my husband will be here soon, and there will be more trouble on your account. Has there not been enough?"

Cormac said: "Stangerd, I can't go until you forgive me. I acted badly. I am very

sorry."

"You forgot yourself," she said, "but I shan't bear a grudge. Go in peace."

"Yes," he said, "I will go. But I shall see you again."

"You cannot," she told him. "Thorwald will be angry."

"That makes no matter," he said, "so long as you are not angry."

She said: "Ah, but I shall be very angry if you use me so." She spoke more kindly.

"I will not," he said. "I will not touch you again, unless I go mad again."

"That's no promise at all," she said.
"When you are angry," he said, "I want you more than ever I did in my life."

She was grave now, and shook her head. "This must not be," she said. "I shall go away from here as soon as I can."

"You will do no good by that. I shall

find you."

"Cormac," she said, and touched his arm, "you must learn to do without me. It is not to be. Now I see very well that it was true what your brother Thorgils said when he was here that day—when you were not. He said that the spae-wife had put a spell upon our plighting, that you and I could never come together. And it is true; we have not, and we shall not."

He seized both her hands. "Stangerd,

come now—come with me!"

He implored her, he raved, but she was ready for him now. She was kind, but she would do nothing. Then she heard her people coming in, and told him to go. He said he would not unless she kissed him. She did it, but not as he wished.

He went out, brushing by Thorkel and Thorwald, who were coming in to dinner. He took no notice whatever of them, but

Thorwald asked who he was.

Thorkel said shortly: "That's a man whom I don't want to see any more. That is Black Cormac of Melstead, a dangerous He has been after Stangerd, you may be sure. Now, you must deal quietly with that man, or you will be sorry for it. He has brought more troubles to this house than enough."

Thorwald brushed his nose with the golden end of his beard and was silent through Afterwards he asked Stangerd about Cormac. She told him that he was going abroad, and had come to say good-bye.

Thorwald said he was glad to know that. "He was not very civil to Thorkel or to

me."

"He had no reason to be," Stangerd said

rather shortly.

Thorwald said: "You surprise me. What —is he to treat your husband like so much brushwood?"

"He is a man," Stangerd replied, "who treats other men as he finds them. If they are friendly, so is he; if unfriendly, he is

more so. If they are indifferent, so is he."
"But," said Thorwald, "I was not indifferent, though he was. How could I be indifferent to the men who come to visit you?"

"You had better learn to be indifferent when Cormac comes," she said.

Thorwald was very surprised, and brushed his nose a long time, until she asked him to

"And why, pray, am I to cease?" he asked.

She said: "Because I ask it."

" Nobody has He found the reason bad. ever asked me that before."

She said: "I hope that I shan't have to ask it again."

He considered this answer. "It's a little trick I have," he said.

She replied: "It's a little trick I don't like. It makes you look very foolish."

"Nobody," he said, "has ever told me so before."

"I wish that somebody had," said she, "for then it would not have been for me to tell you."

He drew himself up and squared his shoulders. "Do you think it seemly to tell your husband that he looks foolish?"

She returned to her seat by the fire and her sewing. "I think it more seemly," she said, "than that he should continue to look so."

CHAPTER XXIII.

STANGERD GOES TO FLEET.

Now, the poet of whom I spoke a long time ago as having his own idea of Cormac's affair, singing about his troth broken on his wedding-day, says—

> But of this matter, when Cormac, Betroth'd, handfasted as he was, Lover accepted, yet drew back At the last hour, a think unchancy—Witch-finders hint at spell or curse Upon the plighting. Each man has His own curse in him, and my fancy Sees Cormac storing her to heart To sing about in sounding verse, Making a goddess of a lass, Not better, but so much the worse The more herself has art and part In the business. Call this necromancy Done by the spae-wife out of spite-I tell you, Love's a tricksy sprite For poets' bosoms.

And he's right, there's no doubt. Cormac could not be expected to know that.

What puzzled the young man, however, was this—that he felt happier, more uplifted, as he went away from Stangerd than he had known himself to be when he was with her. In her presence, all the wicked feelings which beset mankind had been about him rage, greed, grudging, jealousy, and the rest of them. Her beauty had made his heart blacker; the more he needed her, the less fit he felt himself to touch the border of her gown. But now he had left her, the clouds parted, and she shone dazzling like the sun in the blue sky. To love her was not only reasonable, but it was a career. It was food and drink, occupation and fame. It was a fire within him which would never go out—unless he saw her. Strange freak of Fate that he could only love her when he didn't see her!

He was happier than he had been for a year or more. He began to sing again, naturally, like a bird.

And in this mood he remained for the rest of the day, finding himself strong enough to think of her without needing to see or to touch her.

In the morning he found himself down on the lees again, and life a brackish flat business unless there was a hope of seeing Stangerd. But he fought with himself, and to such purpose that he set a day for sailing and kept to it.

They all went aboard, men and horses, and headed for the Floe with a fair wind on their quarter. That was four or five days after he had seen Stangerd, but meantime Thorwald had taken her off to Fleet.

He took her off the very next day, in fact, after his unceremonious meeting with Cormac in the entry of the house. He got the whole story out of Thorkel that night, and the more of it he got, the less he liked it. It wasn't so much that he shirked an encounter with Cormac, even though he was not much of a fighter. He explained to Thorkel how he felt about it.

"Stangerd," he said, "was very short with me after Cormac had been with her. No man cares to be thought tiresome. I am not at all accustomed to it; I have always been treated with respect. I am a weighty, sententious man, and I know it. But if these handsome, flashing poets get about a young woman, she is dazzled. She fills herself with their heady drink, their spiced food, and turns up her nose at the good roast or soused, at the good white bread or curdy cheese upon which the body is built It is so. I wish my wife to admire me. Is that so extraordinary? She will be happier if she can do it, and so shall I be. Now, when I was talking to her about her Cormac, I noticed that little tricks of mine with the beard seemed to vex her. I have an uncommon beard—it has often been noticed—but all she had to say of it was to ask me not to brush my nose with it.

was distressing. It can't go on like this. Within the first few days of a man's married life, to feel that a man is ridiculous in his wife's eyes intimidates a man."

So he took her away to Fleet, a long way from Midfirth, where there is more open water, and there she began her housekeeping.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE NIGHT IN THE WOOD.

CORMAC's ship Raven had a fair way over the Floe, and made Skaganess on one tack. But past the Ness they were as good as in the open sea; the wind freshened and blew from the south-east. They thought it well to stand inshore, and found smooth water at once, and plenty of it. Drängey showed up before the night fell, and as they were in strange waters, they decided to seek a haven there for the night. They found a good harbour with a sandy bottom on the west of the island, and lay as snug as fish in the sea.

Next day they crossed the firth and coasted up the further shore. The mountains come right down to the sea on that shore, and the lower slopes of them are covered with wood. Cormac sat on deck, looking at this magic country of rocks and thin, grey stems. The sunlight was like mist between them, and above they were blushing with the rising sap.

Then, on a sudden, as he looked, his heart stood still. He saw a woman in a blue cloak riding through the trees. Her head was bare, and her hair shone like gold. He went white, and stared with his eyes. His lips moved, but no sound came from them.

Then he called Thorgils, his brother. "Thorgils," he said, "yonder woman riding there is Stangerd. She is alone. Shape your course closer in, and be ready to cast anchor."

"Why," said Thorgils, "what are you about?"

"I am going to see Stangerd," Cormac said.

"And what then?"

"I don't know yet. We shall see."

"Will you make trouble for us and her?"
"I don't know. It will be to do that or to end the trouble. Alter our course, I say."

Thorgils did as he was told. The water was as clear as glass on a bottom of hard, white sand. They stood to within a spear's throw of the shore. Stangerd, if it was she, had seen the ship, and had reined up her grey horse in a clearing in the wood. She

was looking at them. Thorgils now saw that it was Stangerd, sure enough. They heaved the anchor overboard, and the *Raven* brought up; but before she was fast, Cormac was in the water to his middle.

Stangerd did not move from where she was, but the light in her eyes answered the light in his, and her flushed face to his face.

He came directly to her through the trees and stood beside her. His hand rested on the horse's mane, but he did not touch her.

She spoke first. "You have come, then."

"I saw you, so I came."

Her eyes engulfed him. But she was not smiling. She was too deeply satisfied for any outward sign. She consumed her happiness within. Nothing in her life had ever pleased her so much as this.

Cormac said: "What is this? Where are you going? Do you live here? Where is

your husband?"

Then she laughed. "A string of questions! I live at Fleet, which is not far from here. I was lonely at home, so I came out. Thorwald is away, brushing his nose somewhere."

Cormac said: "Let him be. We haven't much time, but we have to-day."

"You are for Norway?" she asked him.

His eyes were upon her.

"I am for you at this hour, and the ship

is fast. Come with me for a little."

He stood beside her and took her down from the horse. When he had her in his arms, he held her for a moment, and she made sure that he was going to kiss her. But he did not. He held her for a moment and then put her down. Both of them were very red and both out of breath. They began to walk slowly through the wood. Cormac led her horse.

There was no wind. The sun was hot and the sky blue. The sea lay glittering without a ripple. The ground was dry under foot, and the stems of the birch trees were silver-grey. It was good to be alive and young on such a day. Cormac and Stangerd walked slowly side by side, with very little to say, but each very conscious of the other. They spoke seldom and in low voices. He did not talk of love to her, but great love was in everything he said and hushed every tone of his voice.

At noon, being out of sight of the ship, and, so far as could be seen, quite alone together in the world, they sat and shared some bread which Stangerd had with her. After that Stangerd said that she was sleepy, and lay down with her head on

Cormac's lap and his cloak over her. He himself sat quite still, looking out over the sea, sometimes with great tenderness at her unconscious form gently stirring in sleep. She awoke and looked up, smiling lazily with her blue eyes. Then she sat up and moved beside him and took his arm.

He looked at Stangerd, but she had turned her head away, and when he touched her hand she moved it and get up

her hand, she moved it and got up.

"We must go," she said. The sun was down behind the mountains, the air was colder, and dusk had begun to haunt the wood.

But Cormac made her face him, he made her look at him. She did it, but a storm lay gathering behind her eyes.

"Stangerd," he said, "it is not too late."
She flamed, she stamped her foot. "You fool," she said fiercely, "it is too late!
You have made me suffer horribly. I shall never forget it, and I will not

forget it!"

She put her hand on his arm. "Let us go," she said, "let us go. We have had a happy day." She was quite close to him now, and put her face up to his as she spoke. She had no fear. He stooped and kissed her. His eyes were full of tears.

Then they went to look for her horse; but he had strayed, and they could not find him. It grew dark quickly, and it was necessary to do something. "What shall we do?" said Cormac. They walked on in silence together, and by and by a light showed up out of a hollow where the hill ran sharply down to a river and the sea-level.

"There's a house down yonder," Cormac said. "They will shelter us for the night.

We had better go and ask them."

She agreed to that and took his arm. The way was very steep, and it was almost dark. Soon they heard the roaring of a force, and could make out the roof-line of a small house. And then a dog barked sharply and ran out to meet them, a black-and-white dog.

A woman answered to their knocking, and asked them in. It was a poor house. She said that her sons were away at the fishing. There was room enough for them, but not much to eat.

Cormac said: "You must give us two

beds, mother. This is my sister."

They ate her meal and dry fish, and sat

by the fire for a little, and then the woman came in and said that the beds were ready. A wooden partition ran up between them to within a foot of the rafters. Cormac, who thought that he should be awake all night,



"He stood beside her and took her down from the horse."

went to sleep almost immediately. It was

Stangerd who kept watch.

In the morning Cormac got out of the house early and went up the hill to look for the horse. He found him without trouble, and brought him down to the farmhouse. Stangerd was waiting for him in the porch. She wished him good morning with a smile and kind eyes.

They set out and climbed the hill intensity the woods. It was a fresh, mild morning of spring, and the birds were busy everywhere at their nesting and courtship. The sea sparkled and the air quivered. Life was a good thing to look forward to, even if to look back was a bad thing.

Cormac found his singing voice again.

"O land where the sea-eagle hovers, O mountain land and river flood, Here is the wonder of the wood, And here a tale of love and lovers.

What have I done? I've heard the note Thrill'd by the wood-bird in the dark; It set me soaring like a lark That on his own song seems afloat.

But what have I done? I was blind That thought I saw a fair maid pass And stroke my cheek. That was no lass, That spirit of the wandering wind.

What have I done but love too high? What have I done but fall too far? I set my longing on a star, And there it burns, and here I lie."

And then he changed the time, and his voice had a jarring sound here and there, though the words were tender. Whiles, it croaked like a June nightingale's.

"Of Stangerd and her beauty, now,
What shall I sing? Was she, in sooth,
The Spirit few see, but some may know,
Even as believ'd an ardent youth:
The Essence at the heart of things,
Which makes them things—substantial truth?
The secret rose of loveliness,
The very flicker in the wings
Of birds, the thrill of sweet distress
You get at heart when a bird sings
At night? The fragrance, hue, impress,
The very life within the dress
That bodies beauty? Was all this
Chance-held in Stangerd's blossomings
For Cormac's vision and his bliss?
Was she so rare or he so tender?
He found her so by hit or miss."

There he stopped and reined up the grey horse. He put his hand upon Stangerd's knee and held her eyes with his eyes while he sang again his last song.

He stopped again abruptly, for he saw

that Stangerd was crying.

"Shame upon me!" he said. "My love, forgive me and let me go!"

He strained up to take her, but she would

not let him. After a while she dried her

"Go now," she said. "There is your

ship, and my way lies yonder."

Far below them, truly enough, the Raven lay swaying at her anchor. Beyond the

Ness the sea sparkled and crisped.

Stangerd stooped from her saddle and met Cormac's clouded face. Their lips met and stayed together for a while. said good-bye and turned and rode through the wood. She had no tears in her eyes now, and carried her head high. The fire showed on her cheek-bones. She did not hurry her horse, but kept at a walking pace through the wood and out on to the heath. Presently she saw Thorwald's housestead in the hollow of the hills. It looked grey in the shadow, for at this time of the year it did not get the sun till noon.

She rode down the hill and through the meadows to the garth. Her husband stood, a portly man, in the doorway, brushing his

nose with his fine golden beard.

"I am glad to see you, wife," he said.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE END OF IT.

They say that Cormac set sail in the Raven before noon of the day when he said goodbye to Stangerd. And they say that when he was in the open sea, clearing Grimsey, which is the most northerly of the islands, he saw a sea-beast of grey colour in the sea upon the port bow. He had a spear in his hand, and, as the beast swirled up alongside the ship, he threw the spear and pierced She rolled over, and he saw her her side. dead blue eyes and broad, expressionless face. He said to his brother Thorgils: "That was the face of Thorveig, the spae-wife, who If she is dead now, set a curse upon me. what had I best do?"

Thorgils said: "There's no going back now."

"There's no going back at all, in my

belief," Cormac said.

It is true that just about then Thorveig, the spae-wife, did die; but Cormac did not go back, and I believe he never saw Stangerd again, though he never forgot her, and died at last with her name in his mouth. He served the Kings of Norway for many years, became a great Viking, was known in Ireland and Scotland. They say, indeed, that he made a settlement for himself at Scarborough, in England, but I don't know

how that may be. So far as I am concerned, I have done with him.

As is the case with all good tales, there are more sides than one to Cormac's. Was he cursed by the spae-wife or by his own nature? Did he well by Stangerd, or ill? Was the poet right who said that, when one of his kind loves a woman, the woman will be sorry for it?

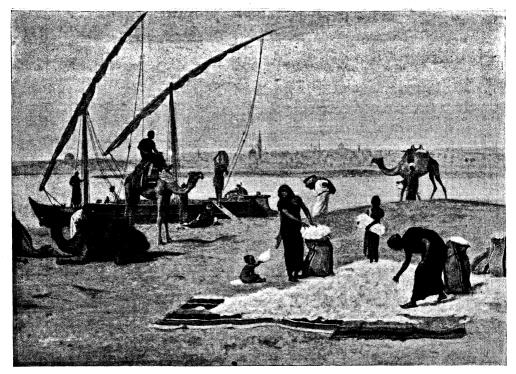
NOTE.

Two English versions of this tale are known to me, both literal translations of the saga as it now stands. One of them, the more critical and crabbed of the pair, is to be found in the second volume of York Powell's and Vigfussen's Origines Islandicæ; the other, which includes a good deal omitted in the first, and is a more genial work altogether, if not so correct, is by Messieurs W. G. Collingwood and Jón Stefánsson, and was published at Ulverston, in Lancashire, in 1902. It is embellished with charming landscapes of the places named in the tale. Both of these versions have been useful to me, and I hereby express my obligations to their learned authors; but both of them render Cormac's tale exactly as it now exists, with all its joints loose, and some missing, with an abrupt beginning, no middle, and no end. My business with it has been to make it accountable, and relate part to part; for, as it stands, it is not reasonable; its parts don't cohere; it seems to lack human nature and that logic of events which only a study of human nature can give. Those must have been in the tale once, but they are not

there now, and I have tried to put them back again. We are apt to stumble upon the discrepancies in old stories, to put them down to outlandish customs or outmoded ones, or the vagaries of the romancer, and to slur them over. But it's not the way to get the good out of a good tale to say: "To be sure, it might be better, but let's get on . . ." Human nature knows neither time nor place, has been very much the same in Odin's day and in Christ's, is very much the same in Iceland and in England, and in all the countries I ever heard of or saw. Reading closely into Cormac's tale, I find it quite reasonable and full of human nature as we know it now.

Cormac was a poet, so much the better or so much the worse than other poets before him or since in that he didn't know it, or, at any rate, didn't know what his poiesis involved. He didn't know when he began, but he had an inkling before he had done. Men of his sort, who joy in the thought rather than the deed, and see beauty the better the less they handle it, have flourished in the world at all ages of it—in the days of Paris, who did basely, in the days of Dante, who did sublimely, and in our own, when thinking and doing alike are going out of fashion in favour of talking about one or Therefore, according to me, the other. there is sound human nature in the tale of Cormac's preposterous love-making, and no less in the account of the lovely Stangerd. As for old Berse of the many battles, he is a man of men, and deserves a saga all to himself. He had one once, but it has perisht.





"WOOL FOR THE CARGO BOAT." BY FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A.

BRITAIN'S NEW PROTECTORATE EGYPT'S INTERNATIONAL FUTURE

By H. ERNEST GARLE

[An article by the legal adviser to the ex-Khedive's Civil List before the outbreak of the War.—Ed.]



LTHOUGH, when Turkey allowed herself to be decoyed by Germany into the present war, some alteration in the status of Egypt became inevitable, it was not until December 18, 1914,

that the announce-

ment of a Protectorate was officially made. For some time prior to this it had been everybody's secret that a Protectorate would be proclaimed, and the interest lay not in

the fact, but rather in the form of the announcement.

To appreciate this, it is necessary to consider the effect upon Egypt of the then existing suzerainty of Turkey; otherwise, as a protectorate presupposes a native ruler and a native government, it might be thought that the change in status was a change only in name.

The occupation of Egypt by this country,

The occupation of Egypt by this country, which dates from 1882, had acquired a prescriptive dignity, apart from various conventions, which amounted almost to a protectorate, and the object of this article must therefore be to show how the suzerainty

of Turkey differed from any other suzerainty, and how in Egypt, more than in any other country, that suzerainty affected the smallest detail of economic life. To attain that object, an examination of the foundations of Ottoman rule must be undertaken.

For this, premising that Ottomans represent only one branch of the widely-spread Turkish family, we must go back to the early part of the fourteenth century, when the Ottoman branch, under their leader, Ertoghrul, were seeking a settlement. The Turks had at that time already taken a large part of the old Roman Empire, and the House of Seljuk and Sultans of Roum, or Rome, were employed in waging war to the Propontis, when they received unexpected assistance from the followers of Ertoghrul against their common enemy, the Mongols. For this aid they received a grant of lands.

Ertoghrul was succeeded by his son Othman, or Osman, who, after becoming the most powerful Emir in Western Asia, and attacking and aggrandising himself in turn at the expense of the Greeks and the Turks, died shortly after establishing himself at Brusa, which he made the Asiatic capital of the Ottomans.

It is from Othman, or Osman, that the national name of Ottoman, or Osmanli, is



Photo by] [I. Heyman, Cairo.

THE EARL OF CROMER.

The pioneer of British rule in Egypt.

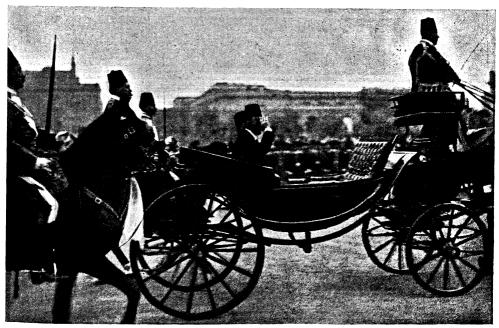


Photo by [Daily Mirror.

THE NEW RULER OF EGYPT AS A BRITISH PROTECTORATE: SULTAN HUSSEIN I. ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE CAIRENES ON THE DAY OF HIS STATE ENTRY.

derived; but if Othman was greater than his father, his successor was destined to be a

still greater man.

Othman died in A.D. 1326, and it is with his son Orkhan that the empire really begins. He threw off his allegiance to the Sultan, extended his rule over Anatolia, and, bursting the boundaries of Asia, was the first wave of that Asiatic torrent which was to deluge not only part of Northern Africa, but a part of Europe itself.

It is unnecessary to trouble the reader with a detailed history of Ottoman conquest; it is sufficient if it be clearly borne in mind that just as the Romans wrongly included all people outside the Roman dominions as

and, together with an attack on Hungary, the wresting of Thessalonica from the Venetians.

In the sixteenth century Ottoman power continued to grow. After several minor conquests, Selim I., known as the Inflexible, added Egypt and Syria to his possessions, and during the reign of Suleiman the Magnificent, Turkey attained to the zenith of her power. Under the last-named ruler the Ottomans rose to their highest pitch of conquest and splendour, but in this reign also began the decay of their military and moral supremacy. Suleiman took Rhodes and Belgrade, and after the victory of Mohacz brought Transylvania into vassalage,

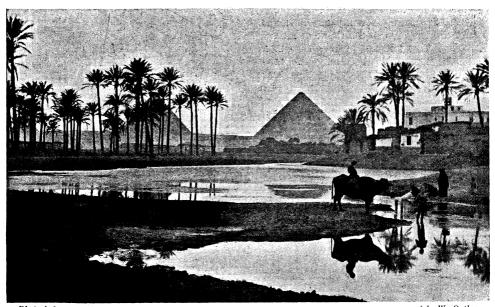


Photo by]

A VIEW TOWARDS THE PYRAMIDS.

[A. W. Cutler.

"barbarians," so does the generic term "infidel," which was used by the Crusaders, fail to describe the numberless Asiatic peoples who swept westwards at about this time. Care must be taken to distinguish the Ottomans from the Arabs and the Saracens. It was the Saracens who were the original Caliphs, and Mahomet was an Arab from Arabia.

During the fourteenth century Kallipolis was occupied, and Hadrianople was made the capital. The following century saw the conquest of Bulgaria, the exchange by Bajazet of the title of Emir for that of Sultan, the attack on Constantinople, the annexation of Bosnia, Servia, and Albania,

laid siege to Vienna, and transformed a great part of Hungary into the pachalic of Buda. Wallachia and Moldavia retained a sort of home rule, but were made tributary to Turkey, which by then had reached her modern historic dimensions.

The religious problems arising out of the growth of the Ottoman Empire, in so far as they affect Islam in general, and Egypt in particular, have, of course, an important bearing on the scope of any such survey as this article attempts; but the present War crisis makes any discussion of them undesirable. We are, therefore, here concerned only with the secular side of the situation.

Turkey, in the course of its rise, had entered into certain international obligations known as the "Capitulations," whereby the Sultan had of his own motive curtailed his sovereign power. These Capitulations were not treaties, for the Sultan of those days did not regard the rulers of States

whose subjects had business in Turkey as equals to be treated with. Rather they were concessions given to foreigners, granting them, as humble and defenceless strangers of an alien faith, some guarantee of life and property to induce them to reside and trade in his dominions.

We have seen that Ottoman rule reached its highest pitch under Suleiman, about the middle of the sixteenth century. After that monarch's decease, the luxury, vice, and kindred evils which seem to follow in the wake of conquest began

to make themselves felt. and the battle of Lepanto, in 1571, marks the decline of Ottoman dominion.

We need not follow the declension of Turkish power as closely as its rise. It will be obvious that those concessions which, in the days of Ottoman prosperity,

were contemptuously thrown as privileges to subjects of alien or conquered States became, as defeat followed defeat, more of the nature of treaties. The real need for the Capitulations became less pressing as the arrogance of the Turks and their rulers diminished, but the precedent, having been

set, was used to wring further and further extensions of the Capitulations, until its only limit was the squeezability of Turkey and the power which her diplomatists have ever exercised of playing one Power off against another.

The privileges conferred by these concessions in course of time became of the most far - reaching and important nature, as will be seen from the fact that they include immunity from taxation, inviolability of domicile, and exemption from the jurisdiction of Ottoman



Photo by]

[Stanley's Press Agency.

THE NEW SULTAN OF EGYPT: HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE HUSSEIN KAMEL PASHA,

"Eldest living Prince of the family of Mahomet Ali."

courts. These privileges, and many others, are possessed by Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, England, France, Germany, Greece, Holland, Italy, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Sweden, and the United States of America, and it can be imagined how the extent of these privileges and the pressure from time

to time exerted by different Powers for their extension in one case and their limitation in the other, was a continual pawn in the

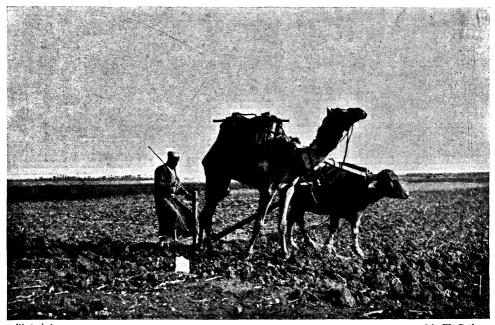
diplomatic game.

Although in modern times Egypt had come to have a ruler of its own in the person of a Viceroy, it was merely a delegation of the sovereign power of the Sultan, and Egypt being part of the Ottoman Dominions, all these Capitulations applied to Egypt. Moreover, they applied in an enhanced degree, for Egypt being a weaker country, and Turkey's interest being one of suzerainty merely, extensions were wrung from the

rendered worse by the habit which foreigners formed of appealing outside their consular courts to their diplomatic agent for pressure to be put in furtherance of their claims.

From the point of view of criminal administration, matters could be still further complicated by the doctrine of inviolability of domicile. Before a foreigner could be arrested, the presence of his consul had to be arranged for to legalise any infraction of domicile, and the abuses which became possible under this system defy description.

It was no uncommon thing for criminals



oto by] [A. W. Cutler.

AN EGYPTIAN FELLAH PLOUGHING WITH A CAMEL AND WATER-BUFFALO OUT IN THE FIELDS NEAR CAIRO.

Even under modern conditions the ground must only be scratched by the plough; an European plough is deleterious, as apt to disturb the salty subsoil.

Viceroys which not only formed no part of the original Capitulations, but were actually, in some cases, in contradiction to them.

That any sovereign Power should be limited within its own dominions would always constitute a serious obstacle to good government and administration, but in Egypt it became intolerable. All suits between foreigners had to be heard before their respective consuls, and foreigners absolutely refused to submit their causes to the native tribunals in cases in which natives of Egypt were involved.

It is impossible to give any idea of the difficulties thus created, and they were

to band themselves together expressly for the purpose of taking advantage of the Capitulations, and by carrying on their crimes through persons of differing nationalities, and on the premises of still another, make the attendance of half the consuls in Cairo indispensable to any action against them.

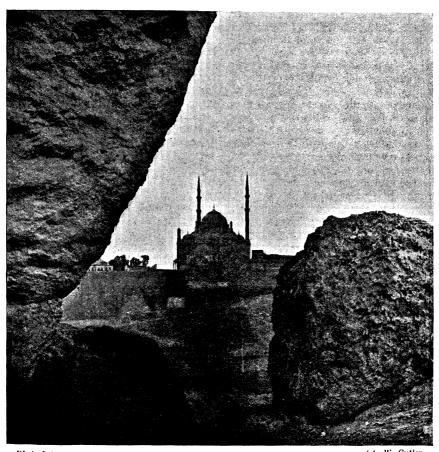
In Lord Milner's own words: "... The Capitulations oppose a solid barrier to this process"—the condemnation of immoral and illegal acts and their punishment— "alike as regards the suppression of vice and the repression of nuisances. Whether it be a question of public morals—such as the closing of gambling hells . . . or

the control of the sale of intoxicating liquors ... or a question of public convenience, such as the preservation of a canal bank or the enforcement of the most essential sanitary rules, the same difficulty presents itself. From the prevention of false coining to the regulation of a cabstand, it is always the old story."

Imagine the chaos, the multiplicity of consuls necessary for the most elementary

Egyptian municipal law, was none against the foreigner's own laws, and so in the end he would escape.

The variations which can be played on this air are endless, and the combinations which can be contrived with a knowledge of the laws of different countries, the personalities of their consuls, and the power of changing nationality, are almost infinite.



THE CITADEL AND MINARETS OF THE MAHOMET ALI MOSQUE, CAIRO, AS SEEN FROM

THE MOKATTAM HILLS.

The citadel was built by Saladin in A.D. 1176, and was the scene, in the early part of last century, of the massacre of the Turkish Mamelukes, which led to the viceroyalty of the family of Mahomet Ali.

police duties, and the unscrupulous use of their consuls by Powers wishing to attain some political advantage.

Further, these foreigners could not, even when brought to justice, be tried by Egyptian courts. No, their consuls must interfere again, and do the trying themselves, when it might well be found that the offence, although an offence against

This state of affairs alone would justify the statement that Turkish suzerainty differed entirely from any other suzerainty; but when it is taken into consideration with the presence in Cairo of a Turkish High Commissioner, the sympathy of the Turkish ruling classes with the old order of things, and the well-known Oriental love of finesse and intrigue, it will be clearly

seen that the mere payment of tribute by Egypt to Turkey is not the greatest part of Turkish suzerainty.

It now remains to show how Egypt, from its very special nature, is more adversely affected than any other country subject to Turkish dominion. For this we must examine the hydrography and climate of our new Protectorate.

Egypt lies between the Sahara and the Red Sea, a region which, except for an almost negligible rainfall and humidity near the sea-coast, is entirely rainless. for the Nile and some perennial springs, vegetation would be impossible. In point of fact, it is non-existent except where the Nile flows or can be brought, or where, by the digging of wells, the perennial springs can be tapped. These latter being few and scattered, and from their nature difficult of application to agricultural purposes on any extended scale, it follows that a broad, if not entirely correct, view of Egypt is to consider it as the creation, and wholly as the creation, of the Nile.

Where the Nile flows or can be brought, there a smiling and fertile, if rather flat, countryside arises, contrasting its vivid green and luxuriant vegetation all the more strongly against the wild, unfertile region surrounding it, bold cliffs of limestone and syenite, covered by the shifting desert sands, forming the bastions of the inhospitable Arabian Desert on one side; on the other, the almost limitless Sahara, shimmering in the brazen sun, and breaking sharply as the Nile is reached.

At the foot of the cliffs is a flat, brown alluvium, the deposit of countless rises and falls of the river, which stretches clothed in emerald, gold, and chocolate brown, until at a distance, sometimes of yards, sometimes of a few miles, it reaches the low sandy banks of its sluggish parent.

This, apart from the Delta and a few oases and fertile ravines, is Egypt—the former the D-shaped low-lying district lying below Cairo, formed by the numerous mouths of the Nile and the deposit of the river as it oozes into the sea, the latter the resting-place of travellers and pilgrims, the home, perhaps, of a few nomadic tribes and camel-breeders.

This is the Egypt which, in ancient times, was the granary of the world, and which, in modern times, produces such varied and valuable produce as cotton, onions, wool, hides, sugar, ostrich feathers, and gum.

It will be noted that the nature of Egypt's

productions has changed in modern times, and it is precisely this change into which we must inquire if we are to estimate the drawback which Turkish suzerainty was to the country, and the relief which will be obtained by its abolition.

Egypt being an entirely agricultural country, the livelihood—nay, the very existence — of whose inhabitants depends upon the singular hydrographic phenomenon of the great inundation of the Nile, it followed that its agricultural inhabitants were from the earliest times alive to the desirability of extending their agricultural boundaries by increasing the area annually inundated.

For this purpose irrigation works, at first, no doubt, of a primitive character, but even in Biblical times of a high order of engineering science, were undertaken. Canals to carry the inundation waters were constructed, reservoirs to store the water were formed.

Owing to the geographical conformation of the country, and other reasons which will readily occur to anybody, this system of extension had its limit, and the agricultural genius of the people was turned in another direction. If area could not be conveniently extended, the quality and value of the crops could be increased.

In early times Egyptian farming, which consisted mainly of the production of cereals, was of the simplest description. No ploughing, no manuring, no weeding, was needed. The Nile, after its rise, receded from the fields, leaving a deposit of virgin and highly productive alluvial soil. All the cultivator had to do was to scatter seed upon the mud and await the crop. He had no watering to do, and could have done none had he wished. The warmth of the sun was sufficient to raise the harvest before all the moisture had gone out of the mud.

So long as the staple crop was corn, these primitive methods answered very well; but with the introduction of other forms of cultivation, they became insufficient. Moreover, some of the new crops were in the ground at the time of inundation, notably cotton—by far the most valuable—which, whilst it requires water even during the dry season, would be killed by flooding.

From the introduction of cotton, therefore, by the Turkish Viceroy Mahomet Ali, who reigned in the early part of last century, dates the modern system of Egyptian irrigation—a most complex and intricate piece of national engineering and public administration.

Water had to be stored for use in the dry months, rotations had to be arranged for the proper seasonal waterings, not only of provinces and of districts, but even of areas down to single fields. Barrages and canals had to be made, drainage works undertaken for getting the water off the land when it had fulfilled its purpose, and last, but not least, most important administrative legislation became necessary to prevent waste by particular individuals, and especially to regulate the use by the public of the national canals and drains.

Think now of the introduction into this complicated machinery—as delicate as a watch—of Turkish interference and the Capitulations, and it will be readily grasped how Turkish suzerainty affects Egypt more than any other imaginable country.

We are told that when, at great expense, the French engineers had almost completed the great Nile barrage below Cairo—which, by raising the whole level of the Nile, was to assist so much of the irrigation as depended upon gravity—the Turks decided to do without the gates which formed part of the design of the dam.

As progress increased, the Capitulations—which at first, perhaps, had not much interfered with development, because the cultivators were mostly natives, to whom they did not apply—began to make themselves more and more felt. Sugar factories, cotton ginning factories, began to spring up, owned, engined, and carried on by foreigners. Agricultural and pumping machinery had to be imported and paid for, mortgages obtained, yet how could credit be supported under such a judicial system?

In addition, the suzerainty of Turkey, by imposing certain conditions on the borrowing powers of the Egyptian State, prevented the proper extension of works of public utility.

The general inconvenience and the national drawbacks eventually became so intolerable that the Powers possessing Capitulations in Egypt found themselves for once united by a common interest, and, on the motion of Nubar Pasha, arrived at a concession by which the evil effects of Turkish suzerainty were partially mitigated. This was their consent, in 1876, to the formation of the Mixed Courts, a tribunal consisting of a court of first instance and a court of appeal, for whom a special form of jurisprudence was prepared, based upon the Napoleonic Code, and designed to replace the old consular jurisdiction in civil matters. These tribunals were, and are, composed

partly of native and partly of foreign judges, the latter predominating, and although not in all respects particularly suitable to the country, have been of such immense benefit to Egypt as clearly to prove the effect of even a partial abrogation of the Capitulations.

Whilst doing them this justice, however, it must be said that in the course of years their usefulness has been rendered almost nugatory by an initial flaw in their constitution. It has been said that the source of their authority was administration of the law contained in a special code called the Egyptian Mixed Code, and that they were designed to replace the old consular jurisdiction in civil matters; but this gave the new tribunals no jurisdiction in cases of personal status, such as questions of marriage, inheritance, etc., and, still worse, gave no jurisdiction in criminal matters. Moreover, and these are their great initial defects, they were a sort of imperium in imperio, not subject to any higher authority to spur them to diligence, nor able to add to the system of jurisprudence under which they acted.

The well-known incident of the first Code of Justinian having to be brought up to date by another code to comprise its own legislative sanction, appears to have escaped the framers of the Egyptian Code. They made no provision for its inherent inelasticity, and forgot that, like the Roman Code, it could not hope for legislative addition.

Consequently, not only has much of the advantage gained by the partial abrogation of the Capitulations in 1876 entirely disappeared, but the old consular jurisdiction being—to the extent of the Mixed Courts—no longer available, a state of affairs has arisen which would make a return even to the bad old Capitulations almost welcome.

I have known instances of the simplest cases—of mere debts—remaining unheard for years, and the denial of justice is such that a man no longer pays because he must, but rather if his creditor makes it worth his while, and this in a country, be it marked, where the criminal law forms an attraction in itself for every sort of bad character subject to the less reputable Powers.

How Egypt can progress when unhampered has been shown during the British occupation in all matters to which the Capitulations do not apply. How Turkish suzerainty can hamper has been shown by the utter lack of progress in industrial as distinguished from agricultural matters, into which it less directly enters

The day after the proclamation of our Protectorate, a further proclamation was made, elevating Prince Hussein Kamel, and in a letter which was addressed to the new Sultan by our Acting High Commissioner, Sir Milne Cheetham, and simultaneously published, the following pregnant words are used: "His Majesty's Government have repeatedly placed on record that the system of treaties known as the Capitulations, by which Your Highness' Government is bound, are no longer in harmony with the development of the country, but I am expressly authorised to state that, in the opinion of His Majesty's Government, the revision of these treaties may most conveniently be postponed until the end of the present war."

The desirability of not dealing with the Capitulations until after an acknowledgment of our Protectorate has been wrung by force of arms does not require accentuation, and when it is remembered that other than belligerent Powers possess Capitulations, the reason for the reservation becomes

apparent.

I think I have said enough to show how deleterious was Turkish suzerainty in Egypt, and how, as its full application has retarded progress and injured the country more than any other suzerainty could possibly injure it, so, judging from the results of its partial abrogation, results of a most far-reaching character may be expected from its complete abolition. The effect of diplomatic effort at the conclusion of the war will therefore be anxiously awaited.

It only remains to describe the Prince

whom Great Britain has chosen to be the new Sultan.

The younger brother of Tewfik Pasha, whom Turkey appointed to the Khedivate upon this country's nomination, he combines, with the affection for Great Britain which his brother displayed, a strength of character and of purpose from which the best may be hoped. Successively Minister of Public Works, of Public Instruction, of the Interior, and of War, in his father's lifetime, he has occupied the position of President of the Council during the British occupation. He has ever devoted his leisure to the study of agricultural problems, and as President of the Egyptian Agricultural Society, the immediate predecessor of the new Ministry of Agriculture, he has done yeoman service to his country.

I have not personally heard him called "The Friend of the Fellah," as has been stated in some of the daily papers, but his farms are a model of all that Egyptian cultivation should make them, and if this colloquial title has not been given to him, he deserves it in a far truer and fuller sense than even the

fellah himself can appreciate.

Under the leadership of this experienced and enlightened Sultan, and with the prestige and tranquillity which British protection should afford, Egypt may look forward confidently to a brilliant and prosperous future. It is to be hoped that Great Britain will complete the good work she has begun, and by taking measures entirely to eradicate Turkish suzerainty and all that has sprung from it, will ensure for Egypt the best possible conditions for its future progress.



COLONEL BOGEY'S CAUCUS

By LAURENCE NORTH

Illustrated by Charles Pears



HEN the tumult of a bye-election swept over peaceful Darley End, the children were caught up into the seventh heaven of political excitement. For them it meant little more than a joyous riot of placards, but

that sufficed. The bills and pictorial posters were for them the election itself, and one poster, the portrait of a very good-looking young candidate, did its work as far as the little world was concerned, for it turned the members of the Triple Alliance into fierce partisans, in opposition, be it noted, to the parental interest. How father could be so misguided as to support an elderly and spectacled wiseacre, when this Adonis was in the field, passed the wit of childhood to understand; and when, on a turn of the tide, Adonis sailed triumphantly to St. Stephen's, a discredited Parent was glad to cover up his confusion by granting an application, made with sublime cheek, for sixpennyworth of fireworks to celebrate his party's defeat.

The excitement passed, leaving, it seemed, no very insistent memories of that hot fortnight of conflict. An observant Parent watched for some direct reproduction in miniature of electoral methods, but none appeared. A little surprising, perhaps, considering the enthusiasm; but the child-mind is, after all, very like a bee, ever questing the next flower. The honey of the election had been sucked to satiety, and there, one might reasonably conclude, the matter ended. Lesser events had produced their amusing aftermath. The sudden death of the election

gave the observer of child-nature material for an interesting note, and thereupon the thing passed out of his remembrance.

It was about a month later, more or less, that the President of the local Golf Club departed this life, full of years and honours. The Triple Alliance, watching for the first time a military funeral, was inclined to think that nothing in the late President's life became him like his leaving it. A pardonable ignorance of polite literature expressed the sentiment in plainer language. The Engineer, much uplifted, voted the procession and the firing "jolly fine," and for several days the Goblin-pianist rather wearied the household with a tolerably correct reading of the "Dead March in Saul." They had seen everything worth seeing from a convenient window at Colonel Fortescue's, their wellbeloved "Colonel Bogey's," whose house stood not far from the church, and later their joy was completed by a near view of Colonel Bogey himself in full uniform, with all his medals.

"Did you get them for golf?" the Goblin asked, familiarly jingling the Colonel's decorations with one unabashed finger.

"No, for cricket," replied the mendacious warrior, tossing the Goblin to the ceiling.

"Talking of golf," said Paterfamilias, who, in sober black, had come back with Colonel Bogey to fetch the children, "I suppose, Fortescue—the King is dead, long live the King, you know—you succeed naturally to our late friend's place in the Club."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I don't know. I'd have no objections, since you and some others are good enough to wish it, but I'm not the only Richmond in the field."

"You mean there's Goldman?"

"There is-Goldman."

"But surely the Committee won't---"

"The Committee has changed a good deal lately, since you left it. The Goldman set has come more and more to the front, and Goldman himself has done such a lot for the place—those new greens, you know, and so forth—that he has some claims."

"Oh, Goldman's all very well in his way, but somehow one doesn't exactly see him in the chair. There are other things than mere money-bags. If only his game were decent, but it's not even passable. How he manages to scrape up a partner at all beats me."

The Colonel silenced Paterfamilias with a wink. "Little pitchers-" he said, indicating with a nod three pairs of wide, too

interested eyes.

"Have long ears," the Goblin concluded instructively. "I saw the ending of that in a book, and Daddy and Mummy are always saying the first part to each other in the middle of the most interestin' stories. tell us some more about Mr. Goldman. think his nose is most awful funny."

Colonel "The strawberries are ripe," Col Bogey made haste to remark. "Do think you youngsters could find some?"

The old tactician's ruse succeeded, and the elders were left to their talk. Out in the strawberry bed full mouths spoke in parables.

"It will need money, of course," the Engineer was saying. "I'm down to threepence. What have you got, Goblin?"

"A shilling and two Joeys" (threepenny-

pieces).

"Then there's Peg's dibs in the Post Office."

Margaret was the capitalist of the family. Two little windfalls of a sovereign each had come to her in extreme babyhood, and lay in the safe keeping of the Government.

"No good," the Goblin sighed. "That can't be got at without Mummy. The Kid

can't write her own name yet."

"Yes, I can," the Kid objected.
"No good, Peg. We can We can read your writing, but nobody else can. Besides, you're not seven yet. Your money's out of it. But I say, I've got an idea. We might raise a loan, if we could only get hold of Peg's book."

"What's a loan?" the Infant demanded.

"Never mind. It's all right, Peggums. Let Gob and me manage it. Could you get the book out of Mum's desk, do you think, Gobbie?"

"I'll try."

"And, remember, all this is very secret."

"Right O!"

The strawberries usurped the claims of

high finance and intrigue until it was time to go home.

Next morning the Goblin came very early into her brother's room. Her eyes were dancing, her hands behind her back.

"Which hand will you have?"

"Both," said the man of no risks. "Chuck it over."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Never mind."

"Then I won't give it you."

"Then we can't help the deserving and punish the-"

"Here you are. But you might tell me."

"All in good time. I am leader in this business. Either you obey and ask no questions, or I do it all alone, single-handed and by myself. I'll want you a lot later, if you don't worry. Now scoot before you're caught. I say, how did you nail it?"

"That's my affair, inquisitive pig!"

It grieves a candid chronicler to record that the words were emphasised by the thrusting out of a dainty tongue, with which delicate homage to a tyrannical sex, the lady vanished, pursued by a flying pillow.

After breakfast the Engineer—this is a story of a time before the boy became a complete airman—begged that he might be allowed to go along to ask Monty Goldman to play with him. The request was slightly surprising, for that shrewd little boy was not usually in great demand.

"I thought you and Monty weren't very great friends," the mother suggested.

"Oh, he's not half a bad chap. promised to show me his new engine. It's ripping and cost five guineas. I say, it's an awfully good engine, Mums. Pity Daddy

isn't made of money."

"Don't be covetous. You must learn to be content with your own things, which are very, very nice. Expensive toys don't mean happiness. A boy likes the things he makes far better than the finest bought things. But, if you wish, run along and ask Monty to come in for a little while.

The youth departed, with suspiciously profuse thanks, to secure his man, whom he found at his own garden gate.

"Hullo, young Goldman!"

"Hullo, Railways!"

"Coming up to my place for a bit?"

"All right."

"Bring your new engine?"

Monty considered. "I'm not supposed to take it away from home. But if you'll give me that signal you said didn't fit your railway, I'll bring it."

The bargain was struck. After all, the signal was not worth much, and a small sacrifice might smooth the way to more important business. The two negotiators spent an agreeable morning. As the time for parting drew near, the Engineer came to the point.
"I say, Golders!"

" What?"

"How much money have you?"

"Two half-sovs. in my box. How much have you?"

"I'm stony."

"I'm not lendin' anything."

"Didn't say you were. But if I gave you twice the sovereign-"

"You haven't got it."

"I haven't, but Peg has, or as good as has it, in the Post Office. Now, if you lent me your quid, and had her bank-book to keep till I paid you back, you'd really have two pounds.

"But I couldn't get it, if I wanted it."

"Oh, I'd pay you back all right on my I get five bob each from Daddy birthday. and Mum, and Uncle Bill sometimes comes down with a half-sovereign."

"Not much good to me," said the careful Montague, "unless I had some interest."

"What's that?"

"Oh, something for my trouble. You see, I wouldn't be any better off in the end for the book. No good to me except that it makes me sure of your paying me back to get it back. See? And I couldn't risk the whole sov., for your Uncle Bill's not certain. Still, if you'd pay me half-a-crown interest, I'd go ten bob. When's your birthday?"

"This day month."

"Have you a bit of paper and a pencil?" The Engineer produced his pocket-book, found a leaf not scribbled with working plans, and wrote to the usurer's dictation—

"One month from date I promise to pay Mr. Montague Goldman, Esq., twelve shillings and sixpence, or give him my best South-Western engine."

"I say, I didn't say that."

"But suppose you got no money on your birthday?"

The Engineer saw the fatal point, sighed, wrote, and affixed his sign-manual.

"Now give me the paper and hand over

the Kid's bank book."

"You trot home for that half-sov. first. I'll let you *look* at the book. Here it is. No, you don't!"

It was Monty's turn to sigh. But secretly he respected the only spark of real acumen he had seen in his client. "That's business," he remarked, and ran home to fetch the gold.

When he returned, coin and documents were exchanged, and the negotiators shook

"Got a drop of lemonade?" Montague inquired, scrutinising Margaret's account

with a keen eye. "It's a hot day."

The Engineer went indoors and returned with the refreshment. That enjoyed, the usurer pocketed acceptance and security, took up his engine and the signal, and prepared to go.
"I say," he asked, lingering at the gate,

"what do you want all that money for?"

"That's telling."

"Oh, all right. I wasn't askin'. long!"

The Engineer was content. Even the faint dread that his birthday might not, after all, produce the requisite capital could not destroy the satisfaction of a point gained. It still wanted half an hour till his midday

meal. The coast was clear. He slipped down to the village, visited the stationer's and the post-office, and returned with certain mysterious packages, which he hid in a

cupboard in his own room.

That afternoon it rained. But there was no trouble on that account, for the Three seemed to have found quiet occupation. elders had to go out, and were not to return till late. The Boy, as a special favour, begged the use of the paternal typewriter, and on giving an undertaking not to experiment with the mechanism, received permission. Until bed-time, laborious clicking proclaimed a great literary activity. Meanwhile small womankind, strictly supervised by the mastermind, was very busy with paint-boxes, but with what result did not immediately appear.

In those days the parental small talk turned rather frequently on the gossip of the Golf Club and the forthcoming presidential election, the excitement of the hour in the neighbour-The Engineer showed a detached interest, and discovered, by an innocently casual inquiry, the date of the fateful Committee Meeting. "We are all for Colonel Bogey," he said fervently, on the eve of the

"Pity you're not on the Committee," the

Pater remarked. "Down with old Goldman!" shouted the partisan.

"Sportsmen don't talk like that, Boy."

"Well, but you know, Daddy, you said you didn't quite see Mr. Goldman in the chair."

"If he's elected to-morrow, we must abide

by the decision and make no bones."

The partisan went his way, slightly snubbed, but with the light of purpose in his eye. He surveyed the ground, and, finding it clear, armed himself with various rolls of cartridge paper and made tracks for the little gate leading into the wood. There he met, by appointment, Tommy Briggs, whose pleasant task is the distribution of newspapers. In that young gentleman's intellectual calling the Engineer had lately taken a deep interest, meeting him in the morning some distance down the road, and saving him at least two hundred yards' daily tramp.

For some time the two conferred in

confidential tones.

"Wot if I'm copped?" Tommy inquired.
"No fear, if you get up early enough.
You do get up early, don't you?"

Master Briggs nodded. "'Ave to be at

the station at 'arf-past five."

"Well, that's easy. You can manage it as you go down. You know what to do. Don't mix them up."

"No fear. But I was thinkin', 'arf-acrown's not good enough for the risk. Make it five bob."

"It's a lot."

"It's worth it, ain't it, to you?"

"All right, then. Here you are. But it cleans me out. Here's the drawing-pins and the other stuff. Be careful."

Tommy winked and took his leave. Down the path danced the Goblin. "Done it?" she asked.

" Yes."

"Rippin'! Oh, we'll have a lovely election, better than the last one! The afternoon post is just taken up; I heard the box slam. You'd better run out now and make sure of the last collection, so that the *D.E.G.* will be delivered to-morrow, first thing."

Ensued business of a private nature, not unconnected with a previous mysterious purchase of stamps and stationery, a wet

afternoon, and a typewriter.

The following morning Colonel Bogey found among his letters a communication of unusual interest. Plain type on the outside of the envelope proclaimed the contents.

"Hullo," he said to his man, "The Gazette's revived, William. We haven't had one for a long time. And we're typewritten now.

Queer kiddies they are."

"Very horiginal, sir," William agreed, with a curious glint in his eye. "Might I ask, sir, if there's an article touching affairs in the Golf Club?" "What's that? Let's see. Why, to be sure! A full-dress leader. My word, this is pretty strong! I hope and trust it hasn't gone elsewhere, William."

The Golf Club Election.

Player versus Plutokrat.

Society in Darley End is just now convulsed with a General Election which, we sincerely hope, will place a fine player in the Presidental chair, lately vacated by General Raeburn, diseased, whose stunning funeral is described on another page. A strong party is trying to eleckt Mr. I. Goldman, the noted foozler, because he gave new greens and a new club-house, and is a churchwarden and very charitible to the poor of the parrish. But the answer to this is the handycapps of the gentlemen in question, which we give below.

Col. Fortescue scratch (and no end of medals).

Mr. Goldman 18 (and a rotten

favour).

For further information we refer our readers to the posters of the various parties, now on exhibition in public places in the village. The duty of good golfers is plain.

Vote for Col. Bogey + (Col. Fortescue) and Poll Early.

"My word! It's something to have a following. But I hope and trust those awful pickles haven't done anything outrageous. What made you think *The Gazette* would be

on this subject, William?"

William hemmed discreetly. "Well, sir, it's like this. About five this morning I went out for a bit of a turn. On our front gate I found a very curious placard, which set me thinkin'. So I just took a stroll over to Mr. Goldman's, and on his gate there was another, sure enough. I made bold to annex it, and then went right through the village, in case of trouble. I found several more, and at last came on that young rascal Tommy Briggs stickin' one up with drawing-pins on the club-house door. I give 'im what for, and confiscated the two or three bills he had left. Seems he had five shillings for his pains."

The Colonel frowned. "A near thing, but I'm obliged to you, William. Let's see

the bills."

William retired and returned with an



"The Engineer put up a good fight."

"The most of them was like that, sir," William continued, "but"—he coughed behind his hand—"they 'ad given Mr. Goldman a corker for his gate." He displayed a huge caricature of a corpulent

golfer in difficulties. Top and bottom was the legend—

THE FOOZLER'S CARD, 280. NOW VOTE FOR GOLDMAN IF YOU DARE. "And I must say, sir," added William, "they 'ave got Mr. Goldman's nose very life-like."

"Providential you spotted this, William. But I say, *The Gazette!* What if those imps have posted others besides this one to me?"

"I fear they did, sir, but don't be alarmed. In fact, I've to confess havin' committed a serious crime. You see, sir, Master Hugh favoured me also with a copy of *The Gazette*, and as this house is, by good luck, the first on the round, knowin' what I knew, I had a few words with Posty after I took in the letters. I overtook him at the corner. was very unwilling, naturally, to do the illegal thing, but when I showed him my copy, he understood, and gave me the whole bunch. There was quite a tidy lot, sir. Most of the Committee and several members 'ad one, all marked very business-like on the outside, 'Darley End Gazette. Return if undelivered.' I thought it no 'arm, sir, to give Posty half-a-sovereign."

"It aggravates your offence and his, William, considerably, but—well, in the circumstances, it's justifiable. Here's your

money. Posty'll hold his tongue."

"Make no mistake, sir—silent as the

grave."

"You have done the State some service, William. Later I'll arrange about the return of the undelivered."

Betimes on that eventful morning three small conspirators made their escape and patrolled the village, seeking sensation and, alas, finding none. Nowhere was there any outward and visible sign that a contested election was shaking local society to its foundations. Dire was the vengeance vowed upon faithless Tommy Briggs, dire would have been his fate had he been caught; but he remained discreetly invisible, with ears still tingling from William's chastisement. Tommy, however, was a philosopher, and, finally balancing a few cuffs against five shillings, took the cash and let the cuffing go. Chance might still send him the satisfaction of a gentleman.

The conspirators spent a depressing morning. Some comfort they took from the reflection that *The Gazette* might have a good effect on the electorate; but the great public boom had failed, and, with that, half the sunshine went out of a memorable day. "It's not an election at all," the Goblin sighed,

"with no posters about."

"We might try to get over to the club-house and give out some handbills as the Committee go in," the Engineer suggested.

Suitable bills were accordingly drawn up, although the hope of escape was small. Then came a cheerful diversion. Colonel Bogey rang up and asked them to tea. He would bring them back as far as the Club, when he went to the meeting at half-past five. Jubilation reigned. That would do very well. They would linger about the door after the Colonel had gone in, and sow their good seed. Some stragglers might be caught even yet. It would be a little bit like an election, after all.

Colonel Bogey had never been jollier, they thought, and the tea and cherries were extra nice. Fortified by good cheer, the Boy took heart to say that he was sure all Darley End hoped that the Colonel would

be elected President.

The Colonel thanked his well-wishers.

"Powerful influence is at work in your

favour," said the youth mysteriously.

"I have no doubt. But, by the by, my dear imps, I've got something to say. You know, this isn't like a Parliamentary election. One can't put out bills. Some good friends of mine, in the kindness of their hearts, tried to help me that way, but fortunately they were stopped in time. It would have made horrid trouble. And the chief newspaper in the place did the same. I'm grateful, but it was a mistake, and I'm glad to say the copies didn't get about. Now, promise me not to do anything like this again. And one word more, Boy. It doesn't do to say or draw personal things about one's opponent's nose, or his poor play, and so forth. It's not playing the game. Daddy wouldn't like it."

"But at the election," the Goblin pleaded, "the posters said, 'Why vote for the party that has no backbone, and would rob the poor man of his beer?' I asked Nanny who the party was, and she said 'Mr. Sykes.'

And nice Mr. Newman beat him."

"Well, you see, Goblin, that was different, somehow. I can't explain, but take my word for it, and leave plays of this sort alone. I'm glad to have you on my side, but you see, if your kind little plan had come off, I'd have been in trouble. And you, Boy, never call names."

"So sorry, Colonel Bogey, so sorry!" said

two penitent voices.

"So solly!" Margaret echoed.

"Never mind. No harm done, luckily. By the way, has anyone at home seen The Gazette?"

"No; we were keeping it for a surprise to show when you were made President." The Engineer-cum-Editor spoke very ruefully. It was a rather chastened party to which the Colonel bade good-bye at the club-house.

Just as they parted, the Squire came up. "Hullo, Fortescue!" he said. "Your little caucus, eh?" He nodded to the children.
"Eh, what?" said the Colonel, with a

slight start. Then he replied quietly: "Yes,

ves. my little caucus, if you like."

As the two elders went in, the Squire said something, laughed, and patted the Colonel on the shoulder.

"What does he mean by caucus?" the

Goblin wondered.

Disaster thickened on the way home, when Master Briggs, on his round with evening papers, hove in sight. Mutual recriminations, only partially understood, led to open warfare. The Engineer put up a good fight, while the Goblin cheered him on, and Margaret wept dismally; but the literary salesman showed superior science, and the odds were with him. The Engineer's condition, when he reached home, was such as to call for an inquest.

Trouble was already in Nor was that all. the air. It was written on the faces of both Parents as they met the adventurers at the

"Come in here, Boy," the Pater said ominously, leading the way to his den. sat down and took up a long envelope.

"Now, tell me," he began," what you have been about with Monty Goldman? I've had a very peculiar letter and an enclosure from his father."

Gulping gallantly, the hapless partisan told the horrid truth and nothing but the truth. His confession included the whole story of the electioneering manœuvre. With tears the culprit produced the spare copy of The Gazette.

"Good Heavens," the Pater cried, "this will take some explaining! To all the Committee you say, Boy?" He went to the telephone and asked for the club-house.

"B-b-but, Daddy dear, somehow Colonel Bogey knew, and nobody got their Gazette except him, and he collared all the posters."

"What's that you say? Impossible! But you posted your wretched papers. They are past praying for."

"Colonel Bogey said it was all right, all

the same. He wigged us rather."

"Well, I hope so," said Paterfamilias, waiting, in deep distress, with his ear to the telephone. "Ah, yes!.. That the Golf Club? Ask Colonel Fortescue to be good enough to speak to me for a minute, please. Sorry

to interrupt the Committee, but it's rather urgent . . . Yes, that you, Fortescue? What? I say, what's this my idiot children have My dear man, it's dreadful!... What's all right? Never! However did you manage it?... Oh, William.... Sagacious person A near shave. Yes, highly criminal, but most commendable. I'm truly grateful to him and to you. Thank you. Well, good-bye. Hey, what's that?.... Really?....I am delighted. A thousand congratulations—the right man in the right place ! . . . Oh, very well, then, I won't."
The Pater hung up the receiver and sat down, looking a little less stern. He glanced again at *The Gazette*, and his mouth twitched.

" By rights, I should give you something to remember, but Tommy Briggs has punished you pretty well already. And the election business was more senseless than criminal. But your deal with Monty and your use of Peggy's bank book is another matter. You'll have to forfeit your birthday crown pieces for the ten shillings I've just sent to Mr. Goldman. Monty has had a thrashing, and you've only got off because of the welting your agent has given you, and also because the new President of the Golf Club begged me to let you down lightly."

"I—I don't want any favours from Mr. Goldman, please. I'd rather take the thrashing." He spoke quite respectfully.

"You needn't bother about that, Boy. The new President is your beloved Colonel

Bogev."

"Hooray!" shouted the convict, regardless of contempt of Court. "It's worth the ten bob!"

"I agree with you, sir," said the just judge, "but don't play such games again.

Now be off with you and wash.

He did not tell the criminal the choicest morsel of the Colonel's news on the telephone. Posty and William had overlooked one copy of The Gazette, which lay beyond their reach in the Squire's private post-bag. Luckily the Squire, although inclined to the Goldman faction, had a sense of humour. He knew the history of The Gazette, acknowledged the rough logic of the leading article, and his single vote had carried the day for Colonel Bogey. That benevolent person, on hearing the whole story from Paterfamilias, risked corrupt practices and celebrated a certain birthday with a gift of a sovereign. The envelope was marked: "To be shared with the other members of my little caucus."

LOVE THIRTY

By DORNFORD YATES

Author of "The Brother of Daphne."

Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst



HOPE you're not awfully good," said Miss Fettering, "because I'm——"

"But we are," said Fairie. "Our moral rectitude is almost staggering. When I tell you that our record includes four highestawards—"

"Oh, I know. I guessed that from your haloes. I meant, good at tennis."

"I see," said Fairie. "Of course, that's rather different. At the same time, Wilding has never beaten me yet."

"Perhaps that's because you've never

played him."

"Possibly. But a cousin of mine knows Doherty rather well. For the others—Broke plays too much with the wood, while my wife's game is beneath contempt."

Miss Fettering threw back her head and

laughed merrily.

"What's he saying about me?"

Robin Broke, walking ahead with Betty,

flung the question over his shoulder.

"It's all right, brother," Fairie assured him. "I was only describing that wonderful racket shot of yours from the back line. The one that always finds the court, if the net's not too high."

His cousin sighed. Then—

"I feel in form to-day," he said. "Does your Accident policy cover you out of

England?"

Light-heartedly the four were making their way down through the garden, voices and the rustle of the two skirts alone marking their progress. There was no sound of footsteps, their rubber soles meeting the polished paths in silence. Fay Broke had insisted that she must write letters, a habit she had formed as a girl at

school, and one of which the others, counting it vicious, had vainly endeavoured to break box time and excip

her time and again.

Among women the writing of letters is something akin to intemperance. Some go about it privily in their own chambers, often enough in the silent watches of the night. Others openly succumb to temptation, indulging in sudden prolonged bouts of letter-writing. Every now and then they, as it were, "go on the write." For them, temporarily, company and its calls may go by the board; the fierce summons of the pen is not to be denied. When the fit is upon them, considerations of time and place weigh with them not at all. There and then the epistolary lust must be gratified at any After some hours they arise from the debauch dazedly, overdone, fatigued for the rest of the day. Reaction is bound to set in. The after-effects must be slept off.

Fay, then, being engaged with her correspondence, Miss Fettering made up the four. She was nice and English, and they liked her. Bill Fairie and she had found one another two or three days before, making each other's acquaintance over the troubles of a stray dog. An animal's distress may easily turn strangers into close friends.

They play much tennis in the island of Rih, and some of the courts are situate amid surroundings of great beauty. That for which they were making was no exception to the rule.

Sunk deep in the heart of a fair flower-garden, a smooth, white-lined sheet of asphalt stretched evenly from side to side, its spruce net dividing it half-way. The low grey walls that fenced the place about—netting like a faint gauze rising above them—were hung with living arras, ragged, maybe, but in fresh, gorgeous colouring beyond measure rich. Full thirty feet the

flaming orange of a bignonia rioted over the stonework, scrambling to meet and mingle with the deep magenta of a mighty bougainvillea, whose blossoms stand for Royalty among the flowers of Rih. Far on the other side showed the pale purple of wistaria, looking like some soft silken drapery fallen from a goddess's tiring-room, which, floating slowly downward, had come to rest elegantly over a corner of the tennis-court—tattered a little, for, as it fell, odd boughs of overleaning trees seemed to have caught its edges. Little wonder that the delicate fabric could not bear the strain, but tore and ripped noiselessly as it settled down, leaving dainty trails to swing and droop gracefully from the branches above. A little of the court was shadowed by the tall trees standing about it, but for the most part it lay open to the hot sun.

Not much of a place for tennis, you will be saying. Perhaps. It would not do at Wimbledon. But then there are times when the game of tennis, like that of Life, need not be taken too seriously, when we can forgive the loss of a dropping ball against an improper background for the sake of the rare loveliness of which that same background is so irregularly made up.

"Of course," said Bill Fairie, "there are courts and courts. This is one of the

latter."

"It makes me think of Omar Khayyam,"

said Betty dreamily.

"Yes," said Robin. "'They say the Lion and the Lizard keep The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep.' The very place. Only they're wrong about turned to Miss Fettering. "Jamshyd used to glory over by that side line, you know."

"Not really?" Broke nodded.

"A brass plate is to be let in there this autumn. Not that they want anything to remember him by, for the nets on this court are always tight. Here," he added suddenly, "when you've quite finished with my racket . . ."

Fairie stopped whirling it to scrutinise the gut. It might have been tauter, certainly.

After a moment—

"You must forgive me," he said. "I

thought it was a landing-net."

"You needn't swank," said Robin, pointing to the scarf about his cousin's waist. "You're not the only member of the Cyclists' Touring Club."

"Wrong again," said Bill. "These are the colours of the Post Office Telephone

Subscribers' Protection Society. Arms: A conversation couped, between an oath imbrued issuant, az. and a blasted trunk charged on the nail, or. Crest: A line engaged proper. Motto: Fair Exchange is No Robbery."

He stopped. Miss Fettering was laughing helplessly. With difficulty stifling a desire to join in her merriment, Betty and Broke

exchanged significant glances.

"Of course," said the latter, "it does

seem like midsummer, doesn't it?"

A slim brown boy, perhaps eleven years old, slid shyly out of the bushes and stepped down on to the asphalt. Barefoot, he stood leaning against the creepered wall, one finger to his white teeth. For an instant he looked at the four, making ready to play; then he dropped his dark eyes, smiling a little. It was his naïve way of offering his services.

"Aha," said Fairie, "a gatherer of balls errant. A seeker of lost spheres. Almost an astronomer. 'Tis well. Consider yourself engaged, my lad. The play, I may say, will be fast, possibly furious. Don't say I didn't

warn you."

"How shall we play?" said Betty. "I think Miss Fettering and you'd better take

on Robin and me."

"Try achtung," said Miss Fettering.

Bill tried it with some success. With a grunt the trespasser retired ponderously. A moment later the game had begun.

By the time that Fay Broke had written her letters, it was getting on for noon. She strolled down into the garden, but the others had apparently had their fill of tennis, for they were nowhere to be seen. The court itself was occupied by two people. One was a lady visitor, who might well have been taken for thirty-five, had she not been behaving as if she were fifteen; the other, a young man, who, because he had struck a bad opponent, seemed to think himself rather good, but was endeavouring politely to look as if he were having the game of his It occurred to Fay that, allowing for his Oxford manner, it was a rather creditable attempt. On a long stone seat four players waited amusedly for the conclusion of the set.

Thoughtfully Fay strolled back to the Inquiry at the office showed that the Fairies had sent for a taxi, and, with the Fettering girl and Robin, had gone down town; so she fetched a novel and once more descended into the garden. Five minutes later she was lying easily in somebody else's chair—her own was up on the verandah—on a tiny retired terrace, little more than a ledge, set upon the edge of the cliff. It was so hidden that you might pass the path that led to it—and no further—a score of times, nor ever dream that, if you followed it, your curiosity would be so well repaid.

The novel was not very interesting, but the air was warm and gentle, while the sea was making a lazy noise a long way below. Moreover, remember, Fay had been writing letters. On the whole, it would have been almost surprising if she had not fallen

A quarter of an hour later she opened her The first thing they rested upon was a good-looking man of about thirty summers, clean-shaven and very brown, clad in a plain white flannel suit. His grey hat lay on the curving seat beside him, and there was an unlighted cigarette between his lips. sat with an arm on the parapet, gazing The next second he turned to over the sea. look at her.

"She's awake," he said, with an easy smile, that came into his strong face so naturally that Fay found herself wondering if he could ever look hard or cold-hearted. "And now" —for a moment he hesitated—"excuse me, but you don't happen to be my sister, do you?"

For a moment Fay stared at him. Then-

"Not that I know of," she said.

The man regarded her with an air of amused disappointment. Then—
"I am sorry," he said. "I suppose you're

quite sure about it."

"Absolutely. But I oughtn't to have to tell you that, ought I? Don't you know your own sister when you see her?"

Her companion shook his head.

"That's the trouble," he said. she's in Rih, and staying at 'The Bristol,' but that's all. I've been looking for her ever since I landed, nearly an hour ago. I made sure you were her," he added musingly, "directly I saw you. To tell you the truth, I very nearly kissed you, I felt so certain about it."

"Did you, though?"

"Fact," said the other coolly. "Only it seemed a shame to wake you. That's why

I didn't strike a match. May I smoke, please?"

"I don't suppose the manager will mind."

"I don't care if he does. Do you?" "It doesn't matter about me," said Fay.

"I'm going."

With that she picked up her novel. The other was on his feet in an instant.

"Don't dream of moving," he said. "For one thing, you look so lovely like that. Besides, I'm just going to leave you, only I'd rather like to explain first. That is, if vou'll let me."

Fay regarded him steadily. Then she

laid down the book.

"Well?" she said.

It was all simple enough.

He had not set eyes upon his sister for And she had been barely seven years. sixteen, and young for her age, when he had been sent straight from Oxford to enter the Indian house of a great English firm.

"My uncle's, you see. The idea was, I was to come home after two years. And I would have, too, only the head of the Indian house died a week before I was to have I had to take control—at twentysailed. There was no one else . . . I loved it, but it meant another five years. I nearly came home once, but there was trouble in the air, and-I didn't."

He paused, meditatively regarding his

cigarette.

"Well?" said Fay, this time a note of

interest in her voice.

"Well, now the old chap's retiring, and I'm home to manage the English house. His sons, my cousins, have taken on my job. They've been out there under me the last three years. And I've come a month earlier than I was going to. They never knew at home till I was well on my way, and in Paris I got a letter saying the kid's in Rih, so I cleared out to Lisbon right away and took the first boat across. We've no people, you know, she and I."

"I see," said Fay gently.

"When I landed, I came straight to the hotel and asked for her. They said she was here all right, and, they thought, in the garden. So I'm just looking."

"And making shots?"

"That's it. Of course, I ought to have sent her a cable. She'll have changed, naturally. When I saw her last, she had her hair down. Let's see, sixteen and seven's twenty-three. You must be just about her age.'

"Twenty-five."

"Grey-eyed, too," he added musingly, "and the same lovely hair. Oh, I am sorry vou're not her, lass. I'm afraid she won't be half as beautiful. I only wish——"

"What?" said Fay, smiling.

"I wish I hadn't been so particular. About not waking you, I mean."

"That'll do," said Fay. "As a matter of fact, I rather think your sister's gone into Starra, but she'll be back for lunch.'

Fettering opened his mouth Surrey

suddenly. Then-

"You know her?" he said.

"Of course, I may be wrong," said Fay dreamily, gazing with half-closed eyes over

the dazzling sea.

"Which means, you know you're not," said the other. "When a woman admits she may be wrong, it means she knows she's

A faint smile crept into Fay Broke's face. Also she raised her eyebrows a little. she still looked ahead and away over the The man regarded her dancing sea.

pleasedly. Then-

"Yes," he said, "my name is Fettering." The smile deepened and the brows went a shade higher. "Of course, you had something to go on, and your instinct made you sure. Wonderful thing, instinct," he added musingly. "Will you have a cigarette?"

Instinct. Of that strange subtle sense, which only women have, we are wont to speak over-lightly. It is no mean asset, if you please, this ability to peer, perhaps unconsciously, into a man's brain. In a war of wits the man knows what he is going to say. Often enough, not so the woman. But, what is much more important, she, too, knows what the man is going to say. To mix metaphors, he might as well lay his cards upon the table. Nearly always she knows what they are. If they be good ones, steady, relentless play may wear her down, may . . . And he need not be too sure about his victory even then. As often as not it is a defeat, which she has tricked up, till he is deceived altogether. The battle is not always to the strong hand.

In a silence that was big with laughter, Fay Broke accepted a cigarette. After lighting it for her, Fettering resumed his seat on the low slab built into the curling

"But don't you think you ought to begin looking again?" said Fay. "For your sister, I mean."

Fettering shook his head.

"She'll be back for lunch, you said," he reminded her. "Besides, my next mistake mightn't be such a happy one, Grey Eyes.
And now," he added, "tell me about
England. Is it the same dear place?"
"Yes," said Fay reflectively. "On the

whole, it is. Only there are heaps of cars now everywhere, and strikes have come in, and rag-time. I suppose London's changed in a way, but it's really rather difficult to remember what it was like seven years ago. It still rains a lot, you know."

"I shan't mind that," said Fettering. "What about the country? Is that all

right? Not spoiled, I mean."

"The real country's as priceless as ever. Of course, they're building a bit, making villages into towns, and giving towns suburbs, but, when you get right into the country, it's all right. Streams and woodland and deep meadows, and——"

"And the old, old elms, with their green jackets about their trunks. I know. It'll

be very good to see it all again."

"It's just as well you didn't go straight home," said Fay. "England was hardly looking her best when we left her, about a week ago."

"Unlike yourself, Grey Eyes. At least, I take it you are. I think you must be."

"I don't think any girl can look her best

lying in a chair with—

"All a matter of arms and ankles," asserted Surrey Fettering. "A long chair, like yours, shows them off-all four of them. And if they're perfect, my lady looks her best in a long chair with her small white feet up. Very well, then."

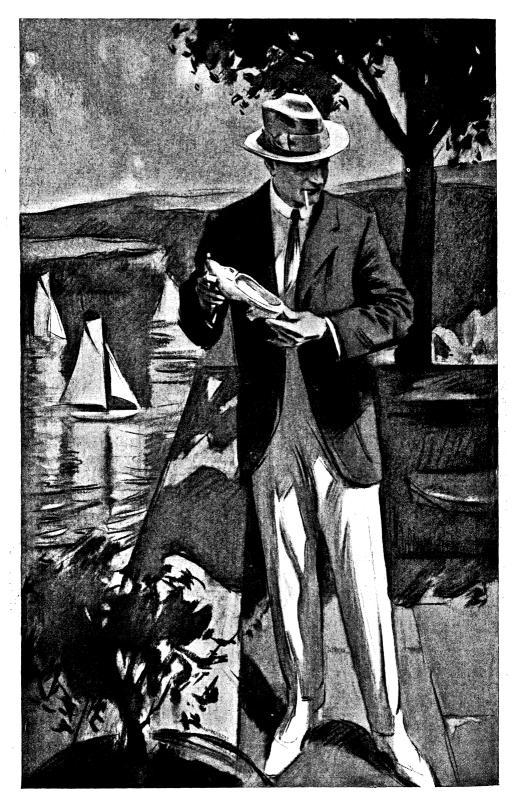
Fay regarded him with a faint smile,

something of scorn in it, then-

"And he's known me about twenty minutes," she said slowly. Mention of time made her glance at her wrist-watch. Before he could reply, "A quarter to one," she announced, sitting upright. "I must go up. I'll introduce you to your sister, if you like," she added. "I suppose she'll believe you."

Fettering smiled.

"When I say I'm her brother? I think If the worst came to the worst, I could remind her of a certain summer Sunday morning about eight years ago, when she cantered straight into the Rectory crowd, who were coming home from church across our meadows. When I say that she was riding Blue Boy bareback at the time . . . I shall never forget the scene. The Rector said it



"'Nail? Barbed wire's more like it!"



"'I can't help it,' sobbed Fay. 'Your face when you---'"

was an outrage, Phyllis said it was pure bad luck, and everyone else said it was just like her—except the second gardener, that is."

"What did he say?" said Fay, laughing.

"Oh, he said you could hear Mrs. Rector's screams three miles off. I believe you could, Several people thought the Germans had come."

Fay got up, took two steps forward, uttered a cry of pain, and sat down suddenly on the

"What on earth—" began Fettering.

"Sorry," said Fay, whipping off a small buckskin slipper, "but there's a nail, or something, hurting like anything. Funny, I never felt it before." She slipped her fingers into the toe of the shoe. "I've got it," she added. "I say, it is sharp! I don't wonder---"

"Let me feel," said Fettering.

In silence Fay handed him the slipper— Betty's, as a matter of fact. Finding her own uncleaned, she had sent for Falcon and borrowed a pair of her cousin's to wear till luncheon.

For a moment he felt gropingly, probing the pointed toe with a finger curiously. The next instant he withdrew it with a sharp exclamation of pain. Fay, who had been waiting for this, broke into a peal of merriment.

"Nail!" said Surrey, regarding his second digit in some dudgeon. ""Nail ? Barbed wire's more like it! And don't hurt yourself, Grey Eyes. Keep some laughter for the blood; it's just coming."

"I can't help it," sobbed Fay. "Your

face when you-

"I know-must have been a scream. But— By Jove!" he added suddenly, turning the shoe upside down. "Look at No wonder you couldn't walk! fancy a fakir'd think twice before he settled down to four miles an hour on that."

"O-oh," said Fay weakly.

Firmly embedded in the sole of the slipper was a brass-headed drawing-pin.

"But why did I only just feel it?" said

Fay, big-eyed.

"Probably because you've only just collected it," said her companion. "I expect some fool's been drawing here and dropped it, and you stepped on it as you got out of the chair. Is the foot bleeding, Grey Eyes?"

"I don't expect so."

Fettering raised his eyebrows. Then—

"No?" he said.

With that, he stepped in front of her, stooped down, and put out a hand for the white-stockinged foot. The next moment a

warm heel was resting in his palm.

As to exactly how it got there Fay was Certainly he had not never quite easy. taken it. So she must have . . . Yet she had quite intended to do nothing of the kind. But there it was, and she'd put it there. Somehow, she just had to. Strange! And it wasn't at all strange, really; but she thought it was.

"It is bleeding a little," said Fettering.

"I was afraid it must be."

"Is it?" said Fay carelessly.

By way of answer, the other drew a handkerchief from his pocket and pressed it gently against her toes. When he took it away, there was a faint red stain on the cambric.

"You see?" he said, holding it up.

"How awful!" said Fay. "D'you think I shall swoon?"

Surrey set down the small foot tenderly before replying.

"I hope not," he said, smiling. "It's not half as easy to carry a dead weight."

"If you think I'm going to let you carry me up," said Fay, "you're wrong."

Surrey Fettering stood upright and looked

at her.

"Well, you can't walk up barefoot," he said. "The most zealous penitent would shy at these paths. E wound in your foot——" Besides, with that

"It is an ugly gash, isn't it?" said Fay cheerfully. "Think they'll be able to stitch it up all right? I admit the situation's pretty desperate," she went on thoughtfully. "But, as a last resort, don't you think we might take the pin out of the shoe?"

"How stupid of me!" said Fettering, sitting down and picking up the slipper. "I apologise. Will you shake it out, or

shall I?"

"Idiot!" said Fay, laughing in spite of herself. "Haven't you got a knife, or anything?"

Fettering shook his head.

"No," he said gravely. "But here are three inkstands, and if I can find the aunt

of the female gardener . . ."

wasted another five minutes endeavouring to press the drawing-pin out with a coin, but all their efforts to dislodge it proved unavailing.

When he had pricked himself for the third time — four altogether — Surrey Fettering

swore and rose to his feet.

"What are you going to do?" wailed Fay, weak with laughter.

"Take it to the nearest forge," he said bitterly. "This is a blacksmith's job. don't suppose they've got any anvils at the hotel."

"Not in every room, any way," rejoined Fay, pulling herself together. "But if you ask at the office, they'll probably give you a pair of scissors.'

Surrey stood reflectively drumming with

his finger-tips upon the slipper's sole.

"And all this comes of having small pink feet the size of a baby's," he said dreamily. "If I'd been able to get more than one finger at a time into the toe, I could have got it out." He paused to lick the blood off his forefinger. "Grey Eyes, I have bled for you. How will you ever repay me?"

"If you're very quick," said Fay darkly,

"I will hold my tongue."

While the girls in the office were searching for a pair of scissors, Fettering seized the opportunity of changing a five-pound note at the bureau on the other side of the entrance to the hotel. Just when he was in the throes of his first struggle to reduce pounds to reis, and trying literally to think in thousands, Bill Fairie and Betty entered the hall. Even if they had not stopped to inquire for letters, they could hardly have missed the shoe, which was reposing in solitary state on the mahogany before the office window. Betty looked at it curiously, remarking that it was of the same shape as her own. Then she looked at it closely, exclaimed, and picked

"What are you doing?" said Bill. "Put

it down, Bet—it's not your shoe!"

"But it is," said Betty, staring round the hall. "I know it by this scrape on the leather. Besides, no one else——"

"Where?" said her husband, taking it out of her hand. "Are you sure?" he added, examining the graze.

"Positive. But who on earth—

"Ask them here, in the office," replied r husband. "Perhaps Falcon—" her husband.

"Excuse me," said a quiet voice behind them, "but that's—er—my shoe."

They swung round to find Surrey Fettering standing with outstretched hand.

Instinctively, Fairie made as though he would hand it over. Then he hesitated.

"I'm sure you'll forgive me," he said courteously. "But—er—are you quite sure? I mean——" "Perfectly," replied Fettering. "I've

only just laid it down."

"But it's mine!" cried Betty.

"Yours?" said Fettering.

impossible. I've only just—

"I'm sure you have, if you say so," said Fairie. "But that doesn't make it yours. And my wife has identified it as her own. If you would say how you came by it," he added civilly, "I'm sure the misunderstanding-"

"I can only ask you to hand it to me at once," said Fettering stiffly. "I have to

return it to a lady."

"But it isn't hers," said Betty indignantly, turning to her husband. "I tell you it's

"I must insist on your giving it to me at once," said Fettering firmly. "The lady to whom it belongs——"

"Why, Surrey!" said a gentle voice at

his elbow.

Fettering started and swung round.

"Phyllis!"

Brother and sister embraced there and then in the sunlit hall. Robin Broke and the Fairies look on open-mouthed. length—

"Support me, somebody," said Fairie. "Support me at once. My breath is bated."

"Be quiet," said Betty. "This-

"Be quiet? Beware, you mean. This is a ruse. While the two are embracing, a third steals the shoe. I've read about it in Chunks."

"Er-this is my brother, Mr. Fairie," said Miss Fettering, flushing furiously. haven't seen him for seven years, and-

"What did I say?" said Fairle excitedly. "He's only just out. Clearly a hardened criminal. Very glad to meet you," he added, shaking Fettering's hand. "And now, if we promise not to prosecute, do tell us how in the world you got hold of my wife's shoe."

"Well, to begin with, a girl gave it me," said Surrey, laughing. "In the garden."

"But this is a shoe," said Fairie, holding up the slipper. "Not an apple."

Fay, mounting the cobbled paths delicately, limped round a corner to see The White Hope standing regarding critically the great pink blooms of a magnificent tassel tree. At the sight of her the look of appraisement faded from his face into a vast smile of greeting, which was in turn succeeded by a whimsical expression of surprise, as he observed her shoeless foot.

"Another harsh dictate of Fashion,"

he exclaimed. "Not content with the restriction of the hobble skirt, does she demand—"

Fay interrupted him to explain. A

length-

"So you see," she concluded, "when he does come back, I shall be gone. It's his own fault for being so long."

Th eminent lawyer smiled.

"Clearly an affair," he said. "Three centuries ago it would have been a glove. To-day it is a slipper. Your gallant has doubtless fastened it in his hat, and is probably at this moment engaged in murdering such well-intentioned pages and other members of the staff as have innocently presumed to draw his attention to the peculiarity of his headgear. When he has dispatched them, he will rejoin you."

"Well, he'll be too late, any way," said Fay, laughing. "And now——"

She stopped suddenly, and a light of excitement sprang into her grey eyes.

"What mischief——" began the K.C.

intelligently.

Fay laid her hand on his arm and gurgled

with delight.

"Oh, do," she said rapturously. "Do. It would be priceless. Just go and take my place where I was sitting. There's a chair by a seat in the wall, right on the edge of the cliff. And when he comes, he'll find you, and you can have him on beautifully."

She laughed softly in anticipation.

The lawyer's eyes twinkled.

"Show me the way," he said.

So she showed him the way, and then, with gentle laughter on her lips, proceeded haltingly, by a circuitous route, through the fair garden up to the hotel.

* * * * *

Later that afternoon, amongst other sets, the Brokes took on the Fetterings, and were handsomely beaten. By the side of the court, shock-absorbing cushions received the weight of the K.C. gracefully. Through the drifting smoke of his cigar the lawyer followed the ebb and flow of the play with lazy eyes. In the course of one of the games, Fay Broke and Surrey Fettering met for a moment, each in quest of a ball, on opposite sides of the net.

"I shall never forgive you, Grey Eyes,"

said Surrey.

"You shouldn't have been so long," retorted Fay, with a dainty lift of her eyebrows. "And, as you feel like that, it's a very good thing I didn't happen to be your sister, isn't it?"

Steadily Surrey regarded her. Then—
"I'm beginning to think it is, Grey

Eyes," he said slowly.

"Come on, you two," called Robin, waiting

to serve. "Love Thirty, isn't it?"

"I wonder," said The White Hope to himself, watching Fay's face curiously, as she backed towards her place in the court. "I wonder." Then he thought of her age, glanced at Fettering, and smiled. "But it's pretty evident that it's Love Twenty-five."

SALISBURY PLAIN.

WINTER, 1914-1915.

THE grey moon at dawn;
The grey sun at noon;
The dank mists a-crawl,
Grey as the moon.

The farm in the vale; The stack on the hill; The wet, grey flocks Roving at will. The haws on the bush; The lark in the sky; The grey towers that saw Ages go by.

Hark to the bugles, Thin, clear, and sweet! Hark to the dull sob Of marching feet!

The furze black as ink; The sward green as spring; And one grey bird With heart to sing.

THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS.



Photo by] [Central New
HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE PRESENTING DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDALS TO BRITISH TROOPS
IN FRANCE.

MEN OF MARK IN THE WAR

By ERNEST A. BRYANT

FOURTH ARTICLE

THOSE who still hold with Plato that "such as are fit to govern, into their composition the informing Deity mingles gold," must feel that the King of the Belgians is of the type by whom the philosopher's dictum was inspired. When King George bestowed upon him the Order of the Garter, he paid tribute, on behalf of the entire Empire, to a regnancy of valour and noble self-sacrifice to which posterity, equally with contemporary admirers, will continue to render homage. The Garter was never conferred under more moving circumstances. King Albert was with his heroic army, war-worn as his warriors, fighting, with them, in the firing-line, in the very trenches-fighting day and night with unswerving tenacity for the redemption of the land for which he and his people have endured such unparalleled suffering. there, within sight of the field of agony,

King George invested our indomitable ally with this, the highest distinction in his bestowal.

The meeting and its setting remain The King-Emperor, upon unforgettable. the battlefield across the waters, had his soldier-son, the courageous young Prince of Wales, at his side, and in attendance, as Aides-de-Camp, two picturesque personalities, Colonel the Maharajah of Bikaner and Major-General Maharajah Sir Partab Singh, representing the puissant loyalty of the East puissance rendered effective in France and Flanders by the might of British sea-power. The whole visit of King George, the meeting with the King of the Belgians, with the French President and Premier, the visits to the Belgian and British Armies in the trenches, the conferring of the Order of Merit upon Field-Marshal French, and of other decorations upon heroes of less exalted rank, the

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interviews with the great French generals intimately associated with our fighting line, and all the stirring incidents which crowded the romantic days of the unprecedented expedition, constitute a chapter in the lives of those concerned which none engaged is likely ever to forget. But the feature that lingers brightest in the memory was that meeting with King Albert, and the ceremony attending it. For, arising out of it, there proceeded, as it seemed, a prophecy and portent; it had a significance not for King Albert alone, but for the whole of his stricken land, whose wasted cities and villages appeared from the event invested with a new watchword, "Resurgam!"

Upon another battlefield, from which the



Photo by]

[Gale & Polden.

MAJOR-GENERAL F. C. SHAW.

Highly praised by the Commander-in-Chief for his leadership of the Ninth Infantry Brigade.

forces of tyrannous brutality had been but newly scourged, there was witnessed a stirring spectacle almost as appealing, when King Peter of Servia received the mission sent from Russia to present him with tangible token of the Czar's admiration of the triumph which the extraordinary skill and might of the little Servian Army had just achieved.



Photo bul

[Gale & Polden.

MAJOR-GENERAL THE HON. JULIAN BYNG.

Highly praised in the Commander-in-Chief's dispatches for his command of the Third Cavalry Division.

There, where the war had its rise, Servia had for the third time hurled back in ignominy and ruin the great host sent against her. A few weeks earlier her position had seemed hopeless. Her armies had been driven back within their own borders, their numbers sadly depleted, their ammunition exhausted all lost, apparently, save the unconquerable spirit of this little band of heroes. Then the veteran King rose from the bed of sickness which none of us had expected him to quit alive. "Your old King comes to die in your midst for the salvation of Servia," he said, as he placed himself at the head of the Army. But he was not called to lay down the life he was willing cheerfully to surrender.



appearance in the field heralded the most sensational reversal of an army's fortunes of which history has note. The Austrian hosts were smashed; Valjevo was retaken from them; they were thrust in stampeding herds back by way of the Morava valley, which, from the outset of the war, they had essayed to penetrate; Belgrade, which they had besieged for four months, was theirs for twelve days, then it was snatched from them in four-and-twenty hours. North, west, and



Photo by]

[Gale & Polden.

MAJOR C. B. PROWSE,

Who won a special tributs from the Commander-in-Chief for the recapture of an important position at St. Yves by the Somersets.

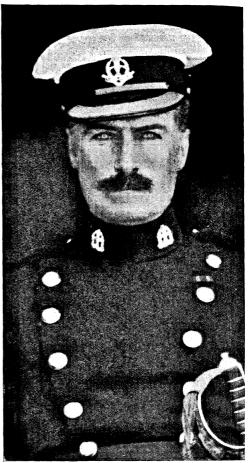


Photo by]

[Gale & Polden.

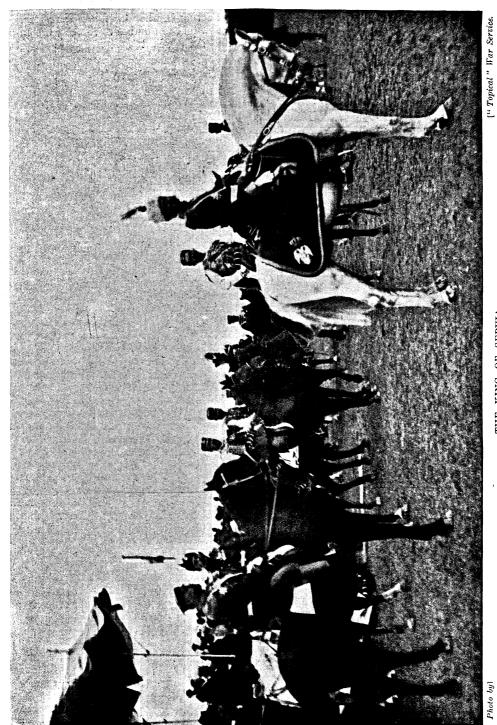
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. P. A. HULL.

Especially praised by the Commander in Chief for his leadership of the Middlesex Regiment.

east the enemy fled, with stunning loss of men and material, and when King Peter received his Russian decoration, he was able proudly to declare that there remained not an Austrian on Serbian soil, save as prisoner.

Sir John French had the unpromising experience of commanding an army smaller than that of King Peter when operations began, but now we are to send to the Front not merely divisions, but armies, and great has been the public satisfaction at the names of the men who are to command these new forces. General Sir Ian Hamilton, who commands the Fourth Army, has, since the outbreak of the war, played an important part in the organisation of home defence and the preparation of expeditionary forces. From Majuba, where, as he lay wounded in hospital, he heard a doctor say, "Leave the





poor fellow in peace—he's moribund," onwards, he has been in most of our fighting, and has repeatedly been wounded, only to come up again keener than ever. The turning-point of his career was reached in India, where he was offered the practical Commandership of the Indian Army at £3,000 a year. As against this he was offered by Sir Evelyn Wood the position of Commandant of the Hythe School of Gunnery at £800. He put patriotism before profit. He accepted the smaller post, worked wonders with our shooting, went from Hythe to South Africa, and made himself.

General Sir Leslie Rundle is one of the

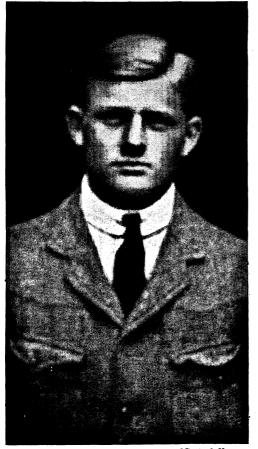


Photo by] [Central News. FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT ARNOLD J. MILEY.

Two of the British airmen who carried out the seaplane attack on Cuxhaven.

men of whom the Commander-in-Chief has need, for he knows how to make the most of a thin khaki line. In one phase of the South African War, where he defended a front of thirty miles, he brilliantly defeated a Boer move when his forces were practically only equal in number to those of the enemy; but such was the strategical and tactical



Photo by] [F. N. Birkett. FLIGHT-COMMANDER ROBERT P. ROSS, R.N.

skill with which Sir Leslie had disposed his strength, that the Boers deemed themselves threatened by superior forces at every point through which they sought to break. The Commander of the Fifth Army should be quite happy with the excellent, if new, material which comes under his direction. He gained fine victories in the Soudan with troops of whom it had been customary to say that twenty mounted Dervishes would send a battalion flying. He is a rigid disciplinarian, but he always succeeds in winning the inalienable affection of his It is a way these big Devonshire troops. men have.

There were two notable Hamiltons under General Colley, as there are to be under Sir John French. The second, Sir Bruce Hamilton, commands the Sixth Army, in the twenty-fifth year of his experience of war. He did not fight at Majuba, for, according to Colley's biographer, he missed the unhappy battle under curious circumstances. Sir Bruce was A.D.C. to the ill-fated General, who, as the column was about to set out, said with a sad foreboding: "Take care that there is no noise round young Hamilton's tent to-night. I don't mean to take him with me; there seems to be a kind

Photo by]

[F. N. Birkett.

FLIGHT-COMMANDER FRANCIS E. T. HEWLETT.

British airmen who carried out the seaplane attack
upon Cuxhaven.

of fatality about my staff. It would break his sister's heart if anything happened to him." So the youthful warrior remained behind in ignorance of what was toward, while his leader went to what proved to be his grave. He has not missed much fighting since then, and his record was highly admirable in South Africa. When the day



Photo bul

[F. N. Birkett.

FLIGHT-COMMANDER DOUGLAS A. OLIVER.

for peace came, he received the Bethel commando, whose members had come in to lay down their arms. "We have so often been near one another in the field that I have come to look upon you all as quite old friends," said Sir Bruce. There was a thunderous "Hear, hear!" from the Boer leader. That same Boer is to-day adding new laurels to the British flag in South Africa against the common enemy, for this response to the offer of friendship proceeded from the lips of none other than the gallant Louis Botha.

Since the war began, we have commissioned 29,000 of the pick of British manhood to

officer our new formations, while the stalwarts in the field, by sterling merit, by courage and skill, have been forging steadily Sir John French's dispatches upwards. thrill with stories of heroism and brilliant leadership on the part of the officers under him. One whom he singles out for special mention is the gallant officer who led the Ninth Infantry Brigade in the worst of the fighting in the Ypres-Armentières battle—Major-General F. C. Shaw as he now is. "The Brigade was handled with great dash by this officer," says the dispatch, at a time when our First Corps was being attacked by monstrous numbers of the enemy. In the desperate conflicts about Neuve Eglise, too. he carried out a magnificent piece of work in support of General Allenby, with four battalions of the Second Corps, albeit his dogged warriors had been relieved but shortly before after tremendous efforts in the Major-General trenches. Shaw's appeared in the list of wounded shortly



Photo by] [The London & Paris Studios.

MR. PHILIP CARR.

Serving at the Front as an interpreter.



Photo by] . [Sarony & Co. MR. L. S. AMERY, M.P. Serving at the Front as an interpreter.

afterwards, but two months later came the gratifying announcement in *The Gazetle* that he had been promoted for distinguished conduct in the field.

Another name shining in the official annals is that of Major-General the Hon. Julian Byng, commanding the Third Cavalry Division. These troops were among that marvellous little force which fought the great rearguard fight from Ghent to Ypres, and there, outnumbered by eight to one, held the position until the other British corps could be brought up from the Aisne. The Commander-in-Chief's tribute to General Byng reveals how magnificently the latter led, handled, and kept his men going in this extremely critical phase of the great battle; and when all was done, General Byng was able, in thanking his men, proudly to remind them that "On eight occasions brigades were sent in support of the line, which had been partially penetrated, and on nearly every occasion either I or one of the Brigadiers have received the thanks and congratulations of the Commander of that zone for the gallant behaviour of our



Photo by]

GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON.

Commander of the Fourth Army, under the new Army Order.

[Elliott & Fry.

troops." There is no more wonderful page in the history of the war than that which General Byng and his heroic followers helped to write.

The Commander - in - Chief has well-merited tribute to the prowess and

staunchness of Major-General E. S. Bulfin, commanding the Second Infantry Brigade, who, in the battle under review, was called upon, early one raw, dark morning, to recapture the trenches which had been lost to the enemy north of Pilkem. There was a fierce and bloody fight, in which our men rushed to grips and plied the bayonet against superior numerical forces, as if machine - guns and "Jack Johnsons" had never been invented. A terrible fight, but a glorious, for at the end of the day General Bulfin had his men in the disputed trenches, and he had six hundred prisoners to grace one of the hardest-

won triumphs He comes again of the long-drawn contest. and again into the dispatches up to the time when he was rendered hors de combat, at which point Sir John French, alluding to the repeated instances of merit on the part of this officer, adds: "Up to the time when he was somewhat severely wounded, his services continued to be of great value.

Where all have reached so high a standard of heroism, it is difficult to single out officers for special mention, but the dispatches do not overlook the significance of the



CARDINAL MERCIER, ARCHBISHOP OF MALINES. The Belgian Primate, the report of whose arrest by the Germans caused so profound a sensation that his release swiftly followed.

them. Major Prowse rose to as urgent a demand. The enemy had broken our line at St. Yves, and it was "Now, Somersets!" There was a magnificent response. The Somersets, led by Major Prowse, gloriously regained the position and the significant comment of

of Lieutenant-Colonel Hull (Middlesex Regiment) and Major C. B. Prowse (Somersetshire Light Infantry). was when the Second Corps was becoming exhausted by the incessant attacks of constantly growing numbers of the enemy that the first-named officer was called on for a special example of daring. The plucky Gordon Highlanders had at last been beaten by multitudinous Germans from their trenches, an d the Middlesex had to smash this German wedge, or die in the attempt. Lieutenant - Colonel Hull lives to tell how nobly they responded to his call, but it is left to Sir John French to inform us how gallantly

the officer led



Photo by

[H. Walter Barnett.

the Commander-in-Chief runs: "For his services on this occasion this officer was recommended for special reward." How pallid and feeble a picture of the terrific realities does our poor recital give! These men of whom we have been thinking were of those who did this great thing—they barred with their breasts the Germans' way to the Channel ports.

Example infectious, heroism is communicable quality, and, communicated or inherent, the same magnificent attribute which animates our officers fires and inspires the rank and file. The old spirit of the Peninsular, of Waterloo, of the Crimea, leaps afresh to life to-day in the hearts of our rankers, who face with the courage of martyrs, but with the humour of laughing schoolboys, horrors of mechanical devilry unimaginable to their fighting forbears. What an epic of heroism the V.C. list constitutes! The two drivers, Henry Charles Drain and Frederick Luke, of the 37th Battery, R.F.A., probably do not talk much of esprit de corps, but they are its

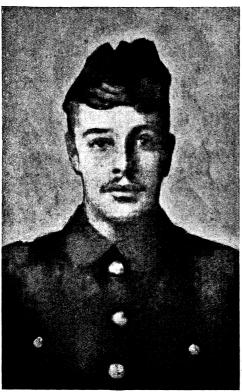


Photo by

[A. Yorick McGill.

PRIVATE GEORGE WILSON, V.C.

The newsvendor who has achieved the honour of the Victoria Cross for conspicuous bravery in the field.



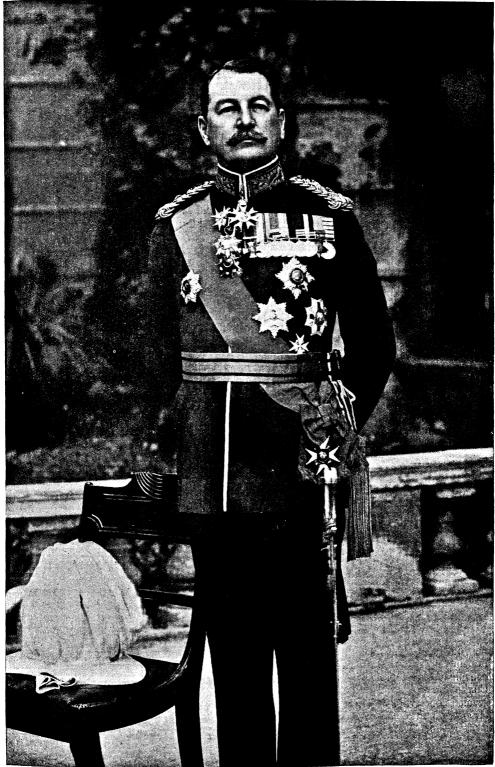
Photo by] [Central Press
DRIVER JOB H. C. DRAIN, V.C.

Awarded the Victoria Cross for his splendid courage in saving the guns at Le Cateau.

very incarnation. At grim Le Cateau they saw guns—their guns—in peril. The Germans were marching to capture the precious pieces, when Drain and Luke volunteered to help to bring them in. They raced forward under fire, the German infantry only a hundred yards away; but they brought home the guns—all as a part of the day's work.

Drain and Luke were not the only heroes at Le Cateau. Lance-Corporal F. W. Holmes, of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, was also of the elect that glorious day. He was noted first for a thrilling rescue, under heavy fire, of a wounded comrade, and, his appetite for voluntary service of valour thus whetted, he helped to bring off one of the guns. It was no part of his work, but one of the drivers was wounded, and the gun was in danger. Holmes nipped up, took the stricken man's place in the saddle, and the gun was saved. Private Sidney Frank Godley, of the

Private Sidney Frank Godley, of the 4th Battalion Royal Fusiliers, takes us back to Mons, where the conditions under which our men had to fight were such as most of us would consider appalling. Godley was at



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[R. Ellis, Malta.

GENERAL SIR LESLIE RUNDLE.

Commander of the Fifth Army, under the new Army Order.

a machine-gun, and exacting heavy toll. He himself did not escape—he was badly sustained by the true wounded. But, "fight die " British till Ι spirit, continued calmly to work his gun, bleeding fast, but shooting faster, for two hours, all the time under heavy fire. It is of soldiers such as these that Signor Angeli, who has been in and near our lines, writes in the Italian press, where he glowingly tells with what daring and coolness our men fight, with what dignity they die.

perhaps the most extraordinary But instance of indomitable valour is afforded by George Wilson, of the Highland Light Infantry. Up to the time of the war he was hawking newspapers in the streets of Edinburgh, without a thought of the mighty potentialities within his brave young heart. But the call to war came, and the call to sacrifice himself for others. His regiment was in the little village of Verneuil, where Wilson saw his officer, Lieutenant Sir A. Gibson Craig, shot down beside him, and discovered that a German machine-gun was spitting death in a wood near by. Wilson called to a friend, a private of the 60th King's Rifles, and together the two set out, on Wilson's initiative, to dam this fountain of slaughter. His comrade was at once disabled, but Wilson went on. Very calmly he plied his rifle. One by one he shot down first the officer, then the entire gunteam of six men. That done, he rushed in, secured the gun and two and a half cases of ammunition, and turned the former on the Germans until not a shot was left in the Then he skipped back—and fainted; but, finding on reviving that the gun was still out, he returned under heavy shrapnel fire, got the gun, brought it with him, dragged in the man who had first accompanied him, and bears to-day but a few scratches to tell the wonderful story. The V.C., however, commemorates the incident with mute yet convincing eloquence.

We turn to the sister Service, with its new audacious wing, the Flying Corps, and remember still with an exultant thrill the conspicuous intrepidity of that air raid on Cuxhaven. It was a raid such as had never seemed conceivable. There were the cruisers Arethusa and Undaunted, with an escort of swift destroyers and diligent submarines, right in the Bight of Heligoland, where they fought Zeppelins and German seaplanes on high and submarines below—an unprecedented combat. But in the air, at the same time, there was a flight of British seaplanes—

seven of them—piloted by the stamp of men whose deeds have prompted American observers on the spot to declare our airmen the best in the world. They were seven when they started, six when they returned, for Flight-Commander F. E. T. Hewlett, R.N., did not reappear. The others flew over Cuxhaven, military port, arsenal, and home of Zeppelins.

The six were Flight-Commander Douglas A. Oliver, R.N., Flight-Commander R. P. Ross, R.N., Flight-Commander C. F. Kilner, R.N., Flight-Lieutenant A. J. Miley, R.N., Flight-Lieutenant C. H. K. Edmonds, R.N., and Flight-Sub-Lieutenant V. G. Gaskell, R.N. What damage these bold fliers did, the Germans resolutely decline to declare. But there are gasworks at Cuxhaven, there were ships in the harbour, and British bombs fell near or upon these, as well as upon the Zeppelin cradles. Stormed at by shot and shell, the six escaped all injury, flung their lethal Christmas greetings, and returned according to time-table to sea, where the ships had for three hours awaited them under conditions so perilous and novel that probably nothing but the supreme audacity of British sailors would have been equal to it. Three of the six returned aboard with their machines; three returned leaving their craft in the sea.

In the meantime Commander Hewlett did not reappear, and the ships, unable to wait longer, said adieu to hostile submarines, whose torpedoes they had been dodging, and to Zeppelins and seaplanes, with which they had been exchanging furious volleys. The ships came back with everyone unscathed, and for days we mourned young Hewlett as lost. But he returned in due season, after thrilling adventures. It seems that, when leading the squadron, he lost his bearings in a fog, which was very bad in patches during He found himself the morning. German territory, but succeeded in steering his way to Cuxhaven, where he made valuable observations of German vessels of war, with a fleet of trawlers behind them with steam He dropped bombs upon the warships, and had the satisfaction of seeing smoke signalise one indubitable hit. Then he put out to sea, unharmed by all their storm of But now his engine was hotly demanding lubricants, which he was unable to supply, and, with every prospect of a "seize," he dropped into the sea in parlous plight. But fortune favours the brave. Up out of the mist hove a Dutch trawler, into which he climbed, first having smashed his



Photo by]

MAJOR-GENERAL E. S. BULFIN, Whose services the Commander-in-Chief describes as "of great value."

[Gale & Polden

engine and sunk his plane. And then, after a rough voyage to Holland, he came home, to be greeted with this charming telegram from the King: "I am delighted and greatly relieved that you are safe, and I aeronaut is the son of Mr. Maurice Hewlett, to whom readers of "A Lovers' Tale," the fascinating romance now appearing in these pages, need no introduction. Mrs. Hewlett, the mother of Commander Hewlett, is a skilful and intrepid aeroplanist, and, as a fact, it was she who taught the hero of the Cuxhaven raid how to fly.

The war's far-reaching tentacles crush with insensate fury combatant and non-combatant. and the pitiful roll of priests murdered in Belgium shows, perhaps more ominously than anything else, the extent of the German plan of calculated "frightfulness." But even that had not prepared us for the gratuitous assault constituted by their action against the venerable Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of This eminent prelate had the temerity to speak the faith that was in him, and to declare to the people of Belgium, so many of whom he had seen martyred in Malines and Antwerp, that the only real government in Belgium is that of King Albert, the German occupation being but temporary. The Germans placed him under Then they realised that they had arrest.

blundered once more, swore that he had not been arrested, and at the same time released The ultimate effect of that indignity has not yet been felt. It was a very much stronger man than Kaiser Wilhelm who heartily congratulate you." The successful declared that Germany would not go to Canossa, but he and she went!

> interpreters command an important part at the Front, where the languages of divers nations are represented. The gift of tongues carries its possessor into the firing-line, hence interpreters have been among those to suffer most heavily, for their distinctive uniforms have made them targets for enemy sharp-The danger has not, however, shooters. deterred Mr. L. S. Amery from volunteering. The Member of Parliament for South Birmingham was born in India, and is a The fact that proficient linguist. gained the Ouseley Scholarship, at the Imperial Institute, for Turkish, is evidence of his mastery of Oriental tongues. Another member of the same indispensable corps is Mr. Philip Carr, of whose artistic ventures happier days London has pleasant recollections. At the outbreak of the war he was responsible for the management of the English Theatre in Paris. Forthwith he transferred his energies to a theatre of a very different character, to render intelligible the unrehearsed lines of actors in the most appalling drama ever staged.

A further group of portraits of other Men of Mark in the War, not here represented, will appear in the next number.



MR. BALDOCK'S TREASURE

By CHARLES McEVOY

Illustrated by G. L. Stampa



R. BALDOCK had reached a new stage in the course of his life's experience—that distinctly tragic stage when a man of infinite self-assurance, a man who has glorified his own little existence through

all the vicissitudes of childhood and youth, finds himself regarded as a person of no importance whatever by a woman who has

got on to his brain.

This really was a tragedy with Mr. Baldock. As a small boy, he had lived down an inordinate ugliness and an unique stupidity at school by a stupendous idea of the importance of his own personality. As a boy of three, he had had a tongue which even his mother could not silence, and now he had reached five-feet-two of manliness and a prodigious amount of yellow moustache without ever realising that he was an absurdity.

He wore a frock-coat and a bowler hat, long hair, and the cravat of a French poet, and in this garb assisted in Mr. Moon's rare

and second-hand book emporium.

Previous to meeting Miss Bagshot, who kept Mr. Moon's actual books, Mr. Baldock had believed himself to be a man who only had to choose his mate from among the various women who came under his inspection, and he put down the fact that he had never been in love to the circumstance of never having met a girl worthy of him.

Now he had chosen to admire Miss Bagshot, and she would have none of him.

This thing had become an obsession. Every morning Mr. Baldock combed out his long hair and his long moustaches, wore ties

more purple than ever, and indulged in suitable button-holes, but Miss Bagshot showed him nothing but contempt. And, having been obliged to realise it, all his vanity had oozed out at his little glace shoes, and he felt the shortness of his height and the encumbrance of his moustaches. Also he plunged into the dissipation of musichalls and picture-palaces, and, though he was a teetotaler, drank inordinate quantities of lemonade. But even much lemonade could not drown his misery; his ears still burned when he remembered the reception of his early condescending advances—how Miss Bagshot had gazed at him over her pince-nez glasses and snubbed him cold-bloodedly. And every day there was the same treatment, as though he were some noxious insect on the end of a pin.

Having once lost his self-respect, the abasement that had followed staggered even the victim. Metaphorically, he squirmed and crawled in Miss Bagshot's presence, and was for ever trying to talk to her and eternally dreaming of her, at his work and in his hours of reckless recreation. The mere process of being spurned drew him magnetically towards the spurner, and in a dozen foolish and altogether undignified ways he had obliged Miss Bagshot to under-

The only thing he did not understand was that Miss Bagshot thought almost as deeply about him—Mr. Baldock—as he did of her. In the bottom of her heart she rather admired his frock-coat, and was struck by the size of his moustaches. She even rather admired his small feet in the glace shoes. Miss Bagshot had, in fact, had rather a struggle with herself in regard to Mr. Baldock. To begin with, she was twenty-six, and had never had a love affair,

stand that he adored her.

and Mr. Baldock was strangely near her ideal of a charming man; but she was a worldly young woman, when all was said and done, and Mr. Baldock's money was small, even as hers was, and she had seen too many starving families to want to emulate them, even to be "Mrs." Somebody. Therefore she preferred to stand by her ideal and dream of conjugal bliss, rather than to exchange it for ever for a sordid and inevitably depressing reality.

Mr. Baldock said she might at least make a friend of him outside the office, even if it was to be understood that there wasn't

anything in it.

This conversation happened one morning when Mr. Moon had gone off to a sale with his other (and married) assistant, as he

often did.

"Don't tell me," Miss Bagshot had answered. "I've seen too much of the world. And I was never one to flirt, either. If I take a thing up, I take it up seriously. I don't want to know anybody outside the

Baldock went back to his own end of the shop, and Miss Bagshot turned her plump shoulders to him and went on with her

writing.

Baldock, however, had been fired by her words. "If I take a thing up, I take it up seriously." Heavens! If only he could bring her into so happy a frame of mind about himself!

He had to serve a customer soon after this; but when the shop was empty again,

he went back to her.

"Miss Bagshot," he said, "you might tell

me frankly what's wrong with me."

Miss Bagshot, who, to do her justice, never desired to play cat-and-mouse with Mr. Baldock at all, put down her pen.

"You don't earn any money worth talking about, and don't know how to keep what you

do earn."

"How do you know I don't know how to keep it?" he asked her.

"Are you suggesting that you save money?"

"How do you know I don't?"

Miss Bagshot looked narrowly at him.

"I've heard you say that you pay fourteen shillings a week for your room. You go to music-halls, I know you have a proper lunch five of the six week-days, and that'd account for all your salary. It'd account also for your never seeming to buy yourself any clothes, except ties, and it would account for your going to the A.B.C. on Fridays only."

Mr. Baldock flinched.

Miss Bagshot went on pitilessly.

"This is Friday morning," she said. "Show me half-a-crown, and you shall walk home through Kensington Gardens with me

Baldock not only flinched again, but paled. "I don't happen to have anything on me now, I admit," he said, "but—"

Miss Bagshot interrupted him precipi-

"Leave it at that," she said. invent anything, or I'd never take any interest in you again-not if you were made a partner in the firm."

"Thanks," said Baldock almost grimly. "It's quite true. I haven't a halfpenny till

I draw my screw to-morrow."

Mr. Moon returned at the same moment,

and Baldock resumed his work.

His heart was still beating rapidly at the mere thought of what he had missed walking through Kensington Gardens with

Miss Bagshot!

The possibility thrilled him. True, there was a gloomy fog outside, but it looked like the vapour of sheer heat now. He vaguely realised, however, that the offer had been made him in perfect assurance that the half-a-crown would not be forthcoming. He knew, too, that the production of five shillings on the following Friday would probably be quite useless. Only weary months of saving could ever do it, and it was so hard to save. And yet—yet he felt fired almost to anything.

Mr. Moon had come in under the influence of some distinct excitement. The other assistant was with him, flushed also and carrying a small brown paper package. Mr. Moon, though rusty and old, always had his moments of almost familiarity, and

now he unbended.

"Baldock," he called, "come and look at this."

Baldock went, the package was unfastened, and he saw a small leather-bound book in perfect preservation. He turned over the fly-leaf and started.

"Chandler's Edition of The King's Letters! You've been in luck's way, Mr. Moon."

"First Edition!" exclaimed his employer. "There's only a dozen or so in existence. There was no one there hardly—the fog had kept them away, I suppose. It was sheer luck. I bought it for a song—twenty-five shillings—with a great caseful of rubbish that's coming on later. Its value is five hundred pounds!"

"It's only the one volume, sir," said Baldock.

"Any man who had Volume Two would give five hundred for this to make the set complete. The two together would be worth a couple of thousand."

"I'know," said Baldock.

Miss Bagshot again, Mr. Moon's purchase lost its entire significance.

When it was lunch-time, he found his hat and coat, and went off without looking towards the book-keeper. The truth was that his total possessions at the moment were twopence and a halfpenny.



"Mr. Moon stopped short and stared at his assistant."

Mr. Moon suddenly assumed his usual portentous manner, as he did always and abruptly after an outbreak of geniality, and Baldock went back to his desk. The sight of the rare volume had aroused his commercial appetite considerably, but as soon as he thought of Kensington Gardens and

It does not take many minutes to drink a single cup of hot coffee, and Baldock, feeling too restless to watch other people eating substantial meals, turned up his coat-collar and started for a walk.

There was something in the cold, foggy atmosphere that seemed almost fraternal

From Holborn he strolled down Hatton Garden, and thought of all the diamonds that were there, fogs and diamonds seeming somehow a welcome mixture. He turned up Charles Street, and next visited the stalls on the roadside in Farringdon Market.

He often fingered the old volumes that were sported there, and more than once had made a humble find, turning twopence into

perhaps two shillings.

It was with an almost fatal exclamation that, in peering through a row of odd volumes placed together, and marked at a shilling the lot, he read the title of "Chandler's Edition of The King's Letters, Volume Two."

"What you say?" asked the man who

kept the bookstall.

"Ran a wire right into my finger," said Baldock, with fearful presence of mind. The owner of the stall grunted uninterestedly and rapped his boots on the pavement,

turning away.

Baldock also had turned away from the book that had excited him. He had a halfpenny left, and he bought for that price a most dejected-looking old novel. The man took the halfpenny, went on drumming his heels again, and Baldock went back to the shilling lot and its staggering member.

His skin was on fire with the glow of excitement, and now he turned to the title-

page. It was the first edition!

Baldock could scarcely stifle a groan. Here was a book worth five hundred pounds to be bought for a shilling, and he was not worth one single halfpenny.

The man at the same moment threw him into a violent panic by taking the book from his hands and replacing it with the

others.

"Can't have my best books messed about,

sir," he said.

Baldock knew that any sign of interest would probably be fatal. He turned back to the halfpenny pile, probed through them for a few moments, and then went slowly off.

A few yards up the road he turned into Hatton Garden again and commenced to

walk rapidly.

Something had to be done, and that quickly, he told himself, and so went on

almost at a run.

He thought of a pawnshop and his overcoat, and went wildly in search of one. At the office there was an inexorable law of no "subbing." It was useless to ask there, and the pawnshop seemed the only thing.

He found one just off Holborn, and went

into it, but a glance at his coat dashed his

hopes

"Couldn't give you anything on that," said the man at the counter very curtly. And Baldock had no watch, no little article of jewellery, nothing that could be turned into a single shilling.

He went out wretchedly and walked into Miss Bagshot outside the very door. The meeting entirely confounded him, and he rushed off, fancying that he heard a mocking

laugh ringing in his ears.

Already he was due back at the shop, and force of habit sent him scurrying to his

work.

Mr. Moon had not returned when he reached there, and he racked his brains to see some way out of his terrible dilemma. Might he borrow from the other assistant? But no, he dismissed the idea flatly. If he borrowed to make the bargain, he would feel that it was the other man's, and not his own. But would the book remain there undiscovered? Already someone else might have seen it, or the proprietor of the stall might himself have suspected something and made inquiries.

He was in a fever of agony when Miss Bagshot came in and glanced across at him with what seemed a deliberate stare of contempt. Miss Bagshot's return was the signal for the other assistant to seek his own lunch, and they were thus alone again.

It was obviously useless to attempt anything in the nature of an explanation, if it was to be at all short of the truth, and Baldock prepared to endure the freezing silence which the other maintained.

It was just before Mr. Moon came in that

she looked across at him.

"I wish to remark, Mr. Baldock," she said quite expressionlessly, "that I am surprised at your assurance in asking me to be your friend, when the pawnshop actually has to help you through the week. I am thankful, indeed, that I happened to see you. It was fortunate for you that it wasn't Mr. Moon instead."

"You think so?" he said lamely.

"You'd have had your wages on the spot,

very probably, and been turned off."

"Wages on the spot!" Baldock uttered an audible ejaculation of delight, for his problem was solved.

"You think it funny?" she asked him.

"Very," he said coolly. "Nothing would amuse me more than to get the sack this afternoon."

"Then here's Mr. Moon coming," she

retorted, with a glance towards the glass doors. "Perhaps you'll change your mind now."

Baldock looked towards the door, too, and even as his employer entered, he tipped over the nearest chair with a very obvious kick of his shoe

"Carefully, now!" exclaimed Mr. Moon, crossing the shop in the direction of his office. Baldock took the chair on his foot and sent it spinning down the oil-cloth.

"What the——"

Mr. Moon stopped short and stared at his assistant.

"What did you do that for?"

"To amuse myself, sir."

The scene was over in a very few minutes. Miss Bagshot was detailed to pay out the sum of twenty-eight shillings, and Baldock, who received it with attentive politeness, almost ran from the shop.

He was seen to hail a passing taxi-cab, and Mr. Moon, who had gone to the door, decided that his unfortunate assistant had

suddenly lost his senses.

Baldock's moment of supreme excitement was at the bookstall. The volume was still there, it became his, and another taxi-cab carried him swiftly back to Mr. Moon's shop.

The proprietor's feelings were a mixture of

alarm and indignation as Baldock re-entered the premises. The indignation became uppermost when the young man's harmless expression was seen, and Mr. Moon pointed to the door.

"Get out!" he shouted.

"Do you want Volume Two of The King's Letters," asked Baldock, with engaging sang-froid—"the same edition as your own, the same binding, and in perfect condition?"

Mr. Moon, staggered and bewildered, surrendered almost immediately, and there

was an interview in the office.

"A partnership in the firm and five pounds a week salary—those are my only terms."

Baldock was adamant. There was half an hour's wrangling, and at the end of that time Mr. Baldock and Mr. Moon came into the shop together.

"Mr. Baldock has become a partner,"

Mr. Moon announced coldly.

Miss Bagshot was presently agreeably impressed when a note was placed on her desk—

"If you will allow me to walk through Kensington Gardens with you this evening, kindly drop one of your books on the floor."
"Carefully there, now!" said Mr. Moon

a few minutes later.



EARTH AND WAR.

THOUGHT to hold the homely grain,
To bear it to the harvest hymns;
But you have given me seed of pain,
Closed eyes and quiet limbs.

I asked for rain from country skies, For soft winds from the pleasant meres; But you have blown on me with sighs, And watered me with tears.

Ravaged my dreaming and my rest;
Flown are the wild birds from my fen;
Heavy the heart within my breast
With death-companioned men.

"Lo, I have given you seed of pain
Ravaged your dreaming and your ease;
Tears I have loaned to you for rain,
And sorrow for a breeze;

Men I have given you to keep,
Hushed is their sighing and their breath;
Lo, I have stricken your fields of sleep,
And furrowed them with death,

As some fierce labourer, shunned of men, Eyes holden, in his thrusting hands The seed—the purpose past his ken— While mute the great God stands."

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

THE BRITISH BREED

By G. B. LANCASTER

Illustrated by A. Gilbert



HYSICALLY speaking, there were four men in Terence's accommodation house on this winter night, when all the wild winds were out, and the snarl of rivers in spate brought a faint echo back up the

gorges. But Stair had virtually ceased to count as a man ever since his folk in the Old Country sent him out to New Zealand and paid him to stay there. He was a mouth now, a "remittancer," a sodden log snoring on the window-settle over which the draught whistled, and unheeded by Sleenan and Tyrconnel at their nightly game of poker in the red light from the fire of kahikitea knots.

Nor did Terence heed him, either. Such men, such occurrences, were a natural part of this hard-bitten life on the rim of the road which thrust through the untrodden bush; and, in any case, he was concerned with grave business just now. In all his sixteen years of this work, he had never before been called on to shelter a wedding-party; and, reduced to its lowest common multiple as the party was—Terence had grudgingly conceded that it would be "onraisonable" to expect Jim to make it less than two—the affair was taxing his administrative powers severely.

All day he had been hanging things up and taking them down again. All day he had been "clanin' house," and so shuffling the belongings and senses of Stair and Tyrconnel that Stair had at last gone to sleep on the settle in a vague determination to annex a bed somewhere. Now he plumped a purple vase with red raised violets, and an orange one, freckled in blue, on the table among the cards, and requested a vote as to the suitability of one, or both, for the occasion.

"If they was bhut whole!" he said, and rubbed distressed hands over his little twinkling eyes and snub Irish nose. "Fleete shtuck a shtick through the bottom ov that—divil fly away wid him!—an' the yaller has a powerful crack in ut's hinder parts. Du ye think she wud be turnin' ut round tu see, now?"

Sleenan's red, over-full lips curled on the pipe-stem. He had heard of the wooing of Jim Tarrion.

"Do you think she'll see anyone or anything but Jim, you old fool?" he said. "Give 'em both, or none, if you like—it'll be all one to them."

"Bhut I would not like Jim tu be thinkin'——"

"Jim'll be thinkin' of the girl." Sleenan pushed the vases aside and made up the pack again. "Git out, Terry, and leave 'em alone. Your deal, Tyrconnel."

Tyrconnel was nodding, half asleep, in the heat and the flickering firelight. He yawned, lumbered heavily to his feet, and stretched his long, strong limbs.

"Had suff o' that," he said. "Had suff o' everything, 'cept bed. Ye-ow! I'm stiff. There's rheumatics layin' for me ter-morrer, shouldn't wonder."

"When I was your age, I wasn't always thinkin' o' myself," said Sleenan.

"Well, you make up for it now." Tyrconnel slouched up against the chimneyshelf and kicked the logs together. "Bring us another whisky, Terry, will you? An' if you'd bin haulin' logs through wet timber all day an' all week, you might have reason to be thinkin' o' yerself, Sleenan; but you ain't got to do nothin' but sit round watchin' the grass grow for yer blamed sheep." He rubbed his aching arms with a groan. "Reckon there ain't no power on earth will take me further than my bed to-night," he said.

The clink of bottles and glasses roused Stair. It was popularly believed that an invitation to drink would call him from his grave with more celerity than the final trump. He rolled off the settle and came forward—a tall, weedy figure, with a face which had been beautiful before his life blurred the fine lines of it and put cringing into the bloodshot eyes.

"B-brandy—and soda, Terry, old cock,"

he said, glancing at Tyrconnel.

Tyrconnel, hands in pockets and shoulders against the chimney-shelf, stared at him with sleepy insolence.

"Who's payin' for you?" he demanded,

and Stair's voice dropped to a whine.

"Oh, come, now, you never care to drink

alone, Tyrconnel—you so sociable!"
"Oh, git, you blighter!" Tyrconnel took the glass from Terence and drank deliberately. "Go and sponge on somebody else!" he said.

The goad of contempt rarely roused Stair now. He dragged in weak anger at his long, fair moustaches, and mumbled out his

usual formula-

"You—no sense of decency, you Colonials. I was riding—riding in Row when you were feeding pigs. Got two brothers—b-brothers—Old England. Got a brother in the Guards—Colonel in the Guards, I

tell vou!"

"Chuck it! We're dead-sick of your brother, the Colonel. What's he do but ride round and draw a tidy screw for keepin' himself pipe-clayed, and let you draw a tidy screw for keepin' out of his sight? their skirtin's and scrapin's out here to fill us up—that's what your fine gentlemen in the Guards does. An' we've had suff of 'em. If I'd half the cash you git for makin' a beast of yourself, I wouldn't be askin' nobody to shout for me!"

Never before had Tyrconnel delivered himself of so impassioned a sentence. the table Sleenan was laughing, and Terence, still obsessed by his duty to the bride, halted in the dusting of all outstanding articles with his old red bandana to blink in tolerant surprise. Stair retreated

a step.

"Terry, Terry, old man, you're not like those brutes! You'll trust me a bit longer, Terry? My remittance is bound to

turn up next week.'

"Then, belike, your nixt dhrink will come wid your remittance, me persevayrin' potbhoy," said Terence, and fell to his dusting

The smell of the drink was torturing Stair.

Red patches showed on his face.

"I'll pay!" he cried. "I'll pay! Can't you trust—gentleman's word when—

"P'r'aps he can," said Tyrconnel nastily, "but he can't trust a gentleman's behaviour. Don't want to lose his licence over a drunk man, does yer, Terry?"

"You—you—— I'm not drunk!"

"Not so drunk as you'd like to be, I dare say." Tyrconnel put down the empty glass with a bang and turned on the other. His hulking body was rigid, and his rough, wind-burnt face flushed with disgust. "Oh, you rotter!" he said.

Terence looked on the two with little eyes screwed up. He had always seen the possibilities in Tyrconnel — the touch of imagination which made him

sometimes from Stair.

"What were ye afther findin' in the bush that your timper is that swate tu-night, Tyrconnel?" he asked, and the big, raw

fellow gave a sudden shiver.

"My oath! I was nearer findin' my death than I ever want to," he said, and drew close to the fire, as though the last chill were on him. "Wire-rope broke haulin' on a big butt, an' it came screamin' back past the tender quicker'n now. Thought I was come for, all right. Shouldn't wonder if I dropped bush work and went farmin', an' got fat, like Sleenan. It's safer."

"E-ternally thinkin' o' that blessed hide o' yours, ain't you?" Sleenan stretched his stout, short legs complacently and fingered the rolled-gold chain across the waistcoat which was only less assertive than himself. "But farmin' is all right when you knows Look at me, now! Top price for wool this year an' last, an' top price for fat lambs. How's that for high, eh? An' not a man but me got his last draft of lambs over before the floods. Top the market again, eh? Yes, you take up a selection, Tyrconnel, an' git a wife to help wi' the milkin', same as Jim Tarrion's doing, an' as I'm goin' to do, an' you'll make money if this blessed Government'll keep its hands out of the pockets of a poor hard-working devil."

Terence flapped the dust from his handkerchief and thrust it back in his shirt.

"Ye an' your Socialism," he jibed; "'tis a worse plague to the community than Stair's brother, the Colonel!"

Stair turned miserable eyes on him. was well used to being baited, and it was, perhaps, the howl of the wind which just now added so to the forlornness of life.

"Beasts you are!" he said half to himself,

and went wandering round the room among the flickering shadows. "Beasts all, and I no better—no better!"

Outside came the grate of quick feet on the stones, the ring of a loud, cheery voice. Then the door swung open, and from the hollow dark the wind licked in, sending red wood-ash to whirl about the room and smoke to sting the eyes and set everyone coughing.

"Hallo!" said the big voice. "Hallo, you fellows! Got a fire there?" And then Terence pounced at the door and slammed it, the men shouldered back against each other like nervous sheep, and Jim Tarrion carried his wife over to the chimney-piece and proceeded to unwind her from a network of shawls and cloaks.

Jim was well enough known to these men as a good fellow and a comrade. Sleenan had never quarrelled with him, and the whole district allowed that this was Jim's biggest bid for glory. But, in some unaccountable way, the noisy greetings and jests died in their mouths now. These two. coming together out of the wild and lonely night, seemed to express a new factor in life, a new stage in man's existence; and "Jim's girl," with eyes shy as a bush-robin's and wrists as thick as Tyrconnel's thumb, was simply alarming.

By the rules of humour, as they knew it— Jim on his knees in the firelight, loosing wrappings from a yellow head with curling ends of hair about a blushing, drooping face; Jim searching in a valise for slippers, and rubbing cold, small feet and half-frozen hands in great hard paws; Jim fussing over the tea-making, in order that Annie might not have it too strong—Jim under these conditions should have been funny. he was not, although, perhaps, it was only Tyrconnel who knew why, and he could not have told. And it was only Stair who boldly stormed the breach when Jim gathered up his tired girl-wife and demanded a candle of Terry.

"Confound you, man, what are you about?" cried Stair then, and clapped Jim on the shoulder with a flash of his old "Twenty minutes you've been here, at least, and never asked us to drink your wife's health!"

Jim's wind-driven, searching eyes ran over Stair sharply. Then his brown face broke

up into laughter.

"Stair, you're — you're inimitable!" he "All right. I'll be back in a shake. Get their orders, will you, Terry, old boy?" But Tyrconnel had been stirred by that sense of the picturesque which occasionally showed him the fitness of things. ordered drinks to his own charge—"against when Jim comes back. But if you give Stair even the smell of a nip to-night, I'll bash you, Terry!" he said.

Sleenan was knocking his pipe-dottle into

his palm reflectively

"Jim's mad," he said. "How many cows can a girl like that milk in a day?"

"She—she's got a pretty smile," ventured

Tyrconnel, growing red.

"A pretty smile! What good will that do? You've no more sense than Jim."

"Tell him so, and why you think it, then," said Tyrconnel viciously, as Jim came back to pick up the wraps with which he had covered that little fair-haired girl from the cruelty of the long, bitter drive. There was a deep and genial content over him which set Stair scheming for a second drink, and Terence nodded, chuckling.

"The ould woman's thraps, is ut?" he "Well, now, ut is settlin' down at lasht ye are, Jim, wid a farm ov your own an' a wife ov your own, an' the childher growin' up about your knees, as is proper an' convaynient. No more South African campaigns an' that thruck, eh, bhoy?"

Tenderly, clumsily, Jim was folding the feminine things and laying them aside. stopped a moment to laugh. That wild year at the skirts of Death had been a thing which he would not have foregone. this hour of his ripe manhood was better.

"No, no," he said, "I've done my share, Terry. It's the home and the missus for me now. That's all I want of life. What is it, Stair?" He listened to the stammering whine a moment, and then he shook Terence "You old villain," he said, by the arm. "didn't I say he was to have one?" Then, in Terence's ear: "He's got to be happy to-night, Terry. Can't allow less to anyone -to-night!"

Terence blinked up into the kindly, cleancut face. Muddied and wearied of body, wind-whipped and reddened of skin and eyes, Jim yet looked equal to financing the happiness of the whole world at this present.

"Have ut your own way, ye spilin" spalpeen," he said, with a twinkle. "Bedad, 'tis over-fond ye are of sharin' all bhut your throubles, Jim! An', sure, ye've a right tu be grinnin'. All the swateness ye said an' more she is, bhoy!"

"What do you know about her yet?" demanded Jim, with a great laugh. settled his shoulders against the chimney-shelf beside Tyrconnel, and filled and lit up his pipe with leisurely, large movements. "Well, what's the world been doing down this

way?" he said.

"An' how wud we be knowin' more than versilf?" cried Terence. "Wid all the rivers in flood, an' the wires down wid the washout at the Point, 'tis cut off entirely from ut's natural mother is this shlip of a worruld just now. Whirroo! There is Pat himsilf here on the word ov ut. Hey, Pat! Hev ye come over the river, through the flood an' the night an' all? 'Tis the bould bhoy ye are, entirely!"

Pat staggered in as though blown on the blast. He thrust the door shut with an effort, and shed his oilskins in a dripping heap on the floor. Exhausted and draggled, he was as a man has a right to be who has borne a heavy load of mail across a flooded river in the dusk. And yet he was scarce a man yet, this slack-limbed, gawky youth, saddle-worn and cramped, who dropped the mail sack with a grunt of relief, and lurched forward to warm his frozen body at the fire.

"Have a drink, Pat?" Stair improved the occasion skilfully. "Jim's shouting."

"Oh "-Tyrconnel straightened with a jerk-"wouldn't he make a camel sick? Anything happened anywhere, Pat?"

"Dunno." Pat seized the glass Terence brought and drank with teeth chattering on the rim. Then his benumbed senses stirred. "Oh, yes, there's war-whips o' war," he

said, and drank again.

"War?" Spoken like that, the word seemed to have no meaning. The men stared at Pat, with the lank, black hair in wisps about his sallow, bony face, and his lean body shivering as he turned it before the glow of the logs. "War?" they repeated stupidly, and then Terence found

"Arrah, ye haythen! War, wud ye say, an' no more to ut? Wid whom and by whom, then? Shpit it out!"

Pat scratched his head. Collins, bringing

the mail to the ford, had told him.

"Germany," he said, with a wrench at his memory, "an' Ostria, an' Servia, an' Monte -Monte Carlo!"

"Montenegro," said Jim briefly. "Well?"

But Pat's mind was thawing now.

"France, Rhoosia, an' Belgium," he said in a breath, and retired behind his long glass again.

Jim did not move, although the men had fallen upon the sack and were scattering the papers out into fluttering flags of threat and horror. A voice seemed suddenly chanting in his ears: "This is the beginning, the beginning!" But, oh, Heavens, the beginning of what?

"An' England!" Pat searched his mind

again. "That's all—yet."
"All!" The yell of derision came from Terence, but it set Pat knitting his brows.

"All I can think on. Are there any more places? That little snipe Collins Didn't see it myself." He picked told me. up a paper at random and peered into it. Evidently this matter, which was driving the men about him into a whirl of words and actions, demanded some interest of him.

"England!" said Stair, and there was a note in his voice which brought all eyes on him for a moment. But the blaze in face and soul died out even as they looked, and they turned in bewildered haste to the

papers again.

Jim only, of all these men, knew in the least what war meant, and their questions pattering over him seemed like the hail of bullets already. Dazed he stood, shuddering under the shock, sickened by the memories, the knowledge which leapt up to confront him. This was the Great War—the Great War which each generation had been promised. This was Germany's long-delayed threat to This was the ghastly reality England. before which the whole world was reeling already. Out of the papers head-lines seemed to spring at him, blood-red and audible with horror. This was the Great

"My fat lambs—oh, my fat lambs!" Sleenan's voice cut shrilly through the noise. "This will knock the market all to smithereens. There's a dead loss to me—a dead loss! Curse the war! Curse England! What's she want to go poking her nose into this for? She needn't have." He spread a paper in shaking hands. "This says she needn't have," he cried, and his voice went up in a squeak. "What business had she to interfere? She should think of her Colonies -of the mess she's making of her commerce. She should think—— Oh, my fat lambs!"

He trod the crisp sheets underfoot, scarlet with futile rage, but Tyrconnel rescued them. The long roll of names held a hint of the unknown, the picturesque, and through the intricacies of print he was seeking information, with his weariness Terence thrust a paper into forgotten. Jim's hands.

"Give a lick ov the eye over that, an' that, bhoy," he said. "We're intu ut, all right—tu the hilt, an' beyant ut, Mary Mother have marcy on us!"

But Jim looked over the little man's head at Stair, and there was a light in his eyes, strange and grim, which stirred the other man's muddled senses.

"Stair, you ought to know," he said. "How many men can England put into the field at the jump—now? France and Russia aren't mobilised yet."

"I—I— Not many, I think," stammered Stair, and Terence's voice rose.

"How many can Germany putt intu the field, wid Austria tu help her? I've a notion that's what we're wantin' to know. An' how many can she putt tu sea wid that grand new fleet of hers? That's what

we're wantin' tu know, too."

"What's going to happen to our commerce? That's what we want to know!" Sleenan shook a crackling sheet furiously at Jim. "Germany's the second strongest Power in Europe, and look at her merchant traffic! England's bitten off more than she can chew, if she thinks to reduce Germany. If she'd united with her, we could have stood against the world. Now we'll have German vessels shelling us before the week's out. That's the way England looks after her Colonies!"

"Tis always that talk wid ye, Sleenan," began Terence. And then Tyrconnel looked up with puzzled anger clouding his rough,

ruddy face.

"I say," he said, and his voice seemed to appeal to a judgment wider than any in this little room, "they do seem to be treatin' that there Bel-gum in a darned skunky way. What in thunder are they doin' their fightin' on her for? It don't seem right to me,

someways."

"Right!" sneered Sleenan. "Who thinks of right when ambition gets in the way? Here's New Zealand offering troops already, The Press says. Same old rotten madness as at the South Africa time. We gave our men and money then, and what good has it done us? Not one penny will I give towards encouragin' this kind o' craziness—not one!"

"When did ye iver give anything to anybody, 'cept opinions, and *thim* not asked for, bedad?" said Terence viciously, and then Jim put down the paper in his

hand.

"Kitchener is calling for more troops," he said, and in some way his voice steadied the men. "Stair, how many can England put in the field—now?"

"There's his brother, the Colonel," said Sleenan. "How many more do you want?"

Stair straightened up slowly. He rubbed his hands over his face, as if to clear dull eyes and brain.

"I can't tell you," he said, and paused. Then, with a flash: "But I know how many will be there—and that's every man of fit or fighting age she's got!"

Sleenan laughed. And a vision of the men with whom he had once stormed the kopjes and lain in the trenches, swept, vital and exulting, over Jim. He faced round and his

voice rang.

"Stair's right!" he cried. "So they will! I've been in England, and I've fought with the English, and I know that they'll just be tumbling over each other to get into this. They're not fools. They'll see quick enough that it's the biggest thing they've ever had a chance to handle, and, by George, they'll rush it like hot cakes—rush it!"

The passion in the words shot like electricity through Stair, loosing in him something of the spirit of his brother, "the

Colonel in the Guards."

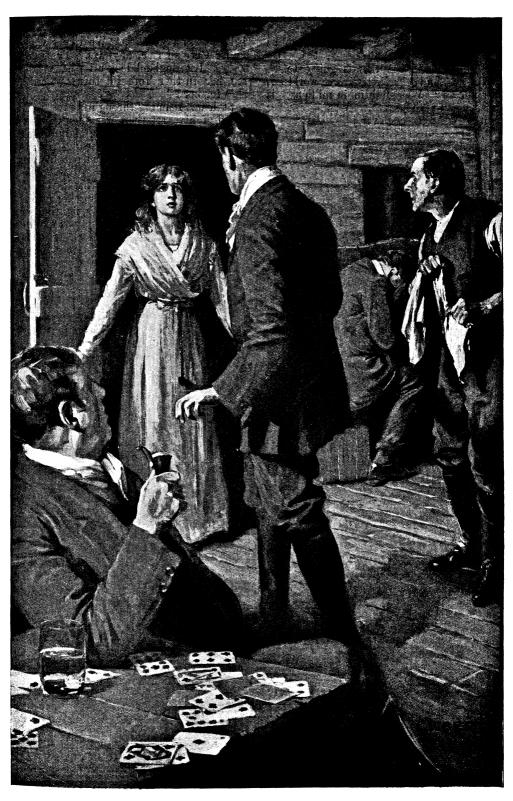
"Rush it!" he echoed. "That's it! They'll rush it, like the sports they are! C-call us a sporting nation, don't they? And so we are, and so is sport the finest preparation for the finest game — fellow can play. We'll be a sporting nation to-day, don't you make any mistake about that. We'll be rolling up in our thousands in Old England to-day—off the cricket-fields and the tennis-courts and the football grounds — yes, and from the boat-sheds and the shooting-lodges and the — the cinemas!" He looked round, with his bleared eyes blazing and his thin, trembling hands clenched. "They'll be coming from everywhere—coming like locusts—the men of England, the rich and the poor - all the men who know how to play the game. And who does know if an Englishman doesn't? They'll be there—the men of England—the men of England!"

His strained voice broke and quavered into a sob. There were beads of sweat on his face. He pressed his hands over it as though to shut off the staring eyes, and dropped into a chair. There was a little silence, so sharp that it seemed to tingle men's blood. Then Pat said, in a half-

whisper—

"With all them, they won't be wantin'

"They will be wanting us." Jim spoke very quietly now, and Pat saw that his face



"The door opened, and she stood there."

was grey. "They'll want every man of us that they can get, and quick, too. Do you understand that this is going to be the biggest and bloodiest war the world has ever known? We're fightin' in millions this time, not in thousands. Was the river rising when you came over just now?"

"A bit, and she's dirty. No crossin' her

by mornin', I shouldn't wonder."

"Then I must go to-night," said Jim, half to himself. He turned, and Terence barred the way, staring and agitated.

"Jim, what fule-talk have ye got now?

What is ut, ye wild gossoon?"

"The recruitin' offices have been open in Christchurch for more'n a week, and my name not given in. That's a week too long. I'll give it in by mornin'."

"Jim, is it mad ye are—mad? Jim,

have ye forgotten-her?"

"Forgotten her!" Jim's control slacked for a moment, and his eyes sent Terence stumbling back. "Pat, d'you know when the transport is likely to leave?"

"Dunno. They was mendin' the telly-phone wires when I come by the Point. We'll git news 'fore long, likely. Jim,

if they reelly was wantin'—us——"

Tyrconnel shouldered him aside. seemed vaguely seeking something, and not even he knew yet that the something was a weapon. One call had come insistent to him through all this terrible reading—the call of Belgium's children and her women. Like the drafted lambs at shearing-time he heard them crying—pitifully crying, beyond their ravished homes, their murdered dead. "Look!" he said hoarsely. "Read that!

They're lettin' loose hell, them Germans, they're lettin' loose hell!" Then he fell away again, muttering and searching down the columns, and Jim jerked Terence aside

quickly.

"Terry," he said, "you'll get her back to her mother to-morrow? And she'll come down to Christchurch soon's the rivers drop. What? Yes, they'll need methey'll need me! I can lick the young 'uns into shape, and I'm seasoned."

"An' will not she need ye—the girl ye

made a bride tu-day?"

It was a cruel hit, and Jim winced under

it, but his eyes did not fall.

"Yes, she will need me, too, and she'll send me," he said. "The women won't fail us now any more than they ever did. you, Pat? Of course I'm goin'—right away!"

"Ain't took long to throw you off your

balance," said Sleenan. "We'd be as well off under German rule, anyways. That's what I say. Let England look after herself. I'd see her further 'fore I'd turn out an' git shot for her!"

Stair was roaming through the room. The blood of his forefathers was shouting out to him across the years, making of him for the moment a man again. He swung round on Sleenan, and his words licked out like some new-lit flame.

"In England's name, I thank you, Mr. Sleenan!" he cried. "She's going into this war with clean hands. She's fighting with gentlemen—gentlemen! And you and your kind won't be there, for she's doing it without conscription. England knows how to distribute her honours, sir. A place in the ranks is the highest honour she can give her sons to-day, and you can bet that miserable little shrivelled soul of yours they'll be jostling each other to get it!" His passionate eyes caught Jim's, and the souls of the two men spoke each to each.

"Jim," he said tensely, "Jim, it's going

to be as bad as ever we thought!"

"Every bit," said Jim, and smiled. "She's been getting ready. It will be worth while, Stair.

And then from the corner the telephonebell rang, and the man from the Point desired to know if anyone had heard of the War. Terence had leapt at the receiver, and

his voice was unsteady.

"Do we know?" he cried. "Do we know, an' the hearts in us bristlin' like bay'nits already? Git along wid it, then! Whist, boys, till I tell ut! What? A little place called Liège is shtickin' to ut like the devil an' all, wipin' up the innimy be handfuls, no less. Servia behavin' like a nest o' hornets? Bedad, she has my blessin'! Rhoosia gettin' ready tu roll, is she? Troth, 'tis not me wud wish tu be undher her wanst she is started. France mobilising, Switzerland, Holland, Italy wud ye hear tu that, bhoys? Is the whole worruld intu ut, then? Och, lyin' by for pickin's are they, now? So-o! Belgium shtandin' up tu Germany by her lonesome? Hurroosh for the little bantam! An' where wud we be oursilves? Are they goin' tu putt us acrost blue water? How? Sthair, wud ye git off of me feet, then? What? Bedad an' bedad, our Fleet has disappeared off the face of the earth. She wud be gone tu make ut hot for somebody. Och, why was I not there to see the glory ov the worruld! Shtair, wud ye----

But Stair was beyond holding now. $_{\mathrm{He}}$ had questions to ask, and they and the answers tumbled out piecemeal to the waiting men. Where was the New Army? No, not the Regulars, nor the Territorials. "The New Army? What? Why, you owl"—Stair's yellow face was flushed and his voice strong—"I mean the Volunteers! What? Kitchener has called for a hundred thousand men? What for? Why didn't he call a million? He's got a million, hasn't he? What?" The sudden deep note brought a jump out of the men. "Say that again. Thirty thousand volunteered? Thirty? Curse it all! Don't you monkey with me! Jim, he says thirty. Look here, Betson, you've mislaid a nought. Go and look for it. What? Shut up! I tell you England would get that number in a day. Shut up! I'm English, and I know England. So does Jim. Go and hunt up that nought. You'll find it in the last papers." He turned, and in his eyes was a fear such as Jim hoped never to see in any other eyes. "He says only thirty thousand!" he whispered. "Why, you know-Test Match at Lord's—any second-class cricket match—do better than that! What?" Then Stair slammed down the receiver and turned on his heel, and no man cared to look at his face. Betson had not found the other nought.

For all the self-indulgence of his wasted life it is probable that Stair received some fairly adequate punishment in that moment when he realised that the Old Country needed men, and that his own hand had put it out of his power to be one of them. By the morrow he would be sunk among his swinish husks again, but for the moment manhood called in him, and he could not be a man for the land which had given him birth

Jim's face had hardened as the news came over the wires. England would give her men, but she had always been slow to wake, and something in his keen vitality told him that there was not going to be time for dalliance now. He chafed at thought of the six weeks' voyage before him, the training of the men, the waiting, while the enemy would not wait. And then Tyrconnel was raging through the room, half drunk with horror. Belgium and her tragedy had in some way gripped his raw imagination—Belgium possessed him—and, as men under the stress of great emotion have done and will do, he saw red. Muttering, shouting now and again, rushing from

one to another with rage and a half-crying pity, he flung the history of that violation before them as not one of them had seen it yet—he, the self-centred, clumsy bushman, torn out of his dulness by that agonised call from so far away.

"It's true!" he sobbed. "The papers say it. They're givin' that poor little devil of a Bel-gum hell! They're killin' women an' children! They're drivin' 'em up to the guns! Men are doin' that-men like it might be me. Is this war? Jim, is this war? Women an' children! It's gittin' too thick, this. I got to go an' tell 'em so. Let me by, Terry. Jim, did you hear? Men are doin' this! I got to git at 'em!" He straightened up his huge body and shook his huge fists in the air. "Men like it might be me! Ah-h! An' I'm twelve thousand mile away an' more, when women an' children——" He pulled up suddenly, looking round with strained eyes, and the anguish of his words rang in the ears of the others yet. "I got to go!" he said, with a sudden cold decision. "I got to go an' tell 'em I've had suff o' that! Come on, Jim!" He snatched up his hat and shook himself into his great-coat. Sleenan stared at him, with thick lips drawn back in a mirthless grin. There was a spirit abroad here with which he could not cope, and he did not know that it was the spirit of the lion cubs who had heard their mother's voice across the distant seas.

"Thought you were too dog-tired to go further than your bed to-night," he said. "And I thought you were too darned careful of your skin to risk a wire-rope breaking. You'll have to ride forty miles to-night, over rivers and all, and there'll be guns at the end of this — bayonets and guns, Tyrconnel, you ass!"

Tyrconnel did not heed. He pulled the door open and looked back. "Come on, Jim!" he said, and vanished into the howling night.

The rush of cold wind and sleet sent Sleenan closer to the fire. Jim said: "Cut after him, Pat, and help him saddle up. And you might lend me your second horse, will you? I'll send him back first chance."

The fear of ridicule was the only fear Pat knew. He grew scarlet, muttering something. But Terence caught at the word

"Is ut so? An' wud ye go, tu? Wid that ride tu take again, an' all that's at the ind ov ut? Wud ye be goin' wid Tyrconnel, thin, bhoy?"

"Might as well." Pat was apologetic and incoherent. "Can ride a bit, if they're wantin' anybody—might as well." And then he swept up his oilskins and fled out as though in utter shame.

Terence looked at Jim, and his little

twinkling eyes were dimmed.

"Ah, my young day's pasht whin I wud ha' bin wid ye!" he said. "'Tis the divil's own luck ye have, Jim, to fight for the ould flag twicet in a lifetime, no less, an' to know how the bright eyes o' her will be shinin' wid pride!"

Jim walked slowly to the inner door. The dread of what he had to do was heavy on him. But well he knew that he dared not wait for the rivers to rise again. It was now that his soul's joy was required of him

-now!

Even as his hand touched it, the door opened, and she stood there. Stair gave a nervous gasp and backed away to the settle, as though he had seen what he had no right to see. Then, with the others, he understood that it did not matter. For these two lovers the world held now nought but themselves—and the knowledge of their parting.

A gown of some blue soft stuff was wrapped round Annie, girdled at the slender waist, and misty about the shoulders with the fair curling hair. Her wide eyes were on Jim, and she moved and spoke as a

sleep-walker might do.

"I heard," she said. "I heard it through

the wall!'

"Och, fules an' all that we were!" cried Terence, with a half sob. But there was no weakness in Jim's voice when he answered her—

"Did you, darlin'? All right. I was

just comin' to---"

"To say 'Good-bye.'" The voice was no more than a breath, but in the still room it was loud enough to touch the heart. Stair's face was hidden as he sat hunched on the settle, but Sleenan watched curiously. He had never really believed that Jim would go. He did not believe it now.

"To say 'Good-bye' for a little," said Jim steadily. "I'll see you again next week, dear." He drew her up against him closely. "Next week," he said. She put her hand up to his face. Her own showed

the stunning blow yet.

Beneath the wind-burn Jim's face was whiter than her own. He tried to smile.

"Buck up, girlie! You got to send me an' be brave, just as all the other women who're sending their men will be brave, you know."

"Send you?" For all its softness, the

whisper thrilled.

"That's it! Send me—send me, an' wish me luck. Come, my girl, you're not goin' back on me? You're not goin' to make this harder—harder than I——"

His voice broke, but he had struck the right note. A shudder ran through the little, clinging figure, and then she straightened up, leaning back in his

arms.

"Of course," she said clearly. "Send you, and wish you luck. And more than that! Do your duty, my man, or never come back to me! Say that, Jim! Say it!"

Her voice rang now. The colour was hot in her face and her blue eyes burned. To Jim she was suddenly something dearer, more sacred, more longed for than ever she had been yet. For a moment he could not speak. Then—

"May I do my duty, or never come back to you!" he said. "Yes, you don't deserve anythin' less than that, my girl. I won't

forget."

And the men listening heard a slight sigh, and she slipped down in his arms as water slips. But when they would have rushed to help, Jim turned on them with a snarl, and his eyes were wild. He carried her into the other room, shutting the door between; and after a few minutes he came back, and his face showed hard and grey.

"It's better this way," he said. "You'll look after her, Terry—you and Stair."

And then, without more words, without a backward look, he went away into the tumult

of the dark night.

"Mary guard his sowl!" said Terence, and for once the twinkle was out of his eyes. But where he sat by the table Sleenan laughed.

"Why didn't you give him a message to your brother, the Colonel, Stair?" he asked, and from the settle the last fading spurt of

Stair's pride answered—

"How should he find him? There'll be everybody's brother at the Front, and their sons and husbands, too! They'll be there! Yes! By Heavens, they will all be there!"

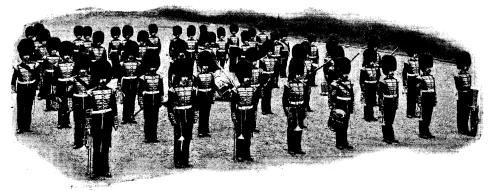


Photo by]

THE BAND OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

[Argent Archer.

THE BANDS OF THE BRITISH ARMY

By F. A. HADLAND

HE present intense interest in our Army and its gallant deeds has brought into prominence the subject of military bands, which we are, perhaps, in a better position to value now than at any former time. Recent visits to Kneller Hall and to the headquarters of two of our most noted regiments have served as object-lessons in the care and genius which are brought to bear on the training of military musicians, and also as proof of the high level to which they may attain, as evidenced by the famous Royal Artillery Band, consisting of one hundred and six players, forming an ensemble second to none in Europe, and by that of the Royal Horse Guards, which affords a specimen of an ideal cavalry band.

It is, perhaps, not well known that the Royal Artillery Band is fifty years older than the Philharmonic Society, having been formed in 1762. It has done much for the advancement of music in England, and has enjoyed the advantage of having a succession of eminent musicians as bandmasters. encouragement of British music has always been a leading feature of its work, one composition by a living native musician being, as a rule, included in the programme of every concert. The credit of introducing the "Meistersinger" overture to England is due to the Royal Artillery Band, for that

now well-known concert piece was first performed in England at a concert given by them on November 12, 1868, under Mr. James Smyth, who was then bandmaster. Several works by Dvŏrák and Schumann have also been given a first hearing in

England by the same band.

It has always been double-handed—that is to say, the players are as proficient on stringed instruments as on wind, and can at any time assume the character of an orchestra. Many persons who have attained distinction in the musical world have been connected with the Royal Artillery or its band. Among them was Sims Reeves, who was the son of a bandsman, and who, in his boyhood, sang in the military choir at Woolwich. At the present time the members of the band are busily engaged in various military duties in addition to their usual functions as musicians, many being employed as clerks in the various offices connected with the War Department.

That instruments of music were employed by various nations of antiquity in military operations there is abundant evidence in the Bible and in history generally. Spartans used them in their wars with the Messenians, and the Romans also long before the time of Julius Cæsar. The military music of past ages was, so far as we can judge, often below the stage of progress

which the art had attained in other branches. The necessary exclusion of stringed instruments, and the comparatively late development of the wind, left the military musician in the rear, until the wonderful improvements in the brass and the perfecting of the wood-wind placed them in a position of artistic importance.

It is worth noting that the process of replacing foreign musicians, both players and bandmasters, by Englishmen heralded the great improvement all round which has taken place in our bands. Musicians of the first rank and of British nationality have gradually superseded foreigners, and the status of the military band has been lifted to a higher plane.

for the march proper. Music partaking of that character was doubtless employed to accompany processions, and in the Greek drama the chorus entered and withdrew with rhythmic song.

The bagpipes must have been employed at a very early period. They form an extremely interesting group of instruments, and it may be said broadly that nearly every nation has had them at different periods, and in every country they have assumed a different form. Without going outside the United Kingdom, we can compare the Irish and Scotch pipes, which differ in many important respects. The pipes have a double interest—for the musician, who finds in them an ancient scale or system



Photo by]

THE DRUMS OF THE BLACK WATCH.

[Argent Archer.

In a brief sketch of the rise of military music, perhaps 1333, the date of the battle of Halidon Hill, may serve as a sufficiently early starting-point, when "The Englysche mynstrelles beaten their tabors and blewen their trompes, and pipers pipedene loud and made a great schowte upon the Skottes."

Marches, properly so-called, are believed by some authorities to have originated in the Thirty Years' War, between 1618 and 1648, when Germany was indeed the battlefield of Europe. Music was almost killed, and even drinking songs and folk-music had disappeared. Marches, many of which were doubtless derived from folk-songs, were, perhaps, then invented to inspirit the troops. This, however, is by some historians denied, and a far higher antiquity is claimed of tuning, together with many features, such as drones, cuts, warblers, and other devices, which have at various times exercised an influence on composers; and for our Celtic brothers, whose fine racial intincts and traditional feelings they always arouse. The pipes have done, and will do, their share in stirring up the martial and patriotic spirit which has often carried our troops to victory.

Fifes have also a claim to notice. They were in favour before the reign of James I., when they were withdrawn, to be restored by the Duke of Cumberland in 1745, who reintroduced them into the Guards, and the drums and fifes took their place as a recognised body, distinct from the band generally speaking, but a valuable asset for marching purposes.

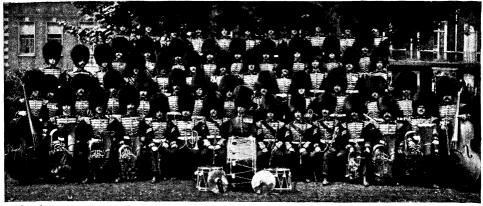


Photo by

THE BAND OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS.

|Bail, Wilton Road.

It is possible to trace the influence of the Crusades in the adoption of certain types of instruments, notably the kettle-drums. Whether the primitive belief in the magic attaching to the drums was unconsciously held after the myth itself had died out, is uncertain; but we have the fact that the drums shared with the standards a kind of veneration which caused them to be specially guarded, and their capture was deemed an important stroke. Some incidents of the plot of Shakespeare's "All's Well That Ends Well" turn on the capture and recapture of a drum.

The trumpet, which, like other instruments, has been developed from a primitive type, had originally for its *raison d'être* the transmission of sounds and signals over a

distance beyond the range of the human voice; and in the combination of the single trumpets of the various troops of the regiment with the drums, we have the first steps towards a cavalry band.

An epoch in the history of military music was the adoption of wooden instruments with keys. This enabled melodies to be played long before the brass instruments could do more than sound their "open" notes. Until near the end of the eighteenth century the Guards' regiments were content each with a band of eight—two hautboys, two clarinets, two horns, and two bassoons. In Mozart's opera "Don Giovanni" (1787), in the second act there is an example of a similar band, which is introduced on the stage to play to the voluptuous Don. As



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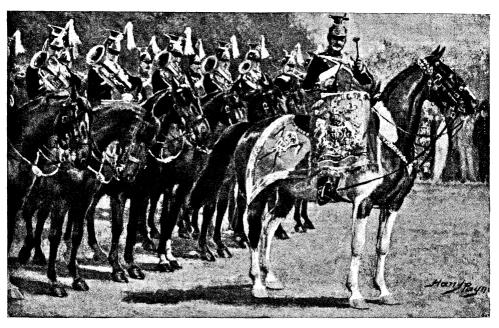
THE BAND OF THE BLACK WATCH.

[Argent Archer, Kensington.

in the orchestra, the course of time has rendered some military instruments obsolete, and the rule of the survival of the fittest has prevailed. For example, the serpent has disappeared, both in the military band and in the orchestra. It was employed at a few of the earlier Handel Festivals, which began in 1857, but finally disappeared about half a century ago. It was a bass instrument, with a length of eight feet, brought under the control of the performer by its numerous curves, and in the hands of a skilful player was said to have been capable of excellent effects. Mendelssohn gave it a part in the overture to his oratorio "St. Paul"

shaken. These swarthy musicians lasted on until about the time of the Crimean War. The tambourine became a fashionable instrument, and the attitudes which the playing of it gave rise to were much admired.

About the middle of last century a new era opened for military bands. Eminent musicians began to turn their attention to the subject, and among them the Prussian Wieprecht stands high, for his influence extended over Europe. He lived to see the military band on an artistic footing, and to conduct the combined band concerts at the Paris Exhibition of 1867. In England an illustrious roll of conductors has placed our



THE BAND AND DRUMS OF THE 21ST LANCERS.

From a drawing by Harry Payne, reproduced by permission of Raphael Tuck & Sons, Moorfields, E.C., owners of the copyright and publishers of the coloured print.

(1836), and it appears in the scores of several other important works of about the same date, but the part is now always played on another instrument. It may possibly be still in use in a few Continental churches.

To Frederick Augustus, Duke of York, second son of King George III., is due the credit of augmenting the bands, and about the same time three black men were added to each band, two of whom played tambourines, and one an instrument called "The Turkish Bells," or, facetiously, "Jingling Johnnies," which consisted of a long rod surmounted by a crescent, on which were suspended a number of small bells, which sounded when

bands in the front rank, and a very large proportion of our most eminent players on wind instruments have been at one time or another military musicians.

It has often been said with truth that the War Office has not in the past given much encouragement to regimental bands; but, at any rate, a most important official step was taken by the foundation, in 1857, of the training school at Kneller Hall. There, in a fine large house, in which is incorporated Sir Godfrey Kneller's old residence, standing in large grounds near Twickenham, away from the distractions of the town, one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty



THE BAND OF THE IRISH GUARDS, WITH THEIR REGIMENTAL PET, BRIAN BORU.

boys are housed and receive a good education, music being the chief study. They are under the care of a Commandant, who devotes all his energies and organising talent to making the institution a success; and with a system of classes taught by the leading professors of the various instruments, it is no wonder that the bands are well supplied as vacancies occur. The Musicians' Company give a silver medal

annually to the best student of the year, and the course for seniors who aspire to be bandmasters is well calculated to produce musicians of the right type.

The present artistic character of the brass instruments would have been unattainable without the invention of the key-bugle, to which the ophicleide supplied a proper bass. The key-bugle has long since been superseded by the cornet, but it appealed to the taste



THE BAND OF THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS, 2ND DRAGOONS.

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Photo by]

Pipe-Major Ross, Champion Piper.

[Ball.

PIPERS OF THE SCOTS GUARDS.

of some musicians, among them being Sir Henry Bishop, who wrote a solo for it in his opera "Guy Mannering," a work chiefly remembered now by one of its numbers, namely, "The Chough and Crow." Later on, M. Sax, a Belgian, carried the system of keys, or pistons, through the entire family of brass instruments, except, of course, the slide trombone, which is in some respects the most perfect of them, and, like the stringed instruments, depends entirely on

the player's skill for the accuracy of its intonation. The brass was thus revolutionised, and about the same time the improvements in the clarinets, hautboys, and flutes, together with the introduction of saxophones, gave vastly increased resources to combinations of wind instruments.

The true function of a military band is now recognised as being not merely to supply rhythmical music for the marches and parades of troops, but to build up and



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[Ball.

THE BAND OF THE WESTMINSTER DRAGOONS.



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[Argent Archer.

THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS: KING'S TRUMPETERS IN STATE CLOTHING.

give expression to the patriotic sentiments of soldiers and civilians alike, in peace as well as in war. Like everything that is really great, it has its roots in the past, and its progress should be commensurate with the general advance in the art of music. Without the patriotic and imaginative elements, the soldier's profession would lose much of its magnetism. There is splendid talent among our military musicians, and it would be a good step to bring them still more into touch with the people by marches and tattoos, especially at a time like the present, when the supply of recruits is one of the greatest requirements of the For regiments abroad, the band often supplies a link with the Old Country, and without it the officers and men would

carried on horseback in England appears to be 1542, when Henry VIII. sent to Vienna for kettle-drums that could be played on horseback "after the Hungarian manner." But it is dangerous to dogmatise about the first appearance of anything. Mounted bands were in vogue in the last decade of the eighteenth century. The two regiments of Life Guards had them in 1795.

The Royal Regiment of Horse Guards was raised in 1661 under the famous Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who was one of the six lords who brought back Charles II. The Earl received the colonelcy of a regiment which throughout his life was called, after him, "The Oxford Blues," and which, after his death, became "The Blues," or "The Royal Regiment of Horse Guards Blue."

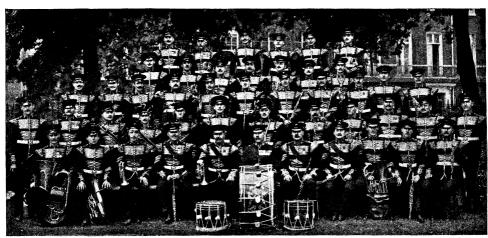


Photo by]

THE BAND OF THE IRISH GUARDS.

[Ball.

often lose touch with musical progress, and many would be deprived of one of the joys of life.

Cavalry bands require separate notice, and it is well to observe that their kettle-drums, like those of the orchestra, are tuned to definite notes, usually the tonic and dominant of the key of the piece being played, and are therefore on a higher artistic plane than those of indeterminate pitch, which possess rhythmical value only. They are draped in beautifully worked drum banners, which often display great artistic taste, and are inscribed with the regimental honours. The Royal Horse Guards have a pair of silver drums which were presented by King George III. in 1805 with much public ceremony.

The earliest date at which drums were

The band originally consisted of trumpets and kettle-drums, but early in the nineteenth century hautboys, horns, and bassoons were added, and at a later date the clarinet, serpent, flute, and trombone. Then, with the invention of the valve, and its application to the brass, the modern military band may be said to have started—that is, in the 'thirties.

Among the eminent musicians who have been bandmasters of the Royal Horse Guards the name of Charles Godfrey stands out prominently, and his successor, Mr. Manuel Bilton, declares that his fame, with that of his family, will last as long as military music is played. He received his musical education at the Royal Academy of Music under Macfarren, which institution, together with the Royal College and the Guildhall School,

afterwards honoured him with diplomas. In his early days he gained experience in Jullien's orchestra and at the opera, and his forty-four years' career in the Service was marked by great success, both as a bandmaster and as an arranger. Her Majesty Queen Victoria gave him his commission in 1899, and His Majesty King Edward conferred on him the Royal Victorian Order.

The fine quality of tone obtained by training on the right principle was evident when the band, under Mr. Bilton's conductorship, played Berlioz' "Benvenuto Cellini" overture and a movement from Bizet's Suite No. 2. To ensure good tone production, it is as necessary for a bandsman as for a vocalist to cultivate correct breathing.

Although in modern times military bands have acquired an ever-increasing repertoire by the arrangement of operatic selections for wind instruments and the adaptation of orchestral works, including symphonies, overtures, and other pieces, their original function was, of course, mainly to play marches. Every regiment has its special march for use on particular occasions, and the circumstances under which each march was adopted are highly interesting. Among celebrated marches may be named "The British Grenadiers," the oldest in use, which, like many another fine tune, is of uncertain origin. The march from "Scipio" is asserted to have been composed by Handel as a parade slow march for the Grenadier Guards before he inserted it in his opera "Scipio." This, one of the most beautiful of Handel's now almost forgotten operas, was produced on March 12, 1726, and the march became so popular that it was to be found on the desk of every harpsichord in the kingdom. It also appears in Gay's opera "Polly," produced in 1729, to the words "Brave boys, prepare." The stately measure is still a strong favourite, and is likely to remain so.

"Highland Laddie," an old Jacobite song, is the regimental march of the Scots Guards as well as of the kilted regiments. Jacobite songs figure largely among the marches, and it has been well said that their grit and devilry make them irresistible. The splendid "Men of Harlech" march is a great favourite with cavalry regiments, and is specially connected with the South Wales Borderers, the old 24th, who earned undying fame in the Zulu War of 1879.

To write of all the regimental marches would be a fascinating employment. There are well over sixty of them arranged for the pianoforte. Some of the trumpet and bugle calls now used in the Army have been at various times borrowed from operas, such as the regimental call of the Carabineers from "Fra Diavolo," and that of the 5th Lancers from Balfe's "Siege of Rochelle."

My best thanks are due to Mr. Bilton, of the Royal Horse Guards, for much interesting matter; to Mr. E. C. Stretton also for valuable information; and to Messrs. Boosey & Co. for the loan of their collection of regimental marches.



Photo by]

[Argent Archer..

EAST AND WEST

By ADAM SQUIRE

Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst

I. Going East.



UT you're whistling it all wrong!"

The voice came to me through the gathering darkness. I knew she was right, whoever she was, for in my inmost soul I had been far from satisfied with my

rendering of that tantalising march that keeps coming and going and popping in and out of Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony. But as I had tramped the deck for my exercise before dinner, I had persevered in my efforts to reproduce the creation of the master, and so pleased was I with my imagined success, that I had paused at the taffrail and, with many ornamental trills and improvised cadenzas, had introduced the Mediterranean to a flood of melody. Now, out of the corner not three feet away, where the deepening gloom made more than ever of the habitual shadow, came forth this summary judgment. No wonder I was nettled.

"How do you know it's all wrong?" I asked of the shadow.

"Because I know it in its proper dress," came the answer. "It's Tschaikowsky."

"Of course it's Tschaikowsky," I snapped, now really annoyed with the shadow, which had sat up, and whose hat, which I seemed to recognise, was flopping to and fro in the freshening breeze.

"You speak as if it had only one dress. Why, Tschaikowsky has provided that tune with a whole wardrobe of dresses!"

"I know them all," she interrupted.

"A whole trunkful of disguises," I went on doggedly. "He'll take a portion of one garment and from it fashion a second, only to borrow from it again to add to the beauty of a third. You can't know them all."

"I know the whole trousseau," came once more from the shadow, and I could dimly see the figure settle itself back into the chair with an obstinate kind of movement which suggested she had summed up all there was to be said on the subject.

An idea came to me.

"Has that hat of yours, that keeps flopping about, a bit of bluey-green stuff round it?" I asked.

"Yes"—followed by a chuckle.

"Then I know who you are. You got on at Naples."

"So did others."

"Yes, but I noticed you."

"Oh! A compliment?"

"Nothing of the sort. I noticed you because you held yourself so badly. What right has a pretty girl like you to hold herself so badly?"

I thought I had offended her, but presently she said: "Do you always say what you mean, or only when you are grumpy?"

"I'm always grumpy."

"That comes from whistling that tune.

It's a doleful little thing."

"I'm a doleful little thing myself," I retorted. "So would you be," I went on almost apologetically, "if you were taken by the shoulders and turned out of England, and told not to come back for three months."

"Why, what on earth have you been

doing?"

"Oh, it's what I've not been doing."

"Well, what have you not been doing?"
"Not sleeping, not eating, not being

"Not sleeping, not eating, not being amiable, not being anything that's healthy or wise."

"And all that's going to be cured by three months away from England? Anything else?"

"No. At least—— No!" And I began once more my little tune. This time, however, a jealous bugler placed his instrument to his lips, and with much noise bade us go and dress for dinner.

"Oh, Heavens!" I ejaculated.

"Doesn't dinner smile at you?" asked

the shadow, now rising to her feet.

"I hate it—I loathe it! And that silly ass of a steward has shifted my seat! So well placed as I was, too, with two old ladies who never opened their lips and a deaf old man! Now, who knows what may happen to me?"

I seemed to have the table to myself, except for a sulky-looking, fat-faced man, who kept looking at me from the other side of the battered croton whose mission it was to decorate the dinner-table. I had finished my soup, and was wondering whether I dared venture on the fish, when a flash of green caught my left eye, swept behind my back, caught my right eye, and sat down beside me at the head of the table.

"Oh!" I groaned. "Smart, I'm afraid." And I busied myself with the wine list.

"Is the soup good?"

"Oh, it's you, Miss Shadow, is it?

Yes, the soup is eatable."

I looked at her now with real interest. She had been the first person to whom I had spoken more than a sentence since I had boarded the ship at Tilbury. She had been reasonable, had not taken my manner up wrong, gave promise of an easeful companionship, and I was pleased to see that the steward had not been such a silly ass, after all. She was decorative, too. Small, but not too small if she had but held herself erect. My criticism had been perfectly just, even if my taste had been doubtful. Her curious, bunchy green frock was just right, and a gold and red effect about the bodice pleased my sense of colour. Her face was broad at the temples, and her beautiful bluegrey eyes, set curiously far apart, gave in repose a contemplative look to an expression which, however, was generally intelligently Almost her most noticeable feature was a determined little chin, which only the tender lines of a beautifully shaped mouth saved from being labelled obstinate.

"Shall I talk, Mr. Tschaikowsky?" she

asked.

"No, you eat your soup. I'm going to talk, and what I'm going to say is this: You were very nice on deck just now, and I was, I think—I'm not sure—rude. You mustn't mind."

She nodded and smiled. It was as though she had said: "I quite understand. Don't make such a fuss about it."

The dinner passed off admirably. We talked about books, of which I know

something; of music, of which I also know something; of painting, of which I know nothing, except for a sensuous enjoyment of colour. We talked impersonally, for the croton gentleman, who had been joined by a still more morose-looking companion, seemed desirous of picking up crumbs from our conversation. But impersonal as was the talk, through it all was the consciousness that we were making friends, the knowledge that each appreciated something in the other, and the gratifying feeling that conversation under such circumstances was an easy thing. Allusions were understood when only half uttered, suggestions taken up ere they were complete in words, so that the eavesdropper must have been mystified rather than enlightened by the elliptical form of our conversation.

As we left the saloon, she wanted coffee, she said. "All right!" I grumbled. "Have your coffee, but you'll miss the best seats on the boat-deck, where I propose to take you." Already I assumed she would come.

She considered a moment, and then: "Oh, blow the coffee!" she said inelegantly.

I took her right forward on the boat-deck, just in front of the bridge. All the noise and glitter of the ship lay behind us; only the enormous bow, which curtised to us with a gentle rhythmic motion, was visible from where we sat. Beyond that lay nothing but the immeasurable panorama of sea and heavens. The evening had bedecked herself but sparingly, for the sky had retained a blue only slightly dimmed from the glory of the day, and against this rival the stars had found it idle to contend. Only here and there did one, more valiant than the rest, make his light prevail, and lie like a jewel on the breast of night. The wind which blew was soft and gentle, yet the breath of it was enough to dwarf all lesser sounds, and the gigantic ship was sunk in a silence broken only by the "All's well!" from the look-out coming to us across the warmth of the night.

"I think," I said, "that the croton man

was rather a nuisance at dinner."

"Poor dear! He's quite nice on his own subjects, but his own subjects aren't nice."

"As for instance?"

"Oh, he's written a pamphlet on soil fertilisers, and he breeds pigs. He's really quite nice."

"He's made us waste a lot of time,

anyhow," I grumbled.

"I thought the dinner went off very well," she said demurely.

"Very well, indeed," I admitted. "But I

called you Miss Shadow, and you addressed me as Mr. Tschaikowsky. Now, I want really to know all about you."

She gave this her serious consideration, and then, "I think I'll tell you," she said. "I suppose it's a mutual arrangement?"

"With reservations," I suggested.

"Of course, with reservations. Well, I'm Delia Cavanagh—Irish—living in London—art student for a time—going to Sydney."

"What are you going to do there?"

"Reservation number one. Your turn."
"I'm John Nugent—Irish—living in London—certain literary ambitions and some practice—going to Ceylon."

"What are you going to do there?"

"Get well and forget things."

"As for instance?"

"Reservation number one."

"What made you ill?"

"Reservation number two."

" Ah!"

It was all uncanny to me. The spontaneous way this girl had accepted me as a friend, the abrupt manner in which I had invited her confidence and offered her mine, and the simplicity of the manner in which the invitation had been accepted, all filled me with a bewildering astonishment that such things should happen to me. For months my friends had been at me to go about, to seek new countries, new friends, to get away from scenes that only recalled old worries, and I had done nothing but repel their suggestions and indulge in the deteriorating luxury of self-pity. It was only when a certain time had passed, and I had begun to realise that the wound I had suffered was more to my vanity than to my heart, that I was seized with a longing to get away from everybody I had ever known, and had booked my passage for this three weeks' journey to Colombo. I had made no friends on the ship during the ten days I had already been aboard, nor did I try to do so. I read and walked the deck, and sometimes I wrote. I had seen no one who raised the slightest desire in me to become better acquainted. Even my first view of this girl had suggested nothing but a pity that she should hold herself so badly, and a lazy admiration for a ribbon in her And now everything seemed on a sudden altered, and at no more cost than the exchange of a few confidences and the give and take of a playful banter. It would appear as though I had come this journey for no other purpose than to find this girl with the hand of comradeship outstretched to place in mine. There was no suggestion of sentiment in my attitude. For the present I was supremely and selfishly content that this soothing influence should work its sweet way with me.

The next day I sat beside her as she sketched, reading for the most part, but putting my book aside at times to try my hand at a verse or to look at the progress of the painting. She had the detachment of the true artist, and cared neither for my observation nor for the ridiculous effect of some of her experiments. She detested niggling work, and went in boldly for colour effects which at times were grotesque, but at others showed a discerning taste for sheer And as she worked she talked, and as she talked she revealed herself more and more with a candour which was beautiful from its lack of self-consciousness. me of her life as a student and as a sometime teacher at an art school; of her home life, or, rather, her lack of home life, for her parents had disapproved of the art career, and the obstinate chin had been unable to give way; of the uncomfortable shifts she had been put to for money, but how on all critical occasions some had been forthcoming, and how the crowning miracle of all had happened when what she had always considered a disagreeable old aunt had died and left her fifteen thousand pounds, more with a view to annoy the father, whom she had detested, than from any great love of the girl herself.

"And so," I said, "you have made up your mind to see a little of the world?"

"Something like that," she admitted.

"Still the reservation?"

She nodded.

"What is his name?" I asked.

"Whose?"

"The reservation's."

She broke into a laugh which made my whole being rejoice that a human creature could laugh just so. For, after the music of it had died away, there seemed to follow a sort of inner response, the mere whisper of a laugh. It was, as it were, some secret and private appreciation of her own, as though she should say: "Good friends, I'll share my laugh with you, but I see things that you do not, and this is for them and for me." She turned to me, the light of laughter still in her eyes.

"That's rather clever of you, and deserves to be rewarded. I'll tell you all about him if you'll entrust me with the story of the

lady."

"The lady?" I affected blank astonishment.

"The lady you're going to Colombo to——"
"I'm not going to any lady in Colombo."

"I didn't say you were. You interrupted me. I was saying, 'The lady you're going to Colombo to—forget.'"

I remained silent.

"Is it a bargain?" she went on.

"I don't think so," I said.

She became serious at once. Her bluegrey eyes were veiled in trouble. She laid aside her paint-box and, leaning forward, touched me lightly on the arm.

"Have I been clumsy? I really didn't mean to be. I am so very sorry, for I've hurt you where I meant to do exactly the

opposite."

"My dear little lady, you have done

exactly the opposite."

"Really? Really and truly?" Her look became more reassured as she went on.

"You know, I think it does good to talk of these things. I noticed you on the ship before you noticed me—oh, yes, I did!—and I was sorry that a nice man like you should look so unhappy and so obviously determined to remain unhappy, and every time you passed you would hum that terrible little tune, and—I felt very sorry for you."

She stopped, a little embarrassed at what was becoming something like sentiment.

A great wave of feeling swept over me. I had been so ill, I felt so bruised and knocked about, that this unasked for sympathy very nearly undid me. I patted the hand which she had never withdrawn from my arm.

"I shall probably tell you all about it soon—not just now. It's not exactly as you fancy. Now let's talk about him. What's

his name?"

"Oscar."

"Heavens! What a name! Is he a Laplander, or what?"

She laughed, and again came the echo of a chuckle.

"He's a dear! He's the handsomest creature you've ever seen. He is six-feet-two, and his hair is fair and his eyes are blue."

"And his heart is true," I quoted.

"I hope so. We've been engaged for three years, and I haven't seen him for eighteen months."

"What on earth does the fellow mean?"

"The fellow means he couldn't do much at home—he's an engineer—so he went to Australia, and in time I was going out, too, when he had made enough money."

"Instead of which, you have made the

money?"

"Yes. Isn't it ridiculous how things turn out? Of course, I wired to him all about it, and told him he was to come home and marry me, and what do you think the silly fellow wrote?"

"How should I know?"

"Guess!"

"It's too hot."

"He wrote that this made no difference, and that he would still wait till he had made his way."

"Well played, Oscar!"

"I don't agree with you at all. I think it's just ridiculous and silly vanity."

"So do I, but quel geste!"

"Anyhow, if he behaves childishly, he's got to be treated as a child, and so I'm just going out without telling him anything about it till I telegraph from Colombo, and then, of course, he'll have to marry me."

"That comes from having a chin like

that."

"What's the matter with my chin?"

"There's not the slightest, tiniest bit the matter with your chin, but it's what is taking you out to Australia."

She had resumed her painting, and was washing in great blotches of colour while she held another brush between her lips. Her eyes were all she had to smile with, and into mine they smiled with a provocation which was almost a challenge. I changed the talk to her sketch.

"You'll have better material for your painting after we leave Port Said," I said; "you'll find colour effects along the Canal which will tease you badly."

"By the way—" She paused at some

detail in her work.

"By the way——" I prompted, after a moment.

"Oh, yes, by the way, are you going ashore at Port Said?"

"I think so. Why?"

"Oh, I wanted to know, because the Fletchers are hinting for me to join their party, and I wanted a good reason for refusing."

"And you have it now?"

"Of course. I'm going with you."

It was said without the least touch of coquetry—just as a plain statement of fact. To me, however, the words gave an inexpressible pleasure, and it was with a seriousness quite out of keeping with the situation that I said: "Miss Cavanagh, do you really wish to go ashore with me? There are plenty of more cheerful parties you might join, plenty of young bloods who

would be proud to squire you. Why do you select me?"

It was an absurd speech, and I felt it to be so. She treated it in exactly the proper spirit.

"If you don't want me, say so. I want to go because I like you better than anybody

on the ship."

I came down from my pedestal at once.

"And I want you to come because I like you better than anyone on the ship."

"That's settled, then. How disappointed

the Fletchers will be!"

The expedition came off the next day. We bought postcards and eigarettes, as is expected of the properly constituted traveller, and we got ourselves covered with the fine yellow dust from which there is no escaping in the streets of Port Said, and we noted the insolent looks of the natives, who scanned Delia in a manner which Oscar would have resented, and we got very hot and a little tired, but not at all cross. Delia's eyes were everywhere, and her tongue always busy with her intelligent chatter.

"Oh, my dear man, look—just look at that chocolate man in the red bathing-drawers! How on earth did he hit on that shade? And how could he have known that he was going to work beside that woman in the green petticoat? But just look how they go together! Oh, oh "—almost a shriek, but a tiny silver-trumpet kind of shriek—"it isn't a woman! It's a man! What a world! Heavens, what a beautiful world!"

She would allow me to miss nothing. She was all distress if I passed unnoticed some commonplace incident of the street, and radiant with joy at making me appreciate some play of light and shade, some blotch of colour, or some accident of artistic grouping. I found myself eager to add to the sum of her enjoyments, was at pains to enter into the spirit of her enthusiasm, and, for the first time for many months, was really concerned for the interests of a fellow-being.

We ended with tea, of course, with cakes and bread-and-butter, quite ordinary tea and quite ordinary bread-and-butter, but to Delia they were nectar and ambrosia. She was as a child at a play, and, like a child, paid the entertainment the compliment of unstinted

The following days saw us go through the Canal and steam down the Red Sea, and during this time Delia was almost exclusively occupied with her pencil and brush. The tiny glimpses of desert, the sight of a camel

mincing along with a burden, the glorious blue of the sea, and the sombre hue of the low, brooding hills, gave effects with which she grappled heroically, laughing at her failures and glorying in what she called her successes—the latter daring contrasts of colour very far removed, to my unseeing eye, from being representations of what lay before us. For hours together we discussing important problems to our entire satisfaction — our favourite literature, the place of art in life, its claims to unrestricted freedom; from that to individual freedom and even the thorny paths of religion. all such talks Delia appeared frankly as a rebel — a rebel against all convention, all authority, almost all limitations. Sweetly reasonable as she was, deferring as she might to other views, there was yet no compromise on the question of her own principles. many of the topics we discussed she had read herself into something of a muddle, and she would break down hopelessly during my not very recondite cross-examination. Then she would laugh her own delighted laugh, give up quoting her philosophical tags, and fall back on Oscar himself. Oscar thought this, and Oscar did not believe that. Oscar was quite willing to admit there was something to be said on the other side, and so on. Oscar seemed, on the whole, to be a jolly sort of pagan, and I told her so.

"Not at all. You're quite wrong. Oscar is tremendously attracted by things you would never suspect—religious forms and so on—but his own nature is so straight and clean and sane that I really don't see the need for him of religious forms, which, after all, are only meant to create these standards.

Don't you agree?"

I declined the proposed contest, and easily led her back to Oscar himself, on which

subject she never tired.

So the days passed on. We got steadily further south, and the wind came on us ever softer and softer. The sea and the sky at times seemed one, so unbroken was the world of shimmering blue. At others, clouds sailed about and played tricks with the horizon, now banishing it to an incredible distance, now bringing it almost to our feet and building behind it a fairy realm of lagoons and hills of molten gold. The heat lay all around, and seemed, not merely to burn the surface of things, but to enter into the very veins of us.

One night we sat in our favourite spot in the forepart of the ship, a spot to secure which we now habitually shortened our dinner. We had lighted cigarettes, and mine was nearly smoked through before a remark was made by either of us. For days I had been allowing myself to drift along on a sea of content and happiness. I was honest with myself; I made no attempt to disguise what the companionship of this child was meaning to me, but neither would I attempt to discuss it seriously with myself. Delia had once said to me that most of the drama of life could be played, according to the choice of the actor, as comedy or tragedy. I would remember this when tempted to reflect too seriously on whither I was drifting. This was to be no tragedy. On that I was resolved. A comedy it had to be—one, perhaps, with tears in it and a sigh or two, but, above all, a comedy.

"You've been rather nice," I said at length, breaking in on these thoughts, "in

not being inquisitive about me."

"Inquisitive?" she repeated. "I've been so inquisitive that I have nearly shricked aloud. Oh, the times I've longed to shake you into talking about it!"

"Then you've been rather nice in restraining your curiosity. The worst of it is," I continued, "that there's really very little to tell."

"Well, tell it, then. It'll take all the shorter time."

I told her at once and simply.

"I was engaged for five years to be married. She wouldn't face comparative poverty with me, and then—"
"And then?"

"She married someone else."

"Comparatively poor?"

"No, comparatively rich." "Very rich?"

"Yes, very rich."

"She was a beast! Were you very fond of her?"

"No!"

"That's brutal."

"Yes, it sounds brutal, but we've got into the way of speaking plainly, you and I, haven't we?"

"Well, where's the trouble?"

"The trouble is mainly vanity, I think. You see, I was very fond of her at first—very fond of her. I clothed her with all sorts of attributes, which the years that followed showed she didn't possess. She urged me to work, not to see me carve out a career, but to make money for her and position. encouraged me one moment, and sneered at my failure the next. I became ill from anxiety and the sense of having made a mess

of it. I tried to break off the engagement, but she would not have it so."

"Well? All's turned out well, then."

I laughed a trifle dramatically.

"Of course it has. Everything's as right as can be. I have given up five years of my life to what ought to have been an idyll and—wasn't. I have emerged from my experience a middle-aged man, very disillusioned and rather sick in mind and in body, and, by way of crowning my noble endeavours, I talk about it all on board ship to a girl I have known a fortnight."

I heard rather an impatient sigh. "I think you're a very vain man."

"I said that before you."

Again a little sigh and the sympathetic touch on the arm which once before had so profoundly moved me. But this time the fingers slid down my sleeve till they found

my own, and there remained.

I did not like this at all. It seemed all against the rules, and hardly fair on Sixfeet-two. Yet a mere "Thank you!" seemed inadequate to meet the situation. I gave up all attempts to show my appreciation. Instead, I said deliberately: "In my opinion women like you should be locked up.

There followed the laugh and chuckle, and then, ignoring my remark: "What you've got to do is to marry some really nice girl."

I repeated: "In my opinion women like you should be locked up. You go about overflowing with sympathy, and you—you shouldn't," I ended rather lamely. "Besides, "Besides, old Six-feet-two wouldn't like it."

"Wouldn't like what?"

"Oh, all this sort of thing-stars, and sea, and moonlight, and the soft Southern air, and sympathy, and so on."

"Oscar wouldn't mind a bit. He'd understand. However——" And she with-

drew her hand.

I felt idiotic. I had the sensation of having been whipped and put in a corner. I was stupid enough not to leave matters as they were. I must needs attempt an explanation.

"You see——" I began.

"I see nothing," was the interruption, "except that you are not as nice as you were. You seemed such an understanding sort of creature at first."

"You see——" I began again.

"And how stupid you were last night! Here we were sitting nice and comfy, and not wanting anyone else, and you go and call Mrs. Richardson and her nephew to come and join us."

"I thought you were angry with me for that."

"Dear man, I wasn't angry! I wasn't really—I'm never angry."

"Well, hurt, then?"

"No, hurt isn't the word, either. No, I just felt like a child, who doesn't reason, and wanted to howl. You know you didn't want the Richardsons, either."

"I'm sure I didn't."

"Well, what on earth did you do it for?"

"Don't you see the position? It will never do for you to isolate yourself. You've been good enough to let an old buffer like me——"

"You're not an old buffer at all."

"Well, let us say a man about his prime. You've been good enough to let me monopolise you all this journey——"

"Because you're the nicest man on board."

"Let us admit even that. Still, it will never do to keep away from the others. It's all very well for me, but you have another fortnight on the ship after Colombo."

"Was that really—really and truly your

reason?"

"On the honour of a stockbroker."

Once more the shriek—the tiny silver trumpet of a shriek.

"Oh, are you a stockbroker? You never told me; you told me you wrote."

"That is since I saw the error of my ways."

"I have all sorts of shares and transfers and dividends and things."

"Lucky lady!"

"I'm frightfully rich, ain't I?"

I became sentimental.

"You are, my dear, very, very rich."

"You mustn't call me your dear."

"It's no worse than your holding my hand."

"But I told you Oscar wouldn't mind."

Five bells sounded, and we counted them as they struck. I waited till the last one had died away, and then I turned to Delia.

"Now you are coming to the lower deck.

Just one sandwich, and so to bed."

She sat up lazily.

"It's all been awfully nice, hasn't it? I think I'll go straight to bed while the feeling lasts."

It was a gorgeous morning when we arrived at Colombo. The sea blinked and dimpled at our feet, for the sky, the sun, and the gentlest of breezes had made a playground of her. At times the wind, a thought the stronger, would pucker up the

surface of the bay into the semblance of a frown, but presently the wrinkles would be smoothed away again, and countless as ever would shine out the laughter of the sea.

We drove to the hotel along the deep red road of the Galle Face, on which the flying black legs of the rickshaw men were padding with their burdens. We lunched and sent off Delia's telegram, then drove to Mount Lavinia, along the long and dusty road lined for miles with the native shops and bungalows. We wandered on the seashore and had tea in the gardens; we duly admired the fishingboats beaching themselves on the strand with full-bellied sails, and did everything expected self - respecting tourists. however, the day was not a success. for nothing does the end come to a companionship such as ours had been. Such joys have to be paid for, and I was paying the price in a depression which took refuge in a silence mainly defensive in its nature. When we talked, there was a tone which sounded forced to both of us. freedom, the fencing, the thorough understanding—all this seemed to have gone, and in its place was only an irksome constraint. It was not till after dinner, sitting in loungechairs on the grass and facing the beautiful bay, from which a grateful breeze tempered a sullen heat, that a glimpse of the old camaraderie showed itself. Even here long spells of silence showed how busy we were with our own thoughts—thoughts which I, at least, was not prepared to share. And yet I came pretty near to an avowal when, after a rather longer spell of silence than usual, I said abruptly—

"If you come to think of it, it was no

light job that Tristan took on."

She seemed to be considering this statement, for it was some moments later when she said—

"I'm not sure that Tristan came very well out of that episode."

"Um!" was my comment. She continued after a while—

"Wasn't there a king, or someone or other, who trusted him?"

"King Oscar?" I suggested.

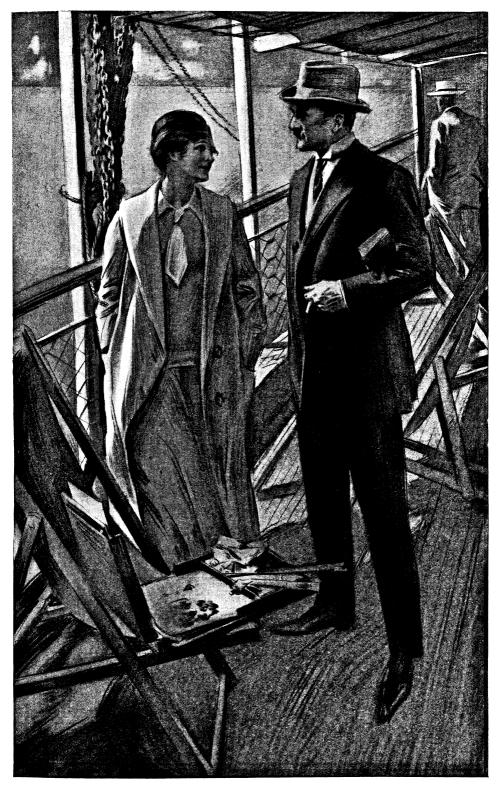
"Well," she murmured, "'twill serve."

This conversation seemed to suffice us for quite a little time. It was I who broke silence again.

"I remember," I said, "I had a maiden aunt once."

Delia raised her eyebrows.

"I recall a peculiarity of hers," I continued.
"On my arrival she never embraced me, but



"''That's settled, then. How disappointed the Fletchers will be!""

on my departure she used to place her hands on my shoulders and kiss me once on each cheek."

Delia glanced at me over the side of her chair. "The connection of which with the

plot?" she asked.

"The connection of which with the plot is this. In ten minutes I am going to call a carriage and drive you down to the tender for the steamer. Just before we arrive at the end of our drive, just where the electric standards cease, I am going to be a maiden aunt to you."

She said nothing, but I saw her lips part

in a little twisted smile.

"Time's up," I said presently, and gave her my two hands to help her from the chair. She stood up straight, close to me, her hands still in my grasp, her eyes looking straight into mine; but my time was not yet, nor should my kiss be one of impulse.

"Boy, call up a carriage."

A moment's pause, and a whistle or two, and then, clear and distinct, in the soft Cingalese voice—

"No carriage, master. All carriages taken.

Rickshaws, master?"

"Yes," I said. "Call two rickshaws."

Away we went down the dull red road of the Galle Face, two among countless others which, like to fireflies, darted hither and thither, and came and went, noiseless but for the dull padding of the coolies' feet and the

occasional twanging of a bell.

"These things are an allegory," smiled Delia at me, as we passed under one of the vast electric lamps that turned night into day. I smiled back, and held my hand out to her. I do not know now whether my coolie was a man of much understanding, or whether he really had something to impart to his friend, something for his private ear alone. Certain is it that the two brown bodies approached each other until the black heads were in close contact. This manceuvre brought me very near to Delia, who took my outstretched hand and herself held her own towards me.

"This is our good-bye, my dear," I whispered, as I kissed her finger-tips; and as she bent her head and laid her lips lightly on my hand, she, too, whispered—

"This is our good-bye, my dear."

We passed quickly along the jetty, and, as we passed, we heard the bell warning us from the tender. We reached the side of the boat to find she had already begun to cast off. A long arm in blue jersey shot out, and a brown hand, grasping Delia by the shoulder, helped

her safely aboard the craft, where she became lost in the crowd that throughd the deck. I thought I saw a white hand wave to me, but I am not sure, for in a moment the boat and its freight had become an undistinguishable blur, and as I turned away, there came to me, borne on the breeze, the tones of a rough voice saying: "That was a near thing, miss."

The man was wiser than he knew. It was—oh, sailor-man, it was indeed the nearest of

things!

Once more I went along the long red road of the Galle Face, where each glaring light seemed to look at me with an accusing eye. On the steps of the hotel I met my manservant.

"The train goes at seven to-morrow morning. At what time shall I call you,

sir?"

"You may unpack all my things to-night, Dobson."

"You are not going to the hills to-morrow, sir?"

"No, Dobson," I said. "I have wandered enough on the heights. We'll stay in the plains for a day or two."

"Yes, sir," said the excellent Dobson.

II.

COMING WEST.

There was magic in the air, or the light and colour of Palermo had turned my brain. The sweep of coast-line and the range of hills which I could see from my seat on the terrace of the hotel, and which yesterday had only frowned upon me, to-day seemed clothed with a beauty that was new, and smiling a welcome to which my heart leapt in response. The sea, too, with which I had been but yesterday on the most distant of terms, was dancing at my feet, making the most friendly overtures and quite unmistakably telling me of the interest it took in me and my concerns. Something was happening somewhere. Something, perhaps, happened.

Even as I sat and wondered, my mind was already slipping back into the groove it had made its dwelling these many weeks. I was living once more my first meeting with Delia, and recalling the various steps in our friendship, our little wrangles and our complete comprehension. Our talks about Oscar were as fresh in my mind as the day they were uttered. I could hear the praises she sang and the plans she made—the scheme to surprise him, and the ringing down of the curtain to the sound of the music of marriage

I could call to mind every twist in her voice and every light in her eye as, on our journey eastward, the spell had been slowly weaving itself around us. I let myself once again wonder, as I had so often wondered before, how far Delia had yielded to the spell—whether the great intimacy of our talks, and the infinitely greater intimacy of our silences, could be construed as evidence of a dear surrender on her part. Her active loyalty to Oscar was there to give the lie to such ideas, yet, in some subtle manner, in some wonderful spirit-tongue, without a look or visible sign, she had kept telling me of the bond that was striving to bind us. But she had told me of other things, too that there was much besides love in the world; that there were faith and loyalty and truth, and that the sacrifice of these could never be an acceptable offering on the altar For myself, I had never been in doubt from the moment that the question first whispered itself to me. I had but one longing—to take her in my arms and ask to serve her. And so we had said good-bye, she to go her way, I to loiter until such time as I might once more set my face I had spent weeks on the island. westward. I had ridden and walked, motored and golfed. I had gasped in the heat at Colombo, and shivered in the cold in the hills, and in all my pursuits and comings and goings, the memory of my dear lady had travelled with I had striven to act the comedy I had promised, but it was a difficult rôle to play. and I had not been a success in the part.

And now, this morning, somehow things The world seemed more were changed. beautiful, and the atmosphere charged, not despondency, but with hope and encouragement. In each tiny boat making for the harbour with such apparent fuss and flurry I saw the bearer of good tidings, hurrying to bring the news in advance of its So far had I become imbued with the magic in the air that, when a shadow appeared at my feet and, lengthening, showed that someone was approaching from behind, I sprang from my chair, hardly daring to frame the thought that leapt to my mind.

It was something of a shock to see Dobson's familiar figure, but I was conscious of no disappointment. The general scheme of joy and hope seemed to have suffered no interference; I had merely the sensation of something beautiful having been postponed.

"Oh, it's you, Dobson," I said, as I settled myself once more in the chair,

"Yes, sir. I'm just back from Naples. There seems no doubt about a passage to Plymouth on Thursday, sir, but the steamship people refuse to say definitely till to-morrow. They will telegraph then, but there seems no doubt you will be able to go on Thursday, sir."

"I wonder," I said.
"Beg pardon, sir?"

"I said 'I wonder,' Dobson."

"Yes, sir." And he left me with the half bow which is one of his greatest accomplishments. He stopped before he had gone far up the gravel path and slowly returned.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, "I forgot to mention that a friend of yours inquired after

you yesterday at Naples."

It was coming. I felt it all around me. The sea almost laughed outright, as who should say: "I told you so! I told you so!"

"It was a lady, sir," continued Dobson.
"She asked me if you were in Naples. I took it on myself to say you were in Palermo. I hope I did right, sir."

I was quite calm.

"What was the lady's name?" I asked.
"I'm afraid I don't know her name, but

she went out with us to Ceylon, sir."

"Well, what sort of a lady was she,
Dobson? Was she old or young? Was
she pretty? How was she dressed?"

"I never was one to take much notice of lady's clothes, sir, but she was young, and, I should say, had considerable personal attractions."

I was quite unmoved, perfectly content that events should not be hurried, completely satisfied that Fate should speak slowly, and that Dobson should be her mouthpiece.

"There were a good many ladies on board with considerable personal attractions," I

said.

"Did you think so, sir?" said the critical Dobson, and after a pause he went on: "I don't know if you remember, sir, a lady who did her hair in rather an unusual fashion?"

I looked at him dreamingly.

"Did she bind it across her forehead in a great stiff band which somehow wasn't stiff?"

"She did, sir."

"And did the band then, in some mysterious fashion, lose itself among the clouds of her hair?"

"I think that was so, sir."

"And did the sun play tricks with the colour of it, Dobson?"

"I'm not sure that it didn't, sir."

I was no longer quite so calm. I stood up and stretched out my arms as though to include in one comprehensive embrace Palermo and its bay and its mountains, and, far away to the north, Naples and its bay and its mountains, and the infinitely more precious possession that had come to it since yesterday.

I slept like a child that night, and awoke to find the sun playing with the edge of my counterpane. I knew by the sign that nine o'clock had struck; but the boat would be late, as usual, the Customs would cause additional delay, and the drive from the town was half an hour at least. I dressed myself leisurely, planning how I would wait for her at my customary haunt—the lee of a honeysuckle wall where Dobson was careful to place each day my chair and books. stepped out on to the stone-flagged walk beneath my window. I wound my way by the devious paths that led, as through a maze, past beds of stock and phlox and iris. I kissed my hand to the bronze goddess that watched over the ramblers in the garden, and, going on, turned down the path that led, along my wall, straight to the cliff that dropped to the sea.

Here it was I found her. She was lying in my chair, her back turned towards me, and in her right hand a book of mine, in which she was reading. As I moved towards her, my footsteps caught her ear, for the book was slightly lowered and she raised her head as one who listens. Before I reached the spot where she was sitting, she stretched her left arm over her shoulder, half turning her head as she lay. There was something so tender in the gesture, such confidence in the welcome, such sure expectation in the greeting, that my lips, which touched her fingers, were trembling as they kissed. She drew me down, moving her feet to make way for me on the extension of the chair.

"I knew you were here, Delia. I knew you must be here," was all I found to say. Her lips parted in the little twisted smile I knew so well.

"We won't talk for just a little, will we?" she said.

My boasted calm was proving but a poor defence, after all. Now that the miracle had happened, no previous certainty that it was going to happen seemed of any avail to I was on fire, lessen my bewilderment. quivering with uncertainty, burning to ask a hundred questions, to seek out explanations. even, perhaps, to urge some sweet confession. For what had she returned? And at a sudden thought of mine, I took her hand once more and sought for the ring that was not there. I took a stride or two to the stone parapet of the terrace, and let the wind from the sea play about my throbbing temples, then came back and stood over my dear lady as she lay in the chair.

"Delia," I said, "tell me why you have come back?"

She answered me simply and seriously. "I wasn't wanted out there," she said.

I stared at her.

"Not wanted?" I repeated. "Is there anyone in the wide, wide world who doesn't want you?"

"It seems so, my dear." And, as she answered me, she smiled with a touch of the old manner of laughing at the whimsicality of things.

"Tell me," I said.

"There's not much to tell, and what there is, is a little ugly. I never went further than Fremantle. There was a letter waiting. He's married, it seems—has been for some months. He had wished to tell me, but had been unable to bring himself to do it. It was my telegram from Colombo that decided him."

I could find no words; I could only look at her.

"And so," she continued, "I had, of course, just to come back to someone who did want me." She stopped and looked up at me. "You do want me, don't you?"

I bent low and framed her face in my hands. "My dear, my dear," I said, "you will never know how much!"

She drew my hands down and, still holding them, lay back in the chair. She nestled among the cushions, and, with just the breath of a sigh, she murmured: "That's all right, then."



THE SHADOW OF THE FLAG

By MRS. COMYNS CARR

Illustrated by Gunning King



VAST grey sky hung, dun and cold, over the vast sweep of the moors; a cloud hooded the head of a giant sugar-loaf hill to westward, and another mantled the long back of the mountain that, like a huge,

antediluvian monster, guards the loch.

Grey, grey, grey everywhere; even the moors, that but yesterday were still brown with bracken upon the peat, grey to-day, with a thin veil of frozen snow peppering their billowy bosom, and greyer still where the ice flecked the bog and coated the little hill-loch that lies, fringed with ragged remnants of sedges, half hidden in the great

lonely land.

The only thing that moved—unless it were a solitary stag wandering now unmolested among the ridges of limestone, or a flight of wild-duck skimming the hem of the water where the ice was thinnest—was a faint curl of smoke that stole, grey into the greyness above, from the thatched roof of a low stone cottage that lay sunk in the soft meadows framing the loch. It moved, but it moved so stealthily in the still air that it only seemed to emphasise the awful loneliness of a human habitation in this kingdom undisputed of Nature, and, as I watched it, sitting half-frozen on the coach that swung recklessly down the little hill from the moor's crest, I shuddered at the thought of the dwellers therein.

"Does anyone live there at this season?" I asked of the driver, pointing towards the little hovel, for the loneliness was getting

on my nerves, and I felt driven to speech at last.

"Aye," replied he, in his slow sing-song, surprised at my surprise. "Auld Duncan wull hae leeved there a' the days of his life. And whaur else wad he leeve at this saison? He'll no hae sae mony hames!"

I felt the reproof, but I ventured to

remark: "It's a lonely spot."

"Nae sae lane as some," declared the man, oddly defiant still. "It'll no be mair than sax mile frae the veelage, ava."

I pondered where the village might be, and remembered passing four houses and a small inn further back along the road towards the Castle, which was my destination.

"But, of course, he doesn't live there by himself?" I asked.

"He'll no hae muckle company the day," replied the man laconically, scratching his chin, "for I mind th' auld wife deed aboot a month syne. But I'm thinkin' he maun hae a wee servant lassie the noo, for he'll no hae muckle o' the use o' his limbs himsel' frae the rhoomartics."

"Good gracious, has he no relative to care for him?" asked I, appalled.

"He micht hae a relative, but nane to care for him," said the critic, with a sardonic smile. "Forbye the lad Murdoch, I dinna ken ony relative that he micht hae, and it's no muckle grist to the mill that he'll be bringing."

"His son?" I inquired. "Is he a bad

lot, then?"

"Aye," said the man darkly. "He'd no haste to close his puir mither's een, naether to weep a wee to her burial, and him the ainly bairn she e'er hed. He was ashamed, I ween—he that wuldna spare his siller to keep the breath i' her puir auld body."

He flicked his beasts up thoughtfully.

"Aweel," he added, "I hae a letter for auld Duncan i' the mail, and I wad no be sair to ken the mon Murdoch hed gotten his dismeesal! I ken the letter wull be frae Glasgie—frae the firm whaur he has been employed."

He smiled quite viciously, and I swiftly

fell in with his attitude.

"What—did he never do anything for the old folk?" I asked.

"I wuldna say sae muckle as thet," admitted my friend reluctantly. "I'm no speirin' he maun a' helpit them whiles wi' a bittock, but it wull be a while the day."

And he smiled a grim, sly smile.

I veered one point in Murdoch's favour at the sight of it.

"Perhaps he was out of employment," I

said.

The driver shook his head slowly; the smile did not soften on his thin lips. "Na, na," he chuckled; as one who is not to be taken unawares, "the mon hed gotten unco fine employment, for he wull be nae fule, ava! But, losh, he gaed nigh to breaking his puir mither's hairt a span o' years ago, when Auld Hornie first haddit hold of him, and him nae mair than a slim laddie then, and the pride of her auld age, forbye! But she aye keppit the licht burning i' the casement and the door on the latch, lest he suld come dunting on't by nicht. once when he was hame she killed the calf for the prodigal's return. But it'll be a while sinsyne, and sair maun she hae grat o'er the backsliding of him."

I said no more; my spirit of sympathy for

Murdoch had died down again.

But my friend had not spoken with any conscious sentiment; he had been rummaging in his big post-pouch all the time, and as we rattled down the last hill and along the road beside the little loch, he drew from it a letter which he regarded with some interest.

"Aye, that maun be the firm of his employers i' Glasgie, richt eneuch," said he, peering curiously at the printed superscription across the top. "But I'd like fine to ken if it be the mon's ain pen, for I dinna think it, and wha else wud be writing to auld Duncan,

ava?"

I did not answer, and, indeed, though he looked at me, I knew he had addressed his remark more to himself. And almost immediately he pulled up with a jerk at the roadside and began bawling across the meadow towards the hovel with the thatched roof, that stood back a little behind its low stone wall and gaunt rowan tree.

In spite of the cold, I waited not impatiently and watched, with a sort of fascination, the grey smoke steal slowly to the grey sky, and wondered if there were really a human being there, and what manner of man he might be. And after a long time the answer came. The coach-driver had waited just as patiently as I had done, only once mumbling: "The wee lassie maun hae ganged her gait." But just as he was preparing to get down from his seat and see for himself, the door creaked on its hinges, and a very old man appeared on the threshold.

He was a ruin, but the ruin of a once stupendous edifice. When his back was straight, he must have stood six feet three inches in his stockinged feet, and his shoulders were broad in proportion; he had the high cheek-bone, the square chin, and the Roman nose of his race, and his eye, though it was now sunk and dim, was dark, and must once have been keen as an eagle's.

He wore the kilt of the Macleod tartan, and above his faded hose his old knees

were bony and brown.

He stood a moment, blinking even at that wan daylight; then, as the driver beckoned him, holding up the letter, he drew his old bonnet more over his eyes and stumbled up the meadow, leaning heavily on his staff. I watched him fascinated; for though he was clearly bowed in body and in spirit with the weight of many years and many sorrows, there was a patient endurance about him that told of many generations of stoics, and a splendour even in his decrepitude that was a very monument to his race. The beads of sweat that stood, in spite of the cold, at the tips of the few silver hairs that hung low upon his neck told of the pain he suffered in exerting his "rhoomartic limbs" even thus much; but he made no complaint, nor did there even appear a twitch upon his calm, brave brow, or a shadow, beyond the shadow of his age, in his grave, gentle eyes.

He stood in the road, breathing hard and

questioning silently.

My driver spoke to him, but, as he used the Gaelic, what he said was unknown to me.

The old man took the letter.

A puzzled expression came into his eyes as he looked at it, and he murmured something which I guessed might refer to the writing not being that which he knew; then slowly the puzzle changed to a sorrowful certainty that whispered of dawning disquietude in the mind.

But, when he opened the letter, he smiled

—a very pathetic smile—for there fell from the envelope a money order for ten and sixpence. His eyes wandered up to us proudly, and he said a word which I took to be simply the name of his son.

Then, glancing at the contents of the paper, the pathetic smile became also humorous as he handed it back with a

gentle expostulation in the Gaelic.

I learned later that the form of his reproach was to the effect—as my interpreter put it—that "he had no the English."

Apparently he cared to know no more. The letter was not from his son, because it was not in the handwriting that he knew as his; but his son had not forgotten him—his son had sent him money. What need for strangers to interfere in the matter? Words had not been many in old Duncan's life, and he saw no need for them now.

But my companion, seeing the letter handed to him, justly supposed that he was to read it and translate it: a writer had set down words, and it was meet that the recipient should know them.

So he proceeded to master the contents of it; and unexpected they evidently were, for

he swore a pious oath as he read—

"Losh!" exclaimed he. "The deil's in the mon!"

And he read the letter to me as it stood.

It was short enough.

It merely said that Murdoch had enlisted on the declaration of war, and that his employers, understanding that he had contributed to the support of his father, would pay the old man the monthly sum of ten and sixpence so long as his son was away.

"'Listed! Weel, it's the best I've heard of him. But ne'er a word o' fareweel, ava! Sair wad hae been his mither the day! But I'd be blithe to ken," added he presently, "wha told the firm Murdoch contreebuted to the support of his faither!"

He studied the letter again.

"Nobbut what 'tis a graund thing on their pairt," he said, half puzzled, "and I'm thinkin' mayhap Murdoch maun hae hed some quality whatten waur no sae much to his discredit." He scratched his head. "But, ma certy, his faither wull no be the waur withoot him!" he added, laughing.

And then he translated.

I watched the old man's face.

A marvellous gamut of emotions crept slowly, chasing one another, over the beautiful pale tan of his old brow, over the thin blue line of lips that shielded his still perfect teeth.

Fear, dismay, and wonder gave slowly and surely room to pride, triumph, and a deep and holy thankfulness; the light leapt gladly in the sunken eyes, that had been pale and veiled before as the eyes of some dumb, dying animal; the grand head, that had been, as it were, wedged between the gaunt old shoulders, lifted itself up gallantly as an old stag when it sniffs the mountain air.

I knew he would not speak, and he did not. To the casual observer he would not

even have seemed to move.

But the hand that rested upon the knob of his gnarled staff just trembled a little, and the other, that held the disregarded money order, opened and shut just so much that the flimsy paper fluttered from it to the ground.

I wanted to get down and pick it up, but with a hasty negative nod at me, and a hasty word of mingled condolence and congratulation to the old man, my driver smote up his horses and sent them at a brisk canter along the road towards the high hills.

"We maun be flitting," said he. "The mail's fair to be unco!late the day. Duncan

wull no lose the siller!"

He smiled his shrewd, sly smile, then after a moment murmured contemplatively—

"Aye, aye! It wud hae been a sair day for his mither. But auld Duncan will be

ower-proud."

And lo, as I looked back along the fast-lengthening road, instead of seeing the giant stoop to collect the precious "siller," as my companion had anticipated, I saw the shaking hand that had first let it slip so heedlessly from its grasp move slowly up till it lifted the old bonnet and bared the scanty silver locks to the keen wind of the moors; and I knew that a song of praise was going up from that valiant heart, and that "auld Duncan" was indeed "ower-proud."

The smoke stole softly heavenward from that roof of mud and thatch, and even when the poor hovel was fast becoming little more than one more hump among the humps and hollows of the moorland, I could see that majestic figure standing, bare-headed and solitary, at its threshold—a fit jewel in the setting of austere and solitary grandeur of

which he seemed so integral a part.

It was some weeks ere I travelled the same road again, and during that time the thought of the old man passed from my mind.

But we had hardly left the big blue loch behind on my homeward journey into the moors than the memory of the hermit of the peat-hags flashed across me; and when we came in sight of the tiny sheet of water that lay enshrined among them, I looked for the soft curl of smoke upon the grey sky as I would have looked for the smile of a welcoming friend.

There was the little island in the middle of the wee loch, fringed with its barren rowan trees, round which the gulls circled in hope of some possible food, and there was the low mud and moss-grown thatch that was so faintly discernible among the surrounding brownness; but there was no smoke, and my heart misgave me.

"Wull it be auld Duncan ye'll be speirin' on?" asked the driver, when I questioned him. "D'ye mind o' the bit letter I braucht

him yon day?"

"Of course I do," answered I.

"Aweel, mony'd hae thocht the puir auld mon micht hae praised Guid for the handy bit siller whatten the Lord provided. But, losh, ne'er a bit! A tuk to his chair the morn, and I hae warrandise for't that, sae lang as he keppit his wits ava, he forbiddit yon siller to be fingered, whether for drink nor vivers!"

"Then he is dead?" I asked, but I knew

that it was so. "And alone?"

"Aye," allowed the man, "whiles a neighbour wud step up the moor. But auld Duncan was ne'er yane for clavers, and A'm thinkin' he maun hae been blither by his lane, list'nin' for his trump."

"How long ago was it?"

"It man be about a week. I braucht him anither letter, but it was no like unto the first. 'Twas a stranger whatten sent it—one whatten hed fetchted beside his son oot yonder. I spelled it oot to him, forbye; for, ye ken, he had no the English."

"I remember," said I.

He paused a while, then added quietly, in

his slow sing-song-

"The lad had fa'en in his first engagement. Aye, and wi' mony a braw laddie, I'se warrant! But a' deed brave, my word! 'Twas for a bridge whatten a hundred and fifty Heelanders had been deetailed to hauld. A German attack was no expected there, but as oor laddies braucht their gun oop wi' a run, the enemy opened fire frae the braes, and A'm thinkin' it wull no hae been mony meenits till the wee force wull maistly hae fa'en and their gun hae been silenced. But list noo! A laddie jumped up frae cover amang the dead; the belt o' the gun was still chairged, so a' jist

graspit thet Maxim tripod and a', and bore it, 'neath the skirling o' the bullets, awa' to th' ither side o' the brig, richt anent the German column whatten was advancing alang the road. And a' sat doon in full view o' the enemy, a' by his lane, and opened fire. And, losh, but the column was skailed and the de'ils fleeing for cover to the fields, leaving their dead in scores. Our reinforcements came oop then, and the brig was saved. But yon Heelander was picked oop a corp anent his guid gun wi' thirty bullet wounds in his body!"

The coach-driver's voice shook, and he stopped to steady it before he cried aloud—

"And, gosh, if yon Heelander was no Murdoch Macleod! He deed brave, and we maun gie him honour."

He shifted his bonnet shyly, and I

mumbled some inadequate word.

But once more I seemed to see a grave old figure standing solitary beside a solitary hut amid the great brotherhood of solemn hills, and an old head bared to the mountain breeze; and I told myself that that simple but keener intelligence had not failed to honour the brave long before this striking proof of heroism had been given.

For a space we were silent.

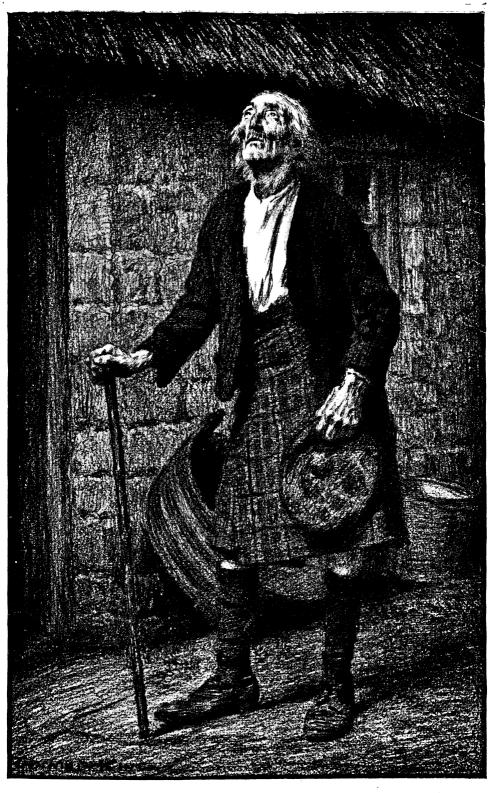
A snipe went up with a scream and a whir of wings from the sedges at the loch-side; a stag belled far up on the hills; upon the dour land was no life besides and no light, for a vast grey shadow was on it.

But slowly through the muddle of murky cloud overhead a softer streak appeared; it grew and grew from a mere rift in the curtain of heaven till it was the silver lining that told of a sun safe behind the gloom—a hidden splendour that might have set the world afire; and all the vast greyness was suffused by that tempered light, till its warm depths seemed sweeter far than all the beauty of summer blue or dazzling pomp of crimson.

My companion whipped up his horses

before setting them at the hill.

"A body micht hae thocht th' auld mon was fey and past the understanding," said he, "for he spak ne'er a word sae lang I spelled the news to him. Na, na, but I kenned weel eneuch he had hearkened. Aye, and I kenned he had gotten his trump the nicht. I bade the meenister gang to him when I gaed by the manse, but I haed my doots auld Duncan wud be a corp till the mon wud be there. Sooth, and I was no mistaken! When the meenister dunted



"I could see that majestic figure standing, bare-headed and solitary, at its threshold."

on the door, auld Duncan sat brave beside the hairth in his lone chalmer, but he was a stairk, cauld corp!"

He looked at me defiantly.

"And A'm of opeenion," said he, "that the meenister was no required. For I maun ave be thinking 'twas Murdoch ca'ed his auld faither, and they two kenned the richts o't a'!"

I could not look at him, for I was ashamed of my first judgment of this typical Scot.

"Poor old fellow!" murmured I beneath my breath.

Whereupon the man turned on me, mildly

surprised.

"Na, but he'll hae been blithe," said he simply. "Whatten better micht the Lord hae prepaired for His servant?"

And then, with the slow, shrewd smile

that I had noted in him at the beginning of our acquaintance, he added after a minute or two, with a complete change of tone-

"And, mon, but fowk wull hae been

telling 'twas no sae disjaskit a burial, ava! The wee bit siller of his ain saving, whatten the neeghbours found sawed i' the hem of his plaidie for the purpose, wuldna hae been suffeccient for the entertainment of sae mony; but "-and he stooped lower still to me and whistled the words in my ear—"the bit frae Glasgie whatten ye ken on came handy, forbye. Losh, I snaitched a wee drap to the memory o' the deed mysel', and the whisky was no sae muckle amiss!"

I looked at him astounded; but the words with which he now ended our converse made me feel once and for all how utterly incompetent was I to understand the breed from

which he sprang.

"Aye, I was blithe to ken that Duncan Macleod was no buried unseeming his clan," said he, with a grave reverence that well became him; "and we maun mind, forbye, that the bit siller was nae mair than the fair price o' the puir lad's bluid wha he lo'ed sae

THE CALL.

THE LONDON SCOTTISH ON THE MARCH.

THEY may dwell in the South for a hundred years: They may speak the Southron's tongue; They may live a life that is free from strife, Their books and desks among:

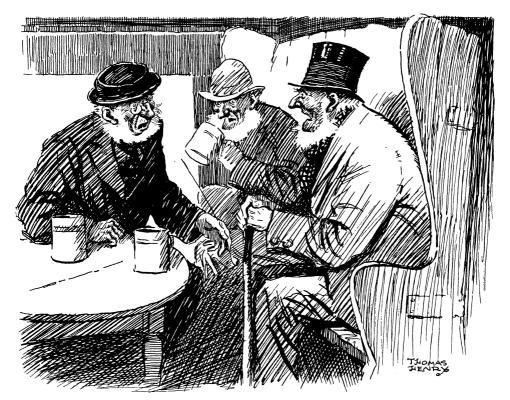
But comes a day when they hear a sound, And again they are fighters all-For lives there a Scot who answers not When the pipers call and call?

And none but a Scot can understand What the skirling bagpipes say Of the dear, grey North, whence these sons came forth. The land that is far away.

And out from the office-doors they come, And away from a thousand ties; For the skies may fall, but they heed the call, Or feel that their honour dies.

There's never a Scot but wears the look That his fighting fathers wore, As he swings his kilt to the mad'ning lilt Of the pipes that go before.

GRACE GOLDEN.



MORE WAR STATISTICS.

"They do zay, Garge, as there be as many sojers on one side as'd fill the town 'all." "What hignorance! Why, there be as many as'd fill two town 'alls! Aye, an' mebbe three!"

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

SOME AMERICAN HUMOUR ON WAR THEMES

MINISTER: Why do I never see you at church nowadays?

PARISHIONER: Well, just while this war lasts I'm not sure that I want to be taken for a Christian.



His Wife: This paper says an army of one hundred thousand men has wrecked a railroad in Belgium.

RAILROAD MAGNATE: What a waste of energy! A board of five directors could have done it just as thoroughly.



"Now, Willie, I am simply astonished that you should ill-treat your little sister and pummel and insult her so."

"But, mother, it's a game. We're playing that she is an English lady travelling abroad, and I am a German soldier." The war was being discussed from all angles at the regular Saturday night meeting of the Gin and Possum Coloured Gentlemen's Social Club.

"Yas, suh," announced Pomp Dawson, with a wise look in his rolling eyes, "dem Guhmans has got guns dat'll shoot, an' shoot tuh kill, at twenty-fi' miles."

"Huh?" asked Brother Jackson, cocking his head.

"Yas, suh," went on Pomp. "Dey not on'y shoot twenty-fi' miles, but dey kill at twenty-fi' miles."

"Good gracious!" gasped Jackson. "Nigger'd run all day an' git killed 'bout supper-time, wouldn't he?"



Urban: How's everything out your way? Suburban: Very critical. Our cook broke off all diplomatic relations this morning and demanded her passports.



OUR YOUTHFUL BELLIGERENTS.

"'APORTH of shrapnel, please, an' two farthin' Dreadnorts."

THE MODERN SCHOOL.

The walls and the ceiling they're spraying,
They're scrubbing the woodwork and floors;
A stream on the blackboard is playing,
They're boiling the desks and the doors;
The old water pail has been scalded,
A cup for each lassie and lad,
And no one may drink, as we all did,
From that old tin dipper we had.

They've cleansed every pointer and ferrule,
The ink wells are scrubbed out with lye,
The books and the slates are made sterile,
The old well is filled up and dry;
The girls have to wear, willy-nilly,
A button which bears this bold sign:
"The lips that touch germs or bacilli
Are lips that will never touch mine."

The dunce cap is boiled every morning (They've the individual kind!), The front door is set with this warning: "Who enters here leaves germs behind." No apple is smuggled for sharing, As was on the school-days of yore, Until they've made sterile the paring And quite disinfected the core.

Alas, the old pump is discarded,
And gone in the flight of the years;
The new drinking fountain is guarded
By the Anti-germ Grenadiers!
The vines from the windows they're stripping,
Lest germ-breeding insects might stay,
The eaves and the rafters are dripping
All wet with a sterilised spray.

Oh, come, in the joy of the morning,
What secrets of school-days we'll tell!
That thick rising vapour gives warning
That Teacher is boiling the bell.
It's time for the B Class in Scrubbing,
The A Class is set out to cool

From its recent boiling and scrubbing—
Three cheers for the Sterilised School!

J. W. Foley.

CASEY: Phwat's these "aigrettes" the papers are talking about, Moike?

MALONEY: Wasn't ye ivir in sassiety, ye ignoramus? Shure, it's phwat ye sind whin ye can't go.

ACC.

FIRST GOLFER: What are you going around

in now?

SECOND GOLFER: Oh, in five or six. FIRST GOLFER: Five or six! Holes? SECOND GOLFER: No, lost balls.



TEACHER: Give the possessive form of Mr. Smith, James.

PUPIL: Mrs. Smith.



STUMBLING ON THE TRUTH.

VISITOR: Why is this called a "Concentration Camp"? SENTRY: Dunno, miss, unless it's the way they

packs 'em inside.



JOHNNIE WALKER: "What do they say?"

BLUEJACKET: "'In Splendid Condition—Still Going Strong."

Any reply?"

JOHNNIE WALKER: "Just say, 'Same with me!"

JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.



PRECAUTION.

BARBER: Shall I cut your hair afterwards, sir? CUSTOMER: Not to-day, I think. Now that I'm a special constable I'd better keep my head as warm as possible.

Pat was employed on an engineering job, a few miles out of the city, and was carried to his work by an express train, which accommodatingly slowed up near the scene of his labours. One morning, however, the train rushed through the cut without reducing speed, and the foreman of the job looked in vain for Pat. At last he saw a much-battered Irishman limping back down the line, and called to him—

"Hello, Pat! Where did you get off?"
Pat turned stiffly, and, waving his hand toward the steep embankment, sighed—

"Oh, all along here!"



"There's no use, my dear girl; you can't be happy with that young man on two thousand a year."

"But, papa, I'm too much in love to care about whether I'm happy or not."



FIRST LITTLE LAMB: How grateful we should be for the wool which covers us!

SECOND LITTLE LAMB: I return thanks every day for mine. Without our wool, how could those affectionate human beings who eat us keep warm?



"They say she is splendid in amateur theatricals."

"She's a wonder. She can make the most painful tragedy a source of genuine amusement."



PROFESSOR: If I fail to give a correct answer to any problem in mathematics that anyone present offers me, I agree to forfeit the sum of five pounds!

VOICE IN AUDIENCE: Make the date of my wife's birth agree with her present age.

A NICE DISTINCTION.

Great Granny reached her satchel from the shelf,
While calculating Freddy fondly kissed her,
And carefully selected from her pelf
Two brand-new pennies—one was for himself,
The other for his sister.

The coins were big and radiantly bright—
Fred worshipped them, and put them in his pocket.
Then, in the garden, out of Grannie's sight,
He leaped and curveted in sheer delight,
As frisky as a rocket.

But, subsequently, to the ancient dame,
Her faithful vigil by the ingle keeping,
A small and melancholy urchin came,
Despairing sobs convulsed his drooping frame,
His face was creased with weeping.

She plied a necessary handkerchief,
Administering kisses fond and many,
And when her sympathy had brought relief,
He faltered out the reason of his grief:

"I've lost poor Sissie's penny!"

Jessie Pope.



MAUD: What was in that last package you opened?

BEATRIX: My birthday present from Aunt Janie.

MAUD: What is it?

BEATRIX (glancing at gift): She has neglected to say.

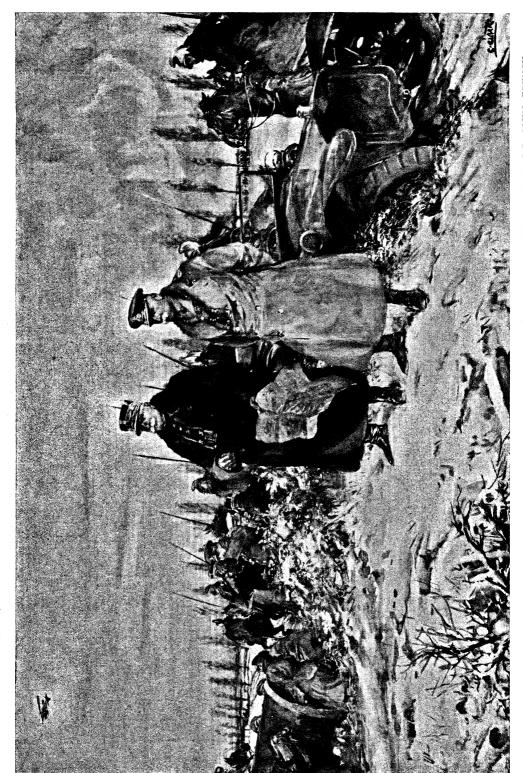


WHAT NEXT?

SHOPKEEPER: The price of candles has gone up owing to the war.

CUSTOMER: You don't mean to say they have started fighting by candle-light!

and the second s



THE TWO LEADERS OF THE ALLIED ARMIES IN THE WEST: GENERAL JOFFRE AND FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH.

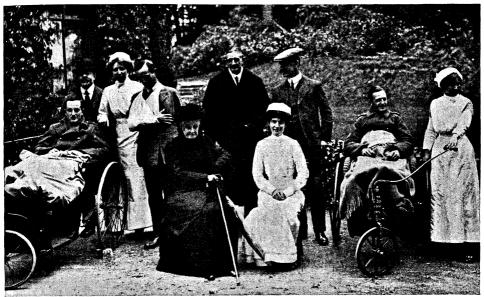


Photo by

Altieri Picture Service.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE AT HER HOME, NEAR FARNBOROUGH, NOW A MILITARY HOSPITAL.

Her Majesty is here seen, attended by her staff, with some of the patients. On the left of the Empress is Lady Hay.

SOCIAL CHANGES AND THE WAR

By W. G. FITZ-GERALD

"Land," the Bishop of London bade us in his New Year's charge. "What has inspired our rich men to forsake golf links, race-courses, and polo fields, to fling lives and fortunes into a cause entailing infinite discomfort, probably wounds, often death itself? What has given the City clerk a new horizon? What has brought the ploughboy—'the despair of the country parson'—into the ranks of the King's Own and decked him proudly?

"Or see these rows of women at work, some as nurses, hundreds visiting soldiers' and sailors' families, arranging concerts, driving the wounded from the Front in a motor-ambulance," haply their own carriage, now "converted," like the lives of the owner-drivers.

"The hour of sacrifice has come," the Primate himself has reminded us, "and there is a testing of what our loyalty is worth." All things are in the melting-pot—States, ethics, and civilisations.

"This is everybody's war," said the Indian bazaar that fateful August night when the British Raj faced the greatest crisis of its history. And so it has been, with society upside down, each Court a camp, and the very criminal has become a patriot. The Czar plays the Little Father in democratic ways. His consort has put off great estate and taken her place at the wounded soldier's bed with a clinical thermometer, the Grand Duchesses attending their mother in nurse's garb.

The world seems altogether transformed; pleasure and gain have been set aside as unseemly gods. France has left toys and laughter to stem the tide of *Deutschthurm* that fretted her eastern forts. She is a nation in arms, at once mute and bold—"the living

2 P

synthesis of energy," her President has called her. Paris ėlan has frozen into endurance, and the City of Light has grown dark. Dealers in lap-dogs have shut up shop, and the sellers of canine "modes" and frippery and jewels. So have the grands faiseurs of the Place Vendôme, for warharness has become the only wear. Rentier and rustic have gone to the Front, manmilliner and priest, Royalist, artist and Apache.

All these signs we saw from our island home. Kings and princes in the firing-line, our own Queen knitting "comforts," the Empress of Japan no longer a "divinity," but a maker of many-tailed bandages for

The yacht has left Cowes for the Seine, and tows seaward a string of barges full of broken men, with my lord as skipper and personal service a new and poignant joy eclipsing all the rest.

Town houses have been transformed. The Duke of Devonshire's became the first head- Red Cross work, Wimborne's an office, Lord Lansdowne's the focus of a fund which has drawn threepenny bits from servants and big cheques from men of wealth. The county "place" is a bivouac, the park alive with tents and sentries, the brackened turf cut up and broad drives deep-rutted with jolting guns. Hunting has become a mere business to keep

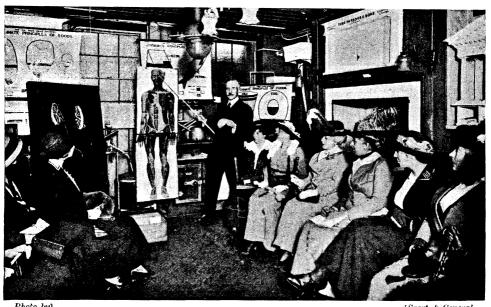


Photo by]

[Sport & General.

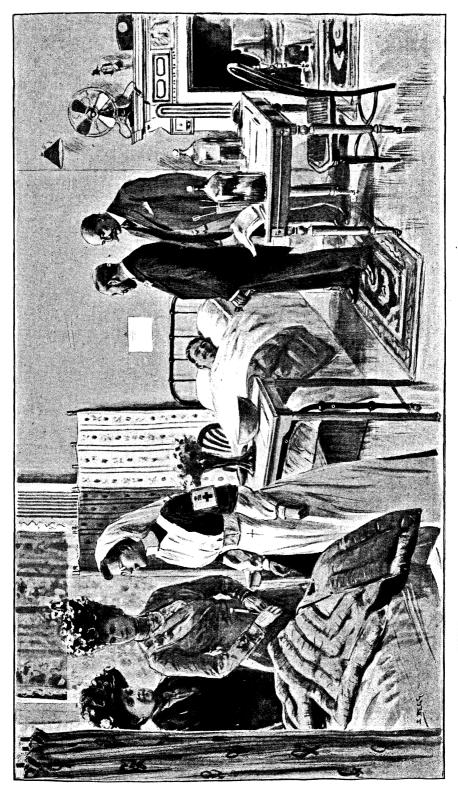
THE RED CROSS NURSE IN THE MAKING: DR. R. MURRAY LESLIE LECTURING AT THE INSTITUTE OF

the wounded of Tsingtau. Life's finer side came to a standstill—I mean the arts. poet has turned pamphleteer, the sculptor has moved amid ruins, the painter has dropped the palette for a trenching-tool or the clipper of barbed wire. It has been more than change—it is a spiritual revolution, and England can never be the same, even when peace comes again, and "Live dangerously" is among the forgotten Kaiserworte that caused the war.

Luxury fell away in a night, and soon playthings were pressed into service. Venison, salmon, and grouse have become hospital cates. My lady's car, a thing of silks and silver, with magic gear, is now an ambulance.

down foxes for the farmer's sake. home of the house-party is ranged in invalid beds, as at Highelere Castle, whither the Kaiser came, a few years since, in quest of peace and rest when State affairs broke down his health. Highelere shows the social change most strikingly. The Earl and Countess of Carnarvon have turned sumptuous saloons and art gallery into long white wards for wounded officers. Strangely incongruous are the stiff white rows of beds below precious works of the Italian and Spanish schools, each canvas worth a fortune.

The Countess is matron here, with thirty nurses under her; resident doctors, too, and



THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN VISITING WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN A HOSPITAL. From a drawing by S. Begg.

radiologists and the best London specialists at call. Highelere is a marvel of equipment, and the heavy cost is borne by the host and hostess, upon whom noblesse oblige sits with a new and peculiar grace. Other stately homes are also hospitals: Longleat, the princely seat of Lord Bath, where Queen Elizabeth was twice a guest; Corsham Court, Lord Methuen's place—his elder daughter has King's College Hospital experience.

Chatsworth and Blenheim house wounded men. So do Campsea Ash, the Speaker's country home, the Empress Eugenie's home on Farnborough Hill, and Lord Brassey's in the Ashdown Forest. Lord Brassey's Sunbeam, by the way, is hauling barges on workshop to get equipments ready—bandages, garments, and stores.

And the transformation at Le Touquet has startled the French with a sense of the profound social change wrought by the war. The X-ray room is a bathing-box, the American bar a pharmacy. Baccarat tables are piled at one end of the splendid ward, and where the Tango was taught is now the linen store—a fact shown by the fantastic paintings on the walls. Thus our rich deserve tribute from the poor, and get it, until caste barriers appear to melt away in a new spirit of sacrifice and love. It is a beautiful sign of a troublous time, and colours the Primate's New Year charge: "Be ours the

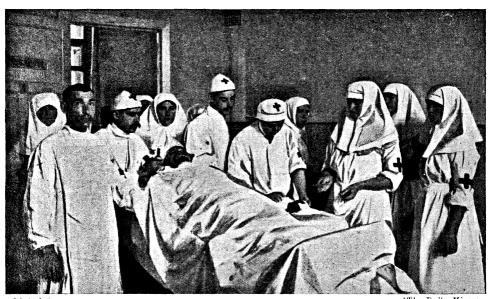


Photo by]

[The Daily Mirror.

HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE CZARINA OF RUSSIA AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS, PRINCESS TATIANA AND PRINCESS OLGA, AT AN OPERATION ON A WOUNDED RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

The Czarina is holding the clinical thermometer.

the Seine, and another famous yacht, Sir Thomas Lipton's *Erin*, has gone to the Adriatic with a surgical staff for Serbia and Montenegro, arranged by Sir Frederick Treves.

The Duke of Westminster has been in the trenches, not playing at war, but roughing it with the rest in mud and fire. His Cheshire palace—perhaps the grandest outside Royal circles—was offered to the Red Cross Society, and the Duchess of Westminster turned the Casino of Le Touquet into a hospital which a great surgeon has placed "first in order of merit as a marvel of efficient luxury." This lady promptly turned her town house into a

task to raise out of agony a better and holier thing than man has yet seen."

"Everybody's war" has bred new sympathy and broken down prejudice of all sorts—social, political, and religious. The man of figures tells us of a thousand million souls more or less affected or involved. Even South America is not wholly free. Australia is in it to her eyes, little of Africa is neutral outside Liberia and Italy's Red Sea strip. We are spending a million a day, with the prospect of doubling this; there is scarce a house in the land without hostage in trench or ship, and our overseas Dominions are pouring out their best men, material, and reserves.



Photo by] [Pictorial Press.

THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON AT EASTON PARK, WHICH HAS A HOSPITAL, AND NOW PROVIDES FOR A LARGE NUMBER OF WOUNDED MEN.

Very much à propos is a scene in the Cairo bazaars, where an Australian trooper is buying carpets to send home. "This one costs fifty pounds," says the turbaned Hadj, "and that rug is the same price; but I want a hundred for——" Here the impatient dragoman interposed.

"This man's a private soldier," he explained to Hadj, and the merchant paused. "Show him the cheaper carpets." Yet the Australian bought those costly ones, and more besides. For that ranker was a Melbourne barrister who had given up five

thousand pounds a year to shoulder a rifle for the Motherland. This Colonial rally is a politico-social fact of the first importance in the Empire's future.

India and the greater dominions are raising whole armies, but the tale of gifts is also impressive. Thus the women of Canada are giving £57,000 for naval and military hospitals; Australia votes £100,000 as a grant-in-aid to Belgium; Dominica sends £4,000 to the Flying Service; and Fiji's contribution is no less than £16,000.

Ontario contributes fruit and flour, New

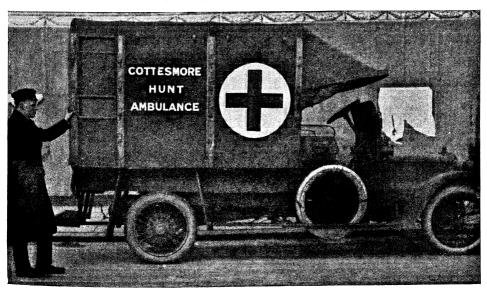


Photo by]

[Alfieri Picture Service.

Zealand pays for X-ray gear, and South Africa sends invalid port for the wounded. There are cigarettes from Rhodesia, cocoa from Grenada, arrowroot from St. Vincent, rice from Guiana, oranges from Jamaica, rum and sugar from Demerara.

The Empire's gifts, in short, range from Mrs. Hindson's ton of Australian butter to the ice-breaker *Earl Grey*, which Canada provided to keep open water in the White Sea for our Russian Allies. Councillor Big Wolf, of the Sarcee Indians, sends one hundred pounds to the cause; and the far-off savage island of Niue—one of the Cook group—offers a contingent of men,

wife is mourning, so is the lawyer's and the farmer's, the miner's and the tradesman's. And the lads they mourn were volunteers, oddly assorted as in the London Irish Rifles, where one ranker was the Earl Donoughmore's another cousin, Lord Dunleath's nephew, and many more fellows from Eton and Harrow and the public schools. One private in this regiment, summoned for withholding the usual allowance to his wife, said the lady was above shillings and pence, for he already allowed her three thousand pounds a year! This make-up of our New Armies accounts

for much of the social change we find

bewildering. "The nephew of the insurance agent," Mr. Kipling points out quaintly, "asks the cousin of the baronet to inquire of the son of the fried-fish vendor what the stevedore's brother and the tutor of the public school joined the Army for."

The Prime Minister's sons are serving, so are the Chancellor's. Lord Penrhyn is deeper in the war than any of his miners. One son was wounded and missing. He had two brothers in the Army, five brothers-in-law, and eleven nephews. Then his lordship

son was wounded and missing. He had two brothers in the Army, five brothers-in-law, and eleven nephews.
Then his lordship offered himself, rejoining the 1st Life Guards, no longer glittering horsemen, but slaves of the dug-out and ditch, with "half

our tunies."

The young accountant in Chili hurries home at the call, crossing the Andes on muleback to save the long passage round by the Horn.

the soil of France smeared up and down

These things are known to the masses, and mistrust is swept away. Will Crooks of Poplar pays tribute to "Algy with the eye-glass." Another Labour member, Mr. Brace, records "profound admiration of the way in which the noble families of Britain have given their beloved and their lives for



Photo by]

MADAME ADELINA PATTI VISITING THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN A HOSPITAL.

together with one hundred and thirty-one pounds for their outfit. "I am the island of Niue," says the prose-poem with the gift, "a small child that stands up to help the kingdom of George V."

From this to Queensland's feeding of our London poor is a big stride, but the spirit is the same—a mystery to friends and foes alike. It is of Britain that a great American journal says: "She has the gift of keeping alive, across tumbling seas half round the world, the undying bond that unites the heart to home."

It is an Imperial war waged in the loose democratic way so baffling to our enemies. The Queen has sons in peril. The peer's



From a drawing by A. C. Michael.

the Empire." He may have had the Marquis of Lansdowne in mind, who lost his second son; or Lord Aberdare, or Lord Hardinge, whose heir died of wounds after a gallant act, and whose wife died, too, after a season of splendid sorrow as Vicerine of India.

Or there was Major Dawnay, of the Household Cavalry, Viscount Downe's son, who fell dead leading a charge on a farm-house near Ypres. His men wept at the sight — "cried like kids," as Corporal Jennings said, "although bullets were flying around us. If you knew how we

Churchill owned, "but not quite true, I'm afraid. It's your husbands and sons who are doing it. Their courage and faith alone free our homes from the dreadful

sufferings of France and Belgium."

It has been this sense of common peril which has stilled the domestic jars that rent us. The Home Ruler has enlisted for freedom's sake, the man of peace has become a recruiter, and Suffrage ladies have met at Mrs. Fawcett's to arrange hospital units for Belgium, Serbia, and France.

Mention of woman's suffrage reminds us



Photo ly]

A SOLDIERS' CAMP IN GROSVENOR SQUARE.

[Newspaper Illustrations.

For members of the Queen Victoria (Territorial) Rifles, for whom Lady Strathcona has had a hut built in the fash onable square, as a military recreation centre, and the above regiment are now in occupation. The men muster one thousand, and they can obtain wholesome dinners at sixpence each, in addition to provision for all kinds of indoor games and amusements.

loved that man, you would understand. We'd have died for him!" Hence that aura of sympathy, so persuasive and widespread, affording new scope to religion both here and in France.

Our women at home feel the strain and draw together with a new sense of unity and obligation. Thus, at the opening of a social club for the wives and mothers of soldiers and sailors, the wife of the First Lord was told that her husband had saved our country from invasion.

" A pleasing thing to hear," Mrs. that the question is shelved until the war The "militants" are recruiting. Miss Pankhurst herself puts the case for the Allies before American audiences with real power and skill, to say nothing of dealing with hecklers who crowd round her after the meeting and ask why she supports a Government which has so resolutely opposed her cause.

Law-abiding Suffragists have great hopes of success when the war is over and men survey a world of their own devastating. Meanwhile there must be no jangling, no



THE WOMEN'S SICK AND WOUNDED CONVOY CORPS, WHO HAVE OFFERED THEIR SERVICES FOR THE FRONT, MAKING THEIR OWN FIELD OVENS.

with cordurous over moving news from the trench.

In the home, suburban housewives chat with cook, whose brother is "out there" as an Army Service driver. The housemaid puts a shilling in the Red Cross box, and hears there is one in every kitchen, thanks to the Duchess of Marlborough, whose aim it has been to help the great Service hospital at Netley. There is real anxiety to do "the right thing," not for the vogue of it, but because new colours gleam

in the common stuff of life.

Duty and discipline are not so much seen as felt with fine intuition worthy of the crisis. The poor family send the price of a

unseemly difference, and classes and masses have merged in a social thaw entirely new to England. Letters from "the lads" are read aloud in the train, black coats hobnob



Lady Henry Bentinck.

Photo by]

LADY HENRY BENTINCK AND OTHER WELL-KNOWN WOMEN PACKING COMFORTS FOR THE TROOPS.

From 53, Grosvenor Street, London, the headquarters of the Field Force Fund, whence some thousands of parcels have already been sent to the Front, containing clothing, tobacco, sweets, etc.

pudding to one of the funds, the school make and sell Allied flags at home, and with the pennies buy wool, which in the play-hour is knitted into socks and scarves for wintry decks and battlefields. the Great War this selfless spirit springs in bright redemption. "A wonderful world!" my lady sighs. "There's no I in it any more, but only you! No receiving, but giving, like Queen Victoria's custom on her birthday."

Manners have grown softer, customs less rigid, lifelong opinions have veered after new bewildering leads. The taste in reading has changed, for the daily papers show truth more thrilling than any fiction, and in belles lettres Tommy is supreme. There are

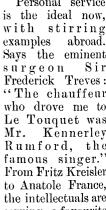
is dearer, there is little entertaining, and not much drinking of wine. On the positive side are heavy charges—the telephones, for instance, news telegrams, and tape-machines for ever clicking to eager As for the theatre, who needs reminding

of its danger, despite the cut in prices and salaries? Mr. Arthur Bourchier thinks the war likely to induce a more serious phase of national life. "My belief is," he says, "that in future we shall be found to have lost much of our taste for trivialities, and that graver problems will command our attention. If I am right, the really purposeful play will again have a chance."

Yet the theatre has had a real revival,

thanks to "shortleave" visitors from the Front, and a natural desire for distraction in a period of stress and strain.

Personal service abroad. Says the eminent Sir Frederick Treves: "The chauffeur who drove me to Le Touquet was Mr. Kennerley Rumford, the famous singer." From Fritz Kreisler to Anatole France, the intellectuals are



serving; a favourite

actor has been wounded in a thrilling combat

The romancer has turned grave with the He talks war in the papers, as the preacher does in the pulpit, for each leader of thought is full of England's transformation. Death is given new pomp, and weddings are shorn of it. Luxury has fallen away as a superfluity which no one misses—it is very strange. The smart restaurant has little supper trade, nobody buys jewels or extravagant furs. Our banks grow cautious, our insurance people alarmed, for the Army is so popular that the best "lives" take on deadly risks at the rate of two divisions a week.

Senior scholars have deserted Eton and Harrow; the Universities have seen no such

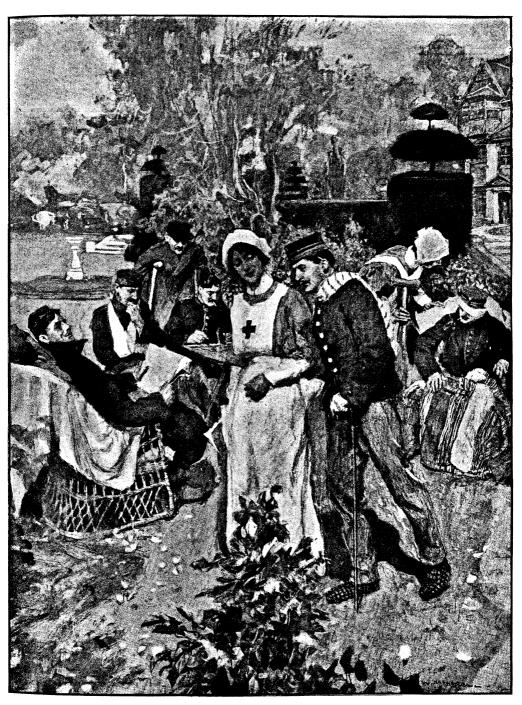


WOMEN WORKERS HELPING TO CARRY ON THE WORK OF A FRUIT FARM FROM WHICH MEN HAVE JOINED THE ARMY.

columns about his muddy day, his woes and wit, with whole Odysseys of adventure in the trench and on the road, wounded or whole or in the making as a soldier.

No wonder the novelist has become a special constable, the clubman has left golf and bridge to peel potatoes for the mess or to take over duties from the Yeomen of the Guard who patrolled the Buckingham Palace grounds. To see a Reform Club member pacing the shrubberies in the small hours, flashing an electric torch here and there in the wintry fog, is to realise "social change" of an amazing sort.

The crisis in clubland can only be referred to in passing. Resignations are many and candidates few. On kitchen and cellar the steward faces a heavy loss. Food



WOUNDED BELGIAN SOLDIERS AT AN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE: A SCENE ON A DAY LAST AUTUMN WHEN THE SUN SHONE SUFFICIENTLY FOR THE INVALIDS TO TAKE THE AIR IN THE GARDEN.

From a drawing by William Hatherell, R.I.

change since the Civil War of long ago. The first shock fell upon Oxford last August, when a thousand undergraduates were recommended for commissions.

The Hebdomadal Council's room has become a hospital ward. There is a hush upon these classic halls, and empty rooms stare out upon quadrangles full of troops. At an All Souls examination one Fellowship candidate wore a cavalry uniform, another that of an able seaman! Oxford the city is left to lament the absence of much of her usual patronage.

It is the same story at Cambridge—a

trencher on Hampstead Heath and the immaculate Guardsman knee-deep in Flemish mud, with matted hair and a week's beard.

After all, war has a beneficial side, as German thinkers assert. No longer glutted with good things, our women seem happier, simpler, more sympathetic. Preachers and novelists of all shades insist upon this, and beat time to the new music. The social season of 1915 is without a parallel. The King is in khaki, reviewing vast hosts of fighting-men; his mail and business day would tire a City merchant. His Majesty has cousins and nephews fighting against



Photo by] [News Illustrations Co.

SCHOOL-CHILDREN HANDING TO THEIR MISTRESS THE MONEY THEY HAVE EARNED BY PAINTING AND SELLING FLAGS, FOR THE PURCHASE OF WOOL TO MAKE HELMETS, SCARVES, AND MITTENS FOR THE MEN AT THE FRONT.

hospital in the cloisters of Nevile's Court, another of a thousand beds on the King's and Clare ground. No organised athletics, because no men; no mind for the river or the fields, but college officers in uniform, and khaki lectures the rule of both Universities. Young Oxford talks of the national awakening and how it will ensue. "Our mode of life will change; there will be less luxury and more purpose." This is the new note.

And as luxury ceases, so discontent declines, the West End doctors tell us. The national health improves, soldiering has a magical effect upon recruit and veteran alike—the him; former friends of our country, like Count Mensdorff and Prince Lichnowsky, are alien enemies of the Crown.

There is really no Court. The Palace itself is a State Department, and the Queen is concerned with socks and belts, work for women, and visits to the wounded—British, Colonial, and Indian. The great houses are influenced accordingly. There are no dances, no stately dinners or receptions on the grand scale, but little gatherings of friends summoned by telephone at short notice. Even among these guests defections occur, as the roll of honour brings its daily burden of sorrow and pride.

The hunting woman plays at "invasion drill" or field cookery with the camp-kettle. She passes a stretcher over the hedge with a wounded man on it, she pitches a tent, or converts the farmer's cart into an ambulance with boughs and slings and rough first-aid devices. Her horse is sold, her golf clubs rusting, her maid out of work, and her dog harnessed to a cause, with a box on its collar and a printed appeal that sets the village diving into purses.

The list of leagues and funds fills columns of the papers. There are the Grand Duke Michael and his gloves, the Duchess of

daughter, who knows what it is to snatch a man from shell-fire and play the nurse in a racing car back to the base in Ghent.

But that costs money. So does Samaritan work at Boulogne like Lady Angela Forbes's, or to run a hospital as the Countess of Dudley does at Wimereux, or Lady Decies at Dunkirk, or Lady Sarah Wilson, who is one of the widows of the war.

As for young girls, they have changed under Princess Mary's lead—her "Please-will-you-help-me" letter set a lasting vogue. The nation's girls move heaven and earth to have a hand in the Great Adventure.



Photo by]

"BACK FROM THE FRONT."

[Graphic Photo Union.

Hamilton and her home industries, Lady Shaftesbury and her "War Babies," cigarette funds and sweet funds, funds for footballs and crutches and invalid foods.

Civilian England is one huge service corps, and knitting the politest art. Woman's imagination has been kindled. She packs off papers to the Fleet, and writes letters for the soldier's wife. They even practise shooting at the new range in the crypt of a London church! As a Red Cross worker she drudges in voluntary aid detachments, pining to go abroad and be "in it," as the Duchess of Sutherland has been, or the Lady Dorothy Feilding, Lord Denbigh's

They read of women warriors in every army but their own—of Marie Dubois, who led the regiment in her dead lover's uniform, and won the Médaille Militaire, and of Liuba Ouglik, wounded in East Prussia, and the colonel's daughter, the heroine of Vilna, who cut off her hair and tapped the German wires to brilliant purpose.

Here at home they see Mrs. Maurice Hewlett as a flier, Mrs. Garrett Anderson as a doctor, turning the Paris Claridge's into a hospital with an all-woman staff, the first of its kind, and more eloquent than any agitation.

Girlhood is restless, and wonders how the

rose-hued way ever allured, the season of picnic and dance that now seems like another life. In the common schools girls are trading sweets and buying wool with

the pennies so received.

It is a "time of excitement and anxiety," as the Primate's wife said in her appeal to the rank and file of girls. What could they do? their actions asked. And some were indiscreet. "You can work for them," Mrs. Davidson advised, "you can pray for them, you can help by expecting them to be steady, brave, and good."

Sensitive to new impressions, the girl of to-morrow will be different from the girl of yesterday. It will be a graver type—all observers agree upon this. Life will be no "good time," but a thing of larger meaning and less selfish aim. Nor are the children uninfluenced by the great upheaval. War toys at Christmas showed us this; the very dolls were nurses, and the cars took stretchercases in tiers, with a Red Cross orderly sitting on the step behind, ready to attend to his patients en route!

The children have helped as they love to do, giving up their toys in town for the poor or refugees, and in the country collecting fruit and eggs for Territorial hospitals. Here, again, we see duty and discipline shown, not in a priggish way, but imbibed, as it were, in There are the new atmosphere of purpose. chickens for this fund, firewood for that, and the price of a pup for a third. mistress of a Walworth Infants' School sends seven shillings and sixpence to a tobacco fund with this note: "Our little ones have brought the money in very small sums, in farthings, halfpennies, and pennies. They are delighted at the idea of sending their fathers a present."

At a Southport school the girls have given up sugar in their tea and coffee for the half-term. The poorest children have gone without toys to give to the Belgians, and one little fellow sent five shillings he had saved in car fare by walking instead of riding home from school. So the spirit of sacrifice grows, and is loved for its own sake. Some little girls, greatly daring, pin notes to their work, explaining with pride how they have given their play-hour to those socks and mitts. And one day "Dear little Ethel" gets a letter of thanks from wintry seas where the Grand Admiral keeps watch for us all.

There was Muriel, too, of the Belfast school, who "drew" Sir Douglas Haig: "How delighted we feel that they've thought of the soldiers of the First Army Corps and their wants! I am very much touched at

what you say." It is the most charming bond between Navy and Army and children, and must influence the coming generations.

But so many are the social changes, and so new to us, that I cannot deal with them all, nor even mention them in passing. Both Services have become "national" in a Continental sense, and yet all our soldiers are volunteers. Can it be possible, we ask to-day, that the red coat was ever a reproach? To-day we are all soldiers, in fancy or in fact, and grope along the trench, thinking of dear ones at home, now with new ties bound to us and to one another—

The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady Are sisters under their skins.

We are all brothers and sisters, Lady French and the trooper's wife, Lord Dalhousie and his valet—the men found him by the Yser in a pool of blood, and carried him into camp. "We shall come out of it," says Dean Inge, "much wiser men and women, and perhaps not really sadder, for there is an austere joy in seeing things as they are."

All our thinkers dwell on the wondrous change the war has wrought—the swiftest change in our history, the most far-reaching and complete. The Primate, in his great New Year address, contrasted yesterday with to-day, the laxity of our days of ease with the clarion of Empire, the glad and eager rally of every man: "Here am I—send me!"

So even while we pray we are to give thanks for the devotion of heroes by sea and land—"a priceless heritage in the unrolling and rebuilding of a nation's story." England is still England, and to do one's bit, in the brief homely phrase, becomes a passion.

The civil surgeon has come forward as a naval volunteer, giving up a comfortable practice to minster affoat in wintry seas amid all the perils of mines and submarines. Country curates and bus-conductors drive motor-lorries for the Army Service Corps, and thousands of men have sharpened their wits at home to serve in arsenal and factory—service no less urgent than that in the firing-line.

Even the women are ready to do a man's work if it set a man free for the Front—the male teacher, for instance; the shop assistant and railway clerk, even the tram-conductor, the chauffeur, groom, and gardener.

The question of woman's labour is less insistent here than on the Continent, where wives and daughters carry on the nation's life whilst the whole effective manhood is mobilised for defence. Yet we

have seen the Under-Secretary for War in the House of Commons appealing to the Labour Party to sanction women's work in branches never filled by women before. It is a difficult problem, one fraught with perplexity when the Great War is over, and our volunteer establishment of three million men turn back to civil employment.

Women have a chance just now as doctors,



Photo by]

[The Daily Mirror.

REV. P. M. O'CAFFREY.

Enrolled as a French private, now in the Naval Flying Squadron.



Photo ly] [Central News.

THE CZARINA'S SISTER AS A NURSE.

The Grand Duchess Elizabeth, widow of the Grand Duke Servius.

for the Army Medical Service has absorbed thousands of qualified men, and University students have taken commissions and left without a medical degree. "For the first time in several years." says Professor Howard Marsh, of Cambridge, "there is no candidate for the M.C. degree; and whereas last year there were sixty-five candidates for the M.B., this year there are only seventeen. Next year," the Professor fears, "the shortage will be greater still."

Mrs. Mary Scharlieb, of Harley Street, the doyenne of women doctors, urges women to fill these gaps due to "the inevitable wastage of war." Asylums, hospitals, and missionary societies are gravely hindered by the scarcity of doctors. The old prejudice against women is gone, and important posts are thrown open to them, so great is the demand. A woman student of the Royal Free Hospital qualified last autumn, and on the very day she registered applied for and obtained a post worth £160 a year, with her own flat and a maid to look after her.

In fumbler spheres the need is much more acute. Thus from one West End store alone 800 men have joined the colours, and as far as possible girls are replacing them, even as lift attendants and assistants in the grocery and other departments hitherto exclusively staffed by men. There are similar changes all through the country at counter and desk, where clerks are released for England's defence. As chauffeurs and hair-dressers, tram-conductors and ticket-sellers, in the fancy leather and metal trades, women and girls are installed and fast learning economic independence.

But the greatest novelty is the demand for female labour on the farms, lately voiced by the Marchioness of Londonderry, who points to woman's work in this way throughout the Scottish Lowlands. So serious is the dearth of farm labour through the war, that efforts have been made to relax the school age, so that boys from twelve to fourteen could be brought into service.

No one supposes that women can all at once plough or handle horses or machines, but they can and do look after poultry, rear calves, feed the stock, milk the cows, and work in the garden, duties which are the secret of success in small farming abroad. Cases have been known of late where

farmers have been compelled to abandon milk production solely from lack of capable milkers, as well as wagoners and lads, most of them now in khaki "somewhere in France."

The entire labour market is affected, yet disputes are few, and a strike is viewed as flat treason against the State. Labour is adapting itself loyally to these extraordinary conditions. Thus the upholsterer, who was slack, turned himself into a leather-stitcher, and was soon busy on bandoliers and belts, not only for our own Army, but also for the French and Russian Governments.

Some of these men make ten shillings a day, and have the additional satisfaction of serving their country in war-time, just as the London busman does who pounds along the shell-torn roads of France with

a lorry-load of cartridges or food.

For we are now a military nation. New methods of warfare disturb our island security, and this lies at the root of all these social changes. We have drawn near to France and Russia, amazing our Allies with unity and might, pouring all our races into the field from the Rockies to the Himalay. It was the enemy who was lulled and mistaken, not England, as he thought exultingly. As the Attorney-General has said: "They were calculating the explosive force of this shell and that, leaving out of account the explosive force of British indignation!"

Hence the amazed homage of neutral nations as Britain shook herself and rose, calling on her own might. America echoed Emerson's praise of England fifty years ago: "All hail, Mother of heroes, with strength still equal to the time, seeing better in the cloudy day and with secret vigour in advantage."

adversity."



THE POOL IN THE FOREST

By WARWICK DEEPING

Illustrated by H. M. Paget



ISTS were gathering in the valley meadows when John Giffard rode through the eastern purlieus that lay between the forest and Fulk de Corbil's castle of Brent.

On the west, a great beech wood

went up against the pale gold of the sunset, and southwards lay a mysterious smother of moorlands and of bog. Fulk de Corbil's valley was a deep, green trough, its black castle and the black water about it softened and made to look more vague and distant by the rising mists.

The King's forest stretched for three leagues west of Brent Castle, and John Giffard was the King's master-forester and

lord of the deer.

He had turned his horse into White Hart Walk, and was going softly over the forest turf, when he saw something moving ahead of him, a grey shape that looked like a shred of mist drifting between the trees.

Now, Giffard's men had been talking of a ghost that they had seen in the outlying woods towards Brent. Mat of the Moor swore that he had sent an arrow through it, and that it had uttered no sound, but had melted away into the bracken.

Giffard had doubted these tales, but there was this grey, floating thing about a hundred yards ahead of him, and he touched his horse with the spurs to get a nearer view of it.

The soft turf deadened the sound of his horse's hoofs, and he had cantered some fifty yards before he saw the grey shape turn sharply and pass behind the bole of a great beech tree. Giffard dismounted and, leaving

his horse in the ride, went wading through the bracken with one hand on the short sword that he wore. His eyes had marked the trunk of the beech tree from the moment he had seen the unknown thing disappear behind it.

He halted about twenty paces from the tree, conscious that the dusk was falling and that he had no doubt at all that such things as ghosts existed.

"Hallo, there, hallo!"

No one answered him and nothing moved. He went on another five paces, moving to one side so as to see round the tree.

Suddenly he stopped dead, for the thin, clear note of a bell broke the vast silence of the forest, and a voice uttered a muffled cry of "Beware, beware!"

Giffard crossed himself. The thing behind the tree was a leper.

He went no nearer, but spoke from where he stood.

"Come out into the open, my friend. There is no cause to hide behind that tree."

The thing came out where he could see it, all muffled up in a grey habit, the cowl drawn forward, the leper bell hanging by a strap from its girdle. The face under the cowl was swathed in linen, and nothing but two eyes showed.

Pity stirred in Giffard's heart. Even the repulsiveness of this outcast made his loneliness seem more terrible and tragic. What must life mean to such a creature as this? And perhaps he thanked God for his own youth, for his own clean brown skin, and for the right to look unabashed into the eyes of a man or a maid.

"Peace to you, brother. Why do you

wander here—in the forest?"

A thin, smothered voice answered him—
"Where should such as I wander?

What does it avail? The birds do not cease singing because a leper is in the wood."

True, true. But I am the masterforester, my friend, and all those who pass here are under my ken."

"I shall not harm the deer, good sir."

"But my men have come near harming you. To be taken for a ghost may tempt some fool to shoot. I would bid you to make more use of that bell you carry."

"I will ring more often, good sir, and yet, if one of your foresters gave me death,

I doubt whether I should grieve."

He seemed to have no more to say, but stood there mutely in the dusk, his hands hidden in the sleeves of his habit.

"How do you come by food here?"

The leper hesitated.

"There is an old woman who keeps a cow and a few pigs on the other side of the forest. She sells me milk and bacon and bread. Do not be angry with her, lording. We do not go near one another. She puts the food under a bush, and I go and take it, and leave money."

"And where do you sleep?"

"In the bracken. I am used to the open sky and the dew. And at night I look at the stars. They are the eyes of heaven, and they do not fear to look upon me."

Giffard would have questioned him further, but his horse was growing restless, and he

feared the beast might bolt.

"If at any time you are hungry, friend, come to the Great Lodge, and you shall be fed. And may God and our Lady comfort

you!"

The leper bowed his head and murmured words that Giffard could not hear. He went back through the bracken, mounted his horse, and rode on down White Hart Walk, leaving the leper standing under the beech tree.

"Poor soul!" he thought. "Surely this is no warm, blithe world to him, but a land of shadows where Death walks as a friend."

Giffard was hardly out of sight, when the leper went on at a rapid pace through the beech wood, holding the bell clapper so that it made no sound. The grey figure threaded the glooms of the outer woods, and, coming to the meadow-lands, stood at gaze, its face turned towards Fulk de Corbil's great castle. And suddenly it broke into a run, following a thorn hedge that parted two meadows.

Fulk de Corbil had been out hawking, and was riding back, as the dusk fell, with his boon companions and his servants. It was a garish company, gaudily coloured with its

slashed sleeves and liripiped hoods, its rich horse-trappings, and its laughter. A cadger walked behind Fulk de Corbil with six fine hawks on the frame. There were women mounted on palfreys, women with gay faces and gayer clothes. Twenty archers in red and green followed behind, for Fulk de Corbil was not loved in those parts, and the forest folk were not gentle.

As they came along the track round the dusky moat towards the bridge gate, Fulk de Corbil had a silver box of sweetmeats on the saddle before him. A gay lady rode on either side of him, and he was twitting them and laughing, holding out the box first to one and then to the other, but drawing it back when they reached out their hands.

"How the dear children have always quarrelled over me!" And he laughed, showing his teeth above his pointed red beard.

"Snatch! Snatch! My hawks are

quicker!"

They mocked him in return, and their voices were hard and audacious.

"To be sure, you have always offered

much and given nothing!"

"Master Reynard, Mortimer's fox!"
The last gibe stung him, and he turned his lean, fierce face on the woman who had

his lean, fierce face on the woman who had uttered it.

"That tongue of yours is forked, Sancia. All the sweetmeats in this box would not

sweeten it. Eloise here——"

A bell jangled suddenly, and they saw standing by the bridge house a grey figure with muffled face, one hand outstretched.

"Have pity, gentles, have pity!"

Fulk de Corbil had the soul of a brute, and Sancia's words angered him so that he cared not whom he hurt.

"What! A death's head! You rotting

thing, who sent you here?"

The leper repeated his whine. "Alms, lording! Have pity!"

Fulk de Corbil pushed his horse forward, raised the silver box, and threw it full in the leper's face.

"Take your breath away from my gate, you dog, or my fellows shall pin your rags

to you!

Then he turned on the woman who had taunted him.

"This rotten apple shall have your sweetmeats, Sancia! Thunder, but it is a pity that there is no cancer to eat out women's tongues!"

When Fulk de Corbil and all his company had ridden through the bridge gate and over the bridge into the castle, the leper stood staring over the moat. Yellow lights were shining out here and there in the black mass, the rays from the loopholes and windows striking the water in the broad moat and making little glimmering trackways that dwindled into the darkness.

Suddenly the grey figure on the edge of the moat thrust out its arms towards Brent

Castle in a frenzy of hate.

"Ah, Fulk de Corbil, wretch, traitor, betrayer of good men, beware! The hand

that strikes shall have no pity!"

The leper picked up the silver box, emptied the last of the sweetmeats out of it, and hid it away in the wallet that hung at his back.

Three days passed, and John Giffard had warned his men. "Your ghost is nothing more than a poor leper. I spoke with him in White Hart Walk. He will do no harm

now that the fence month is over."

There had been trouble in Dewlap Woods. Ragged rascals had broken in there and slain a deer, for Mat of the Moor had found a blood track and the slots of a deer, and a place where men had trampled the bracken. Giffard knew no such thing as fear, and, being the son of a mesne lord, he held that a gentleman should be first when hard knocks might be expected. The forest folk called him "John Strong-in-the-arm," and the women wondered why he did not marry. "No wench proud enough to match him," said some, "though my Lord Fitzpeter's daughter would not say him nay, if he asked her."

A full moon was up, and John Giffard put on a light shirt of ring mail under his green tunic, buckled on a short sword, took his bow and six arrows, and went out alone from the Great Lodge. He struck north by the King's Ride, and held for the Dewlap and Badger Woods, crossing Witch's Bog and going over Heron's Heath. But though he beat all the rides and ways on the north of the forest, he found no trouble there, and heard no sound save the night wind in the trees.

He passed two hours sitting under the Queen's Yew on the edge of the northern purlieus, and just before dawn he started homewards, striking across Heron's Heath for the Black Vale. Now, the Black Vale was the wildest part of the forest, and there were but three living men who knew the paths and the ways. Giffard was one of them, and he entered the Black Vale about dawn.

It was filled with one huge wood of oaks, beeches, and yews, with here and there a

forest pool or a wild clearing. Giffard followed Gilimer Brook, a brown stream that ran through the Black Vale. He was near to Gilimer Pool, where the oldest yews in the forest grew, when he heard a sound that made him pause and listen.

There was no doubt as to the sound; it was the note of a bell, casual but half muffled, and it came from the direction of Gilimer Pool. He pushed on cautiously through the tall bracken, reached the yews, and stole through under their black branches.

Then he stood motionless and astonished, leaning on his bow. The yews shut in an open space, and in the centre lay the forest pool, with the dawn light striking through the tops of the yews and throwing golden gleams upon the brown water. And kneeling on a great flat stone at the edge of the pool was the leper Giffard had met in White Hart Walk, and from under the grey cowl hung a mass of red-brown hair.

The leper was a woman!

The cowl hid her face, but suddenly she tossed the cowl back and, leaning forward as she knelt, looked at herself in the water of the pool. Giffard had expected some hideous mask, some whitened, swollen thing, for once in his life he had seen a leper's face, and he had never forgotten it. But this was the face of a girl, fresh and pure as a May morning.

And that wonderful hair of hers hung down till it trailed in the water, and its golds and reds and bronzes were reflected

therein as the sunlight caught it.

Giffard held his breath.

She straightened herself, put her hair back, and, stretching her arms wide, drew in deep breaths, as though glad to be free of all those swathings and to feel the sunlight on her face. Her beauty was not a mere thing of the senses. The dark eyes, set well apart, had a smoulder of passion in them. There were touches of scorn about her mouth and nostrils, a scorn that was fine and courageous. And the dusky splendour of her hair seemed to cast a glow upon her, making the white skin and the red lips and the dark eyes more magical.

Giffard hesitated. Then he walked out from under the yews into the morning

sunlight.

She was up like a startled deer. He saw her search for something, and found himself covered by a crossbow that she had snatched up out of the grass.

"Come no nearer!"

He showed her his unstrung bow.

"Madame, you and I have met before."

Then she knew him, but she did not lower that crossbow of hers, and he could see her drawing her breath in quickly, like an animal that has been startled.

"Ah, John Giffard!"

For some seconds they stood thus, about fifteen paces apart, looking at each other with watchful eyes.

Suddenly she lowered her crossbow.

"Some men, like some dogs, must be trusted."

He smiled at the words.

" Madame, what shall I say to one caught breaking the forest laws? No one may carry a long bow or an arblast within the forest, save the King's forester and two such men as he shall name. Two nights ago a deer was slain."

She looked at him steadily.

"Deer! Think you I hunt the deer? No, that need not vex you."

"And these clothes and that leper bell?" "I am afflicted. My face may seem fair-

He disbelieved her utterly, and she saw that he disbelieved her.

"Maybe you speak not of the body, but of the heart?"

"A leper at heart! Thank you, John Giffard! Is it a leprous thing to hate someone because of a life that has been squandered? No. Neither can one leave certain things to God."

She seemed lost in thought for a moment, and her face looked whiter and more set towards some purpose. Then she raised her eyes to his, and, moving nearer through the bracken, scanned his face intently.

"John Giffard, I have heard it said that you are a strong man and a chivalrous. Your eyes look straight at me, nor do mine flinch from yours."

"Madame, I am what I am. What would you ask of me?"

Her face softened and a kind of radiance

covered it.

"Believe what I tell you—that I have a certain vow upon me, that I am here for love of one who is dead. I will tell you my name; it is Judith Pendrell, and I have neither father, husband, brother, nor friend. I come not from these parts, but, because of this vow of mine, I hide myself in this I ask you, John Giffard, not to put forest. me forth."

She spoke very simply, almost like a child, but he judged that there was some unforgettable thing hidden behind those eyes of hers. He was stirred within himself because of her, and that which was born within him was not mere pity.

"I shall not put you forth," he said, "and

She echoed him: "And yet?"

"The forest is not always merciful. There is a certain lord here, Fulk de Corbil, who holds the right of hunting the King's deer for three days each year. There is no king now but Roger Mortimer, and this Fulk de Corbil is his man. Well, he has chosen to hunt in the forest this day week, and he is a wanton, mischievous beast, and no cruel thing comes amiss to him."

She answered very quietly.
"I have heard of Fulk de Corbil. But

why should he harm a leper?"

"Because there is no reason in a thing is reason enough for Fulk de Corbil. would set his dogs on you if the whim took I would bid you lie hidden that

"That would be easy. Over yonder is a great oak with a hollow eaten out of its trunk. It would serve me as a castle."

He had one more question to ask her.

"Why do you carry that crossbow with you?"

"That is part of my vow. It is not for the deer; I swear that to you."

And he did not press her further.

"I trust you as to that. As for this disguise of yours——"

"It is a leper who walks the woods, John Giffard. Keep my secret. I, too, trust you

with something."

She seemed to have said her say, and stood there waiting for him to go. Her eyes grew shy of his, for he was good to look upon, straight-lipped and clean, and she knew, as a woman knows, that the man in him had been stirred by the woman in her.

"Mistress Judith, we shall meet again." "Perhaps—perhaps not. Whatever be-

falls, I thank you, Master Giffard."

A strong man may go for years without the great adventure of life befalling him. He may have cantered through his boyish escapades, gone love-sick for a week, or passed some face that seemed fair to him and then forgotten it. But when the real flare comes, it is fire of another sort, and the bigger the man's heart, the bigger the furnace.

So it befell with John Giffard. Gilimer Pool, with its brown woodland water, became a lure to him, and he saw it agleam



"He struck up Fulk de Corbil's sword and caught him by the throat."

with the glory of a woman's hair. Whence had she come? What was this mysterious vow of hers? What shadowy sorrow lay

hid in the deeps of her eyes?

The deer had no lord those days. The forest held a thing that was more wonderful, more to be desired. John Giffard would be out before dawn, following the brown glimmer of the Gilimer Brook where it ran under the oaks and beeches of the Black Vale. He was an unseen warden, an invisible pilgrim, for his love was a watching and a great silence. He never showed himself to Judith Pendrell, but he was there along the yews, seeing but unseen.

And here almost daily he saw a strange thing. There was a tall beech tree at one end of the glade, and Judith would take her crossbow and shoot bolt after bolt across the pool at the grey trunk of this beech tree. The intent, purposeful thoroughness of her shooting was unforgettable. When she had shot some dozen bolts, she would walk round the pool to the beech tree, examine the trunk and the hits that she had made. Very few shots went astray; she was in dead earnest about something, and her shooting with the crossbow kept pace with her purpose. He would watch her spending an hour working the bolts out of the bark of the beech tree with her knife.

"This is not done for pleasure," he said to

himself.

The mystery took on a new meaning.

Giffard had watched and held aloof, but, on the day before Fulk de Corbil's hunting, he showed himself by Gilimer Pool. Judith was sitting on a pile of bracken that she had cut, staring at the water of the pool like one who sees ghosts. Her cowl was over her head, but her face was uncovered.

Giffard had warned her that it was he who was moving through the yews.

"Mistress Judith, a friend!"

It was no mere fancy of his that her eyes were glad of his coming. She had been alone so much, with nothing but her own thoughts to brood over, that she was hungry for the sight of a human face, and perhaps her loneliness and the sinister days that lay before her made her yearn for the things that she had cast away out of her life.

Giffard came through the bracken towards her, and her very first glimpse of his face was a revelation. She looked at him, not a little astonished within herself, for in a week this man had changed from a mere stranger into a lover, without having seen her again, as she thought, since he had surprised her by the pool.

"Still here?"

He stood looking down at her, and his eyes made her afraid because they beckened her away from the fate that she had chosen.

"Yes, I am still here."

He threw himself down a bow's length from her, propping himself on one elbow.

"I came to tell you that Fulk de Corbil

hunts to-morrow."

She had to stiffen herself against a selfbetrayal, for that name was like the cut of a whip to her.

"I will shut myself in my castle."

"There is the Great Lodge. You will be safer there."

"You forget what I pretend to be."

"There is a shed built of faggots in my orehard. A leper would do no harm there."

Persuade her he could not; there was always the mystery of that vow. And in his desire to persuade her, the lover in him broke loose, almost without his realising it; but Judith knew it, and his love made her afraid. For the faint echo in her own heart grew suddenly to a strangely pleading cry. Love and life held out their hands to her, and she had taught herself to look for death.

Yet, before he left her, this love of his became a conscious and rational thing that would not consent to be silenced.

"Am I to know nothing?"

Her eyes tried to rebuff him, and they failed.

"You have but to think of my bell and my leper's frock. They warn friends away."

"What danger is there?"

"That is a thing I may not tell you."
"But if I should vow to discover it?"
She turned to him with sudden passion.

"Man, man, is there no sanctuary for me even here? Say no more, I charge you, or I shall hate you from the deeps of my heart!"

When he left her that day, his love was the greater because of her striving to escape it. So great was it that he could forgive her her silence, and swear to himself that she should learn to trust him even with the truth.

Giffard was nearer to it than he guessed.

The forest was to be Fulk de Corbil's for one whole day, and Giffard forgot the deer in thinking of Judith Pendrell. He was down among the yews by Gilimer Pool soon after dawn, and the first sound that he heard was the sound of the leper bell.

He hid himself, and the sound of the bell came nearer, passed him, and went on as though Judith were following the Gilimer She was walking right away from the hollow oak that was to have served heras her castle, and he was puzzled to know why she was astir so early, and, being puzzled, he followed her.

He soon sighted the grey figure moving among the trees, and he kept Judith in view, shadowing her through the forest, and wondering as he went. For she took the Gilimer Brook as her guide, and the brook would lead her through the Black Vale, across White Hart Walk to High Woods and Bratley Heath, where Fulk de Corbil would begin his hunting. They would start a stag in High Woods and hunt him across Bratley Heath, for Mat of the Moor was to serve Fulk de Corbil for the day, and the course of Bratley Heath was Mat's favourite chase.

An hour later John Giffard was lying full length in the bracken, watching Judith, who had posted herself behind the trunk of a beech tree. The green gloom of the woods ended before them in a great sunlit glade, whose southern end showed the blue horizon over Bratley Heath. Giffard kept very still. He had seen Judith take the stock and the bow of her crossbow from under her grey habit, fit them together, and take a trial shot at a tree on the far side of the glade. was astonished, too, at the place she had chosen, for only a forester's cunning could have told her that a stag nearly always took his course along this glade when hunted over Bratley Heath.

What was in her mind? Was this a mere piece of adventure, or had that bow of hers some grim purpose to serve?

From the distance came the tongueing of The sound drew nearer and nearer, and Giffard's eyes never left Judith's figure. He had brought his own bow with him, and he strung it, ready. There was the sound of some big thing galloping, and Giffard saw a hart royal come up the glade and pass the tree where Judith lay hidden. She let the hart go by and loosed no bolt at it.

Giffard rose to his knees. If she had let the hart go by, was she waiting for the man who hunted it?

The hounds appeared, running in a bunch, with a fierce old dog leading them. passed, and the noise of their padding feet was followed by the galloping of a horse. Giffard knew Fulk de Corbil's ways. was a mad rider, and the cronies of his who hunted with him were content to be left behind.

Giffard saw Judith move from behind the trunk of the tree. A big roan horse was coming along at a gallop, and the man who rode it was Fulk de Corbil. His green surcoat was embroidered with crimson falcons, and his hunting cap was of crimson velvet. A silver horn was slung over one shoulder, and he carried a bow in his right hand.

Giffard sprang up. He heard the burr of a bowstring, and saw Fulk de Corbil sway in the saddle; but he recovered himself, reined his horse in, and threw rapid glances

into the wood.

Judith was rebending her bow. went forward into the open, laid a bolt on the string, and took a steady aim at the man on the roan horse.

The second bolt struck him full, in the flank, but Fulk de Corbil had a chain mail shirt under his surcoat. He sighted Judith, stuck the spurs into his horse, and rode straight at her, throwing his bow aside and drawing the short sword that he wore.

Giffard saw her stand stock still, as though astonished that both her bolts had failed. She did not try to re-string her bow, but seemed to wait there helplessly for Fulk de

Corbil's horse to trample on her.

Giffard shouted-"Run-run!

She heard him, and the will to live seemed to revive in her. She turned and fled back into the wood; but Fulk de Corbil rode in after her, for the great trees stood well apart, like the pillars of a church.

Giffard was fitting an arrow to his bow. Fulk de Corbil's rage had galloped by without seeing him, and he cursed as he rode.

Giffard saw Judith stumble and fall. Fulk de Corbil was about to ride right over her, when Giffard sent an arrow into the horse's The horse swerved, shoulder. reared, and pitched Fulk de Corbil out of the saddle.

He was unhurt, and had kept his grip of the short sword. Judith had scrambled to her feet, but Fulk de Corbil was too quick for her. His fury centred itself on the figure in grey, and he caught her by the hood, dragging it back as she tried to escape.

Giffard was running through the bracken. He had thrown down his bow and drawn his short sword. He saw Fulk de Corbil's blade raised, heard him give a strange cry, and stand holding the leper by the hood. The mask of linen had slipped from Judith's face. She had twisted herself round, and her eyes met Fulk de Corbil's eyes.

"Traitor, murderer, strike!"

"Judith Pendrell! You she-cat!"

"Strike! But for that mail shirt of yours, I should have been revenged!"

A dozen galloping horses went up the glade, but their riders saw nothing of what was happening in the wood, for the glade curved to the west, and they believed Fulk de Corbil to be ahead of them.

"You she-devil!"

He twisted one hand into her hair, held her at arm's length, and pointed his sword. But John Giffard was on him. He struck up Fulk de Corbil's sword and caught him by the throat.

"Loose your hold!"

Giffard fiung him back, but Fulk de Corbil was a wild beast when his rage was up. Judith had slipped away, but he rushed round Giffard and sprang after her, and aimed a blow at her with his sword. It missed, but that blow turned Giffard into a madman.

In a minute Fulk de Corbil lay dead at his feet, and he and Judith were staring at the dead man and at each other.

Then she flung out her hands and spoke

in a strange, awed voice.

"What have you done, what have you done, for my sake? This man was Roger Mortimer's creature, and Mortimer will not spare you."

She stood rigid, staring at the dead man.

"Of course, of course"—and her eyes flashed—"it was I who slew him, John Giffard, and I shall say that it was I who slew him. No one need ever know. I came here to slay him, because he betrayed my father—betrayed him to his death. You see, it was really I who slew him. I shall swear that!"

Giffard looked at her steadily.

"Now I know the truth. But, by my soul, you shall swear nothing of the kind!

This is in my hands."

He took Fulk de Corbil by the heels, dragged the body further into the wood, and left it lying in the tall bracken. The dead man's sword and bow he thrust into a hollow tree. Fulk de Corbil's horse had stopped, and, standing at the edge of the glade, was turning its head and trying to lick the place where Giffard's arrow had wounded it in the shoulder.

Giffard went towards the horse, calling him softly.

"Poor fellow, poor old fellow!"

The horse consented to accept him as a friend. The arrow had struck slantwise and had not gone deep. Giffard plucked it out with one jerk of the hand.

"Softly, softly, old fellow!"

The horse started, stood quivering, but did not break away.

"Gallop home now, my friend. They can

make what they can of the riddle."

He walked back to Judith, and she saw by his eyes that no words of hers would move him.

" Come!"

She did not move.

"Shall I give myself up?"

He caught her by the wrist, and his eyes looked into hers.

"Speak a word to anyone, and I shall tell the truth—that it was I who killed Fulk de Corbil. For a week I have played the spy; I watched you shoot with that crossbow of yours, and I wondered."

Her wide eyes questioned him, and yet she knew why he had watched over her in the

forest.

"My doom is my own doom, John Giffard. Why should I lay it on any man?"

"Because a man's love is strong enough to

bear heavier things than that."

He still held her by the wrist, and they began to walk through the forest, John Giffard, alert and restless, stopping now and again to listen. Once they heard the distant note of a horn, but hart, hounds, and horsemen were lost in the deeps of the Black Vale.

Judith was silent. She glanced at Giffard's face as he strode beside her; his

grip on her wrist never relaxed.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked

"To the Great Lodge."

"Your home?"
"My home."

"And what then? Have I no choice?"

He let go of her wrist suddenly.

"Pardon! I had almost forgotten that."
She managed to smile at him.

"But I came here to slay a man."

"It was I who slew him for you. That dog should have been drowned at birth."

They walked on a while in silence. Her face had softened; a kind of yearning look came into her eyes. She glanced at John Giffard, and all her loneliness cried out to him.

" John!"

He turned his head sharply.

"If I come, I shall bring you danger, perhaps sorrow."

"I am strong enough to put them out of my own house."

They walked on again in silence. Then

he began to speak.

"Never had I set eyes on the mate I desired till I saw you by Gilimer Pool. Who knows the why and the wherefore? If you had had blood on your hands to-day, I should have loved you just the same. You are coming back with me to the Great Lodge. I shall shut the door and keep Death out."

Her hand came into his.

"I can hardly believe it," she said, "I, who thought life was just winter coming."

His arm went about her, but before they had gone very far, he made her stop while he cut the strap of the leper bell and threw it away into a thicket.

"Let that bide behind," he said. "There will be tongues enough to be kept quiet."

As for Fulk de Corbil, he lay there in the bracken, and after a few days no one

concerned themselves to search for him, for news came that the young King's men had seized Mortimer and Queen Isabella at Nottingham, and all Fulk de Corbil's creatures took fright and fled over the sea.

Nor is it on record that Fulk de Corbil was ever found. The forest folk believed that someone had slain him in the forest, and they had hated him enough to let well alone.

But they spun many tales about John Giffard and his lady. Some said she was a lord's daughter who had fled away disguised as a leper, because some lord would have married her by force, and John Giffard had caught his mate.

Mat of the Moor would roll his head from side to side and cross himself when he told how he had once shot an arrow at John Giffard's lady, taking her for a ghost.

"Never ghost had such fine children," he

would say.

And the whole forest agreed with him.



AD FINEM.

THERE are three things I shall ever keep,
Though all else I lose to heartless Time.
I shall keep, until the last long sleep,
Soul attuned to Spring's exulting rhyme.

Though old age shall make me sad and slow,
Take the fancies that my youth beguiled,
Still my heart with love shall warm, I know,
When I see a helpless little child.

And though my old eyes shall lose the sight Of the far dim hills and sweet blue skies, Still my heart shall thrill, my face alight, At the warm glow in a maiden's eyes.

GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS.

IN PONDOLAND

By MAY EDGINTON

Illustrated by Charles J. Crombie



O, I'm not particular cussed this morning," said Lagg—
he was one of the Westmorland Lagghornes, but we drop that, since he did—
to Stone, who was one of the Allstones of Uncestershire, but we drop that,

too. "And I don't often do it, but a man just gets thinking sometimes of all the women at home."

"Of a woman at home," replied Stone.

"No," said Lagg, cursing the troop horse for clenching his teeth against reception of the bit. "The women—all of 'em. In a drawing-room at night, in their dinner frocks especially. Not that it matters. Nothing matters. I've seen nothing nicer in the feminine way than a black for two months, and I don't know that I want to. Anyway, the Englishwomen you occasionally see out here aren't the sort you have at home. Stock-keepers' wives and daughters, farmers' wives and daughters, post-office girls—not one with a thread of any sort of culture to make her bearable."

"Oh, culture!" said Stone, who had been at the Cape five years longer than Lagg, and therefore accepted life with philosophy, much as it came. Lagg's horse had taken the bit, and was unkindly swelling his barrel against the girths. Stone added: "Culture isn't much out here. The girls are all right

where you find 'em."

Lagg got into his saddle, sneering, and stayed back a moment, adjusting his bandolier and his rifle and a pair of field-glasses

that swung at his back.

"Much use," he said, quitting the subject, "me patrolling by Keever's store. He left a good three days ago, and, anyway, what's the stuff worth, if the Kaffirs did loot it? I'd rather be out looking for him on the veldt."

"A hundred pounds on his head!" said

Stone, sucking in his lips derisively.

"But he quit three days ago," Lagg repeated. "As soon as he'd shot those two Zulus in the store, he up and ran. Keeping an eye on the store is a silly farce."

Their Corporal walked towards them. In England he had, as a boy, been an undergardener, and he knew a gentleman when he saw him, and being a man of some constitution as well as penetration, he always spoke decently to the like of Lagg and Stone.

"Now, my lads!" said he.

"Yes, sir," replied Stone. This kind of thing still amused him, but Lagg saluted without the obedient word, and rode off, pulling at his fair moustache. The Corporal, with Stone and a couple more troopers, mounted and loped away west over the yeldt.

It was a burning February morning. When Lagg had done the five miles at a trot, he suffered and sweated, in spite of his excellent condition. The hard Cape horse, on the contrary, remained very comfortable. Set solitary in the midst of rolling country, the small store which was the troopers' goal loomed into sight. From this emporium of blankets, beads, provisions, knives, concertinas, and such variety, had Keever, the Kaffir trader, escaped three days before, after shooting down two Zulus who had come in to buy. That the Zulus were refractory is possible; that Keever was provocatively drunk more probable. Lagg rode by the locked place at a walk, pushing back his hat and wiping his beaded forehead. country was very still, except for the impression of pulsating heat. The slopes of the Drakensberg showed distinctly, parched and arid, with the growth dried on them. store, built of mud, brick, wood, tin roofing,

and any material that had come handy to the trader who made it, was a shapeless construction, with some attempt at a façade, but rambling away into lumps like little rough huts all joined together at the back, as Keever had added wing by wing. It was shut now into profound silence, and Corporal Sandys had drawn down the blind before the glimpse of loot in the window, so that no hankering Kaffir might be unduly tempted, had locked the doors and attached the keys. Before this emporium of precious plenty, then, Lagg patrolled that morning; he might ride three miles east and west, but that was the extent of his variety for the next eight When he rode by the first time, at a foot pace, relieving a bored trooper, it was about nine o'clock. It was eleven when Lagg, sweeping the country with his fieldglass for the twentieth time, about two miles west of the store, descried in its vicinity a figure which receded from it at a stiff half run, which was brawny and tall, which hurried, which limped. The trooper sat in his saddle and took a long, leisurely survey. Into his lean, reddened face stole the joyful hunger of the hunter; his blue eyes snapped "That's lame Keever!" said his brain, as he swung the field-glass to his back and shortened his reins. "Keever! What—hiding in the store all through it? And Sandys ransacking everything! My word! Go 'long, horse!"

So, at a gallop, he rode down upon the limping, running figure ahead. As he drew nearer, and the thud of the pursuing hoofs came to him, the fugitive wheeled round, stopped dead, uttered a little savage short cry, and whipped his revolver from his hip. It was Keever, bloated, dirty, desperate. He was a clean-shaved man, as a rule, but three days' growth of stubble was now trying to disguise his face. Lagg knew it, though. "Hands up!" he roared, as he rode down upon him, loosening his own revolver from its holster. And before either gun could speak—though both had the reputation of being tolerably quick—the Cape horse crossed his legs and came down in a heap, pitching his rider over his head at the murderer's feet.

II.

The sick man opened his eyes.

He was in some underground place on a mattress among bales and bottles. It was not altogether dark, because light was admitted through a trap-door which presumably opened into a ground-floor room,

and a little lamp burned by the mattress. "H-h-hullo!" he quavered to nothing in particular. It was the first word he had spoken for two days. He may have had a vague consciousness then of some change of position, but did not know that it was due to an arm sliding beneath his head, and of a different pillow with some ineffable quality about it, but did not know that it was a woman's breast.

He slept.

Two hours later he woke again and said "Hullo!" His eyes, rolling up, found a bent-down face watching him, a young, dark, pale face that seemed filled by eyes of great intensity, and was shadowed by a cloud of loosened hair. He put up a hand to his upper lip and stroked it vaguely; but there was no moustache there. He was a clean-shaved man, albeit with two or three days' growth of stubble upon him. He appeared to meditate in a childish way.

"How d'you feel?" said the girl's voice

softly

"I am—all right," he replied, in a voice that smote him to surprise by its faintness.

She smiled dimly.

"Lift yer head up," she invited. "Try." He tried, and was seized with a dreadful pain that only ceased when he desisted and let his head lie helplessly again on her shoulder. She continued to hold him protectingly.

"Where am I, anyway?" he whispered

presently.

She looked out into the shadows of the bales and casks, and through the trap-door to the light above, before she answered—

"Don't you remember, then, Will?"
He tried, whereat the pain seized him

again, and he desisted.

"I remember nothing," said he weakly.

"You're in the cellar of our own store,"

said the girl, looking down into his face.

He repeated feebly: "Our—own—store?"

"Yes,

"Who am I, anyway?" said he.

"Why," said she, "don't you remember? You're Will Keever, dear, that killed two Zulu boys up above there, and the Mounted Rifles is patrolling for you everywhere."

He clung to her and whispered: "What?

I killed——"

"But they'll never find you," she said, holding him. Her hands were wonderfully lithe and strong, considering how small they were. She was a small-made girl altogether.

"You promise!" he gasped.

"I promise," said she. "I'll take care

He slept again.

His head was on the lumpy pillow when he awoke, but she was at his side at the sound of his stirring, with a cup of something steaming in her hand. She slid an arm under his shoulders, held him up, and put the cup to his lips. He was so hot, and it was so hot, that he would have turned naturally from it, but she said: "You got to drink it all. It's cornflour, made with condensed milk out of the store. I put some nutmeg in to flavour it. Come 'long! This cellar's damp, and I can't hev you catchin' any low fevers."

So he drank it all. Afterwards she straightened his bed as well as possible, he watching her. Then she trimmed the oil lamp and tidied up, and shut down the trapdoor, through which faint reddish rays had Observing his piteous look at this, she came to him and said tenderly: "I got to shut the door now, see, 'cause the sun's setting', and the store'll get dark, and we mustn't hev this little lamp shinin' up, never so faint, through the window. There'll be

a trooper by directly."

He smiled, but shivered. She put her hand on his shoulder and repeated: "I'll take care on you."

"Where are you going to sleep?" he asked, seized with a sudden horror of being

left alone.

"On those blankets," she answered, nodding at a heap in a dim corner. He was reassured, and lay holding her hand. Then his head began to put him to excruciating torment, and he said selfishly: "I wish you'd hold me like you did before, and put me

to sleep."

The girl sat down on the floor—she had been kneeling by him-slid her arm under him and took his head on her breast. she bore his weight while unsupported herself, and she must have found him very heavy. Her free hand touched his forehead and temples rhythmically. The pain grew less, and sleep was descending on his eyelids, when he roused himself once more to ask, like a curious child—

"Who are you, then?"

She was silent, looking out into the Then, "What, shadows before she replied. Will, don't you know me? I'm Mary!"

"Mary-Mary?"

"Your wife," said she, looking into the shadows.

He went to sleep without commenting.

Half an hour later she laid him down and curled herself up, trembling with more than fatigue, upon the blankets. Twice in the night she woke, crept over to him, and, finding him aching and restless, took his head in her arm and stroked him to sleep. In the morning, when by a watch she had hung upon the wall she knew the sun must be up—day and night were alike in the windowless cellar—she opened the trap-door, and air and light flowed beneficently in. fed him that day with meat extract, invalid messes made from condensed milk. and the like. He grew more placid, and his head was clearer and more comfortable. And at moments, when the circling pain overtook him, he found peace on her breast and home in the shadow of her hair. They

"How long have I been ill, Mary?"

"'Bout—three days."

"And they're looking for me, are they?"

"Yes, dear."

"Because—I killed two blacks?"

"Yes, dear."

"What shall I do?"

"I tell you, I'll take care on you."

"You're a small thing to take care of a man."

"I'm a woman." She looked very young and wan. "What's the matter with my head, any-

way?" "You fell down and hit it. It's con-

cussion, that's what it is." He put his hand up to his lip, to pull the moustache that was not there, and became

puzzled. "Don't ask so many questions yet," said

she, with some authority.

On the evening of the third day he wanted to get up and walk about the cellar. Red rays were peering in through the trapdoor, and soon that blessed inlet for air must be closed.

"I could walk about now," he said to her, raising his arms over his head several times to test his strength, and moving quite vigorously on the mattress.

"Don't you fret yourself."

"Where are my clothes, Mary?"

"What d'you want your clothes for yet? You didn't ought to get up. You're ill."

He looked at her, very puzzled, and she shrank.

"Let me have my clothes, please, Mary.

Quick, there's a good girl."

She went up the ladder into the store, and he began to look with distaste at the



"She slid an arm under his shoulders, held him up, and put the cup to his lips."

nightshirt he was wearing. The calico was coarse, and the buttons were off, so that it opened over his chest. He felt still confusedly the presence of alien things, and regarded her again more piercingly than he knew when she descended the ladder with a coat, trousers, and clean cotton shirt flung over her arm. "There y'are," she said, with a tender break in her voice, looking at him from beneath her cloudy hair. Then she caught his questioning gaze, and, throwing the garments on the bed, shrank back.

"You can put them on yourself, I s'pose," she gasped. "I want to get another tin of milk from the store 'fore 'tis dark," and fled up the ladder. He felt some faint injury at this, but began to dress slowly, and found himself hardly weakened. It was only that his head still buzzed. He walked up and down carefully, fingering the clothes, which also puzzled him by their alienness. Her voice came softly down into the cellar, and, looking up, he descried the outline of her face peering down from the dimming store.

"These bags are awf'ly big," said he

wonderingly.

She came a step down, and another, very slowly, looking at him askance with fear.

you've shrunk!" said she. "But you're better—you're nearly well you're-

"I shall make a bolt for it to-morrow,"

he replied, nodding his head.

She came the whole way down, sat on the bottom step, and, throwing her apron over her head, laughed and laughed behind it. With one stride he was by her, and was pulling with anger at the apron, to find that she was weeping. A sort of amazed fear came over him, as over a child whose nurse has suddenly failed to afford protection.

"I'm only just tired," she quavered. He dropped down by her, and, with a hazy consciousness that she was his wife, put a halting arm round her shoulders. as he touched her, the arm grew more confident, and held her to him, where she stayed, wiping her eyes and conjuring, by sheer will, some composure.

"Why, you little thing, you!" he said, and, lifting her chin, would have kissed

her, but-

"You ain't shaved!" she cried hurriedly,

drawing away.

He passed a hand reflectively over his rough cheeks, and remembered that of course one performed some operations every morning with a razor.

"I'll get yer things," said she, climbing

the ladder once more. He could hear her padding gently about the room at the back of the store; then she came down again with very rough-and-ready shaving apparatus and a jug of water in her hands. He received them gratefully, saying with his first sparkle for those three days: "Now I'll soon be nice enough to kiss you!"

She turned and went up again without speaking. So he shaved with infinite pleasure by the light of the oil lamp shed on a twelve-by-eight-inch mirror. Then he went below the trap-door and called whisperingly:

"Mary!"

"I'm getting yer supper," she called whisperingly back.

He sat down to wait with a brisker sense of anticipation. Incidentally, he thought. The alienness of things and of himself was still borne in upon him strongly. He held up his right hand and shuddered at it, yet hardly credited its murderous propensity. He thought of the patrol riding in the red twilight without, and shuddered again. To-morrow he would make a bolt for it. This was a rat's life. If all the Mounted Rifles at the Cape swarmed like vicious terriers over the veldt to-morrow, he would make a bolt for it. He resumed walking practice up and down the cellar.

Mary brought his supper down, looking shy, fearful, and reluctant. He remembered his kiss, and, receiving the tray from her, took it, and then another.

"You are tired," he said suddenly.

"I'm going to sleep up top to-night," she replied. "It's so hot down here, and why should two of us be smothered when you're well enough now to be by yourself?"

This seemed such excellent logic that he did not protest against being left alone. She

proceeded—

oceeded—
"You've got everything you want for to-night. I may as well go up an' sleep. I'm dead-tired, sitting up with you, and I want some better air. I'll leave things in reach, and you can hev the lamp lit, and I shall look down at you now and agen through the trap to see's you're all right."

He nodded and drew her to him eagerly. "Kiss me good-night again," he demanded. She acceded, and withdrew in a sort of cold, frightened reserve that made his head ache with wondering about it. As she went up the ladder, he said: "I wish I could remember things better. Couldn't you give me a start with something that happened before I hit my head? Look here, when was it we got married? Try from that."

"Never mind to-night," she replied tartly, and shut down the trap-door.

He ate his supper, undressed, putting on the ill-favoured nightshirt with annoyance,

and slept. It was late that night—perhaps eleven o'clock—when the patrol without passed the store for about the tenth time since he went on duty. Quite by accident, for they had given up close observation of the place, he glanced at it, and sliding through the chinks between the window-blind and the frame streamed a slender shaft of light. trooper pulled up, dismounted, and, advancing gingerly to the window, applied his eye. One could see nothing in the slight chink, save the ray of light; but while he looked, a shadow shifted lightly over the yellow blind and fell again. He knew what it was. Someone had inadvertently got between the light and the window. Then the store was again in darkness. The trooper ran to his horse and galloped back for reinforcements. Keever was known to be too handy with his gun for any crude "Stand and deliver!" method. Meanwhile Mary, who had opened the trapdoor for that brief minute to look down upon the invalid, slept again among disordered merchandise in the store.

At half-past twelve, Corporal Sandys with a couple of troopers—of whom Stone was one—came loping through the darkness, leading a spare horse for a prisoner, and drew up. They pulled the horses' reins over their heads, and left them to stand while they unlocked the front door and crept in, Sandys first, on tip-toe, revolver cocked. "Now, boys!" said the Corporal, in an almost soundless whisper, and flashed on a little electric pocket-lamp. Then the three saw that they had walked nearly upon a girl who lay asleep on some folded blankets near to a closed trap-door, on which one arm was flung protectingly.

"My word!" breathed Sandys, grinning from ear to ear. But Stone said, "Wake her up gently, Corporal!" and, stooping over her, called on her quietly. She awoke quietly and stared at them, then leapt up, quivering so that she could hardly stand. She started to scream, but stopped herself, and put both hands over her mouth, while her eyes, full of despair at the world, never

wavered from Sandys' face.

"Now, now, miss," said he, "who've you got under that trap-door?"

"Nobody 't all," she denied.

"I should like to look, miss," replied Sandys.

She stepped on to the door and stood as if to defy them, trembling.

"Don't do that," said the Corporal quite kindly. "We could lift you off as easy's easy, see. But we'd rather you'd step aside."

She stepped aside, looked round as if for escape, found it impossible, and crouched down upon the blankets. They lifted the door, and saw just beneath it the man sleeping on his mattress, with that betrayer, the little oil lamp, beside him. Sandys slapped his leg and cried, "Lagg! Lagg, as we reported missing!" and fairly tumbled down the steps into the cellar. sleeper was awakened rudely, to see a big man in khaki, with a soft smasher hat encircled by a black-and-amber band of beautiful familiarity, standing over him. His first impulse was one of fright; he sprang up and at Sandys, but the Corporal gripped him, crying: "What, Lagg, my lad, you'd strike your superior officer, would you?" Then it was that the beautiful familiarity of the khaki and the black-andamber hat somehow seized Lagg, and he stood staring.

"What are you saying?" he asked.

Sandys repeated it.

"I'm not Will Keever, wanted for shooting two blacks, and this store's not mine?"

"Who's been telling you that, man?" said Sandys.

"She did," replied Lagg inadvertently.

"Oh, she did, did she?" said Sandys. "And what else did she tell you? The baggage!"

Lagg shut his mouth.

"You're very dazed, man," said Sandys, not pushing the question, having been, as we noted, an under-servant, and knowing that the English upper classes have peculiar ideas about women. "What happened to you? Can you tell me that?"

Lagg told all he knew.

"Put those trousers on," said Corporal Sandys, sitting down on a whisky case and pulling out the bottles one by one, to find them empty. "Now, I should say you had some accident. Keever brings you in here, changes clothes, shaves your moustache, begor, takes your horse, cuts over the hills, changes clothes again, goes through Basutoland into the Transvaal, and there's an end of him's far as we're concerned. That seems dead easy. So you've been nussed up, eh?"

Lagg went on with his dressing.

"Who's she?" ruminated Corporal Sandys. "I wonder who's she?"

"She's Keever's wife," replied Lagg shortly. He remembered that.

"We'll take her to Umtata," said the Corporal. "She'll have to be dealt with. She's bin fooling you."

But Lagg remembered the ineffable rest of her breast, and her hands and her lips,

and shut his mouth.

"It's one o'clock," said the Corporal. "The boys can begin gettin' breakfast out of the store, and as soon's the sun's up we'll start. I brought a spare horse for William Keever"—here he laughed so heartly that Lagg hated him—"but about her, I don't know. One of us'll have to take her in front."

"I'm the lightest," replied Lagg.

The Corporal said nothing.

They had an elaborate breakfast at two. The girl would take nothing but tea, though even Sandys descended to abject persuasion at the sight of her dreadfully big eyes in her little pale face.

"What'll you do with me?" she asked once, while two troopers watched rashers broiling in the pan, and Lagg, withdrawn to a packing-case in the corner, watched her.

"You're my prisoner, my dear," replied Corporal Sandys, "and you been a very

naughty girl."

By dint of dragged answers to his questions, she corroborated the theories he had exploited to Lagg. Then she dropped on the blankets with her face in her arms, and would say no more.

It was just after three when they started for the hills, into Umtata. She sat on the withers of Lagg's horse, and they all rode abreast. Things were not yet clear to Lagg, but they were clear enough for him to sight the position. When they had walked and cantered a couple of miles or so, Mary looked up at him and said—

"I suppose I'll go to prison?"

"I don't know," said Lagg heavily. "I believe, as you're his wife, that will—will extenuate you."

She lay back against his right arm. He

muttered a question at her ear.

"Why didn't you leave me to die when Keever brought me in, and get away? You could."

She would not answer, and circumstances did not favour coaxing. Besides, she was Keever's wife.

They rode on. Stone sang, and Lagg was grateful to him.

It was as they forded the Umsinivulu River, twenty minutes after she had last spoken, that she looked up at him with morning stars in her eyes beneath the cloudy hair, and whispered—

"I'm not Keever's wife; I'm his sister."
He was so shocked with surprise that he

did not show it.

"Why did you lie, then?"

"'Cause I was all by myself, and when you came to know who you were—presently—I thought you'd better think I was a married woman."

The horses drew themselves violently up the further bank.

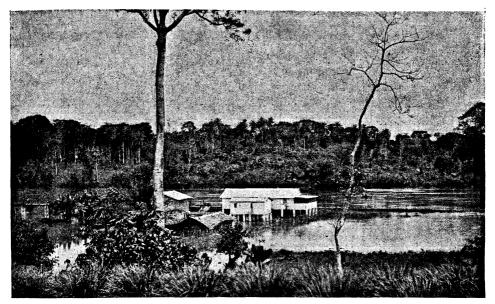
"Corporal," said Lagg, "can't you ride on ahead? We're bound to go slower, double

like this. I'll bring her on all right."
Sandys looked at him once and drew his troopers on. Stone still sang. Lagg's horse

fell behind obediently.

"Mary," he whispered, "put your head back."





A TYPICAL TRADING STATION ON THE CAMEROONS RIVER.

THE CAMEROONS

ONE OF THE AFRICAN REGIONS NOW INVOLVED IN THE WAR

By SIR HARRY H. JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.

Photographs by the Topical Press Agency.

HIS, as defined in the recent political geography of Africa, is beyond question one of the most interesting portions of the Dark Continent. The name—spelt incongruously, in German, "Kamerun," on the mistaken assumption that it was a native word—is derived from the Portuguese. When about 1470—perhaps a year or two earlier—the Portuguese explorers coasted inquiringly along the West Coast of Africa, they came-passing on the way a most notable mountain—to a great estuary, the river of the Duala people. This they called Rio dos Camarões, or Shrimp river, from the abundance of large shrimps or small prawns found in its brackish waters. The Spanish version of the name—Camarones—was taken up by the English navigators and by them converted into Cameroons. About the same time the Portuguese entered the bay, with

its islands at the base of the great mountain, and named it Bahia des Amboises (our "Ambas Bay"). What Amboises meant we do not know—probably it was a misheard native word.

The navigators who succeeded the Portuguese could not fail to be struck with the stupendous mountain range which rises so abruptly above the rocky shores and blue waters of Ambas Bay. It comes as a surprise now, as then, to the traveller who for weeks or days has coasted along West Africa, seeing no height of any eminence after passing Sierra Leone, and between the Volta River and Old Calabar being scarcely able to distinguish the coast until he is among the breakers. Suddenly, it may be, after skirting the monotonous mangrove thickets of the Calabar estuaries, he beholds high up in the sky, its lower portion cut off

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from visible connection with the sea-coast by mist or clouds, a mighty, sun-kissed, jagged range, its highest crest in winter-time tipped or flecked with snow.

Well might the Cameroons Peak have answered to the Theon Ochema, or Gods' Throne, of the Greek version of Hanno the Carthaginian's marvellous voyage, were it not practically certain that Hanno never got farther eastward in rounding Cape Verde than the Lion Mountain of Sierra Leone and the borders of Liberia, then and now swarming with chimpanzis.

Possibly the Portuguese were preceded on the West Coast of Africa, as discoverers, by the Majorcans or the Genoese. It is, at any rate, an attested fact that more than a hundred years before the Portuguese entered the great Gulf of Guinea there

was painted—probably at Genoa in 1351—the Laurentian Portolano, a map which gave the shape of the African continent with some approach to correctness of outline, and indicated the region where the Cameroons Mountains rise abruptly from the sea-coast.

The Portuguese obtained no foothold here. however. French, Dutch, and English slavetraders frequented Ambas Bay and the Cameroons or Duala delta, and as early as the close of the seventeenth century a Frenchman wrote down a few words of the Isubu language. But the dominant people, the Duala, were stalwart and warlike. and proved much too strong in their independence for any European Power to secure a foothold here. Indeed, on account of the truculence of the natives, the Cameroous coast remained a scarcely known region until the middle of the nineteenth century. Then a great change took place. What men-of-war with cannon could not effect, humble missionaries brought about. British Baptist Mission had established



NATIVES CONVEYING NEWS BY SIGNALLING ON DRUMS.

itself from about 1840 in the Island of Fernando Pô, a Spanish possession which also has a huge mountain, and lies opposite to, and about twenty miles distant from, the Cameroons. The other marvellous mountain seen across the narrow strait attracted their curiosity, and they soon dispatched agents to found missionary stations on the mainland: not white men, but educated negroes from the West Indies, men actually remarkable at that time for their wide and sound education. Noteworthy amongst these Baptist pioneers was Joseph Merrick, a genius in African philology, who has laid us under a lasting debt by his dictionary of the Isubu tongue, a work quoted over and over again by students of Africa, and notably by German philologists.

The West Indian missionaries were soon followed by white colleagues, and the real apostle of the Cameroons was Alfred Saker. I do not use this word with the emotional gush which too often characterises missionaries' records, but in a sense which could be

appreciated by all men and women of the world, whatever might be their religious beliefs or disbeliefs. Alfred Saker converted the Duala clans to real and permanent civilisation. By reasoning, by example, above all, by teaching useful trades and professions, he won over the Duala and the Isubu from the trade in slaves to the trade in palm-oil, ivory, and other products of the He taught them to read, write. and print their own tongues, to be good carpenters, brickmakers, and bricklayers. He made their lives busy and contented. The Cameroons—as I can testify in my experience of thirty years ago—became a country safe for the harmless white man to travel in.

These changes attracted numerous traders, and in course of time both British and German merchants founded business houses on the Duala or Cameroons river. The

country round Ambas Bay had been bought by the Baptist Mission, and here a little civilised settlement (Victoria) was founded at the base of the Cameroons mountain A British consul—the great Sir Richard Burton-came to have consular jurisdiction over the Cameroons coast, and made the first ascent of the Cameroons High Peak. His fascinating book on the subject came under the eye of the present writer, who thereafter longed for an opportunity of seeing this mighty volcano of 13,000 feet rising above the most extravagant tropical forest, and exhibiting on its upper slopes the vegetation of Cape Colony or the Mediterranean.

My first visit to the Cameroons occurred in 1882. I then learnt that the Duala people and neighbouring sea-coast tribes were about to petition the British Government to take them under its protection. The

scramble for Africa was beginning, and it was feared by the Duala that they might be added to the colonial subjects of either France or Portugal. Speaking only English besides their native tongue, and being by this time used to British missionaries, consuls, and merchants, they not unnaturally preferred British control to that of any other nation. The British Government received the request graciously, but was very deliberate in giving effect to its acceptance of the rôle of protector. Meanwhile, German desires to found a colonial empire had come to a head. The German Government sent out the explorer Nachtigal as Commissioner, and by a ruse—for really,



YOJA, THE MOST POWERFUL OF PRESENT-DAY KINGS IN THE CAMEROONS, AND AN ACTIVE PRO-GERMAN, WITH ONE OF HIS MINISTERS.

in all truth, it can scarcely be called aught else—a treaty was signed with a petty chief at the mouth of the Cameroons River, and the German flag was run up. A week afterwards the British consul arrived in a gunboat, concluded other treaties, and virtually annexed the whole remainder of the Cameroons. Specially did he attach to the British Empire the little colony of Ambas Bay, which had been purchased many years before by the Baptist Mission.

But in the general settling of European ambitions which occupied the last half of the 'eighties, Great Britain declined to play Germans, and, indeed, only gave in finally on my convincing them that resistance was futile. It is only just to say that, once they fell in with this advice, they were treated fairly by the German Government in regard to land rights; but the British missionaries were turned out neck and crop, and only awarded a miserable sum in compensation for their thirty years' expenditure on building and planting.

Whatever happens as the result of the present war and the peace which must follow some day, the western part of this huge German dominion—all bearing the name of



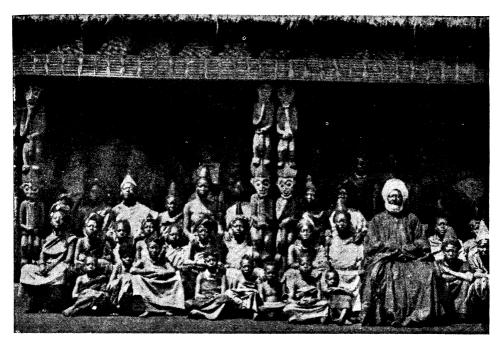
THE "JU-JU" MEN OF THE KING OF BAMUM, DANCING OUTSIDE HIS PALACE.

dog-in-the-manger with the German Empire. First of all, the Cameroons River and coastbelt was surrendered to the Germans, and finally the colony of Ambas Bay. I had returned to this region as vice-consul, and had administered for two years the Ambas Bay settlement, so that I witnessed its surrender—and with it the west side of the splendid mountain—with considerable chagrin.

The other native chiefs, except King Bell, who signed the German treaty, were furious at their wishes for a British Protectorate being baulked. For a year or more they maintained a teasing warfare with the

"Kamerun," though it stretches to Lake Chad and the Congo basin—must return to the sceptre of Great Britain. The British Baptists must be invited to resume the work so well begun by Merrick, Saker, Fuller, and Grenfell.

The most noteworthy feature in the geography of the Cameroons is the volcanic mountain range which abuts on the seacoast just where the West African coast merges into the coast of Central Africa. This is not only one of the great landmarks of Africa, but it is also a noteworthy limit in the range of species. South and east of the Cameroons Mountains the Niger type



YOJA, KING OF BAMUM, OUTSIDE HIS PALACE, WITH HIS WIVES AND ATTENDANTS.



BY THE LAW OF BAMUM, WHEN THE KING DRINKS, NO ONE IS ALLOWED TO LOOK.

The photographer alone was allowed to break the law on this occasion.

of peoples and languages, of beasts, birds, freshwater fish, insects, and plants, gives place to forms more associated with the Congo Basin. The Cameroons coast is the farthest range westward of the gorilla, of the black forest pig, of divers antelopes and insectivores. Here, in the same direction, the Bantu languages come to an end, though they stretch thence eastward to the Congo and Zanzibar.

The Cameroons Mountains consist of one huge volcanic uplift, separated by rivers from other, and not necessarily volcanic, ranges on the north and east. There are two noteworthy craters amongst the many that have broken out from time to time: these are Little Cameroons Peak, clothed from base to summit in dense forest, and only

purple-spathed arums, and bushes of various combretaceæ. These combretums amongst the glories of Tropical Africa, especially West Africa. They grow as bushes, creepers, and trees; but the inflorescence—very like that of a bougainvillea -is abundant, and ranges from bright orange-scarlet through crimson and magenta to very pale lavender. Another beautiful object in the "ground-floor" vegetation of the Cameroons coast are the different kinds of mussænda shrub, a relation of the gardenia. In one kind the sepals outside the yellow flower-clusters are like large leaves cut out of white velvet; in another this strange sepal is scarlet crimson. of the mussændas develop large white calyces instead of extravagant sepals.



A FUTURE "GOD" IN THE MAKING, THE WORK OF ABOUT A YEAR.

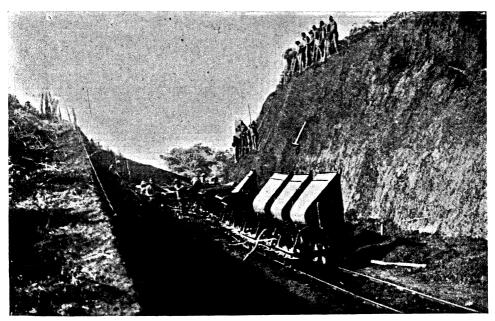
about 6,000 feet in altitude, and the High Peak of the Cameroons, over 13,000 feet high. In the ascent of the main Cameroons range, one passes up through a tropical forest of indescribable luxuriance, of oilpalms, raphia palms, wild date, palmettoes of several rare species, calamus or climbing palms, bamboos, dracænas or tree-lilies, cotton-woods, ebonies, parinariums, khayas, sterculias, enormous fig trees, velvet-foliaged acacias, and spathodeas with their gorgeous scarlet blossoms. The trunks of some of these trees are smooth, pinky-white, or slaty grey; others are festooned up to the forking branches with an extraordinary growth of huge parasitic aroids, ferns, aloes, and lovely angræcum orchids. The lesser growth of this amazing forest consists of canna-like plants, of wild bananas, of tall

the innumerable kinds of creeper and liana, trailing themselves from tree to tree or depending from a height of two hundred feet with plumb-like rigidity, their writhing coils or perpendicular ropes being set with lovely waxen flowers exhaling a delicious By the banks of an occasional scent. streamlet near sea-level grow the Lissochilus giganteus orchids, with huge flowers of purple and gold, and upright flower-clusters two and a half feet long. The real orchid show, however, is not at sea-level, but about three to five thousand feet up. Here, if colour and form count for anything, is an earthly paradise. Here grow on the tree stems and branches orchis flowers of white and orange, white and green, purple, and flesh-pink. One species of ground orchis-probably a Habenaria-

grows in the glades as thickly as English bluebells, and, like them, gives its own lovely colour to the ground. Through all the vistas you see the tender mauve or peach-like carpet beneath the iridescent verdure of the ferns and lycopodiums. Above an altitude of three to four thousand feet the trees begin to be clothed with a hanging mantle of grey-green orchilla lichen; at seven thousand feet tree-ferns become a dominant feature. In the tree-fern zone the flowers are exquisite in their varied tints-balsams, begonias, geraniums, labiates, and kniphofias. Above seven thousand five hundred feet the forest thins out and the grass region begins; but this is also gay with flowers wherever the

again there is smoke to be seen from the newer craters, or even a flow of molten lava. The "rivers" of cold and arrested lava—scoriae, rather—are a very interesting feature of the upper slopes. They are singularly like glaciers in conformation, but the colour is purple-black and not dull white with blue-green revelations.

Undoubtedly the Cameroons Mountains are the most picturesque, the most remarkable of ranges in all West Africa. They possess a diversified bird fauna, peculiar in many species, and are the home of strange or rare monkeys, rodents, antelopes, insectivores. But the area of this erstwhile German Protectorate is in general very mountainous.



NATIVES AT WORK ON A CUTTING IN THE CAMEROONS RAILWAY, THIRTY MILES FROM GUALO.

now clearly-seen lava flows are crumbled into volcanic soil. The sides of the huge mountain above the forest—the forest lingers up to nine thousand feet—are studded with major and minor craters of various dimensions. The High Peak is, however, unmistakable among its rivals, and can easily be singled out for its gorgeous colouring—brilliant tints of slate-blue, purple-black, brick-red, green-grey, golden green, golden yellow, due to the layers, bands, courses, crests, and patches of cinders, slag, scoriæ, moss, lichen, grass, and tiny flowering plants.

The volcanic activity of the Cameroons craters is usually quiescent, but ever and

There are the Manenguba Mountains, of fantastic outline and considerable altitude—perhaps ten thousand feet—farther west; the Rumbi Mountains, near the Calabar border, and the eight thousand feet high mountains that border the Benue Basin. In all these ranges, in time to come, the European will find much empty, healthy, fertile country to colonise.

There are great rivers in this Protectorate, the Sannagá and Mbam, the Njong, the Wuri or Duala, the Campo or Ntem, and the Ja, Sanga, and Kadei, which flow towards the Congo system. German territory reached even to the banks of the Shari and Lake Chad, as well as to the Mubangi affluent of the Congo.

There are areas of dense tropical forest almost untenanted by man because of the numbers of fierce and aggressive gorillas they contain; indeed, in this region we seem in parts to have got back to the close of the Pliocene, when early man could

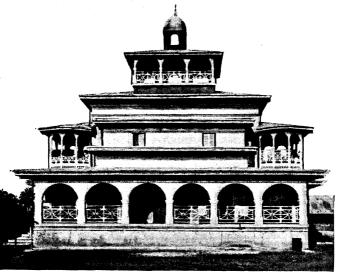
scarcely make headway against the more brutal type of anthropoid ape.

The human races of German Kamerun are very diverse i n type within the range of the negro or negroid subspecies. There may be a few Sudanese Arabs in the Chad

territory; otherwise, save for the recently arrived Europeans, there are no native representatives of the Caucasian division of mankind. But many of the Fula and Hausa people in North Kamerun are at least "negroid," are sufficiently of hybrid Caucasian stock to evince fine features, paler skins, longer and

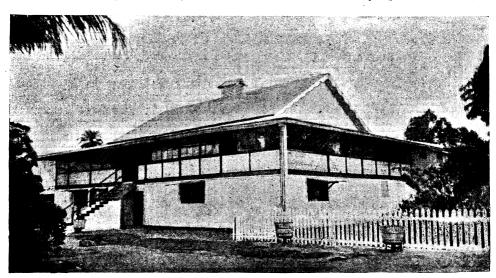
less tightly crimped hair. These fine-looking people are in striking contrast to the flatnosed prognathous little pygmies of the interior forests, chiefly in the basin of the Kadei and Lobai rivers and on the Upper Sanga. The south and centre of the Pro-

tectorate are dominated by the Fang or Pangwe, a negrostockof fine physique, speaking a very corrupt and clipped form o f Bantu language. The Pangwe, like so many tribes of interior Africa of fine physique and semicivilisation. are cannibals —at least, in many dis-

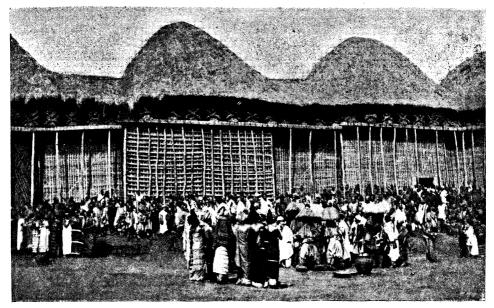


THE PALACE OF KING BELL, THE CHIEF KING OF THE CAMEROONS, IN DUALA.

tricts. They entered West Equatorial Africa as conquerors about eighty years ago, coming from the region of the Upper Sanga River. In culture they are closely allied to the warlike semi-Bantu peoples of North-West and North-East Kamerun, such as the Baya, the Bali, the Banyang, the Bamum, the



THE BRITISH CONSULATE AT DUALA.



A WAR DANCE.

Bayong. These have been of late years partly Muhammadanised—at any rate, in costume and customs—by the invading Fula and Hausa; but their peculiar culture, their arts and crafts, are far older and of long establishment. They were much superior to the Bantu coast tribes—the Duala, Bakundu, Bakwiri, Isubu, Basā, Batanga, etc.—until the

arrival of British and American missionaries began to teach these naked coast folk a better way of life. The semi-Bantu have been adroit smiths. They make little iron lamps for burning fat or oils, which are singularly reminiscent of Mediterranean shapes. The architecture of their clay fortresses recalls at once to an ethnologist



"JU-JU" MEN, LOOKED UPON WITH GREAT RESPECT FOR THEIR WITCHCRAFT.

the architecture of the Mediterranean coasts and islands in "Pelasgian" times. (This theory has been ably worked out, through models, by Professor von Luschan.) The crossbow had reached the semi-Bantu from



A NATIVE WOMAN WEARING EUROPEAN DRESS.

Egypt and the Northern Sudan. They had also developed for themselves an art in carving wood which in its style recalls the art of Benin and Yoruba, and is evidently of kindred origin.

The native population of the Cameroons is calculated approximately at 2,600,000. It consists, for the most part, of very promising human material, if properly, fairly, humanely governed. The slave trade, still flickering here and there with its devastating raids, must be completely stamped out. The intelligence of the negroid Fula and Hausa must be made use of in administering the country, but they must be held in check when and if they desire to continue their century-old persecution of the "pagan" negroes. European missionaries of all divisions of the one Christian Clurch must be allowed to settle and teach where they will, and not be excluded, as they are still, from some

parts of Africa under the British flag. mineral wealth of Northern Kamerun-in the mountainous regions—must be opened up on fair terms, alike to the European capitalist and the native landowner. On the lofty Cameroons Mountains there should be a great West African Simla, a congeries of hill-stations similar to those of India, whereat jaded and fever-stricken Europeans may regain health and strength without the long sea voyage to Europe. (The present writer was very ill with malarial fever in 1886.Instead of returning home, he went instead for a month's stay on the upper slopes of the Cameroons, and regained so much vigour that he was able to stay on



A NATIVE "PROPHET."

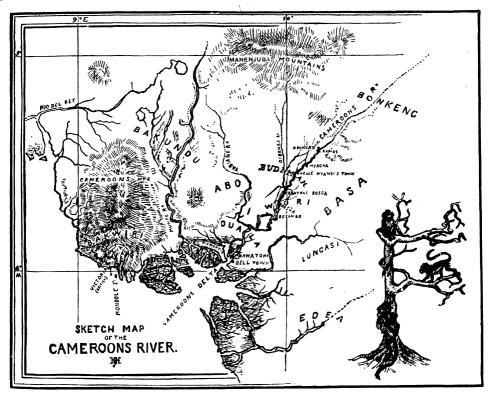
The medicine-men wear masks such as this when foretelling good or evil news.

another two years in the unhealthy Niger Delta.)

When things are finally settled at the European Congress which will close this war, Great Britain will be forced to take over the

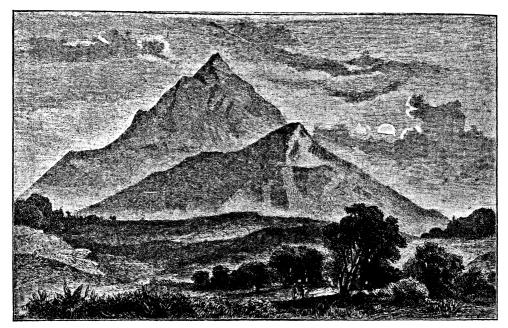
greater part, if not all, of the German colonies in Africa and Oceania, as the only immediate security for some portion of the huge war indemnity which will be required to make good her losses and still more the losses of Belgium. Beyond all question the Western Cameroons must come under the British flag—again come under, one might say—since for a few months, and, in the case of Ambas Bay, for three years, the British flag was hoisted here by many a native chief as the symbol of the government he desired to be controlled by.

are of special interest: witness the pigmy sheep of the Duala and Bakundu country, unlike any other African breed, with the coloration of a mouflon and the size of a four-months-old lamb. There are said to be huge hyenas in the north, equivalent in bulk to the extinct cave variety of the spotted hyena of prehistoric Europe. There are lions in the east and north which, it is stated, retain the ancient spots on their hides, as do occasional examples in German East Africa—in this last case attested by photography. There are unclassified giraffes



When these arrangements have been concluded, and the political status of this German colony duly settled, both the British and French Governments would do well to make an exhaustive survey of this territory. Quite probably its dense forests will be found to contain beasts, birds, and reptiles new to science, as well as those interesting creatures already slightly known, such as the pigmy elephants, the "hairy" frogs, the huge six-feet-two gorillas, the large grey ehimpanzis, the black forest pigs, possibly even the okapis and other dimly known or surmised denizens of the interior forests. Even the domestic animals of the Kamerun

and probably unclassified antelopes, peculiar guinea-fowl—in short, a host of marvels but little known as yet to scientific naturalists. Oddly enough, though the Germans have done so much to investigate the fauna of German East Africa and Togoland, they have paid but little attention, comparatively speaking, to the far more remarkable beasts, birds, reptiles, fish, and amphibians of the Kamerun, the bulk of such investigation having been done by Englishmen. Foremost among these is Mr. George L. Bates, who for some fifteen years past has been established in the middle of South Kamerun, on the River Ja, and who has been the chief

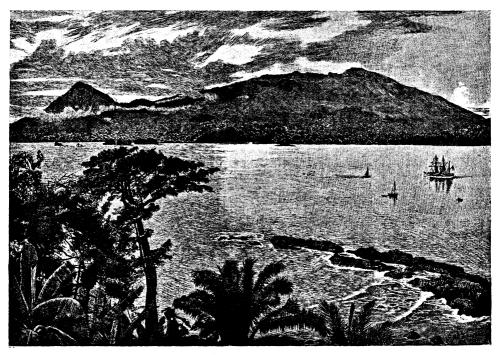


THE LITTLE CAMEROON.

agency in discovering and illustrating the marvels of the Cameroons fauna.

The superb forests of the Cameroons coast were visited and studied many years ago by an illustrious botanist, Mr. Gustavus Mann, who afterwards rose high in the forestry service of the Indian Government.

But in view of the economic importance of rubber and coffee, a new and much extended botanical exploration of the whole Kamerun should be undertaken by English and French expeditions, to the great enrichment, I am sure, of our science and our commerce.



THE CAMEROONS MOUNTAINS VIEWED FROM MONDOLE ISLAND.

LOVE'S COURAGE

By ANNE WITHERSPOON

Illustrated by Dudley Hardy



T is unfortunate," agreed Amelia, in her serene voice, as she dipped her pen in the ink - bottle, "that mother is so unreasonable. But, Leonard, you should remember, as I do, that she

is a rather mid-Victorian type."

Under the north light of the tiny diningroom's wide-open window, the girl was drawing a fashion plate with swift dexterity. glancing, as she spoke, at her brother, who was hastily disposing of his breakfast.

"Unreasonable! Huh!" Leonard forked a hot scone with a savage thrust from off a high-piled plate, then, pausing, surveyed his sister with a pair of eyes as fierily blue as her were placidly brown.

"Look here, 'Melia, do you know what happened last night?"

"You turned up a little late, and mother

was worried, as usual."

"But it wasn't as usual," snorted the boy. "I can do with an ordinary row. What makes me so hot is the kind of scene that welcomed me home last night. Pah! was sickening! Anyway," he went on aggrievedly, "you got in a good bit after I did. Were you met with a rumpus? Not a little bit. I sav it isn't fair."

"My dear child, I didn't go out without giving warning, and I was back from the

studio dance exactly as I promised."

"Bob Todd brought you home, I'll wager," volunteered Leonard, with brotherly frankness.

"Yes; he's always nice about that," replied Amelia blandly. "And, knowing mother as I do, I remember to get home as nearly as possible on the stroke of the clock."

"That's all right, Amelia. You're a girl. I'm not. As long as I was a little chap, it

was the thing for me to do, too. I'm as willing as the next one to live up to my duty, but, by Jove, it's time she recognised the fact that I'm no longer a kid, who-

Amelia's gaze was lifted from her drawing to rest with a look of mild amusement on the boy, scowling at a succulent rasher and eggs that Cissy, the little cook-general, brought in from the kitchen and set before him.

"Madam says you're to just keep on with your breakfast, sir. She's a bit of a headache, but she'll be in presently."

With meaning glances, the brother and sister regarded each other till the door shut on Cissy's blue-clad presence.

"I do hope, Leonard, you were not too hard on her.'

He pushed away his plate, as though with

suddenly blunted appetite, while angry little flames danced again in his eyes.

"I don't care," he retorted recklessly. "After last night's performance, of course she's not feeling well. I'm not feeling well, either. I dare say it was just about as trying for me, finding old Bellairs, in his pyjamas and overcoat, ringing up the police to send out a general alarm for me at half-past eleven o'clock, and mother having hysterics on Mrs. Pritchett's shoulder, right before the Raymonds and Heaven only knows who else, from upstairs and down!"

Shoving back his chair, to roam about the room in an access of exasperation, he came to anchor at last before his sister's easel.

"Now, 'Melia, there's no sense in your looking at me as if I were a criminal. I haven't done anything I'm ashamed of."

"What did you do?" demanded the girl,

continuing her labours.

"I kept my temper pretty well till I turned that mob of spectators out. I even managed to say 'Thank you kindly' to that old busybody Bellairs, who thought he could be funny at my expense, and teach me a few rules of good behaviour. I'd have enjoyed hoofing him down the stairs when he got beyond himself and told me I abused my latchkey privileges. of that?" What do you think

"Really, I had no idea mother could be so indiscreet," admitted Amelia, reading a desire for sympathy and justification in her brother's gaze. "I do so wish," she went on, "that the poor darling could learn a little self-control."

"That's what I said," broke in Leonard. "Perhaps not in just those words, because I was mad right through. When the others had gone, I broke loose. I had to. I can't go on like this any longer. You know I care for her, and I know that she cares for me. But what's the good in dodging the truth? Mother is a hopeless coward. is simply afraid of everything."

"Well, Leonard, there's no use blaming her for that." Amelia leaned back and regarded her sketch through a very handsome fringe of long lashes. "Timidity hadn't gone out of fashion when she was a girl. I doubt if grandmother taught her anything about self-reliance. In that day it used to be considered womanly to break down easily and take fright at everything."

"Maybe so; but I like women of your sort, who are not afraid of anything. Good Heavens, it's shocking to have so little of what I call plain courage! Now, look at mother! She quakes when I cough, and shivers when I sneeze. If I do send a wire or a message over the 'phone, to say I'm held up at the office, isn't she always sure I'm half killed, and that they are trying to break the news to her gently?"

He jammed his hands deep in his trouser pockets, eyeing his sister dejectedly.

"I told her last night she was making life

a misery to me."

"How did she take it?" inquired the

busy artist.

"Oh "—sulkily and half ashamedly—" she cried. Seems to me "-in a tone of vexed despondency-"she's been crying over me ever since I was born, worriting my life out because I forgot my umbrella, or my over-coat, or—or——" He groped among bitter memories for other instances of the tearful tyranny.

"Most of it, of course, is her way of showing affection for you, Leonard," admitted the sister, with the air of one

making large concessions.

"I suppose it is; but I told her last night that she would have to try and show her affection by not mortifying me every time

I happened to come home a trifle late, or took a notion to stop out a little after the chickens' bed-time. All the men at our place do it. And, to tell you the truth, I meant last night to 'phone through and warn her that I wouldn't be home till eleven; but somehow I forgot it. Anyway, when I do tell her, doesn't she always wait up for me, and make me feel like a beast if I'm five minutes later than the time I'd promised?"

Having relieved his mind, and conscious of an access of appetite, he began to conduct a successful assault on the alluring bacon

and eggs.

"I only wish," admitted Amelia, "that mother could realise that useless worrying is a form of mental cowardice. But we must try and recognise, Leonard, that psychology wasn't understood when she was young.'

As she spoke, Amelia deftly drew out the drawing-pins that held her finished sketch to the board, and stood up, revealing her

neat slenderness.

"I don't know anything about psychology, but nobody's ever too old to learn commonsense and courage," replied the boy, with the bold complacency of youth.

His plate was empty, and he looked up, mollified by his excellent breakfast, toward his sister, who was rapidly putting her drawing materials to rights.

"Off to-day, 'Melia? Going to be gone

long?"

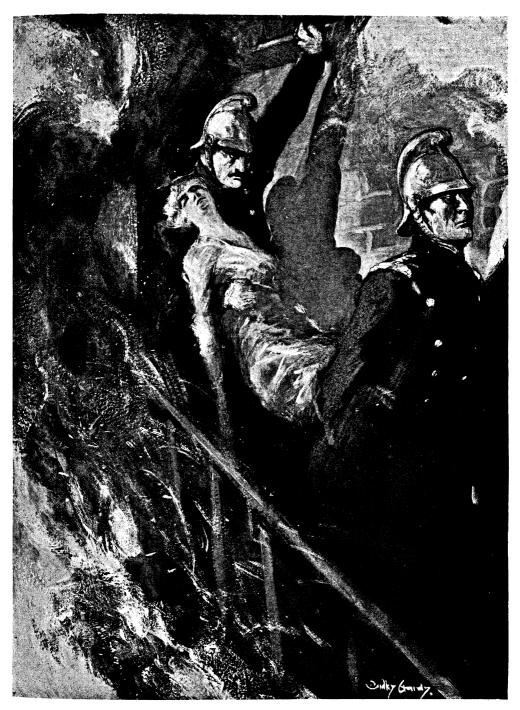
"A fortnight in Yorkshire," she answered. "And now, Leonard"—coming across to where he sat-" be good while I'm away, and don't be too hard on mother if she isn't just as brave about some things as we'd like, and forgets now and then that you and I are

grown-up." "Well, I'll do my best, old girl." He held up his face for her kiss, which she imprinted just where the brown hair, closecropped to hide what he considered its effeminate tendency to curl, fringed his well-shaped forehead. "Have a good time, and send us a line when you get a chance, he shouted, as she passed out of the room.

He paused to help himself to a final squeeze from the coffee-pot; then, bundling his napkin into a ball, he prepared to desert the scene of his hearty meal, just as the door

opened and admitted his mother.

Her sweet, near-sighted eyes showed the fatigue of recent tears, and the ghost of their scene of the night before haunted them both as the boy stood up awkwardly, while Mrs. Fairchild took her place at the head of the table.



"She, on whom he had never in his life called in vain, came slowly down the narrow, cluttered stairway."

"Sorry you are feeling seedy this morning," he blurted forth, pretending to be too much immersed in the lordly business of filling his pipe, to greet her with the morning kiss of childhood's days.

"Oh, it's nothing at all, dear," she answered, with eager affection in her tone, and assuming to ignore the omission of his caress. "I do hope Cissy got your breakfast all right this morning," she added, with

simple guile.

"The scones were ripping, thank you. Ate nearly an armful of them!" He drew a luxurious whiff or two of smoke, and gazed at his mother through the delicate cloud that hovered in the air. There was something about her, as she sat regarding his robust young beauty with yearningly adoring eyes, that melted the keen edge of a resolve formulating in his mind. He had not kissed her when she came in, and he intended to set out for his office without the usual reference she expected to his return home.

The night before he had brooded more deeply than was the wont of his cheerful nature upon the subject and details of the first great difference that had ever come in their Lying hot and angry, humiliated and rebellious, for a long half-hour before sleep came to him, he looked down the vista of his nineteen years and discovered that he was the victim of an oppressive rule of unnatural restraint. He told himself it was his duty to bring his mother to a realising sense of his strength and maturity, of her weakness and want of regard for his dignity. A chap must be cruel sometimes to be kind, and at the moment independence seemed to him an absolute essential to the justification of his young manhood.

However, while she regarded him like that, he found it almost impossible to be as firm as, in the first heat of his angry mortification, he had planned, especially as she was obviously herself making a desperate effort to accept their altered relations.

So the hardness of his heart yielded to the pressure of lifelong habits of affection, and he unbent to the point of halting by her

chair to pat her shoulder.

"Don't miss Amelia too much, and make Cissy give you some of those scones. They'll do you good." But he did not attempt a further caress, and would have passed on, very well satisfied with his handling of the situation, if she had not turned agitatedly and laid her hand on his arm.

"Oh, Len dear, I-" Her voice was already full of tears. "Before you go, I want you to say you forgive me for-

"Now, mother, please!" Abruptly he drew back from her light hold, in which he could feel the trembling of her hand, her tactlessness provoking his resentment anew. an angry impatience leaping into his eyes, that bent their hard bright glance upon her.

"But, child, I only wanted to say—"

"Oh, bother! Why should we say any more about it? It was unpleasant, but it's over now." He thrust out his underlip sulkily, detesting the new brutality creeping into his heart, and yet unable to deal with her more gently.
"No, dear," she pursued, with gentle

obstinacy, and the tears standing thickly in her eyes, "I am sure you are still offended with me. But, you see-"

He swung round at her. "You know perfectly well, mother, I understand." He had pocketed his hands and hunched up his shoulders with the air of one who tries to

take martyrdom with patience.

"Yes, dear, you understand that I love you." She confronted him with a determination that required more courage than he knew, in the face of his lowering expression. "I did not mean to go over that exactly. I wished to tell you that I shall try and show, if I can, how much I do love you by not worrying about what you call trifles." She winked back her tears determinedly, smiling with an effort. "Of course, it hurt me a little—what you said last night—but I always remember what a son you are to me, Len. Really, I ought to be a more grateful woman for having such children as Amelia—and you." Her voice broke into huskiness, and cut short her references to obligations, that made the pride of the young man fairly writhe.

"You just sit down and eat your breakfast, and don't let's talk any more about it." With a firm hand he pushed her gently backwards into her chair. "You are nervous," he continued. "We'll call it square about last night, and not bother over bygones any I'm off." more.

He strode out and down the narrow dark hall in search of his hat and stick; and though his intention was to take his way on, without further dealing with the domestic situation that embarrassed his reserved young soul to the quick, one glance at the picture given back by the mirror in the centre of the hat-tree sent him with much inward perturbation toward the door of the flat, opening on the public hall-way.

he fumbled at the latch, love and anger struggled for the mastery of his heart. The mirror had shown through the open diningroom door his mother drooping in her chair and staring wistfully at the hot blue sky showing through the open window.

Moved by an impulse for which he had no name, Leonard stalked down the hallway, re-entered the dining-room, and, bending over her shoulder, presented a very ruddy and downy young cheek to her astonished

and delighted gaze.

"Oh—er—good-bye. I'll be home at

six-thirty," he growled.

But she quite understood, and kissed him heartily.

"Good-bye, dearie. I---"

This time, however, he was definitely off, shutting the door of the flat with his usual careless bang, leaving her oblivious of her breakfast.

How good of the boy to have come back and forgiven, by his grudging kiss! she He was the lodestar thought gratefully. of her existence, the blessed recompense for her patient endurance of a wretched married life, which had ended by stranding her penniless on the world with her two children. The wonders of their achievements, in dealing with the problems of poverty and the want of education, had never ceased to fill her with boundless pride and admiration; and that she was able to give them in return nothing more tangible than her love and domestic services had never seemed to her heretofore anything save the fairest of bargains.

But the blunder of the night before, when the tension of her nervous fears had driven her to extremities, filled her with

apprehension.

"Why—oh, why cannot I understand my children better?" she asked herself, in the long hours of the sleepless night, slipping out of bed to make her prayer in her oldfashioned way; and yet the boy could never measure the extent of her sufferings or capacity for sacrifice when the suspicion of danger to his life or happiness visited her

When her morning's work restored her serenity, she followed Amelia on to the stairway landing with a prolongation of affectionate good-byes. She would miss this dear and dutiful child, and yet, so long as the boy came home to her every night, she knew, and so did the reasonable, far-seeing Amelia, that her life would be in no way lacking in joyful moments.

"Don't do too much house-cleaning while

I'm away, and don't worry about Leonard." enjoined the girl, who, tautly and tastefully dressed for her journey, laid one firm, greygloved little hand on her mother's shoulder. "I wish you would go down and stay a week with Aunt Ellen. You look fagged by the heat."

The soft eyes lifted to the girl's and, still charming in their expression of infinite tenderness, shone with mild surprise.

"Why, daughter, I couldn't think of leaving your poor brother here alone!"

Amelia laughed. "Of course, mother, you couldn't enjoy Aunt Ellen's big, cool house, if our lordly young man were left behind to the tender mercies of capable Cissy. But while I'm away, dearest, do try not to fret if Len is sometimes a trifle late. All mencreatures are more or less inconsiderate. We have to accustom ourselves to their careless

masculine ways."

"I have determined, my dear, not to worry your brother in the future," replied Mrs. Fairchild, with ready docility, upon which Amelia smiled a blessing. That her mother would fail to keep this laudable resolution she was sure, just as she had failed many times before. But the look in the short-sighted eyes, so full of honest love and purpose, made her suddenly feel touched and indulgently forgiving toward this dear, fond, faded woman who waved her good-bye from the landing.

Punctual to the second, Leonard returned And, though enchanted and to dinner. consoled, Mrs. Fairchild was aware that something still rankled in the young man's mind. A new and stiffly ceremonious manner replaced his boyish geniality throughout the meal, and, when it was over, he came back to the door of the kitchen, in which she was helping Cissy with the dinner dishes, to announce frigidly that he was going out.

"Don't wait up for me, please. I can't say how long I shall be gone. And by the way "-with a sudden sarcastic violence that made her heart beat hard-"don't be alarmed if you hear me throwing that aged idiot Bellairs down the stairs. He takes a confounded deal too much interest in my affairs!"

The blood rushed furiously into his fresh "A little more, and Bellairs and I are going to get into trouble," he volunteered. "That is, if the old rotter makes a habit of meeting me, as he did this evening, to ask whether I am still allowed out at night."

So that was the explanation of his dark

looks at dinner. She wiped and re-wiped the dish, staring at its glistening surface, as the boy banged his way out of the flat.

He had come in in a rage, and he went forth revengefully set upon affording the completest possible demonstration of his manly right to liberty. Not the least part of his sense of injury lay in the consciousness that he really preferred falling asleep over a very jolly sort of novel, and drifting bedwards before ten o'clock. Nevertheless, as discipline is discipline, at any sacrifice he felt he must maintain it. But there was only a dubious kind of satisfaction, after all, in finding the flat wrapped in dusky silence when he toiled up the four long flights of stairs just before midnight. After a lonely evening in a music-hall, he felt bored and fatigued. And as he slipped inside the narrow corridor, the cautious closing of a door caused a troublesome chord of feeling to vibrate warmly with an appeal for tenderness. Beyond the threshold of his mother's room a sore heart and wet eyes were hiding, he knew. But, after a moment's hesitation, he held sternly on his way to his own room.

Sooner or later she would have to learn something of a man's courage in giving him his independence, and he meant to show a man's firmness in disregarding her timidities. But his deep, youthful sleep washed a great deal of rancour from his soul, and though he rose from his long Sunday morning holiday in bed prepared to be thoroughly kind, it was to be in a new and stately manner that she would have to respect. However, at nineteen it is difficult to remember to be severe and remote, especially when a sumptuous Sunday morning breakfast is spread before a keen young appetite, and when such midday dinner blandishments as frozen pudding concludes with beguiling little tartlets that Mrs. Fairchild at once dreaded and loved to see him eat.

Over the gracious finale of this artful repast Leonard modified his over-night vow to keep his own counsel as to his movements. He admitted his purpose to take the four o'clock train and pay a call in the suburbs.

"I'll be home in time for supper, if I can manage it," he conceded, seeing how resolutely patient she was under the strain of controlling her impulse to exact promises.

"Just as you like, dear, though I was going to have shortcake and banana trifle, if you meant to be in," she answered from the pantry, where, in the Sunday absence of Cissy, she was busy washing up.

"You surely are a winner at trifle, and if

you made it, I'll get home in time to see it through," he answered, quite handsomely, he felt, all things considered. As usual, he volunteered to help her with the dinnerthings, but, as usual, she would have none of it. Theoretically, her lusty six-feet son was too enfeebled after his week's labours to do more on Sundays than rest his muscular person on the sitting-room sofa and digest a paper between meals. But after a restorative nap and a careful toilet, he prepared to fare forth on a little pleasuring.

A strong south breeze fluttered the blinds, and brought in on its steady wing draughts of hot, unrefreshing air. Already the mercury in the thermometer on the writing-desk at which Mrs. Fairchild sat, doing Sunday letters, registered eighty degrees, and was still rising. Below, in the streets, the silence of a torrid July Sunday afternoon reigned. It was a day for cautious exercise and courting the shade. Leonard, however, in his new grey suit, stood in the sitting-room doorway, the picture of cool, buoyant energy.

energy.

"I wonder," he inquired, with mild sarcasm, "if Cissy has hooked my best silver match-safe for the benefit of her

young man? I can't find it."

"I am sorry. I saw it needed polishing, and quite forgot to return it," replied his mother remorsefully, as she rose. "No, Len, let me get it for you," she pleaded, as he offered to push her back into her chair. "You wouldn't even know where to look for it, and I won't be a moment."

A gust of enervating breeze shut the sitting-room door sharply upon her departure. And Leonard, gravely considering the pose of his straw hat in the overmantel mirror, was vaguely aware that he heard the heavy banging of his own front door. The hot wind raised clouds of dust as high as the Fairchilds' fourth-story window. Truly, it was not an agreeable afternoon. And as his mother returned, letting the wind shut the door behind her, the boy took careless note of her pallor and a strained look about her eyes that was new to their expression.

He meant to ask her if she felt well, and he had half a mind to offer to stay with her; but as she passed him, she pointed to the

clock.

"Look, Len, you will surely be late. It is getting on to four now, and I must let you out by the back way."

"Why?" he asked negligently, as he followed her into the little dining-room, and

so on to the kitchen.

"Because I thought I heard our bell ring, and when I opened the front door, the wind closed it so sharply that the lock is jammed again, and you can't get out that way. Do hurry, dear-you are sure to be late."

An instant later, and she had almost pushed him across the threshold, slamming

the heavy iron door behind his back.

"Well, I say, that's sudden!" A trifle ruffled and uneasy, he considered the ponderous barrier that locked him out on the well, round the walls of which ran the iron stairway which served at once as a servants' entrance and a fire-escape.

It certainly was queer of her, and she He ran lightly looked so white all at once. down the four flights, through the passage leading to the street, and so on to catch the next 'bus at the corner, cogitating the while on his mother's strange behaviour, and trying to smooth out a small wrinkle of worry that

disturbed his mind.

He still had half a notion, as his quick stride carried him on, of going back with an excuse for spending the evening at home, when a distant jangle of breaking glass and a clatter of running feet and a sharp cry swung him round on his heel, as he waited on the corner.

Someone had screamed the appalling news of fire. A dozen voices picked it up and echoed it again and again, and startled and incredulous, as his omnibus whirled past him unhailed, he took the men and women running from many directions for excited sensationalists.

Where? Someone had gone What fire?

crazy with baseless panic.

From out the open window of the Elliotts' flat, just beneath his own, a sinister coil of dark smoke thrust its head. It was caught by the breeze and dragged upwards against the hot blue afternoon sky. And momentarily paralysed, as one in the grip of a nightmare, Leonard on the corner watched it lift, grow, and lengthen in volume, while the light of a terrible understanding flashed across his brain.

She had shut him out by the servants' way and sent him off to safety. She must have seen the fire at that moment when she opened the front door. Yet why had she gone back? Oh, why, why, why?

Dry-mouthed, his heart pounding pitilessly against his ribs, he flung away both pipe and stick, to run as he had never run before.

Along the blistering side-walk he sped, heading straight for the crowd at the door leading to his home, just as the fire-engine and ladder truck doubled the opposite corner at terrific speed and with frightful clamour. Like the mob in the street, they seemed to have arrived as by some magic, adding to the uproar and the obstacles that blocked his way and stunned his ears.

But the horrors of a nameless dread lent him the strength of a madman. Beating ruthlessly with his fists and shoving with his powerful shoulders against the shifting human mass that stayed his progress, swearing and pleading, commanding and entreating, by turns, he drove a pathway somehow to the main entrance, to find it blocked by hysterical women, smoke and furniture and shouting men.

The blood thundered furiously in his head as, rendered almost desperate by this defeat, he turned, and dodging hands that would have stayed him, and orders bawled by a policeman, beat back to the foot of the rear stairs, there to fall, hatless and dishevelled, into the mighty arms of Corrigan, the porter.

"Ye'll have to wait now, me son, ye'll have to wait!" roared the burly Irishman, as he caught the young man round the body to enforce his retreat. "'Tis the firemen's orders to kape the way clear, and be hanged to them Elliotts this day for lavin' that crazy zany of a Kate Hamil alone to make what divvlement she plazes on the third floor, by setting the whole of it in one monstrous blaze!"

"Let me alone, you fool, let me alone!" stuttered Leonard hoarsely, the sweat and unconscious tears pouring down his face, as he fought helplessly with his captor, stumbling over lengths of hose, his feet floundering in the water, now leaping like a cataract from step to step. "She's up there, Corrigan!" he gasped. "Oh, for Heaven's sake, let me go! I must go! She'll be killed! Oh, mother, mother!"

His voice broke and trailed off into a sobbing wail, as the big Irishman held him mercilessly pinned against the wall, for, as though in answer to his cry, she, on whom he had never in his life called in vain, came slowly down the narrow, cluttered stairway, borne tenderly enough between two firemen.

Her white face, drooping heavily against the broad shoulder of one of her rescuers, swam before her son's eyes dimly as a vision half seen in a vast surrounding blackness that engulfed him wholly as he fell at Corrigan's feet in a dead faint on the wet ${
m floor}.$

"Shure, an' they saved her all right-o, and it's in the horspital up the road they've got her now, snug in bed as a baby in its cradle, wearin' a nate little bandage or two, which is all the harm done to her, glory be to God!" insisted the porter, in tonic and restorative tones, when Leonard once more found his mental bearings in Mrs. Corrigan's snuggery in the basement.

"Wasn't I tellin' you they'd save her?" went on the big man beamingly, handing his guest a glass holding some strong-smelling

brown stuff.

"When Allie MacFarland went leppin' up them stairs," asserted the porter, addressing Mrs. Corrigan and a crowd of neighbours come in to enjoy the excitement, "I knew the trick was as good as done. Fill her up again, Mr. Fairchild. I'm standing for the whiskies this day, to drink to the health of the grandest little lady in or out of Ireland!"

Solemnly, as Leonard blinked and choked, and swayed up to his feet from Mrs. Corrigan's elegant but very hard red sofa, the porter poured forth whisky into half a

dozen noggins.

"'Tis the best, me frinds," he proclaimed, grinning, "that me cellar affords, or that Nat Durlan round the corner can sell ye for good money. But 'tis only half good enough for the health of Mrs. Fairchild and for this extryordinary occasion. Shure, 'tis bound to be in the papers—how she ran back after she saw them flames a-shootin' up the front hallway, and, cold as a cucumber and as intilligent as a policeman, gave the alarm over the telephone like a rale book hayroine! Hip, hip, and hurray!"

Later, and for a long time, Leonard sat humble and silent in the corridor of the hospital outside his mother's door. He waited for the nurse's permission to enter, so soon as the effects of the sedative which Mrs. Fairchild had been given should wear off.

He hoped to be strong and wise and unutterably gentle when they gave him leave to see her, since excitement would be dangerous, so the white-capped authority explained, not a little interested by the shy submissiveness the big young man displayed under the strain of his vigil and her orders. But his determination not to display any ill-timed emotion was forgotten wholly at the sight of the grey-haired occupant of the white iron cot. His strained and suffering soul cried out so imperiously for relief, in tears and confession of self-abasement, that he flung himself down beside her and buried his face in the pillow on which lay her head, while she let him talk on and on in passionate, broken phrases that unburdened his aching heart.

"And—and I said you were a coward!" he stumbled on, lifting at last a tear-marred face. "You who went back to meet those flames, to save me and others! I couldn't have done it. It was like looking in the face of "—his voice sank to a whisper—"of death itself! How ever did you do it,

mother?"

"Perhaps because I wasn't afraid," she answered, smiling.

"Not afraid?"

" No."

He stared at her in amazement.

"I don't think I can make it quite clear, dear, because, as you know, I am not a brave woman," she replied. "Really, I am a coward in most things. But when I saw the fire, I thought only of you, and then I was not the least little bit afraid."

Her glance travelled from his face out through the open window to where, beyond, she could see the early stars shining. "It is hard to explain why, even to myself," she went on, with placid sweetness. "I can only think it must be for the reason that, as you know, Leonard, they say love casts out fear."

His head dropped down again close beside hers, and for a moment the two were silent, until at last he leaned forward, and, putting one strong arm about her, kissed her soft cheek. His lips, she could feel, were trembling.

"I think, mother, I understand now," he

whispered.



THE COUNTRYMAN OF KANT

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Illustrated by Charles Pears



R. DUNSTON had a
way of introducing
a new chap to the
school after prayers.
The natural instinct
of a new chap, of
course, is to slide in
quietly and slowly
settle down, first in
his class and then
in the school: but

old Dunston doesn't allow this. When a new boy turns up, he jaws over him, and prophesies about him, and says we shall all like him, and so on; and if the new chap's father is anybody, which he sometimes happens to be, then Dunston lets us know The result is that he generally puts everybody off a new chap from the first; but the Fifth and Sixth allow for this. As Travers Major pointed out, it's a rum instinct of human nature to hate anything you are ordered to like, and to scoff at anything you are ordered to admire; so, thanks to Travers, who is frightfully clever in his way, and, in fact, going to Woolwich next term, we always allowed for the Doctor's great hope about a new boy, and didn't let it put us off him. matter of fact, Dunston often withdrew the praise afterwards, and we noticed, for some queer reason, that if a boy had a celebrated father, he always turned out to be the sort that Dunston hated most; and often and often, when he had to rag or flog that sort of boy, the Doctor fairly wept to think what the boy's celebrated father would say if he could see him now.

When Jacob Wundt came to Merivale, Dunston just went the limit about him; and it was all the more footling because Wundt grinned, and evidently highly approved of what was said about him. He was the first German the Doctor had ever had for a pupil, I believe—anyway, the first in living memory —so, perhaps, naturally he got a bit above himself about it; and Wundt got a bit above himself, too.

"In Jacob Wundt we embrace one from the Hamlet among nations," began Dr. Dunston. "In Jacob Wundt we welcome the countryman of Kant and Schiller, the contemporary of Eucken and Harnack! Moreover, Colonel von Wundt, his esteemed parent, occupies a position of some importance in the Fatherland, and has done no small part to perfect the magnificent army that great nation is known to possess."

Well, we looked at Jacob Wundt, and saw one of the short, fat sort, with puddingy limbs and yellowish hair close-cropped, and a fighting sort of head. He looked straight at you, but he never looked at anybody as though he liked them, and we jolly soon found he didn't.

As to Dr. Dunston's German heroes, we only knew one name, and that was Schiller; but as the Fifth and Sixth happened to be swotting "The Robbers" for an exam., and as "The Robbers" happens to be a ripping good thing in its way, we were not disinclined to be friendly to Wundt, as far as the Fifth and Sixth can be friendly to a new boy low in the school.

We soon found that Wundt was very un-English in his ideas, also in his manners and customs. He could talk English well enough to explain what he meant, and we soon found that he thought a jolly sight too well of Germany and a jolly sight too badly of England. At first we thought he had been sent to Merivale to make him largerminded, so that he could go back and make other Germans more larger-minded, too.

But he said it was nothing of the kind. He hadn't come to England to learn our ways—which were beastly, in his opinion—but to get perfect in our language, which might be useful to him when he became a soldier.

He was very peculiar, and did things I never knew a boy do before. And the most remarkable thing he did was always to be looking on ahead to when he was grown up. Of course, everybody knows they're going to grow up, and some chaps are even keen about it in a sort of way, but very few worry about it like Wundt did. I said to him once—

"What the dickens are you always wanting time to pass for, so that you may be grown up? I can tell you it isn't all beer and skittles being a man. At any rate, I've often heard my father say he wishes he was young

again."

"He may," answered Wundt. "You've told me your father was an 'International' and a 'Blue,' and no doubt he'd like to excel at football again. But I despise games, and I've got very good reasons for wanting to grow up, which are private."

Of course, he didn't put it in such good English as that, but that was the sense of it.

He wasn't what you call a success generally, for he didn't like work, except history; and he hated our history, and there wasn't much doing at Merivale in the matter of German history. But he took to English well, and would always talk it if he could get anybody to listen, which wasn't often. He said it was all rot about English being a difficult language. He thought it easy and feeble at best. All his people could speak it—in fact, everybody in Germany could, when it suited them to do so.

As for games, he had no use for them; but he was sporting in his own way. His favourite sport consisted in going out of bounds; and he showed very decent strategy in doing so, and gave even Norris and Booth a tip or two. Norris and Booth had made a fair art of trespassing in private game preserves, at the Manor House and other such places round about Merivale. In fact, game preserves were just common or garden Sunday walks to them. But they had been caught by a gamekeeper once and both flogged; and Wundt showed them how a reverse like that need never have happened. He could turn his coat inside out, and do other things of that sort, which were very deceptive even to the trained gamekeeper eye; and, finding a scarecrow in a turnip field, he took it, and as it consisted of trousers and coat and an old billycock hat, Wundt was now in possession of a complete disguise. He hid the things in a secret haunt, that really belonged to Norris and Booth, and they liked him at first and helped him a good deal; but finally they quarrelled with him, because he said England was a swine's hole, and told them that a time was coming—he hoped not till he grew up—when England would simply be a Protectorate of Germany, whatever that is. So they invited him to fight whichever he liked of them, and when he refused, though just the right weight, they smacked his head and dared him to go to their secret cave

again.

When they smacked his head, his eyes glittered and he smiled, but nothing more. He never would fight with fists, because he said only apes and Englishmen fought with Nature's weapons. But at single-stick he was exceedingly good, and, in fact, better than anybody in the school but Forrester. He much wished we could use swords and slash each other's faces, as he hoped to do when he became a student in his own country, and he said it was a mean sight to see old Dunston and Brown and Manwaring and Hutchings and the other masters all without a scratch. He said in Germany every self-respecting man of the reigning classes was gashed to the bone; and decent people wouldn't know a man who wasn't, because he was sure to be a shopkeeper or some low class thing like that. games, he held them in great contempt. seems people of any class in Germany only play one game, and that's the war game— Kriegspiel, he called it.

I said: "What the deuce is the good of always playing the war game if you're not

going to war?"

And he said: "Ach!"

It was a favourite word of his, and he used it in all sorts of ways with all sorts of expressions. Forbes, who, like me, had a kind of interest in Wundt that almost amounted to friendship, asked him if women played the war game, and he said he didn't know what they played except the piano. All women were worms, in his opinion. course, he gassed about everything German, and said that, from science and art and music to matchboxes and sausages, his country was first and the rest nowhere. joined our school cadet corps eagerly, and became an officer of some sort in a month; but he was fearfully pitying about it, and said that English ways of drilling were enough to make a cat laugh, or words to that effect. After he became an officer, he put on fearful side, though as just one of the rank and file he'd been quite humble; and then, when he ordered Saunders, who wasn't an officer, to do something out of drill hours, and Saunders told him to do it himself, he turned white and dashed at Saunders, who, of course, licked him on the spot and made his nose bleed. He was properly mad about that, and said that if it had happened in Germany, Saunders would have been shot; but as it happened in England, of course Saunders wasn't. Travers Major tried to explain to Wundt that we weren't real soldiers, and that, when not with the cadet corps, he was no better than anybody else, but he couldn't see this. He said that in his country if you were once an officer, you were always an officer, and that there was a gulf fixed between the men and their officers; and he called Saunders "cannon fodder" to Batson, and when Batson told Saunders, Saunders made Wundt carry him on his back up to the gym., and there licked him again and made his nose bleed once more, much to his wrath.

On the whole, owing to his ideas, which he wouldn't keep to himself, Wundt didn't have too good a time at Merivale. He couldn't understand us, and said we were slackers and rotters, and that our mercenary army was no good, and that Germany was the greatest country in the world, and we'd live to know it—perhaps sooner than we thought. Travers Major tried hard to explain to him how it was, but he couldn't or wouldn't understand.

Travers said: "It's like this. Germany takes herself too seriously and other countries not seriously enough. An Englishman is always saying his own country is going to the dogs, and his Army's rotten, and his Navy only a lot of old sardine tins that ought to be scrapped, and all that sort of That's his way, and when you bally Germans hear us talk like that, you go and believe it, and don't understand it's our national character to run ourselves down. And you chaps always go to the other extreme, and brag about your army, and your guns, and your discipline, and your genius, and all the rest of it; and, of course, we don't believe you in the least, because gas like that carries its own reward, and nobody in the world could be so much better than all the rest of the world as you think you are. And if you imagine, because we run ourselves down, we would let anybody else dare to run us down, you're wrong. And if you think our free army is frightened of your slave army, and would mind taking you on, ten to one, on land or sea, you're also wrong."

It was a prophecy in a way, though Travers little knew it, for the war broke out next holidays, and when we went back to school, it was in full swing. And so, naturally, was Wundt. He wasn't going home for the vac. in any case, but stopping at Merivale, and he had done so. He told me the Doctor had talked some piffle to him about the duties of non-combatants; but, as Wundt truly said, every German in the world is a combatant in time of war, and if you can't do one thing, you must try and do another. In fact, old Dunston little knew the German character, and when he found it out, he was a good bit astonished, not to say burt.

We, however, discovered it jolly quickly, and I did first of all, because, owing to being rather interested in human nature, I encouraged Wundt in a sort of way, and let him talk to me, and tried to see things from his point of view, as far as I could—that is, without doing anything unsporting to England. The great point was to keep your temper with Wundt; and, of course, most chaps couldn't, because he was so beastly sure he was right—at least, his nation was. I didn't mind all that humbug, and found, by being patient with him, that under all this flare-up he was what you might call deadly keen on his blessed Fatherland. He fairly panted with patriotism, and in these moments quite ignored my feelings.

"Now you know why I wanted to grow up," he said to me. "I hoped this wouldn't have happened till I could be in it. But it will be all over and your country a thing of the past before I'm sixteen—worse luck!"

As he was going to be sixteen in October, that was a bit hopeful of Wundt. His father or somebody had stuffed him up that Germany was being sat on by the world, and couldn't stand it much longer; and after the war began, he honestly believed that it was the end of England, and, in a way, he was more decent than ever he'd been before. When we came back at the end of the holidays, Wundt welcomed me in a very queer sort of manner. Somebody had treated me just the same in the past, and, after trying for a week to think who it was, I remembered it was my Uncle Samuel, after I'd lost my Wundt evidently felt sorry for all of us in general and for me in particular as his special friend.

"Of course," he said, "I can't pretend I didn't want it to happen; but you won't see it is for the good of the world that your country's got to go down. And so I'm sorry for you, if anything."

"Do you really think it has got to go down?" I asked Wundt, and he said it wasn't so much what he thought as what was bound

to take place.

"Either England's got to go, or else Germany," he said, "and as the Teuton is the world-power for religion and culture and everything that really matters, and also miles strongest, England's naturally got to go. You've had your turn; now it's ours. The Kaiser speaks, Germany listens and obeys."

Booth asked him what day the Germans would be at Merivale, and if he'd got a plan of campaign marked out; and he said about the half-term holiday, or earlier, they would come. And Booth said that would mean a short term, anyway, which had its bright side.

Then Tracey, who is awful sarcastic, though it doesn't generally come off, asked Wundt how he had arrived at this idea, and Wundt said from reading papers that his

father had sent him via Holland.

"Your papers are chockful of lies," he said. "If you want the truth, those of you who can read German can see it in my papers."

Of course, some of the Sixth could read German, and they borrowed his papers, and were much surprised that Wundt really believed such absolute rot against the evidence of our papers. But he was simply blind, and went so far as to say that he'd sooner believe the pottiest little German rag than all our swaggerest papers, let alone the Merivale Weekly Trumpet, which was fearfully warlike, because the editor had a son who was training for the Front.

But most of all Wundt hated Punch, and, finding this out, we used to slip the cartoons into his desk, and put them under his pillow, and arrange them elsewhere where he must find them. These made him fairly foam at the mouth, and he said he hoped the first thing the Germans would do, when they got to London, would be to go to Punch and put the men who drew the pictures and made the jokes to the sword.

No doubt it was because they were so jolly

true.

The masters were very decent to Wundt, especially Fortescue, who saw how trying it must be for him, living in an enemy's country; and then Wundt told me in secret that he felt his position was becoming unbearable, and that he had written and asked

if he could be exchanged for a prisoner, or something. He said in a gloomy sort of voice: "I may tell you I haven't wasted my time here, and perhaps some day Doctor Dunston and you chaps will know it to your cost."

Well, though friendly enough to Wundt. I didn't much like that, and told my own special chum, Manwaring, what he'd said: and Manwaring told me that in his opinion Wundt ought to be neutralised immediately. But I knew enough of Wundt to feel certain he could never be properly neutralised, because he had told me that once a German always a German, and that he'd rather be a dead German than a living King of England, and that if he had to stop in England for a million years, he'd still be as German as ever, if not more so. And he'd also fairly shaken with pride because he'd read somewhere that the Kaiser had said that he would give any doctor a hundred thousand marks if he would draw every drop of English blood out of his And when he said it, Tracey had answered that if the Kaiser came over to England, there were plenty of doctors who would oblige him for half the money.

But now I thought, without any unkind feeling to Wundt, that I ought to tell Travers Major, as head of the school, of his dark threats; and I did, and Travers thanked me and said I was quite right to tell him, because war is war, and you never

know.

Of course, if Wundt was going to turn out to be a spy, it wasn't possible for me to be his friend, and I told him so. And he saw that. He said he was sorry, if anything, to lose my friendship, but he should always do all that he considered right in the service of his country, and he couldn't let me stand between him and his duty. Which amounted to admitting that he was a spy, or, at any rate, was trying to be one, for, of course, at Merivale a spy was no more use than he would have been at the North Pole. There was simply nothing to spy about, except the photographs of new girls on Brown's mantel-piece.

Then Travers made a move, and he was sorry to do it; but he was going to be a soldier, just as much as Wundt was, and though he never jawed about Woolwich like Wundt did about Potsdam, yet he was quite as military at heart; and though he didn't wear the English colours inside his waistcoat lining, like Wundt wore the German colours, as he admitted to me in a friendly moment, yet Travers felt just as keen about England

as Wundt did about Germany, and quite as cast down when we heard about Mons as Wundt was when he heard about the retreat on the Marne. He pretended, of course, it was only strategy, but he knew jolly well it wasn't.

"You can only prove a chap is a spy by spying yourself," Travers said, and well knowing the peculiar skill of Norris and Booth, he told them to keep a careful look-out on Wundt and report anything



Then Travers Major reluctantly decided that, with a spy, certain things must be done. He didn't like doing them, but they had to be done. And the first thing was to prove it.

suspicious, which they did do, because it was work to which they were well suited by their natures, and they soon reported that Wundt went long walks out of bounds, and evidently avoided people as much as possible. Once they surprised him making notes, and when he saw Booth coming, he tore them up.

Then Travers Major did a strong thing, and ordered that the box of Wundt should be searched. I happened to know that Wundt was very keen to get a letter off by post, which he said was important, yet hesitated to send for fear of accidents; and that decided Travers.

So it was done, quite openly and without subterfuge, as they say, because we just took the key from Wundt by force and told him we were going to do it, and then did it. He protested very violently, but the protest,

as Travers said, was not sustained.

And we found his box contained fearfully incriminating matter, for he had a onebarrelled breech-loading pistol in it, with a box of ammunition, of which we had never heard until that moment, and a complete map on a huge scale of Merivale and the country round. It was a wonderful map, and how he had made it, and nobody ever At least, so it seen it, was extraordinary. seemed, till we remembered that he had been here through the holidays on his own. There were numbers in red ink all over the map, and remarks carefully written in German; and though it is impossible to give you any idea of the map, which was beautifully drawn and about two yards wide, if not more, yet I can reproduce the military remarks upon it, which Travers translated into English.

They went like this, and showed in rather a painful way what Wundt really was at heart. And it showed what Germany was, too; and no doubt thousands of other Germans all over the United Kingdom had been doing the same thing, and still are.

After the first shock of being discovered, I honestly believe he was pleased to be seen in his true colours, and gloried in his crime.

These were the notes in cold blood, as you may say:—

1. A wood. Good cover for guns. In the middle is a spring, where a gamekeeper's wife gets water. It might easily be poisoned.

2. A large number of fields. Some have potatoes in them and some have turnips.

- 3. A village with fifty or sixty houses and about two hundred and thirty-five inhabitants, mostly women and children. Presents no difficulties.
- 4. A church with a tower. A very good place for wireless or light gun. The pews

inside would be good for wounded. Cover for infantry in the churchyard.

5. A stream with one bridge, which might easily be blown up; but it would not be necessary, as the stream is only six feet across, and you could easily walk over it. Too small for pontoons. Small fish in it.

6. A large field which was planted with corn, but is now empty. A good place for aeroplanes to land. Can't find out where

corn has gone.

7. A railroad with one line that goes up to main line. Could easily be destroyed, but might have strategic value.

8. A hill where guns could be placed that would cover advance of troops on Merivale.

9. The school. This stands on rising ground a mile from the hill No. 8, and could easily be destroyed by field-guns. Or it could easily be used as a hospital. It contains a hundred beds, and the chapel could easily hold a hundred more. There is a garden and a fountain of good water. Also a well in the house. The playing-field is a quarter of a mile off. Tents could easily be put up there for troops.

10. A village schoolroom three hundred yards from the church. It has been turned into a hospital for casualties. There are thirteen or fourteen nurses of the Red Cross waiting for wounded soldiers to arrive. They are amateurs, but have passed some sort of examination. The wounded are said to be coming. This place could easily be

shelled from the hill marked No. 8.

11. A forest full of game, and in the middle of it a park and the Manor House, belonging to a man called Sir Neville Carew. He has great wealth, and the mansion could easily be looted, and then either used for officers or burned down.

12. A farm rich in sheep and cattle and chickens, also turkeys. It would present

no difficulties.

13. The sea. This is distant ten miles from here, and there is an unfortified bay, which looks deep. We went there for a holiday last summer, and some of us went out in a boat. I pretended to fish and tried to take soundings, but regret to report that I failed. However, the water was quite deep enough for small battle-craft. The cliffs are red and made of hard rock. There are about twenty fishing-boats, and a coast-guard station on top; but I saw no wireless. There is a semaphore.

14. A medical doctor's house with a garage. Would present no difficulties. I

saw petrol tins in the yard.

That was all, and Travers at once decided to hand the map and the pistol and

cartridges to Doctor Dunston.

"I'm very unwilling to do it," he said, "but this is a bit too thick altogether. It is pure, unadulterated spying of the most blackguard sort. And if I had anything to do with it, I should fine Wundt every penny he's got and imprison him for six months and then deport him."

So he took the evidence of guilt to Dunston, and, of course, Dunston had the day of his life over them. Some of the masters considered it funny, and I believe Hutchings, who translated the map for Dunston, thought it was rather fine of Wundt; but old Dunston didn't think it was funny, or fine, either. He had the whole school in chapel, and hung up the map on a blackboard, and waved the pistol first in one hand and then the other, and talked as only he can talk when he's fairly roused by a great occasion.

I believe what hurt him most was Wundt saying it would be so jolly easy to knock out Merivale; and to hear Wundt explaining how the school could be shelled fairly made old Dunston get on his hind legs. In his great moments he always quotes Shakespeare, and he did now. He said he wasn't going to have a serpent sting him twice, anyway. He also said it was enough to make Kant and Goethe turn in their graves; and that, for all he could see, they had expended their genius in vain, so far as their native land was concerned. And then he went on.

"Needless to say, Jacob Wundt, you are technically expelled. I say 'technically,' because, until I have communicated with your unfortunate father, it is impossible literally to expel you. To be expelled, a boy must be expelled from somewhere to somewhere, and for the moment there is nowhere that I know of to where you can be expelled. But rest assured that a way shall

be found at the earliest opportunity. Indeed, it may be my duty to hand you over to the military authorities, and, should that be the case, I shall not hesitate. For the present you are interned."

Wundt merely said "Ach!" but he said it in such a fearfully contemptuous tone of voice that the Doctor flogged him then and there; and Travers Major thought Wundt ought not to have been flogged by rights, but treated as a prisoner of war, or else shot—he didn't seem to be sure which.

And as for Wundt, he evidently thought the Belgian atrocities were a fool to his being flogged; and he got so properly wicked that the Doctor had him locked up all night, with nothing but bread and water to eat, and the gardener to guard him.

Then a good many chaps began to be sorry for Wundt; but their sorrow was wasted, for the very next day Dunston heard from his father that Wundt could go home through Holland, with two other German boys who were being looked after by the American Ambassador, or some such pot in London. So he went, and after he had gone, Fortescue asked the Doctor if he might have Wundt's map, as a psychological curiosity, or some such thing, and Dunston said he had burned the map to cinders, and seemed a good deal pained with Fortescue for wanting to treasure such an outrage.

Wundt promised to write to me when he left; but he never did, and, perhaps, if it's true that German boys of sixteen go to the Front, he may be there now. And if he is, and if his side wins, and if Wundt is with the Germans when they come to Merivale, I know the first thing he'll do will be to slay old Dunston, and the second thing he'll do will be to slay Saunders.

But in the meantime, of course, there is a pretty rosy chance he may get slain himself. Not that he'd mind, if he knew his side was on top and going to conquer. Only, perish the thought, as they say.



THE JOY THAT KILLS

By MRS. COMYNS CARR

Illustrated by Stanley Davis



HE sun was setting behind the Harrow hills. Joyce Merriton watched it from the pond at the top of Hampstead Heath. Behind her the dome of St. Paul's caughtthe reflection as it rose out of

the dimness of the great city below; a wide, glittering front in the far distance blazed like fire—that was the Crystal Palace. But where the ground fell westward everything was mist and cloud—purple cloud, golden cloud and crimson.

The air was keen and exhilarating, and Joyce's cheeks glowed red with it; but there was a shade almost of sullenness on her handsome face, and the blue eyes, that should have been kindly and sweet, shone with something akin to fierceness. She stood looking out towards the sunset, her hand on the head of a splendid collie dog which stood at her side; but she was not thinking of the collie, nor, indeed, of anything actually present—her thoughts were far away.

Why was the land so still and quiet? How could people walk so apparently peacefully up and down the broad highway? How dared the lads, down there in the hollow, play football as they were doing, their shouts coming up to her through the still air? Everything was wicked, heartless, inhuman! She hated the people who were wandering about as though nothing ghastly were going on beyond the seas.

Down under the almost bare trees of the West Heath she could see a couple sitting where the leaves had fallen thickest. One was khaki-clad—oh, that khaki that one was obliged to see everywhere!—the other was a girl, perhaps just such a girl as she had been, not two months ago, when she and

Jack had stood here on the hill at their last meeting. She hated the couple under the autumn trees. And when suddenly the dog at her side dashed down the slope in their direction, in pursuit of a little terrier apparently belonging to them, she did not call him back. A fierce desire for fight was in her; she would rather have seen the dogs fight than not.

But the young man called the terrier back, and the collie came up the hill cheerfully to her again, as though he had performed a feat.

She watched the couple jealously, and presently her heart softened—for it was not an unkind heart, for all its passing bitterness—and tears came to her eyes. Perhaps they, too, were saying good-bye as she and Jack had had to say it—were saying it with brave hearts and high courage, too, little thinking of the long weeks without news which lay before them; thinking of brave deeds and gallant doings, not of long nights, cold, weary, and soaking, in the trenches, perhaps never catching sight of more than the spike of an enemy's helmet now and then, as wounded men whom she had seen invalided home for a while had told her.

How different it all was to what she had nerved herself to face! No glory, no praise—not even any news!

Yes, that was the awful part of it, that ghastly word "Missing." Two months now, and still missing! What was the use of it?

She saw Jack, in her dreams, lying on some forsaken field, with his face turned to the sky, wounded, suffering, or dead. And then, again, she saw him a prisoner. That would be the worst of all. Jack a prisoner with the Germans! He had had no love of Germans at the best of times, and now, perhaps, to be cooped up under their rule, most likely starved, ill-treated, and insulted! And Jack never could stand being "cheeked." He would be sure to answer back, and what would happen then? So ignominious, so useless! Oh, how cruel it all was!

In two little months how had the whole world changed! July-what a gay month, shopping for a trousseau, wandering merrily over London, hunting for a house, presents every day-Jack's presents, wedding presents -marriage bells in September, and now there would never be a wedding for her!

Yes, she began to be sure of it. Jack was dead—she would never see him again. tears blinded her; she no longer saw the lovers under the trees in the dusk, nor the fading crimson of the sunset sky. She was very cold. The cold recalled her to herself; it was getting late, and she had promised to go and have tea with Jack's mother.

That was the only thing left for her to do —to go and have tea with Jack's mother. Of course, Jack's mother could not feel it as Old people's feelings got blunted, and it sometimes made her almost angry to see how calm Jack's mother could be. it was the best thing left to her, for there she could talk out her heart just as she pleased. She was always sure of a patient hearing and a brave, kindly comfort. And Joyce did not often trouble herself to think what that comfort might cost.

She called the dog from another chase,

and turned to walk down the hill.

Mrs. Chalmers lived in an old house in a row of old houses, in whose window-seats. the girls of the eighteenth century had sat with their lovers, and in whose little powderrooms they had prepared themselves for

parade and pleasure.

Jack's mother sat by the fire knitting. A heap of finished socks lay at her side, and still her needles flew. She looked up with a welcoming smile on her gentle face as the girl came in unannounced. And Joyce did not guess at the longing question behind the parted lips and the anxious eyes.

"No letter, of course?" said the girl, with a quick, impatient sigh, as she stood

warming her hands at the fire.

And the elder lady only dropped her eyes and shook her head, for her own unspoken question was answered.

"There never will be any news," said the girl, in a voice struggling with tears; "it is foolish to think of it any more."

Jack's mother stretched out a frail hand

and laid it on the girl's arm.

"That is not right, dear," she said. "We must not ever lose hope or trust or courage;

that is not right."

"If I could only think he had done any good by it, but to be lost just with the throng — a prisoner, perhaps, in some German fortress, cruelly treated, starved, and insulted—oh, it's horrible!"

"Jack was doing his duty, whatever the way in which he was called upon to perform it," said the mother, with a high head and a brave eye, "and that he was doing it, together with as many comrades as brave as he, is what we ought to be proudest of. It is not only individual deeds of valour that tell, Joyce, although they win more praise, and just praise. It is the patience, the endurance, the cohesion, the discipline of the many."

"But even the regiment has never been mentioned! Other regiments have been praised in the papers, and one has no news whatever of the —nth. One does not even

know where it has been!"

"It is not for us to dictate to those who are leading us in any way, my child. day may come when we may know all, but whether it ever does or not matters very little. All our brave men will have contributed to victory, if victory is to be ours." Then, under her breath, she added: "And, oh, it will be, it will be! God defends the right!"

Joyce was silent. Perhaps something of a feeling of shame came to her before this

quiet trust.

"My child," added the elder woman presently, "when I gave Jack to his country, I tried to give him with my whole heart, to make no reservations, no conditions. Can you not try and do the same? I know it is difficult, very difficult, but I think you must try."

The girl sighed that quick, impatient sigh

again, and now it was half a sob.

"It is easier for you," she said. "You have had your life, you have had your joys, but mine were all to come; and now I shall have nothing to look back upon but the things I have longed for—nothing to do but to go on longing for them, and know that they can never be satisfied. If I could know something-if I could have that much in return for my sacrifice, although it would be little—I might achieve the contentment you preach to me. But I can't without that—it is impossible! Oh, it's a cruel, cruel war! How can God have allowed it?"

The sobs broke out wildly.

The elder woman had laid down her knitting; she sat gazing into the fire, her thin hands crossed upon her knees. made no effort to still the girl's grief-she just waited until it was spent.

"Poor child," she said, when the violence

of the sobs began to relax, "I know how hard it is—yes, I know. But as for God's part in the matter "—and she smiled a very beautiful and radiant smile—"do you think that you and I are competent to judge of that? Do you think that we are trying as we ought to realise the immensity of God when we presume to criticise the vastness of His purpose?"

She had spoken more to herself than to her listener, who, indeed, heeded her words but little, being still occupied with her own

sorrow.

"I know it is hard," added the mother

again. "Oh, I know very well!"

There was silence in the little room. The gloaming had quite fallen. Joyce began to put on her furs, and called the dog, which was lying patiently in a corner of the room.

"Good-bye," said she, in a gentler voice.
"I must get home now. Father is stricter than ever about my being out nowadays. Of course, if there is any news———— But there won't be any news. Good-bye. I will come again soon."

The door of the room closed after her, then the front door of the little hall

slammed.

The mother sat alone in the growing darkness. She did not ring for the lamp; the firelight was a fitter companion to her thoughts, yet they were not sad ones. No, they were not sad, though many would have said she had much to be sad about. They were chiefly pitiful of that fighting, resisting,

vehement young spirit.

Far back in her own youth she could remember just such a spirit, and could sympathise. She, too, had loved passionately, and had kicked against the pricks when the course of true love had not run smooth. And when she had won Jack's father at last, and, after fifteen years of glorious wedded life, had been obliged to send him to fight for his country, she, too, had rebelled at the conditions, and had complained that the way in which she had been called upon to sacrifice him was not the way she would have chosen.

For Jack's father had perished in South Africa in no striking and valorous way—just brought to his death by want and disease. And in her heart of hearts she had prayed then that the boy who was left to her—the only remnant of her happiness—might never be a soldier.

And yet a soldier was the only thing he had wanted to be. And almost before his

training was fully complete, he had been called upon to take his place in the bloodiest war that the world had ever seen.

Her heart might have been bitter, but it was not bitter; it was only full of sorrow for the inevitable pain of the girl who had yet to learn how to win through to resignation.

Because, for herself, she was content. She had given her son to his country in those first few terrible days after he had had his orders for the Front, and she would not have called him back now. She was only one sorrowing mother among many. All she ever prayed for was that he might not suffer too much, and that he might be brave whatever befell.

And yet, if the truth had been told, deep down in her heart *she*, too, would have liked to know he had died fighting and valiant.

The postman ran up the little steps outside, his sharp knock sounded on the door. Her heart gave a leap, as it always did at that sound, but she waited patiently till the little maid turned up the light and brought in the letters.

She took them without much interest, for she saw at a glance that the one which she still hoped to see was not there—bills, circulars, and one in an unknown and illiterate handwriting.

She opened it languidly.

"Honoured Madam," it began, and she turned to the signature, "William Blackford." The name said nothing to her, but as soon as she read the next words of the letter, they said quite enough.

"... I know you will pardon me for writing, but I thought you would like to have what news I can give you of your son, Lieutenant Chalmers. It was in Belgium, ma'am, in the days when we had some of the hottest work. There was a bridge to be destroyed. If the Germans had managed to get possession of it, the whole of the country behind would have been open to them. It was the only way left across the river, which was in flood. We boys had done our bit soaked the bridge with paraffin and hung open barrels of the stuff below the timbers but it had to be fired. We was back in the trench, looking over our rifle-sights, preparing to open fire on the Germans as soon as they appeared. But your son stood by the bridge with a torch of plaited straw soaked with paraffin in one hand, and a light in the other, waiting for the word of the commanding officer.

"Then we saw the straw torch flare, and the

officer walking backwards across the bridge—the last to leave. Your son ran along the plank under the bridge and plunged his torch into the first barrel, and then along into the second. Then he climbed up on top. The German rifles rang out as he stood on his feet. We looked to see him sprinting

"A cheer rang out from the lot of us. It was no more than he deserved, ma'am, but it didn't save him. He fell again, as far as we could see. He was in the river.

"Then one of the Germans from the other side crawled forward. I suppose no one could see such bravery as that and sit still.



"We had better send for the doctor."

for his life, but he ran on towards the Germans! He was rubbing the blazing torch on to the paraffin-soaked boards. The rifles did not get him, but in a minute the mitrailleuse rang out, and he fell. We thought he was done, but he struggled to his feet again and finished his job.

He pulled him ashore—dead or alive, ma'am, we didn't know, but we all hoped it was dead. The German meant well, p'r'aps, but your son didn't ought to ha' bin a prisoner. He deserved a soldier's death, if anyone did, and I'm sure he got it. No one as seed the thing could think otherwise."

She sat with the letter in her hand for a long time, but she no longer saw it. She was no longer conscious of anything but just a sense of thankfulness in the midst of sorrow—yes, thankfulness!

Her boy had been true to the best that was in him—he had died the death of the brave. It never occurred to her to question that. She knew that Jack was dead, but

she was proud.

The maid came in to light up, but, seeing her mistress apparently asleep, she crept out again, and the mistress sat on with her thoughts—happy thoughts, in spite of the blank in her conscious life. There was something behind that which filled and comforted her — yes, and whispered that father and son might be together now, and not so very far from her in spirit.

Slowly the dream melted, and the consciousness of the moment returned—this

news must be sent to Joyce.

She rose and walked to her writing-table. But as she took up her pen, the garden gate slammed and a buoyant voice pierced the silence of the quiet road. The tone was full of excitement, the speech was fast, half laughing, half tears. It was the girl's voice, and the mother knew from it that she, too, must have some news.

She held on to the back of a chair while the bell pealed through the little hall and

the maid ran to the door.

Steps—hurried steps—crossed the threshold. Yes, a heavy tread as well as a light one.

Then Joyce was in the room.

"Mother, mother," she cried, "Jack wasn't dead, after all! And he did do a glorious thing! Yes, I know it was glorious, whatever he says. And the Germans saved

him! I don't hate them so now! And he's

She was going to say: "And he's here."

But suddenly her voice stopped.

For the figure before her swayed where it stood, and the face was ashen grey.

"Jack, Jack!" screamed the girl.

A tall soldier, with eyes anxious in his bronzed young face, started forward.

"I warned you to be careful, dear," he whispered, as he supported and kissed the fainting woman.

"We had better send for the doctor."

The girl dashed from the room, while to

The girl dashed from the room, while the young man laid his mother on the couch.

"I'm back, you see, darling, safe and

sound," whispered he tenderly.

And her blue lips parted, trying to smile, and her eyes sought his. There was thankfulness in them and peace—nothing else.

The girl came back again.

"He's coming directly. But she'll be all

right in a minute, won't she?"

His arms were round his mother, but his eyes sought the eyes of his future wife for an instant.

Even at such a moment he wanted to save the girl whom he loved more pain than need be from this sad new experience.

But she guessed what he knew, and her head went down on his shoulder, weeping softly.

And as she wept she kissed him, for joy was close behind grief in both their hearts, seeing that they were young and strong with hope, and that the future was before them.

But the joy that was wine to them had been too heavy a draught to the woman who

had suffered so silently.

On the couch the mother lay dead—a happy smile on her serene face.



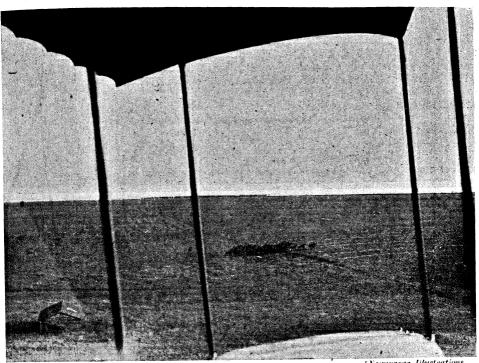


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[Newspaper Idustrations.]

A BATTLEFIELD SEEN FROM THE AIR: CAVALRY ON THE MARCH PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE.

AVIATION IN THE WAR

By MRS. MAURICE HEWLETT

The following article has especial interest as the work of one of the few Englishwomen who have distinguished themselves in aviation. Mrs. Hewlett, the wife of the famous author, has also a further association with her theme as the mother of Flight-Commander Hewlett, who played a prominent part in the recent British air raid on Cuxhaven, and it was she who gave him his first training in aviation.—ED.

THE use of aircraft in war has been discussed by everyone, from those who know nothing to those who know all there is to be known up to the present. The conclusions arrived at by the most learned and the most ignorant differ so widely that only a practical test, such as is now taking place, can finally solve this vexed At the time of the French war question. in Morocco, and also in the Balkan War, aircraft were not sufficiently developed to admit of their adaptation to any specific purpose. The aeroplanes then used had just been evolved—the machines were just experimental ones, for teaching, touring, racing, or exhibition - and in Morocco they were being used against an enemy who had nothing of the sort. Their chief use there was in inspiring fear and also in gaining knowledge of the enemy's movements. They therefore provided hardly any data for actual war in the air. It remains for this great European War to test the use of the fifth arm, and, in fact, to prove if it deserves this title. Aircraft are now in use all over the field, not merely as an adjunct to fighting, but systematically as an all-important branch of warfare. Then comes the question as to their primary use—whether they are to be offensive weapons in themselves, and how far they can be so; or whether their chief use is to be that of observation and immediate communication of knowledge thus gained to the active army. As far as we have been able to judge at present, the latter has proved to be their most valuable quality.

Let us take first the offensive use of aircraft in war.

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Bomb-dropping has done very little damage at all, apart from the fear with which it inspires the ignorant. The number of killed and wounded by bombs dropped from the air is even now well under a hundred, in a war where casualties are reckoned up in thousands; the damage also to buildings and property has been insignificant. The greatest destruction upon any one occasion effected by an incendiary bomb was due to the merest accident. A convoy of fourteen motor-cars was travelling, laden with ammunition, along a narrow road in a forest. A

impartially, cannot be regarded as anything but an isolated case; it must stand as such until further facts are revealed. The English raid on Düsseldorf stands out as another case of the damage done by an incendiary bomb, but, though it damaged an airship and killed a man, it must count as incidental.

There are various devices for bomb-dropping from aeroplanes. One makes use of a tube placed vertically either by the side or under the seat. This bomb can be released at will. The case which contains the explosive



Photo by]

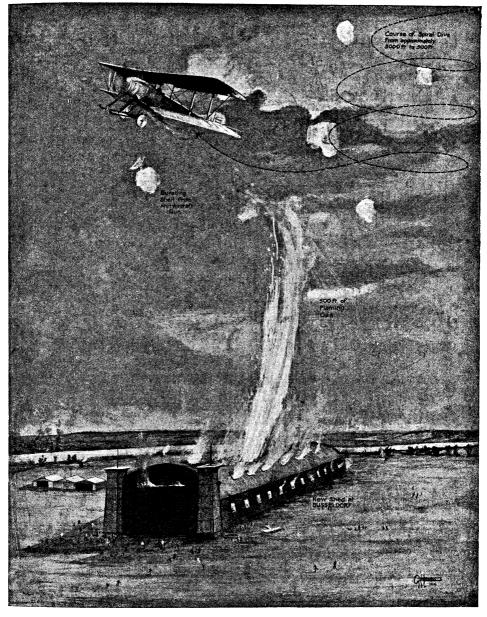
[Alfieri.

A WAR AREA AS SEEN BY THE AIRMAN: "SOMEWHERE IN FLANDERS," PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A RECONNOITEING AEROPLANE.

bomb dropped by an aviator struck the first of the convoy and set fire to the ammunition in it. As no one escaped, the exact course of events can never be explained, but the result was witnessed by many, who found the road blocked by the twisted and charred remains of fourteen motor lorries, remains of burnt drivers and escort, and the very trees on each side of the road split and blackened. The aviator himself cannot give us much information; he saw the convoy, dropped the bomb, and saw a fire behind him as he flew away. This fact, if judged

is torpedo-shaped and generally made of wood or thin steel, weighted at the pointed end. Just below the weighted part is a fuse, which ignites when it strikes the ground. Behind the fuse is a thin glass bulb containing petrol or any such inflammable liquid. The main body of the torpedo is filled with an explosive.

Another form of bomb is a case filled with thirty to fifty small darts made of iron or steel; they are not more than five to six inches long. A small cross-piece of steel is welded in the usual place of the feathers



THE BRITISH RAID ON THE ZEPPELIN SHED AT DÜSSELDORF: HOW THE GIANT FLAME, 500 FEET HIGH, LEAPT UP AFTER THE BOMB HAD EXPLODED IN THE SHED.

Drawn by G. H. Davis from information supplied by "The Aeroplane."

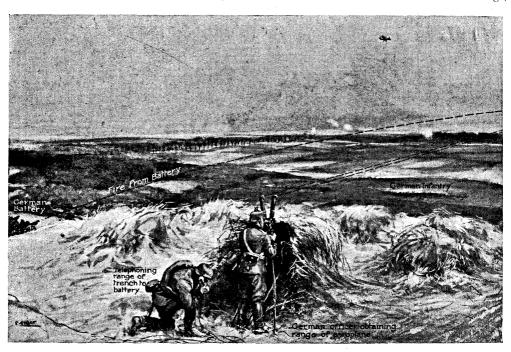
on an arrow, and, when released from a height of four thousand feet, these darts gather such velocity that they pierced the saddle on a horse in one case, and in another inflicted many small wounds on some soldiers in a camp eating their food, who had to pull the darts out for each other.

The Germans are said to use three kinds of bombs, but as these are reported to weigh one hundred pounds each, they certainly could only be used from an airship, as they would be too considerable a load for an ordinary aeroplane. These bombs are of three kinds—incendiary, shell, and emittors of poisonous fumes.

Consider next the use of guns mounted on aircraft. Many experiments have been made in this direction, but so far as the present war is concerned, there are few definite results to go by. The practical difficulty in the way of arming the aeroplane with any gun large enough to do material damage is the disposition of weight, and the consequent shifting of the motor from the front, where the gun ought to be, to the back of the main wings. To this disposition are attached many serious constructional inconveniences, which, so far, have not been overcome. The passenger, when one is carried, is armed with pistols, and duels in the air have been frequent. On one occasion, over Antwerp, a most exciting duel took place. Each man tried to get above his opponent, just as a hawk soars before he pounces on his prey.

behave like a real bird, and nest in some trees. He lost his machine, but escaped with wounds in his head and foot. He was, however, safe from capture. In another duel the pilot was so badly hurt that he lost consciousness, but the aeroplane being fitted with dual controls, the passenger was able to land safely.

There are now anti-aircraft guns, mounted at such an angle that they are able to hit at five thousand feet above the ground. The use of them seems to be difficult, as they have not secured many victories, and the good aviator now flies above their range.



GERMAN OFFICER WATCHING THE FLIGHT OF AN ALBATROSS MONOPLANE ALONG A HITHERTO UNSUSPECTED TRENCH.

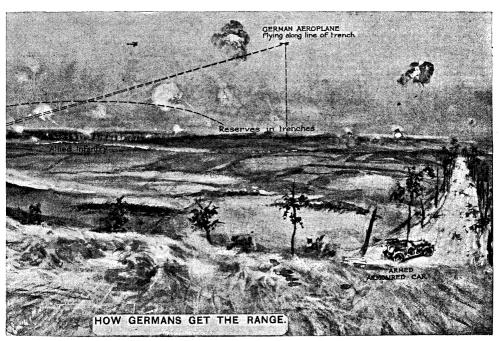
The German aviator has flown out over the intervening firing-lines and has discovered the hitherto unsuspected presence of a strong body of reserves. He turns quickly at right angles and proceeds to fly along the trench.

Each circled round and round, climbing all the time. The German Taube, being heavier, did not rise so quickly as the lighter-made French aircraft. The passenger from the higher air fired on the German, but failed to hit any vital part. The Taube made wider circles, but the other had greater pace in his downward pounce, and got another shot in at such close quarters that the German thought it wiser to fly off, chased by the enemy. The German machine was hit in the motor, which did not immediately stop, but gave out before he could reach a good landing. He was therefore forced to

dipping very rapidly, when necessary, for observation. To avoid these guns, a German officer flying by night hit on a happy device: he tied a lantern to the end of a cord fifty feet or so long, and hanging down. Naturally, all the shots were directed at the light, while he, above, was not seen. One pilot carrying dispatches was crossing a battlefield; the clouds were lying at fifteen hundred feet above the tumult on earth. He was steering entirely by compass and instruments. He could hear the firing, and came down to one thousand feet in order to gain any information that might be of use. Instantly

he became a target for both sides, and bullets rained upon his wings with a noise like the dropping of peas on a drum. He again took to the clouds, and, after flying for half an hour, once more emerged to make reports. He saw more fighting, and this time two shells burst quite close to him. He had just time to alter his line of flight and correct his compass, and again vanished into the clouds. He had gained his information, and descended with his dispatches. But he confessed that the experience of sitting still and being the end and aim of thousands of armed men, if only for half a minute, was an

aircraft in the war, that which has earned its title of being the fifth arm. To be the eyes and the voice of an army deserves this title. It has been proved beyond doubt that such are its uses. No vision from below can be as comprehensive as a bird's-eye view. Not even twenty scouts on fast horses or in motor-cars can command the vision of moving troops, transports, guns mounted on high buildings, or trains moving in certain directions, as quickly as one aviator. The information given by an air scout that a long train, with two locomotives, was seen moving in a certain direction, was the means



RESERVES IN TRENCHES DISCOVERED BY A GERMAN AEROPLANE FLYING AT 2,000 FEET ABOVE THE LINE OF A TRENCH FULL OF RESERVES.

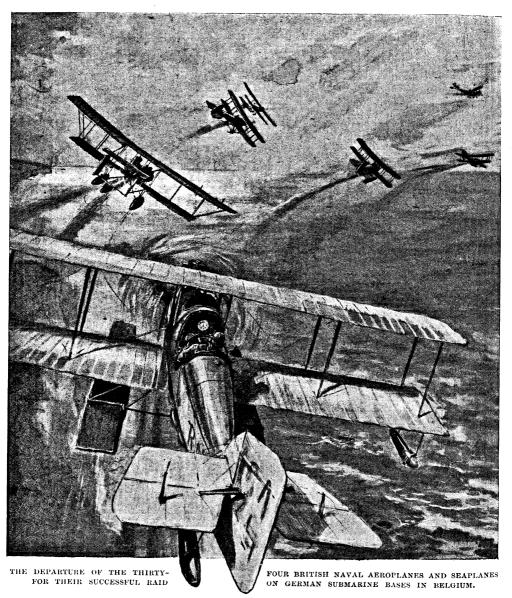
The officer watching through the range-finder perceives, by the movements of the aeroplane, that men are below it. He telephones to the adjacent battery, and soon shells are bursting over the trenches.

unique experience, and one which added to the excitement of flying.

Most of the German aeroplanes are partly armoured, and armour is being provided to the new machines ordered in France and England. This is done by bullet-proof steel being put round the seats and on the underneath of the machine just below the seats and engine. Here is the most vulnerable part, as the shots come from below or from the side. The pilot, the engine and its petrol, also all the control levers, are thus protected.

To come now to the proved value of

of cutting off large reinforcements and supplies. The report was the more startling, as the line was supposed to be wrecked. The Germans have carried the system of signalling from the air to the guns to something like perfection. There are new devices every week. For sunny weather a small looking-glass is used. With this, flash signals are given, and thus, with a signalling code, any message can immediately be transmitted. One manner of giving the range of the enemy's guns or position is by the dropping of small discs of cardboard. These flutter down slowly enough, in still weather, for the



range to be taken by the guns, and, shift as often as they will, the dreaded eye is watching from above to report each move. Again, another way is for the aeroplane to circle round, while the guns are getting their range, and, by the warping of the right or left wing, direct the fire. If the shell falls short, the aviator drops; should it reach over the occupied position, the pilot rises. Watched through powerful glasses, such signalling is as efficient as actual sight. If the trenches are hidden, the spot where the fire comes from can be seen and communicated instantly from immediately above the spot where the fire is to be directed. In the Russian area signalling has

been carried on by black streamers, but at present the system has not been explained to the outsider.

Thus the aeroplane as an all-seeing unit cannot be equalled or surpassed. As an ear to the army it holds the same unique quality. All of the English naval machines are fitted with wireless in England, and in France most of the military ones, excepting the very fast scouts. The apparatus is connected with the engine, and as long as that is running, the operator can wireless to the nearest station as he flies, and as rapidly as he can observe. During this war the information given by seaplanes fitted with wireless has been invaluable. Hardly a ship



AN ACHIEVEMENT EXCEEDING IN MAGNITUDE ANY PREVIOUS EXPEDITION OF AERIAL WARFARE. DRAWN BY JOHN DE G. BRYAN, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

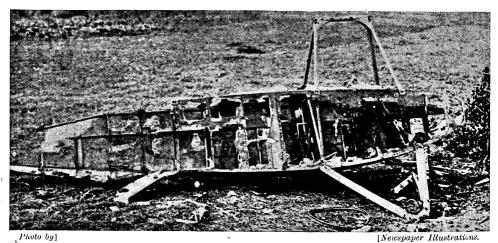
can move by day without the enemy knowing of it at headquarters. Also, seaplanes are the only means of seeing submarines. The periscope of a submarine is the only part which need ever appear above the surface, and, as that is so small, it can easily be unperceived, especially if a heavy sea is running. But the whole submarine can be seen from overhead, in calm weather, to a considerable depth below the surface. Quite recently one dived into some mud, where it stuck, and for days could not be located from the surface. It was, however, clearly seen from a seaplane.

There is as yet no result worth mentioning as to the larger form of aircraft.

Undoubtedly. Germany has spent more in money and ingenuity on these monsters than on smaller aircraft. She possesses three or four different makes. Zeppelins, Parsivals, and Schutte Lanz are the most numerous. The first are of the rigid type, and the others semi-rigid or non-rigid. They are gigantic, the largest being one hundred and fifty-six metres long, and provided with motors giving 450 horse-power. But their size makes them very unwieldy, especially in bad weather. The difficulties in getting them in and out of their sheds are great, and the consumption of fuel for their motors is about two tons for a ten-hour flight. They are fitted with

most luxurious accommodation, and their weight, without guns and ammunition, is so great that not much in the way of ammunition could be carried to any place far from their sheds. They are slower than aeroplanes, and cannot attain the same altitude, so that, pursued by small craft, they offer an enormous bulk as a target, and no compensating quality has been discovered at present. The Zeppelins have been constructed secretly and for Germany alone. Great was the lamentation when one accidentally grounded in French territory some time before the war, and equally did the accident amuse the French, who are well equipped with airships of their own smaller, certainly, but very much more practical. The thrilling story of the eighteen separate gas-bags inside the rigid frame, so that, if one compartment took fire, the other gas-bags would be immediately destroyed, as the aluminium partition would melt. The gun which one Zeppelin carries, pointing upwards above the envelope to destroy the fleeter and higher-soaring aeroplane, is a great danger to herself, as, if the wind carried any small particle back on to the envelope, it would certainly do damage to one or more of the compartments.

As to the system best applicable to the use of aircraft during war-time, no definite conclusion can be reached till peace is again restored. The French have a well-developed organisation, and their pilots are certainly the best trained. They have men who, for cross-country flights and ability to fly fast

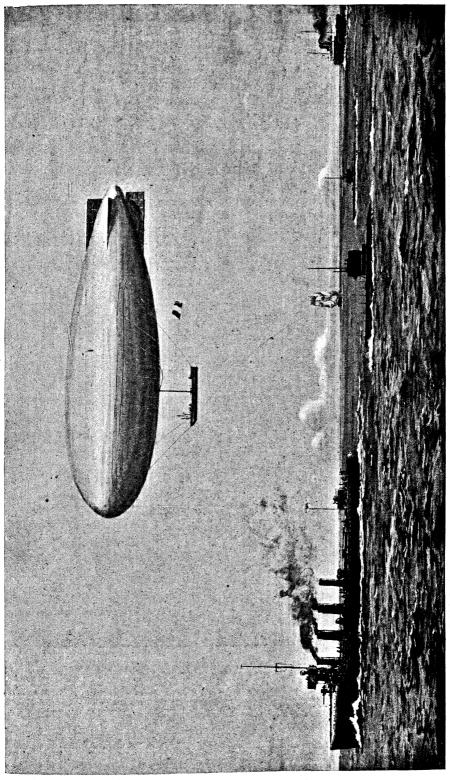


A WRECKED GERMAN TAUBE AEROPLANE BROUGHT TO EARTH BY BRITISH AIRMEN.

The aeroplane is resting on the broken chassis. Near by is seen a metal wheel which has snapped off from the underside of the machine. The metal cabane above still remains intact.

well-known French aviator Garros, who was said to have flown straight into a Zeppelin and destroyed himself and all else in one blazing mass, though a myth, is a very possible feat, and an ideal which many pilots hope to attain. There are many devices prepared for the destruction of this great prize by airmen. One is an anchor dragging well below the smaller craft, which would rip the envelope and then be released; another is a sharplypointed incendiary bomb, which sounds the more likely weapon. The Zeppelin gas-bag is made in several compartments, divided by a framework of aluminium. This is to prevent the bulk of the gas from escaping, should part of the envelope become punctured, in which case one compartment only would become empty. There are from fifteen to

machines, and land them in rough ground, cannot be surpassed. Their machines are very efficient and very light, and for long flights no other country has produced such The German machines are heavier and not very fast, but they are armoured, and have very reliable motors, and their military pilots are trained more for actual warfare. In dropping bombs and shooting from the air they are, perhaps, the best. The English have more biplanes than monoplanes, and they are, in actual construction, superior to any. Their pilots are the best all-round fliers, but they have not quite the wide experience of the French, which is only natural, considering how far behind England was in recognising the importance of aircraft and also the limited size



British Destroyer.

French Brigantine. British Submarine.

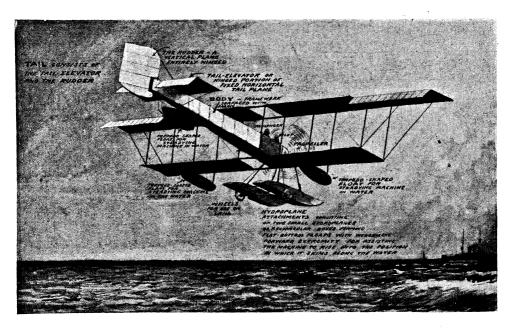
British Submarine.

Channel Steamer.

A FRENCH DIRIGIBLE PASSING OVER A BRITISH DESTROYER AND TWO SUBMARINES. Drawn ly Norman Wilkinson from a sketch by George Lynch.

of our island. The seaplane has arrived at greater perfection in England than elsewhere, which, again, is only natural, considering the importance of the defence of coast-line to an island. The seaplane is a larger machine than its land sister, and has folding wings; the added weight of an anchor, self-starting apparatus, and wireless, necessitate a higher power to lift it off the water. It is attached to a mother-ship, which can provide room for three on board, and which can collect all their wireless messages and act accordingly. These craft stand a very rough sea, even to one running six feet high, and can land on the beach when an ordinary boat could not do so. The naval training is specially advantageous to a pilot. As a sailor he learns to steer by compass; he has never had landmarks, and has learned to do without them. One naval pilot had to make a flight of forty miles overland. He worked out his drift, his wind-pressure and pace in the first five miles. He then made himself comfortable, and took no more notice of his surroundings. At the time calculated to arrive, he looked out and saw his landing-spot a quarter of a mile ahead.

Such is aviation at the moment, but improvements are being made daily and very rapidly adopted. The science of aeronautics will gain an enormous advantage by the putting of our small knowledge to a practical use during this war; and the great necessity of making every effort to excel will do more for practical construction and the industry generally than the past years of peace have done. The opinions hitherto offered by those who have known little, and speculated too much, will be sent where they deserve to go.



A BRITISH SEAPLANE OF THE FLEET WHICH WATCHES THE COAST FOR ZEPPELINS.

Seaplanes are being employed to patrol off the East Coast. There are two kinds of naval aeroplanes in service—one an ordinary aeroplane fitted with floats, the other of the type shown above, known as the "Short" hydro-aeroplane from the name of its inventor). In addition to the floats, it is fitted with other appliances, which enable it not only to alight on the water, but also to rise from it. Drawing by W. B. Robinson; by courtesy of Mr. Horace Short.

SECOND IN THE FIELD

By FRED M. WHITE

Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo



HE man with the squint appeared to be under no delusions. He spoke with an air of finality that would have been a fine party asset in parliaments and places where they wrangle. The thing

was there and to be had for the asking. Poor old Bill had said so, and Bill had seen it. It had always been one of the aforesaid, and late, Bill Magness's proclamations that he never told lies. He had been neither particularly sober nor conspicuously honest, but he couldn't lie. Probably an utter lack of imagination had had something to do with it.

"As big as a small egg," the man with the squint went on. "You've got the word of Dan'l Adams on it, and that's me. An' Bill, he's seen it. Along of the flyin' detachment, 'e was, an' young Fox-Brabazon a-leadin' of 'em. Exceeded his orders, 'e did, but 'e'd 'eard of the big stone, and naturally, bein' a bit of a sport, wanted to get 'is 'ooks on to the same. 'E'd orders from the bloomin' Commissioner to punish these yer niggers back of the Zambesi—where we are now—an' burn down a few villages, an' not go beyond Nanzar River. We'd got no trouble with the Nanzar tribe, and their autonomy was to be respected—mainly because our column wasn't 'eld to be strong enough. Now, Fox-Brabazon, 'e likes 'is work. Got a weakness for disguisin' hisself and paddlin' about amongst the natives and pickin' up their lingo. And that's how 'e got to 'ear all about the big temple acrost the river and the great god

N'Tsu, with the one big diamond eye of 'im a-blazin' in 'is forrid. And 'e an' poor old Bill, they seen it. Swam the river on a bright night an' seen it—usin' glasses, lyin' on their bellies in the scrub and watchin' the crowd doin' Mumbo-Jumbo. For 'is nibs N'Tsu is out in the open, set in a sart of tank arrangement, an' watchin' over the fortunes of Nanzar population. An' if the detachment hadn't been ordered back sharp, Fox-Brabazon would 'ave been all the richer for a diamond as big as an 'en's egg. Fairly groaned, 'e did, Bill said. And now Bill's dead and Fox-Brabazon is down on the coast, and nobody but you and me knows the story, Peter, ole sport. And we're reported to head companies now as wounded, dead, and missin', sniped by the dusky foe and finished off by the vultures. And only five miles between us and the big glass marble in N'Tsu's forrid. An' only ten miles back again to the detachment. An' all we've got to do is to fake up some story of bein' cut off and fightin' the foe like the fine gritty Tommies that we are. An', when we do go back, old N'Tsu's eye goes with us."

"Got to get it first," the pessimistic Peter said without enthusiasm.

Private Daniel Adams eyed Macmanan scornfully. The latter warrior was feeling slightly homesick. He had been persuaded to this adventure against his better judgment. He was missing his tobacco and his comrades and the muddling caravanserai of the forest camp. He was naturally gregarious, and the vast, moist, sweating solitude of the forest oppressed him. Moreover, he was a deserter in the face of the foe. They had provisions and rifles, a revolver each, and a full complement of cartridges, to say nothing of the prospect of glorious loot before them. By this time they had doubtless been written off the strength and mourned, briefly but luridly, by their comrades. There would be no inquiries—little casualties of this sort

happened every day.

The whole thing looked absurdly easy. They had only to go there and back again, so to speak, and the deed was done. The Nanzar priests might start some absurd argument, and, if so, it would not be a very difficult matter to desert for the second time. And yonder, beyond the Napaur Hills, were Belgian settlements after rubber, and there was a welcome there for anyone with an insane desire for work. A couple of resolute men with a modern rifle each might successfully raid the great god N'Tsu and deprive him of his glittering eye; and, if they could get it, their fortunes would be made—they could luxuriate in it on the fat of the land in future.

Not that violence formed any part of their programme—the primrose path of diplomacy was better and far more safe. If they could steal the stone without unnecessary advertisement, all the better. Daniel Adams had armed himself with a pair of pliers for the purpose. They had talked the whole thing over, and their plans were made. They had been discussing the campaign all the afternoon, as they lay in the forest almost within earshot of the village in the midst of which the god stood. Probably the great soapstone monstrosity had stood there for a thousand years. Where his fine blazing eye had come from. nobody knew nor cared. Undoubtedly the tribe of Nanzar had been far more highly civilised in the dead ages, for here and there in the heart of the jungle were evidences of stone buildings, mosaic and concrete, and here and there adorned with the acanthus and the lotus, though these things conveyed nothing to the adventurers lurking hard by. They did not speculate as to whether or not the Queen of Sheba might have had a hand in this business. They lay there sweating and gasping in the wet, dripping heat, cursing the need of tobacco, stripped to their shirts and ammunition boots, dirty, grimy, almost unrecognisable. Their uniforms had been hidden in a place of safety, where the white ants could not get at them, their bodies were blistered by mosquito and fly-bites. The expedition was not precisely in the nature of a picnic. Their bandoliers were hung about them, the rifles lay within easy reach.

Darkness shut down presently like the lid of a box. The jungle rustled with unseen life. From somewhere close by came the purr of some gliding beast, uneasy and restless in the presence of humanity. It was a nasty, creepy business altogether, and Peter Macmanan was wishing himself well out of it. Something cold and slimy wriggled across his feet. The darkness, like that of Egypt, could be felt. Glory be to goodness, there would be a moon presently!

It came, after a long, sweating, humid hour or two, like a great golden arc, rising over the shoulder of the distant Napaur Hills. A yellow light filtered through the jungle, throwing long black shafts of shadow, picking out the swiftly moving bats in search of their evening meal. The whole jungle seemed to be full of eyes—round, yellow, gleaming balls turned menacingly on the two men crouching there, silent and not a

little dismayed.

Macmanan scooped the sweat from his

forehead with a shaky hand.

"'Ere, let's get out of this," he said huskily; "it fairly gives me the 'orrors! If I'd known it was goin' to be like this, I wouldn't ha' come. Wot's the matter with

the open?"

"You don't think o' nothin' but yourself," Adams grumbled. "Did you expect a perishin' Pullman car and a brass band at the other end to meet you, or the idol's eye by registered post? All the same, I'm

game to get out of this."

They pushed their way sullenly through the scrub on to the open plain. They were wearing practically nothing now besides their boots and shirts and cartridge belts. They were dirty and disreputable beyond words. The most cunning natives would never have taken them for Tommies, and this Adams

regarded as a valuable asset.

On the far side of the opening the huts of the village were clustered together. A larger structure of brick and mud and cane stood out from the rest, marking the spot where some chief rested. The place was still and silent as the grave. No living soul could be seen. There was not so much as a dog prowling about, no wandering animals scratching the earth for a lean meal. The huts divided in the centre, and between them the great grotesque idol raised its ugly head. As the deserters moved along, they could catch the flickering gleam in the forehead of the idol. The golden glow of the moon, hanging in a sky of indigo blue, glittered and flashed on the facets of the

stone. Macmanan flicked a dry tongue over

his still drier lips.

"Perish me, if you ain't right, Daniel!" he said hoarsely. "In me 'eart of 'earts, I Worth about a never expected to see it. quarter of a million at least. I've 'eard chaps what's served in India tell the tale before. but I never believed 'em. We'll get it easy as kiss me 'and!'

They moved along cautiously till the village was reached. They were trembling with excitement from head to foot now, not afraid, but with a queer, crumbling sensation in the pit of the stomach. Then suddenly from behind a low stockade of cactus plants a dark figure rose and confronted them, a ragged figure with a clean-cut Arab type of face, in strange contrast to the woolly mat of his hair. He started back half fearfully, half defiantly, with a conch at his lips. Then a second man appeared to materialise out of nowhere, and the fun began.

There was no fear in the hearts of the two deserters now. The nerve-destroying suspense was over, and the moment for action had arrived. And they had been in tight places before. Without a moment's hesitation, Adams dashed forward and flung his revolver full into the face of the man with the shell. The thud of steel on bone fairly rang as the fellow staggered back, dropping the shell and pressing his hands to his face in the agony of the moment. Adams could hear the patter of blood on the dry leaves. He snatched up the revolver, eager, ready, full of zest to kill, and beat his reeling antagonist with cruel force about the head. He seemed to give at the knees, as if he had been an empty sack; he dropped and lay without a sign of life.

Macmanan was faring none too well. He was lying on the flat of his back, with a pair of hands tearing at his throat and a bony knee pressing cruelly on his chest. The stars were dancing in a cloud of blue and gold and crimson before his eyes, his breath was coming in fitful gasps, a steamhammer was pounding in his brain. Then something cracked, and he staggered to his There was just the suggestion of

acrid smoke in the stagnant air.

"I 'ad to pot 'im," Adams gasped; "he'd 'a' strangled you in another tick. 'Ope nobody 'eard. We've managed to do

it in on both the guards, anyway."

Apparently the little spitting crack of the revolver had aroused no alarm. adventurers crouched panting there, waiting for any further sign of life, but none came.

"It's all our own!" Adams said exultingly. "'Ere, let's drag the bodies away and shove 'em in the water yonder. Both of 'em as dead as mutton, but get

'em out of the way, all the same."

The gruesome task was finished. The camp lay there white and clear in the light of the moon. These men were armed; they feared nothing. They moved on swiftly in the direction of the great god. All about it appeared to be a kind of empty moat, some six feet deep, with sheer smooth sides, and some forty feet across.

"Now, wot's the meanin' of all this 'ere fortification?" Macmanan asked. you don't fall in and break your bloomin'

neck. Bit of a precipice, ain't it?"

But Daniel was not seeing the humour of it. In his own vernacular, "he didn't perishin' well like it." He did not altogether lack the rudiments of an imagination, or he had not been here at this moment. And, besides, he was in the land of Mumbo-Jumbo. He was thinking now of vivid stories told round many a camp fire, things occult and mysterious and terrible. mistrusted the smooth sides of the empty moat, and the hard floor piled here and there with heaps of rocks and stones. If the simple natives regarded this as a protection for their god, then they were unsophisticated indeed. But were they quite as simple as they appeared to be? Might there not be some livid danger there?

Well, they had to risk it. There was no point in being turned back at the last moment by a mere empty moat. In the moonlight the floor looked solid enough. The village was silent as the tomb, and the big diamond was blazing in the eye of the idol. Adams let himself down the side of the wall. gasping as he went. With his lip between his teeth, he was silently cursing his own cowardice. He took a step or two forward, like Agag, followed by Macmanan. They were half-way across the smooth floor in the direction of the idol before anything happened. Here and there were little hillocks of rock and stone, like islands in a smooth sea.

And suddenly these islets became things Under the astonished eyes of the two adventurers they moved and trembled as solid objects move behind the haze of a flame. From every nook and cranny round, bloated objects bubbled out and squatted hideously, straddling on long, hairy legs with dropsical bodies suspended over them, their yellow beaks emitting a noise not unlike that of a grasshopper, with a deeper metallic note. The wicked yellow eyes of them gleamed viciously. Other hillocks were tremulous with movement now, hairy red objects straddled over the floor in all directions. They would dart swiftly forward for a few yards, and then pull up as if dead. The still, stagnant night air fairly hummed with their hoarse, splitting note.

"What on earth have we struck?" Macmanan gasped. "Spiders, ain't they?"

Adams had no reply for the moment. He was beginning to understand what the hard, shining sides of the moat were used for, and he had heard of these spiders, great big fellows of the tarantula type, but twice the size of the American variety and far more fierce. A trader with a hideous scar on the side of his face and half the calf of his left leg gone had once told Adams a gruesome story of a night's torture in connection with one of the tarantulas, and the man had told it in a hoarse whisper and with a sweating brow.

"For 'Eaven's sake, get back!" he whispered. "They're afraid of us for the moment, but it won't be long. The first one as goes for us'll be followed by the whole hell-spawn of 'em! They'll run all over you, like rats up a wall. 'Op it, Peter!"

Peter needed no second bidding. He ran like a hare, sweating horror at every pore. They scrambled somehow to a place of safety and looked down shudderingly into that pit of abomination. A score or more of the spiders had followed them. They skated here and there, as if impelled by some invisible spring; they stopped motionless, with their great hairy bodies poised above the long legs that looked like those of a dog.

"Nice little, interestin' pets, ain't they?" Macmanan gasped. "'Minds me of the time I won that two quid in the 'Amburg lottery and spent it in boozing! Awful,

ain't it?"

"I know," Adams shuddered. "Fancy havin' a 'undred of 'em all over you at once! Take a piece out of you, they do, like a kid eating an apple. So this is the game those chaps play. Wonder how they get to the old image in his glory yonder at spring-cleanin' time? Rig up a rope-bridge or something of that kind. So long as they keep them spiders 'ungry, the diamond's safe."

"But we ain't got no rope-bridge," Peter murmured. "Have to chuck it, I s'pose?" "Not me," Adams grunted. "We've got to see it through, my son. Here, let's see if we can't frighten the brutes. If not, we'll stir up the village and get them to take a hand at the game. We'll twist flowers in our hair and pretend we're gods. And we've got the guns, too. In for a penny, in for a pound, old sport. I didn't want to have any fuss over this thing, being modest in my notions; but if a jamboree is necessary, then a jamboree it's goin' to be. Got any matches?"

"Got a whole boxful, for the matter of that, mate."

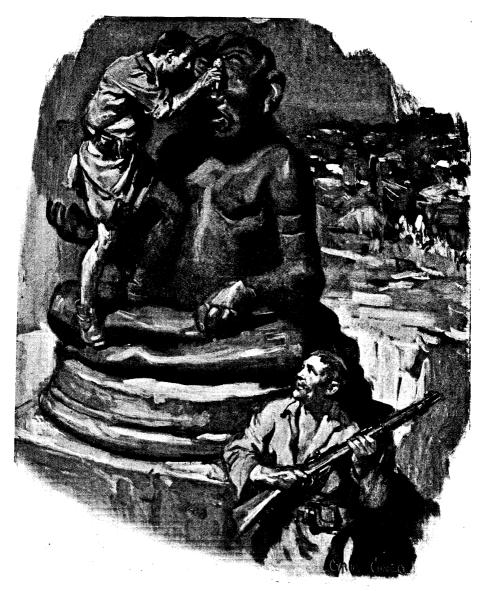
"Good! Get your knife out and open a dozen of the cartridges. We'll lay a train of powder way across the old moat—scatter powder all over the place. They won't like that."

It was not pleasant work dropping down the smooth side of the moat again and laying the powder train. A cold stream played up and down the spines of the conspirators, but they were aided by the discovery that the spiders had no liking for the burning flame. A match held within a yard of one caused him to back like a ship with reversed engines; he spat and scuffled headlong for safety. A tiny point of flame touched the gunpowder, and a zigzag sheet of blue and gold darted across the floor. At the first spurt every bloated black object vanished. In the clear, silver light of the moon, the spiders could be seen fighting and struggling for cover. The acrid smell of the powder hung in the air. Adams smiled his complete satisfaction.

"We've done the trick," he grunted.
"Easy on with those matches. Don't forget that we've got to get back again. Come on, mate! A dash for it, and the

thing's done!"

Macmanan waited for no second bidding. He was anxious to get along before his imagination began to play tricks with him again. They sprinted across the intervening space and climbed the wall of the island upon which the great grotesque god was seated. The strange features were worn smooth and shiny by the sun and storm of the ages, but the great eye still glittered in the forehead, embedded there in some metal that Adams rightly took for gold. He produced the pair of pliers, which he had taken the precaution to thrust into his boot, and got to work without delay. His spirits rose, he could have shouted and danced in the joy of the moment as the stone came away in his hand. He had fortune in his grasp, probably the best part of a quarter of a



"He produced the pair of pliers . . . and got to work without delay."

million safely knotted away in the tail of his grey flannel shirt. He had his rifle and revolver and the belt full of cartridges, and the way to safety lay in the broad path of the moon.

"Got it!" he gasped. "Bloomin' well got it! We'll buy ourselves out quite in the proper way, old pard. And then back to the Old Country once more, shootin' an' fishin' an' huntin', like the rest of the nobs. Five thousand quid a year interest on our bloomin' capital. Come on!"

No wild outburst of enthusiasm came from Macmanan. He was seeing things hidden from the optimistic eye of his comrade. For instance, he could see a little knot of dusky figures on the far side of the moat, watching the proceedings with intelligent curiosity.

"Here's the gentry of the place come to meet us," he said. "Seem to be annoyed about something. Downright disrespectful, I call it. What's the next game?"

A wild wail of anguish rose from the black figures on the opposite bank. It was followed presently by a yell of rage and the rush of spears. They hurtled all round the statue of the god, but not one of them struck the sacred figure. Adams and his companion crouched in a little gutter at the base, not

undisposed to admire the marksmanship of the foe. They were comparatively safe there. They could see how the figures on the far side were getting thicker; the rattle of spears was continuous.

"Open some more cartridges," Adams whispered. "Let's have a flare at the foot of the old fossil 'ere. Ten to one those chaps have never heard a gun or smelt

gunpowder in their natural."

Macmanan touched off the contents of a dozen cartridges. The great blue flare exploded, and the din on the opposite bank ceased suddenly. A fantastic figure, garbed in some grotesque robes, danced in a wild saraband slow movement, gesticulating wildly. "The head medicine-man of the tribe, no doubt," Adams thought, as he drew a bead on him. There was a little crack, a puff of flame, and the big man crumpled up in a heap, and so he died.

When Adams looked up again, he could see that every man there had fallen forward on his face. The black heads were pressed to the ground in token of utter subjection.

"The trick's done!" he yelled. "Come on while they've still got the fear of us in their hearts. A match or two here and there, and there's no fear of the spiders. I expect those chaps think we have bewitched them. Get a move on you, Peter—the game's ours!"

They were across the danger zone at length, up the far wall, and walking with the conscious majesty of moral superiority over the bodies of the prostrate natives. Here and there a curious head was raised, only to go swiftly down again. Surely these were beings from another and higher world, those dark, grimy men with strange footwear and queer garments fluttering from their shoulders. They held in their hands magic sticks that spat fire and killed beyond the range of spears. The medicine-man had

defied them, and the gods of these strangers had killed him with flame.

They lay there long after Adams and Macmanan had vanished into the scrub and donned their clothes. There was no suggestion of pursuit, and the adventurers knew it. Moreover, they knew their way, and would in two days' march be back with the detachment again. But few questions would be asked; besides, they had their story all ready cut and dried.

They dropped down at the foot of a bluff and lighted their fire, and slept the sleep of clear conscience and duty nobly done. They dreamt of the happy days to come, of beer and baccy and kindred joys so dear to the heart of their clan. And when they awoke and had breakfasted, Adams produced the

diamond and gazed on it lovingly.

"A bit of real all right," he said. "I know. I wasn't with a Sheeny in Clerkenwell for a year without knowing something of stones. And you can test 'em as easy as easy. Just give me your knife. Open the little nail-file on the back and scrape it over what they call the facets of the stone. A real diamond resists the file, like this one does, and—— Cuss me, if it ain't a perishin' paste one!"

They sat there for an hour or more in silent misery. Then Adams dragged himself wearily to his feet and pointed the

homeward way.

"Don't ask me," he said, with concentrated bitterness. "It's a fake, anyway. We've been anticipated, my lad, by a regular genius—a chap what took proper precautions and got a dummy diamond to take the place of the real stone, and thus deluded those poor innocent savages. And he got away safely with the proper marble. Worked it out like a detective, 'e did. Forget it, mate, forget it. And now back to the bally camp. By the right, quick march!"

THE LAMP AND THE PUDDLE.

A DARK and miry road,
Rain-pools in it;
As in the dark I trod,
Lo, one was lit!

For 'mid that mud and mire
A star had flung
A gleam of heavenly fire
Earth's tears among!

MARY BELL.

WAYNE OF YAHILI

By F. E. BAILY

Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst



N a spacious attic of his tall, white house in Clarges Street, W., the Honourable Charles Macarra, also of Bloom Hall, Wiltshire, rocked the head of ex-Colour-Sergeant Bildad from side to side with straight

lefts and rights to the jaw. A faint haze of dust, raised by the men's quick-stepping feet, hung in the air; a mingled aroma of leather and warm bodies diffused itself; there was abroad also a grim and purposeful spirit; light and fanciful sparring formed no part of the programme.

Sergeant Bildad gracefully, almost apologetically, relieved himself of the Honourable Charles. There was no apparent effort in his achievement; it simply came about that his employer retired unsteadily until the padded wall of the attic checked him.

Sergeant Bildad stood back on guard.
"Fighting again, sir!" he exclaimed sadly. "We shall never make a boxer of you, sir. Comparatively useless to bring off those taps on the jaw, and simply ask me to knock your heart through your spine, so to speak. Think of your pore body, sir."
Charles, fetching his breath in great

gasps, straightened up five feet eleven of slender, sinewy, well-built humanity, and

smiled with ineffable tolerance.

"What utter nonsense, Bildad!" he murmured. "You know as well as I do that either of those upper cuts could have been a knock-out. All that rigmarole is sheer professional jealousy. Ready for another go?"

Sergeant Bildad smiled. He had the square-jawed, low-browed face of the purely fighting animal, but his smile transformed its ferocity into an expression of singular charm. His thirty-five years and six feet of

slightly over-developed muscle lacked the speed of Charles's twenty-six and practically perfect physique. But the professional has always a trick or two up his sleeve.

"When you are, sir!"

The attic door swung open. There entered James, the footman, his white, soft flesh, immaculate garb, and low, correct tones, a chaste protest against the primitive brutishness of the scene before him.

"A lady has called to see you, sir," he observed. "She refuses her name. I have shown her into the drawing-room.

asked for you personally."

James ceased, remaining the embodiment of polite deference. He scented doggishness in the air, but his record with the best families continued unimpaired.

"What is she," demanded Charles swiftly-" a chorus-girl, a Suffragette, or an ex-governess come about a reference?"

"I couldn't say, sir." James seemed faintly to regret any suggestion of flippancy. "She is young and—er—a lady, sir."

"Very well. Tell the undoubted lady I'll be down in ten minutes. Bildad, see

that my bath is ready."

Flinging a dressing-gown over his inadequate garb, Charles, a quick mover, like all languid young men, brushed past the smooth footman and swung away to his bedroom. Within ten minutes he brought the perfume of his bath and the fragrance of his personality into the presence of the unknown.

She sat by the window, so that he saw her in pure profile. The drawing-room, on the ground floor, looked out on to the unparalleled decency of Clarges Street. Her eyes, gazing through the window, considered the very correct residences opposite, and others still more correct which were divided into suites of rooms for opulent young gentlemen. She saw the occasional select tradesmen, purveyors to His Majesty.

Charles saw absolutely nothing but her profile, standing out from the old-rose

chintz of her chair.

Vaguely he realised that she embodied a symphony in blue. Her gown was soft blue crêpe de chine, and a little foot, veiled in a blue silk stocking and shod with velvet of a darker blue, peeped out from beneath it. Her exquisite blue hat rested on her hair as lightly as a lover's kiss, and, as he moved across, she smiled up at him out of the bluest eyes in the world.

"Good morning, Mr. Charles Macarra," "No doubt you are delighted to

see me."

He sat down, tingling with that pleasant electricity which radiates from a pretty girl, and from some more than others. She took in the perfection of his clothes, the set of his lean, thorough-bred head, his riotous physical fitness.

"I am overjoyed," he retorted, with a nameless lilt in his voice, born of the electricity and the most affectionate sarcasm. "It ought to be my birthday, but it's really something better—the birthday of

our friendship."

"Ah," said the lady, "so you admit you've never met me before. A duller person would have lied about some former occasion. I congratulate you!"

"Tell me your name, Blue Lady, and

how you came to know mine."

"The baker told me. He is a very charming baker, who makes English, French, and Vienna bread, and quotes special terms to clubs and things. I asked him if this was Colonel Parkinson's, and he said it

"'Whose is it, then?' I said.

"'The Honourable Charles Macarra's,'

he replied.

-"So I rang the bell and desired to see Mr. Macarra. There's nothing like asking, if you want to find out anything."
"And yet," he murmured, "I asked

you your name, and you haven't told me."

"I'm Daisy Wayne. Sorry!"

"How perfectly it goes with the blue! And do you want me to do anything definite, because, if not, I should like to begin to map out our first day together."

"Yes," she answered, looking at him curiously, "I should like you to give me some breakfast. I haven't had any."

Charles rang the bell.

"James," he commanded, "breakfast for two in the morning-room at once."

III.

Daisy Wayne, full of game-pie and the most exceptional coffee, spread marmalade on a strip of toast with languid fingers. Curled up in a voluptuous arm-chair to her left, near a small fire of early spring, Charles smoked a fragrant Egyptian cigarette.

She smiled at him the heavenly smile of a

well-fed, contented young animal.

"At eight this morning," she said at last, "I left a certain boarding-house. I haven't a single penny in the world, and no one to get one from. One puts on, instinctively, one's best clothes to meet death, or whatever one does meet in my circumstances. I'm afraid I've never economised on clothes, and so you have the advantage of seeing me decked out by Dover Street. My other things the landlady will snatch. I owe her a month's keep, so I mustn't grumble."

"M'm!" said Charles, smiling a little. "Go on. I like you. You've got a touch

of the noble Roman about you."

"Oh, I wandered up West from a vague desire to starve to death among the best people. I called on you simply in order to have somewhere to sit down for a few minutes. You might have been sixty, and married, for all I knew. Perhaps you are married. Thank you, anyway, for my good breakfast."

"Amen!" quoth her host reverently. "I am yet single, thank you. I can see you are in one of those predicaments when something must be done—sooner or later. To-day we are going to enjoy ourselves. But while we are so comfy, let us discuss the situation. Have you any talents or accomplishments?"

"None whatever!"

"Thank Heaven! makes the That problem so much easier. It rules out at once a whole host of tiresome, useful things. Have you any eccentricities?"

The Blue Girl ruminated, while Charles watched the play of spring sunlight on her

golden-brown hair.

"Yes," she said at last. fluently." "I speak Yahili

Charles sat up in his chair.

"Yahili," he began rapidly, "is a littleknown Protectorate on the West Coast of Africa, administered by a Commissioner. The forces at his disposal include a native battalion, the Yahili Rifles. Let me introduce their late sergeant-major."

He pressed the bell and ordered James to send Sergeant Bildad. That individual came

smartly.

"Miss Wayne," observed Charles, "this is Sergeant Bildad, late of the Grenadier Guards. He trained the Yahili Rifles when they were raised. Have a chat with him in the vernacular."

The Blue Girl held out a slim white hand. and for a little while the soft accents of the Yahili tongue pervaded the room. Finally

Charles held up a restraining hand.

"Right you are, Bildad. Dismiss!" he said. "Smart man, Bildad," Charles went on. "He keeps me fit, and looks after my kit, and goes exploring with me. Where did you

pick up the lingo?"

"My father was a trader on the West He made a lot of money, but he drank it all. He used to keep me at school in England latterly. When he died, I had just five hundred pounds. That was a year ago. I did get a job with a woman as governess, but her grown-up step-son thought he was in love with me, and so I left. when you're young, life's so interesting and work's so beastly. I'm twenty-one."

Charles nodded and lit another cigarette. His brow was furrowed in thought.

"Listen!" he said. "There is only one thing for you to do—you must marry money. I have the whole plan of campaign mapped out in my head. It came while you and Bildad were jawing. You shall be the social lion of the hour—a sort of succès de police. I shall finance and direct the affair, lending you a fresh five hundred pounds."

"But," interrupted Daisy Wayne, almost quivering with excitement, "you don't know \mathbf{from} Adam, and where is your

security?"

"I have eyes in my head, lady, and, as for security, surely your appearance is good enough. You are your own security, if I may say so. To put it vulgarly, Blue Girl, you are so pretty that almost anyone could match-make for you, let alone me. income is one hundred thousand pounds a year, which is, roughly, two hundred and seventy pounds a day. Surely you will accept less than two days' income as a loan?"

She looked out of the window, pondering the situation deeply. Then her eyes came back to the slim, languid, good-looking

young man in the arm-chair.

"You're a brick," she said. "Thank you

ever so. What's the plan?"

"You will stay at the Savoy," explained Charles. "You are going to be the daughter of Wayne of Yahili. No one knows who Wayne of Yahili was—in fact, he never has been yet—but I will undertake to make the

newspapers tell them. The sixpenny weeklies shall blossom with your photographs. You shall fly at Hendon, dance at the best balls, and stay at the best houses. Your uncle your father's brother, also of Yahili-will accompany you. He will act as a foil to your charm and girl-of-the-worldliness-a harsh, imperative, Empire-building sort of blighter. For this purpose I will lend you Sergeant Bildad. His 'aitches' are irreproachable, and he used to be the Brummel of the sergeants' mess. I assure you, you will be the most talked-of girl in the coming season. I have an old aunt who will present you at Court, if you like. All you have to do is to nail an opulent husband. I assure you it will be easy enough."

Charles leant back, a little spent, but mildly elated. The Blue Girl clapped her

hands.

"You dear!" she said. "The first cheque he writes shall be the repayment of my loan."

Charles rose.

"Come," he adjured her, "and let us go I'll order the car, and you can shop and lunch, and spend the afternoon at Ranelagh, or Brighton, or anywhere in the world you please. I am your fairy godfather. It is a beautiful relationship, full of the most charming sentiment."

IV.

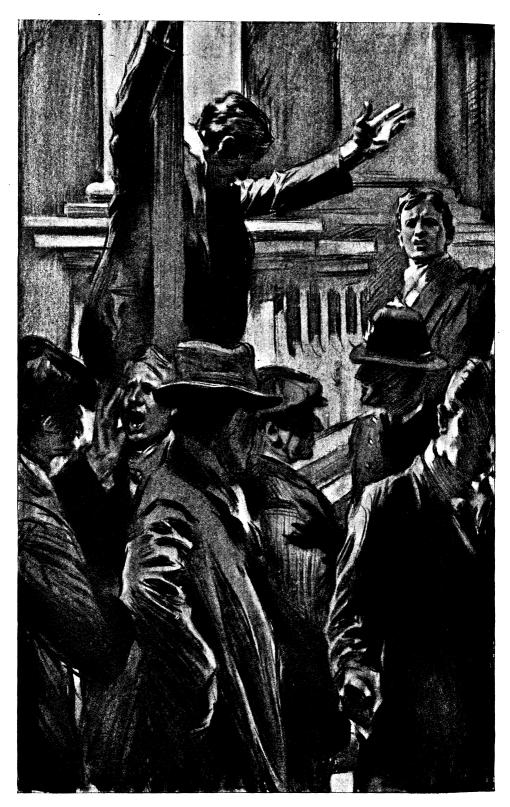
ONE month later, in the height of the season, Daisy Wayne encountered Charles at the Duchess of Hampshire's fancy-dress ball, given in honour of her champion Pekinese's second birthday. By this time the daughter of Wayne of Yahili, hymned and limned throughout a faithful press, assisted by her radiant beauty and the devoted efforts of Charles and her Uncle George, late Sergeant Bildad, led all the season's débutantes in a canter, and drove their mothers to distraction. She had also opened a Pan-Britannic Mammoth Missionary Bazaar, been photographed chatting to a company of Yahili Rifles, over for the Military Tournament, and created a fashion in ladies' hats known as the Yahili At the moment she wore the reputed garb of a Yahili chief, carefully designed by a well-known costumier.

Charles, looking rather well as Little Boy Blue, requested a couple of dances, and led

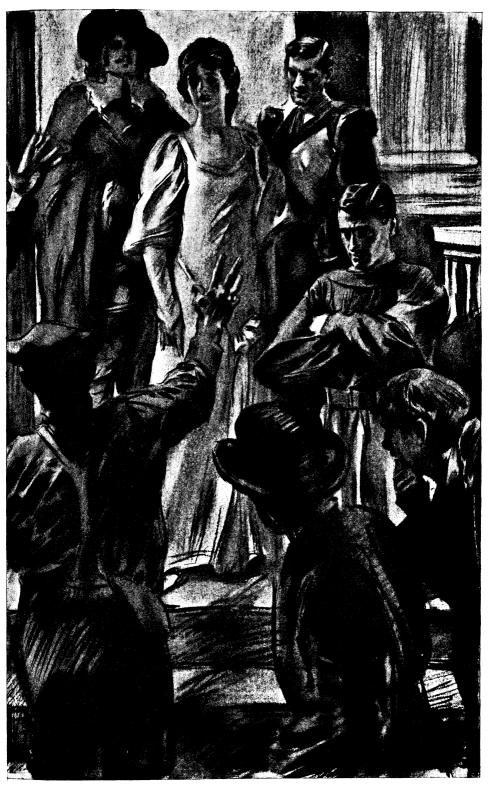
his fairy godchild to a secluded nook.

"Don't we all seem silly?" he began. "Look at foolish Hampshire over there as Garibaldi. Well, how about your husband, young woman? Have you found him yet?"

"No," sighed Daisy, looking pensively at



"'Fall back, comrades!' roared Plynlymmon."



""A lady is kindly going to address us. Give her a hearing."

her ineffable ankles. "I don't see him anywhere. All your young men are too self-confident and spoon-fed, godfather. I could smack them, but not marry them. Lord Plynlymmon, the son of our hostess, sounds nice, but he is not encouraged at home. The Duchess has been telling your aunt and me about him. He lives in the East End and wears a handkerchief instead of a collar. Your aunt quoted something appropriate from Ezekiel, and I said perhaps the love of a good woman was what he needed."

"I should suggest a bath myself," drawled Charles. "As a matter of fact, you will see the democratic Marquess very soon. He is an old friend of mine—Eton together, you know. I dug him out in his native slum on purpose to tell him about you. I said I had discovered a girl who could almost make a

man of him.

"'Where can I see her?' he asked.

"'At your mother's ball, said I.

"He expectorated, and swore if he came he would bring his comrades—that's the rogues' gallery he roams about with.

"'Let 'em all come!' I replied, and left. He'll turn up, sure enough. What a rag it

will be!"

"Oh!" observed Daisy, a little thoughtfully. "This is a great evening. 'Uncle George' has been lecturing General Sir Rufus Peppercorn for hours on the linked battalion system. What, in the name of

goodness, is that noise?"

The trampling of many feet sounded from the classic approaches to Hampshire House. An altercation seemed to be taking place in the magnificent entrance-hall. Expostulations and crashes followed, and a few minutes later a tall, curly-haired, excited young man, dressed in tattered garments and with a muffler round his neck, followed by several tatterdemalion figures, burst into the ball-room.

"Down with the idle rich!" he shouted, flinging out a dramatic arm. "They dance while the people starve! Look at the popinjays, comrades, with their painted playthings! These are your masters!"

"Plynlymmon seems to have come home," remarked Charles. "In rather good form, too—what? Let's go and have a look."

He led Daisy forward. The orchestra played up like a brass band festival to drown the tumult, but they availed nothing. All the dancers had grouped themselves to enjoy the novel spectacle. The Duchess raised bored eyebrows, "Made a mistake, haven't you, Mike?" she queried. "The bathrooms are on the next floor."

Plynlymmon took a step forward. His haggard eye fell on Daisy. Her costume exhibited a certain expanse of nether limb.

He took the display as his text.

"See, comrades!" he shouted. "While these aristocrats flaunt their shameful limbs, your sisters and wives haven't bread to eat! How long shall we put up with it? How—"

"Look here!"

Daisy's voice, cool and penetrating, interrupted him.

"Look here," she said, "you're a very rude, grubby boy, and I won't stand that sort of thing! Try to behave yourself." "Shut up, Fish! Don't be such a low

"Shut up, Fish! Don't be such a low blackguard!" snapped Charles, falling back on the nickname of their boyhood.

Daisy's "Uncle George" thrust his way forward, looking every inch his Empire-

building part.

"By Jove, sir, do you want me to throw you out, and those gaol-birds after you?" he snorted. "Really——"

He turned and glared fiercely at the Duke

of Hampshire.

Plynlymmon faced them all. He was pale with excitement and a certain frenzied earnestness. They were many and he stood alone, for these surroundings had long quenched the courage of his followers, who cowered in a doorway.

"Yes," he cried to Daisy, "you, who've never suffered, can despise me and those I stand for, but you'd feel very different

without all this behind you!"

Scornfully he pointed to the brilliant

throng, the evidences of wealth.

"Come out and justify yourself to my comrades in their misery! I dare you to come out now and do it!" he flung at her.

"All right," retorted Daisy. "It's the easiest way to pacify him, and such a good advertisement for me," she murmured to Charles. "You and 'Uncle George' come, too."

The crowd of guests broke into excited chatter. Plynlymmon turned and stalked down the main staircase, driving his comrades before him, and followed by Daisy, Charles,

"Uncle George," and the rest.

Out in the street two or three hundred motley and evil-smelling work-shys raised a hoarse cheer at the sight of their leader. Half a dozen police stood grimly before the portals of Hampshire House,

"They've telephoned for reinforcements, sir," murmured an agitated footman to Charles.

"Fall back, comrades!" roared Plynlymmon. "A lady"—and his voice held a bitter sneer—" is kindly going to address us. Give

her a hearing."

The mob howled again. In the silence that followed, Daisy Wayne slipped through the line of police on to the pavement, accompanied by Charles and the disguised ex-Sergeant.

They stood on either side of her.

She glanced swiftly at the mass of drink-sodden, degraded countenances, at the ever-growing traffic held up on either side of the crowd, the whole lit by summer stars and powerful arc-lights. Lord Plynlymmon seemed to be a poor student of human nature. It was time to enlighten him.

"I think you're the most appalling lot of gallows-birds I ever saw in my life," came in sharp, clear tones from the slender figure in fancy-dress. The line of police behind stiffened swiftly. Charles and the ex-Sergeant

glanced meaningly at one another.

"If you had a spark of shame left in you," went on the biting tones, "you wouldn't let a decent boy make a fool of himself for a gang of loafers who never did a day's work in their lives! You-"

A howl of fury rose on the still air. From the heart of the mob someone flung a decayed vegetable. It struck her on the right shoulder.

"Oh, good Heavens!" wailed Plynlym-

And then came the rush.

In the emergency, Plynlymmon, following the law of Nature, reverted to type. He attempted to stem the surging tide of hooligans, and went down fighting. Charles and Bildad shovelled Daisy back into the arms of the police, who handed her up into the house. Then Charles's fist crashed bitterly under the chin of a "comrade," and Bildad felled two more with a swift left and right.

It was a gorgeous battle. Soon the police, Charles, and Bildad were all back to back, hitting out with cold and calculated science, dropping a man at every blow. Plynlymmon had been lifted senseless into the home of his fathers long ago. Daisy, with sorrowful admiration, watched from a balcony her adopted relations dealing out wounds and

contusions.

Five minutes later a squad of mounted police cantered through the mob, made a few arrests, and cleaned up the thoroughfare in their usual neat fashion. The ball continued, but Daisy, Charles, and Bildad went home to bed. They were sore spent.

In the breakfast-room of his house in Clarges Street, Charles sat smoking an afterbreakfast cigarette, deep in the morning papers. Plynlymmon fretted restlessly up and down, pale-faced and irritable.

"What the devil am I to do?" he

snapped at last.

"Do?" inquired Charles absently. "Do about what? Is it the unaccustomed collar round your neck that worries you? If so, do please remove it. I don't mind a bit."

"Oh, shut up!" retorted the Marquess savagely. "I've done what I can. I turned up in court and apologised to the magistrate, and paid all the fines, and promised never to do it again, and yet everybody treats me as —as an outsider. My people have chucked me, and she won't look at me."

"Who won't look at you?"

"That girl you let me make a fool of myself before-Miss Wayne. I went and said I was sorry, and that I—well, that I wanted to marry her. She laughed at me, and told me, when I had done something distinguished, she would begin to consider the prospect of marrying me. And that old fool of an uncle of hers cut me in the corridor as I left the Savoy."

A spasm contorted Charles's smooth, intelligent face. Then he sighed and pointed to the morning papers heaped on the floor.

"You are a fool, Fish," he said lazily, "but the Fates are kind. Those papers are full of your opportunity for distinction."

He picked up a leading newspaper and read out the headlines-

"'Serious rising in Yahili. Murder of Commissioner Smith. Garrison hemmed in. Desperate Situation. The Government's Reponsibility.'"

"Well," snapped Plynlymmon for the second time, "what am I to do-call for volunteers and rescue the garrison, or shoot someone?"

"Hush, Fish!" reproved his host. "Listen. Already the papers are hounding the Govern-No one knows anything about Yahili, but the Government has neglected the place, and that is enough. Now, I can give you a bit of useful information. Miss Wayne is the daughter of Wayne of Yahili. uncle is his brother."

"Well?" grunted Plynlymmon again, crossly.

"Well," mimicked Charles, "do you know what I should do in your place? I should go down to the House of Lords and attack the Government—any halfpenny paper will tell you what they haven't done—and ask finally why, with the brother of Wayne of Yahili in their midst, they mess about among themselves instead of consulting the one man who can speak with authority. Think what a blow it will be, coming from you, hitherto a rank Socialist. Why, you might kick 'em out of office all by yourself! Isn't that distinction enough?"

"Very good," said Plynlymmon. "I'll do it. I should like somebody else to be in trouble, too. Not that I can marry, distinction or no distinction. The guv'nor's

cut me off with a shilling."

"Run away to the Gilded Chamber," admonished Charles. "Blackmail the Prime Minister with a threat of awful revelations. You would make a lovely ambassador."

"By the way," asked Plynlymmon from the door, "who was Wayne of Yahili?"

"Good Heavens, man, who was Julius Cæsar? Why ask? Why not do as I tell you?" said Charles, in mild exasperation, reaching for the telephone and asking for Daisy's number. He wished to warn her of the latest developments.

The speech of the Marquess of Plynlymmon on the Yahili question has become historic. From his seat on the cross-benches he taunted the Government with their absurd system of laissez-faire, accused them of allowing the men on the spot to be done to death, and referred with bitter indignation to what he termed their policy of scuttle. In the course of a fine peroration he inquired if they had the least intention of consulting the brother of Wayne of Yahili in the present crisis.

"Wayne's brother is at this moment at the Savoy Hotel with that immortal pioneer's fatherless daughter. The Prime Minister is in Downing Street. It is the Fifth Proposition over again," ended the noble lord sarcastically, "to construct an ass's bridge from Downing Street to the Savoy."

On the morning following Plynlymmon's remarkable speech, the halfpenny papers, scenting blood, hunted the Prime Minister in full cry. "Where is Wayne?" they demanded. Reporters made the Savoy nauseating with their presence—in vain. The brother of Wayne of Yahili, according to Charles's peremptory orders, refused to say anything. In despair, the papers rehashed all that had previously appeared concerning

Miss Daisy Wayne—with portrait—and harried the Prime Minister.

At four o'clock the Premier, the Right Honourable Cyprian Gumblay, sent for Plynlymmon. He implored him not to embarrass the Government in a national crisis. He appealed to his lordship's evident patriotism.

"I speak for the country," replied Plynlymmon, folding his arms. "The Army Council is sitting. Send for Wayne's brother to tell them what they ought to do. They know nothing of the local conditions. I will not be muzzled. Excuse me, because the Editor of *The Daily Postcard* is waiting for me. He has the largest circulation."

"Who was Wayne, anyhow?" pleaded the

Prime Minister almost tearfully.

"My dear chap, who was Julius Cæsar?" retorted Plynlymmon, picking up his glossy Lincoln and Bennett. "Why ask? Why not do as I tell you?"

At six o'clock Mr. George Wayne—late Sergeant Bildad—was requested to meet the Army Council immediately. He gulped down a stiff whisky and soda, and left the Savoy in a taxi-cab, snapshotted by a score of cameras. Ten minutes later the Prime Minister himself introduced him to Field-Marshal Sir Henry Bones, the President. It was an affecting moment for Mr. Wayne, who, when merely Sergeant Bildad, in a previous incarnation, had had no cause to love Sir Henry.

ove Sir Henry.

"Of course," began the President tersely,

"this consultation is merely a matter of form,
Mr.—ah!—Wayne. We shall move two
companies of Sikhs from Aden, reinforce the
Camel Corps, and concentrate at N'Gombo
for the advance. I suppose, Stretton, that
utter fool Edwards, commanding at the base
at Bawana, will have to be replaced?"

"Oh, of course," replied the Inspector-General. "A perfectly hopeless rotter!"

Mr. George Wayne glanced at the Prime Minister.

"Quite useless, sir, to move fewer than four companies of Sikhs," he said. "I should say a battalion, only the commissariat question is so difficult. Two additional machine-gun sections are indispensable. I should not advise the supersession of Major Edwards at Bwana. A most capable officer."

"Impossible to spare four companies from

Aden," snapped Sir Henry.

"Oh, indeed!" commented Mr. George Wayne. "Nothing must be done to interfere with the arrangements, I suppose? No doubt the trooping season would be

paralysed. And meanwhile the Yahili Rifles will have to get it in the neck, as usual. Heaven help the poor forsaken perishers that go out to serve in the Yahili Rifles!" went on Mr. Wayne piously. "What with the climate, the pay, the conditions, and the Army Council, they'd be better off in their graves! But on no account inconvenience Aden. Fetch along a push of Yahilis and rub the noses of the Camel Corps into it. Never mind if it kills every man and every camel in the Protectorate! Do 'em good!"

Mr. Wayne rose and pushed back his chair. "I'm sorry, sir," he said to the Premier, "but my feelings are getting the better of me. I wash my hands of the whole The blood of those poor chaps out there is on your heads, not mine. hope you feel comfortable in your peculiar

circumstances."

And, amid the glares of the officers present.

Mr. Wayne left, proud but happy.

On the following day the situation became unbearable for the Government. The Daily Postcard's war correspondent contributed a personal reminisecnce of the late Wayne, whom, it appeared, he once accompanied on an expedition. Two Suffragettes, arrested for burning down a cathedral, both gave the name of Wayne and the address of Yahili, and music-hall comedians cracked witty jokes on the subject.

Finally, the Rt. Hon. Cyprian Gumblay

sent again for Plynlymmon.

"Look here, young man," he said, "I'm going to hold a candle to the devil. You're in bad odour at home. You've been a nuisance to your family, with all this Socialist pose, and you're in love with that good-looking Wayne girl. Now, how would you like to reform, marry, and be First Secretary of a good Embassy? I'll arrange it for you on these terms: You are to stop all this howling in the press, and make another speech in the House, expressing your confidence in the Government's attitude towards Yahili, in the light of further information which has—er—been placed at your disposal."

"Give me an hour to think it over,"

bargained Plynlymmon.

"Very well," replied the Prime Minister. "By the way, she is having tea with Macarra in Clarges Street."

Plynlymmon glared in speechless emotion. Then he went out and took a taxi to Charles's

house.

He found Daisy and Charles in the drawingroom, chatting in an abominably intimate fashion. They noted the air of purpose about

Plynlymmon, and winked approvingly at one another. Charles rose.

"Will you entertain Plynlymmon a minute, Miss Wayne?" he begged. "I have one or two letters to write."

Plynlymmon sat down beside Daisy. He looked very different from the mob-leader of a week ago. Briefly he put the situation

before her.

"I love you awfully!" he ended. "If that job at an Embassy comes off, the guv'nor would make peace at once. Do marry me, Daisy, like a darling!"

"You're the only man I've met I feel in the least like marrying," she replied musingly, "and I must marry soon. I've come to the end of my five hundred, and Charles is missing Bildad dreadfully."

"What do you mean?" inquired Plyn-

lymmon.

"This," she said, and told him the whole "So, you see," she ended, "Wayne of Yahili never really existed in the sense he's been referred to latterly, poor thing."

Michael Armiger Custance Molyneux, fifth Marquess of Plynlymmon, took her in his

arms and kissed her.

"You're no more an impostor than I am," he declared. "You bluffed our set, but I bluffed the Houses of Parliament, and all with the same old wheeze! By Jove, your father had greatness thrust upon him! I wonder what would have happened if Yahili had been a shade better known? And how did the Prime Minister guess about us?"

"Oh," confessed Daisy, "Charles dropped a hint in that quarter. He rang him up when we were lunching together this morning. Charles is a delightful match-maker. Don't forget I owe him five hundred pounds. Mike, you mustn't! Think of the state my hair will be in!"

VI.

In the attic of the tall, white house in Clarges Street, not many days later, the Honourable Charles Macarra parried a right lead to the jaw from Bildad, and landed heavily on the solar plexus in return.

Bildad winced and lowered his guard.

"Perfectly disgusting condition you're in," drawled Charles contemptuously. "Comes of all that soft living at the Savoy. You've got as fat as a pig, too! But, by George, I'll get you back into condition, if I have to kill you to do it! Ready for another go?"

Sergeant Bildad smiled the quiet smile of the professional who always has a trick or

two up his sleeve.

"Ready when you are, sir," he said.

A WILL BUT NO WAY

By EDWARD F. SPENCE

Illustrated by Tom Peddie



YDNEY WILLERSON was in a very
bad temper; he was
one of those people
who grow white
when wrathful. He
had just received
a message by telephone concerning
the case of Re
Castaneda: Tuke v.

Eversley, saying that the action was settled—on excellent terms. Excellent terms! What did he care about excellent terms? For the briefs had not been delivered, and he had expected a big fee, not less than sixty-six and one, possibly a hundred guineas and one, and conceivably even more, to say nothing of several refreshers at anything from twenty to thirty-five guineas for every five hours after the first five. And, instead of these plums, all that he had earned was about a score of little fees, none exceeding two and one, for a great deal of hard work.

No wonder he was in a bad temper. Sydney's practice was small. At the age of thirty-five, after success at Uppingham and a brilliant career at Oxford, and despite strenuous efforts, he was making only about a clear three hundred a year. Yet, so far as knowledge and ability were concerned, he was fully competent for the most difficult work that ever comes to Lincoln's Inn. At the start his prospects were hopeful, for two old school-fellows, both Oxford comrades, who were entitled to be partners in firms of solicitors enjoying large practices, had promised to do their best for him. However, "Old Farrow"—always called "Old Farrow," from the time Sydney first saw him, a scrubby little boy of thirteen-soon after he settled down in Lincoln's Inn Fields, came to Sydney shamefaced with a very cruel piece of news. He was engaged to be married, and the girl was the sister of a man who practised in the Chancery Division,

and was an Equity draughtsman and conveyancer as well. So all that Sydney ever got out of his eminent firm was an occasional brief when more than one junior was employed by them in a case. As for "Young Hodson"—always "Young Hodson," from the day when Sydney kicked him, as a new boy, an overgrown creature of fourteen, to the day of his death—behaved even worse than "Old Farrow," for he went out to the Boer War as a volunteer, and died in hospital without ever hearing a gun fired. And there were other promises of support unfulfilled. But for the income left him by his father, of one hundred and fifty pounds a year, the barrister would have probably gone under.

That day Sydney felt sick of life. It is

That day Sydney felt sick of life. It is notorious that business in the Chancery Division is shrinking steadily, so far as barristers are concerned, and he saw no prospect of making progress. Something told him he was not the kind of man who gets on. He knew that some chances had come to him which he had failed to use, and guessed that he was neither "pushful" nor supple. He lived in a state of chronic irritation with the world, jealous of the successful juniors, envious of the wealthy friends whom he visited, and always longing for the luxuries of which he had an occasional taste.

When he was beginning to recover from the shock about the settlement of Re Castaneda, his clerk entered—at least, not really his clerk, for he only owned an undivided sixth share in him. Gribbins—that was his name, and he looked rather like it—held some papers in his hands.

"Instructions to settle a will," he said, "from Mr. Connop; and, please, the clerk says they are urgent. The testator has got a very bad heart, or something, and may die any minute, and there is a big property."

After saying this, the faithful Gribbins vanished. He, too, was gloomy, since by the settlement he lost a lot of clerk's fees.

Sydney took up the papers and untied the tape. Mr. Connop was about his best client, though none of his work ever took the form of litigation, which is more agreeable and lucrative than conveyancing. The barrister glanced through the instructions just "to get the hang of the thing," underlining passages here and there with a blue pencil. Large unsettled landed estates in Lincolnshire, first to eldest nephew of testator, strict entail, all sorts of complications in the way of remainders and cross-remainders. Then came a list of legacies that made his mouth water. Thousands here, tens of thousands there, some gifts free of death duties; finally to "his niece, Gertrude Wendell, only daughter of his sister Alice, the widow of Evan Wendell, of Caerfredyn, in the county of Merioneth, late of His Majesty's Army, the sum of a hundred thousand pounds, free of all duties, such legacy to go to her absolutely and not to be settled."

The name Gertrude Wendell startled him a little, and he put down his pencil. Gertrude Wendell? Where had he heard the name? He got up and walked about, then he stood gazing through the rather dirty window which, on the second floor north of No. 20, New Square, overlooked a hideous collection

of roofs, chimneys, and skylights.

Gertrude Wendell? No, he could not "place" the name, so he sat down again and went through the rest of the instructions, and then turned back to the beginning in order to study carefully. After five minutes he jumped up. Memory asserted itself, and told him he had met a Gertrude Wendell eleven months before at the golf links near Barmouth, where he was staying as a guest. Memory supplied him with the vague picture of a plain woman, rather big and shapeless, very red-faced, to whom he had been introduced, and he recollected that she played golf abominably, and had been his partner in a foursome in which she had distinguished herself by foozling all her drives and missing But was it the Gertrude in easy putts. question? Yes, he had a hazy recollection of the father, a loud-voiced, hatchet-nosed Welshman; and it came to his mind that somebody had spoken to him of old Wendell, who lived at a place with an unpronounceable name beginning with a C, and had been retired early because of friction with the authorities. Apparently, from the instructions, the old gentleman had taken his unattractive self and his grievances to another world.

"Fancy," said the barrister to himself, "that old maid with a hundred thousand

pounds! Won't the men come hanging round her as soon as the testator is dead! A hundred thousand pounds! About four thousand a year if decently invested. Four thousand a year!" he repeated, then pushed his chair back and had another look through the dirty window. He lit a cigarette, though it was against his principles to smoke whilst at work. Sydney was very rich in unattractive virtues and selfishly wise principles.

Suddenly, with a rather brusque movement, he stepped to the shabby, little, closed washstand that stood near the window, and, lifting up the lid, looked at himself in the small cracked piece of looking-glass let into it. Quite a good-looking man, Sydney—superb teeth, well-shaped features, rather pretty hair. The pupils of Lavater—if anybody studies the writings of the famous Johann Kaspar nowadays-might have found things to say against the face, but to the general view Willerson was handsome. Moreover, he was tall and well-built and neatly dressed, and his hands were nicely kept. A smile that came over his rather hard, clean-shaven mouth indicated that he was satisfied with the result of his examination. "A hundred thousand pounds!" he said, and he slammed down the lid of the washstand and marched off to a cheap lunch at the Common Room, for he always washed there and not at chambers, in order to save soap and washing of towels.

Π.

A FEW weeks later, at the beginning of the Long Vacation, Sydney Willerson might have been seen on the Barmouth golf links, irreproachably dressed, looking rather gloomily at Miss Gertrude Wendell. was not a beauty. Tall, clumsily built, weather - beaten complexion, hair already grizzled; her best features, large dark eyes, but rather beady; her worst, a somewhat insignificant common nose; her most formidable, a small mouth with thin lips. Her hands were big, red, and bony, and her feet, in soiled white lawn-tennis shoes, looked enormous. She was wearing an ill-cut tweed skirt, too short and gaping a little at the back, and a rather shabby red jersey that must have been violent in colour till wear and sunlight had toned it down, also a green Tam-o'-Shanter. Her voice was neither soft nor low. As for her age, it can only be said that she admitted thirty-five, but the malicious asserted that there was no one in the village of Caerfredyn who remembered the time when she did not admit thirty-five.

Miss Wendell was making a drive, after long, patient instruction. Sydney was called by the men of his club "hot stuff," and many of them protested that his handicap ought to be "four," not "eight," and there were murmurs about the fact that he won every match and any number of halfcrowns, but never returned a good enough card to have his handicap reduced—it always showed one or two very bad holes. The style was rather typical of the man nothing showy or sensational, plenty of safety play, no gallery strokes, and his putting was remarkably good. Not strange, seeing the length of time he spent practising on the tennis lawn of the house at Putney where he After an intolerable amount of "waggling," the lady let fly, and, disobeying the whole of his instructions, topped the ball and sent it hopping into the cross bunker.

Sydney swore noiselessly. Gertrude laughed a silly, strident laugh; then he walked up with her to the bunker and grimly watched her repeated efforts with the niblick, till, noticing that the people behind them were getting impatient, he took his own niblick and sent the "repaint" flying on to "the pretty."

A fortnight later Miss Gertrude Wendell received her first offer of marriage, and Sydney found the young lady in his arms, much to his surprise. He had pictured to himself a sort of tranquil, reasonable engagement, an affair with a certain amount of sentiment, no doubt, but very little in the way of actual caresses.

Alas, poor Sydney! His most gloomy forebodings of the boredom of being engaged to a woman whom he did not love fell far short of the reality.

The betrothed lady lavished upon him the love that had been accumulating at compound interest during many years, waiting in store for somebody unknown. She was very demonstrative and sentimental. This was trying enough, but, in addition, her complete belief that he adored her had a comical, exasperating result. At times she put on airs and graces that would have been extravagant in an acknowledged young beauty with a big dowry. She was whimsical, skittish, coy, and coquettish to a fantastic degree. played scenes on him such as those which Rosalind, posing as Ganymede pretending to be Rosalind, played upon Orlando. was April all the time—now storms, then smiles, now tears, then laughter. curiosity was that at the bottom, despite this froth of out-of-age folly, appeared signs of a strong will, a vigorous temper, and, in practical matters, of sound common-sense.

As soon as the engagement had taken place, and Sydney had been presented to the faded old mother, who was ruled tyrannically by Gertrude, he began to think seriously over the question as to the most politic course to be followed about marriage. Would it be wise to get married promptly and feel sure of his bride, or better to wait till the death of old Minchin, the testator? He kept himself acquainted with his existence by getting copies of a local newspaper sent to him, addressed under another name, to the post-office at Barmouth. For he felt sure that such a rich man could not die without the local paper announcing the event. On the one hand, if he were to marry his betrothed in the lifetime of the old man, some horrid slip might happen. testator might change his mind and alter This was not unlikely, for Mr. his will. Connop would probably see an announcement of the wedding in the newspaper, and, indignant that Sydney should have taken advantage of knowledge communicated to him in professional confidence, might induce the old gentleman to modify his will or add an ugly codicil.

On the other hand, it is notorious that dying men often live a long time, and he felt almost ill when contemplating a lengthy engagement. Moreover, the idea of a long affair called up painful memories and cruel contrasts. In earlier days he had been engaged for six long years, waiting and waiting till he could afford to marry a girl whom he had loved as heartily as he was capable of loving In the end he had broken the anybody. engagement off, upon the pretext that the girl was wasting her life waiting for him. The rupture cost him several friends, but he had acted according to what he deemed the dictates of wisdom; and now he thought of poor Helen sorrowfully.

However, he soon discovered that it was needless for him to weary his brain by considering when the marriage ought to take place, for Gertrude's views were quite definite. She did not wait for him to implore her to name the day, but, with the simple wisdom of the people, stated there was no time like the present, that it would be a capital idea to use part of the Long Vacation for the honeymoon, and waste nothing of Term. when money could be earned. She saw no reason to look beforehand for a house or flat, since he had incautiously mentioned

that he could easily get a third room in a house at Putney where he had lived for ten And as for trousseau, she thought it a mistake to buy a lot of things that would become unfashionable before worn out, and almost brutally suggested that it would make no difference to him financially, as she had fifty pounds a year of her own, and also a legacy from an aunt of a hundred pounds, to be paid her for the purchase of a trousseau. As for waiting till he got richer, that seemed ridiculous to her. His earnings, his private income, and her fifty pounds a year-which she talked of till he became sick of the very sound of the word "fifty"—were sufficient for any young couple to begin upon—indeed, quite ample, for Gertrude had a frugal mind, as Sydney discovered painfully from such hospitality as he received at the small house where she lived with her mother.

He argued the point a little till she taunted him with being "a laggard in love," and made a scene which ended in her giving him one of the bony red hands to kiss. His heart sank when he looked at the ring on the engagement finger. For Sydney also had a frugal mind, and had given to her poor Helen's engagement-ring, returned to him some years before, though he had gone to the expense of having it enlarged and getting a new case for it. How often and how bitterly he regretted his economy, since the sight of the ring brought back to his mind, time after time, the gentle, charming creature whose love he had thrown away.

In the end, the fifteenth of September was fixed upon as the fateful day, and no sooner was that point settled than another Sydney naturally suggested a quiet wedding; he even made hints about a registry office, which caused a dreadful storm, for Gertrude was horribly shocked. was a very religious woman. It is true that her religion, so far as could be seen, had no influence of any sort upon her character, but she would have gone cheerfully to the stake for the faith, her ideas about which were very vague and confused, and to her mind marriage without a religious ceremony would be out of the question. Moreover, she wanted a big wedding, as big an affair as time, place, and money would allow. She explained quite pathetically to Sydney that a weddingday is really the triumph in a girl's life, and he perceived, although she did not exactly say so, that she really regarded it as an opportunity for full enjoyment of the fact that she had beaten all her unmarried friends and been quite as successful as the others.

And it was a real enjoyment almost in a physical sense, containing the element of public triumph received by the actor or dramatist when coming before the curtain, which is never tasted by the successful in most walks of life.

Of course, Sydney had to give way on this point. Some comfort came to him from one of her arguments. She pointed out that all people, friends, and mere acquaintances invited to the wedding would have to send a present, however absurd the suggestion that they should come down at their own expense and overcrowd the Welsh hotels; whilst it was admitted that no one who did not receive an invitation would dream of sending anything to disfigure or furnish the future nest.

One good thing happened. Sydney was able, under pretext of making arrangements in town, to get away from Barmouth for three weeks. Of course, he had to spend them in London, and London in the Long Vacation is supposed to be dull; but he found it delightful. Yet there was a cloud-upon his pleasure. Every day except Sunday he had to wade through pages and pages of letters from his betrothed, and, worse still, to answer them to an exacting and critical creature who seemed to weigh each phrase in some kind of love balance, and sent bitter complaints every time his daily letter fell short of the required standard of length or tenderness.

Just before he left for London, there was one painful moment during a discussion between Gertrude and her mother, at which he was present. For some time before this, he had been making delicate inquiries of the two women concerning old Mr. Minchin, the dying millionaire, Gertrude's uncle. These inquiries were disguised in many ways, since he was naturally fearful of disclosing the fact that he knew of the existence of such a person; but he had always drawn a blank. Gertrude and her mother were very inquisitive about Sydney and his affairs and family, but intensely reticent concerning themselves. However, the matter came out during one of the many tiresome discussions about wedding guests and wedding presents, terms which seemed to have some mechanical connection, for Gertrude never pronounced the words "wedding guest" without some immediate reference to an expected wedding present.

"Suppose," said Gertrude to her mother, "we were to ask old Uncle James? If he's so fearfully rich, as you say, he might send something to his own niece,"

For a moment Sydney's heart stood still needlessly, for Mr. Minchin was quite unlikely to have heard the name of the counsel who drew up his will, or, to speak more technically, who settled it; for, by a quaint fiction of the legal profession, counsel are not supposed to draw documents, but merely to settle those which solicitors themselves charge for drawing, although in nine cases out of ten the barrister or some "devil" writes or dictates every word of them.

To his great relief, Mrs. Wendell answered quite decisively: "We shall do nothing of the sort. Your uncle behaved like a brute over my marriage to your poor dear father, and I have never heard from him since. would not take a penny of his money to save me from the workhouse, though he is my

own brother!"

Gertrude attempted to argue the point, but, to the surprise and delight of her betrothed, the old lady showed unexpected spirit, and spoke so strongly that her daughter gave way, consoling herself with the thought that it was no use wasting a stamp, and remarking, as she very often did, "a penny saved is a penny gained," a profound saying with which Sydney entirely agreed, though her frequent utterance of it was rather a bore to him.

The hero of this romantic story returned to Barmouth a week before the happy day. On the third morning after his arrival he saw in the local paper an announcement of old Mr. Minchin's death, and read a long article about his wealth and noble contributions to local charities. At first he got great pleasure from the news, since he had been haunted by the thought that the old gentleman might defy his doctors and drag on for years, during which Sydney would have to live with Gertrude in genteel poverty, haunted by the fear that Mr. Connop, hearing of the marriage, might cause the ever-dying man to alter his will in order to punish the indelicate breach of confidence.

After the first glow of joy came a feeling of anxiety lest Mr. Connop should tell Gertrude the news before the wedding-day, and perhaps come down himself with a message and cause some catastrophe, or, at the best, insist upon a settlement under which he would get nothing better than the chance of a small annuity after the death of his wife. As a matter of fact, Sydney charmed his bride by executing a settlement spontaneously giving her a life-interest in the little capital from which his income was derived, and also settling upon her a life policy for five hundred pounds which he had taken out ten years before. not asked her to deal in his favour with her own fifty pounds a year, though he understood that she had the power to appoint a life-interest in it to him. He abstained, partly, perhaps, in order to look disinterested, and to some extent, it may be, because he was utterly wearied of the subject of her "little fortune," as she called it fifty times a day.

Nothing untoward happened until the afternoon of the day before the one chosen for celebration of the happy event. Sydney, Gertrude, and her mother were taking tea-Indian tea, which he disliked; cheap, rank Indian tea, which they drank very strong when the shabby little "general," whose life was rendered one long round of misery by the two ladies, entered and said abruptly-

"A gentleman to see you, mum." Thereupon Mr. Connop walked in. Sydney

grew cold down the spine.

The solicitor was a merry-looking old boy, with chubby cheeks and an absurdly bald Behind a big pair of spectacles, which seemed to grow on his face, beamed twinkling eyes. He had a ridiculously small nose, but his large, clean-shaven mouth showed energy of character. He was dressed in a rather startling suit of dittoes, badlycoloured brown boots, and carried a pale green Trilby in his hand. Nobody on earth would have imagined that he was a solicitor. The ladies started to their feet, looking surprised, and Sydney, with an effort, forced himself to stand up.

"My name," said the old gentleman, "is Connop, and I am a solicitor. Oh, Mr. Willerson, how do you do? Who would have expected to see you down here?" And he put out one of his fat, wrinkled hands, which the barrister shook uncomfortably. "Mr. Willerson will tell you that I am quite a respectable member of the lower

branch of the profession."

In a faint—very faint—emphasis of the word "lower," Sydney seemed to feel a

"I have come to see you, ladies," he continued, "upon a matter of business, quite an agreeable matter of business, I assure

you."

Both Gertrude and her mother looked a little embarrassed. They guessed the nature of his business, and neither of them was in mourning, and they had not put off the



"The barrister guessed at once what kind of spoke had been put into his wheel."

wedding-day, though a brother and uncle had died within the week. They both invited Mr. Connop to sit down, and Sydney guessed that they proposed to pretend, for decency's sake, that they had not heard of Mr. Minchin's death. His senses were so alert as to make him feel in some way that, in an invisible and inaudible fashion, they had telegraphed to one another the suggestion

of this little piece of false pretence. For Sydney knew they were well aware of the death; the announcment had appeared in the local paper, and since then they had talked of but little except the possibility of the old man dying without a will, and Mrs. Wendell becoming rich as next-of-kin, although Sydney had told them that men of such wealth very rarely die intestate.

"First," said the old gentleman, "I must tell you "-and he turned to Mrs. Wendell-"of the death of your brother, James Minchin. I perceive, by your costume, that you are not aware of the sad event."

Gertrude and her mother blushed slightly; Sydney felt sure that he saw a gleam of

amusement in the lawyer's eyes.

"I am aware that it is not a matter for profound grief, for I know that since your wedding-day, about fifty years ago, there have been no communications between you and him."

Gertrude gave an inarticulate snort of wrath at this reference to fifty years.

Connop looked quite happy.
"However," he continued, "latterly my client took a kinder view of life, and, but for his shocking state of health, would have come to visit you, or invited you and your charming daughter to be his guests at his lovely old place near Great Grimsby; for my late client, by his energy and enterprise, to say nothing of his luck in getting in with the right gang in South Africa, made a huge fortune. Still, though well rewarded by having the pleasure of making your acquaintance, I should have hardly come all this way merely to chat about the poor deceased. What is more to the point is that his altered feelings have taken a somewhat practical form, if I may say so, exhibited in his will. Oh, I see," he continued, "I have left my bag in the hall. Would you mind?" And he glanced at Sydney.

The barrister got up, opened the door, and left it ajar in order to hear what passed during his absence. In the fact that the solicitor had asked a member of the Bar to fag for him, he felt that there was a covert threat or warning. A few moments later he was back again in the room; nothing inconvenient had been said in his absence. Mr. Connop took from his hands a brown brief bag, and then Sydney retired to a chair, which he moved till he was sitting with his back to the light; the sun was playing full

upon the face of the old boy.

"There is no reason," said Mr. Connop, "why Mr. Willerson should leave the room. The matter is by no means private; it will be known to the whole world soon."

Sydney squirmed a little at the rebuke implied in the emphasis, but remained silent.

"Now," continued the solicitor, "I need not bother you with the earlier parts of the will, which concern the disposition of the landed estates. My client, who died

childless and a widower, as you are aware, has entailed them all on his nephews in such a fashion that under no conceivable circumstances are you likely to take anything. Now for the legacies." He turned over sheet after sheet and then stopped. "This is where Miss Wendell comes in. 'To my niece Gertrude Wendell, daughter of my sister Alice Wendell, widow of Evan Wendell, of Caerfredyn, in the County of Merioneth, late of His Majesty's Army, the sum of one hundred thousand pounds free of all duties. such legacy to go to her absolutely and not to be settled."

He stopped. For a moment Sydney felt The old man might mean to be mischievous, might tell the ugly truth, but the money was all right, and he felt that his own influence over Gertrude would enable him to marry her despite the disclosure. The legatee looked radiant and called out joyfully-

"Oh, Sydney, think of it! One hundred thousand pounds! We shall be rich! And, oh, how glad I am that you did not know

this before you proposed to me!"

"What-what?" said the old gentleman sharply, looking up with an air of surprise. But Sydney felt that it was not genuine surprise, and knew that trouble was coming. "Are you young people engaged to be married?"

"Yes, yes," answered Gertrude triumphantly, "and we are going to be married to-morrow. You will stay for the wedding,

won't you?"

Mr. Connop's rather elastic features

assumed an air of vexation.

"I think, Mr. Willerson, that as one of your oldest clients, and even, I might add, as a friend—a humble friend, of course— I might have been told of this important event. As matters stand, I must now read a codicil which otherwise would have been unimportant."

"A codicil?" cried out both of the ladies. "Yes, a rather unpleasant codicil—under

the circumstances."

The barrister guessed at once what kind of spoke had been put into his wheel, and felt sick with rage.

The old gentleman turned over page after

"There it is," he said at last. "'I hereby revoke the legacy of one hundred thousand pounds given to my niece Gertrude Wendell absolutely."

Both of the ladies threw up their hands

and groaned aloud.

"'And in lieu thereof I direct that a like sum shall be paid into her hands in the event of her attaining the age of sixty-five or marrying with the approval hereinafter described, whichever shall first happen, provided, nevertheless, that in the event of her marriage with any person not approved of in writing by the trustees for the time being of this my will, the said sum shall not be payable to her at all, but shall form part of my residue hereinbefore described.' There are technical arrangements as to raising the money and interest of no importance." He stopped, took off his spectacles, and wiped them.

"I don't quite understand what it all

means," said Gertrude.

"It means," replied Mr. Connop, "that if you marry anybody without the consent in writing of the trustees, and I am one of them, you will forfeit every penny of the one hundred thousand pounds and take nothing at all."

A sudden revulsion of feeling came over Sydney. Mr. Connop had planned this codicil and worked it quite dramatically to prevent the marriage, but Sydney felt that he did not care. Better, after all, to lose the money and escape from a life with Gertrude, however rich. To his surprise, there came into his mind a thought of Helen—poor Helen—and he wondered whether she were still alive.

"Well," said Gertrude quite cheerfully, "it's all right, after all, but you did frighten me! Of course, you won't refuse to let me marry Sydney, because you're a friend of his, and you know he is a barrister and a gentleman, and quite a suitable person."

"I know that he is a barrister," replied Mr. Connop, "and you say that he is a gentleman"—the ladies did not note the exact turn of the phrase about being a gentleman; Sydney did—"still, I absolutely and irrevocably refuse my consent to the marriage."

"Why?" asked Gertrude indignantly.

"That is my affair. I am not bound to give a reason; it is enough that I refuse

definitely and finally."

"You have no business to refuse," said Gertrude fiercely. "I suppose you want to charge us a lot of costs for your consent; we all know you lawyers! What's your price?"

Sydney felt very ill.

The old gentleman turned purple with

wrath and jumped up.

"I have very good reasons," he said sharply, "and more than one of them.

Since you choose to be rude, I will tell you one, at any rate. I know your family history. You are forty-nine years old; Mr. Willerson is only thirty-five. That is far too great a difference of age. Mr. Willerson knows quite well that your suggestion about my wanting to be bribed is a ridiculous insult!"

A real feeling of gratitude welled up in Sydney's chill heart. The old gentleman was not going to give him away—that was kind of him. And so he spoke up, saying that Mr. Connop was the last man in the world to do anything discreditable, such as taking a bribe.

a bilbo.

Gertrude became almost livid with fury.

"I don't think the condition is good!" she cried. "I believe it's against the law. I have read somewhere that such conditions are not binding."

"What do you say to that, Mr. Willerson?"

asked the old lawyer.

"Oh, there is no doubt about it—the condition is valid. I am very sorry, Miss Wendell, but, of course, I could not dream of asking you to make such a sacrifice in order to marry me."

For a few moments the woman's face was a study in changing emotions, and then, with quite a simple dignity that for a moment rendered her almost comely, she said—

"I know, Sydney, that you proposed to me because you love me, and knew nothing about the possibility of this legacy, and I know, too, that you were well aware that I was older than I said. Every woman of my age would tell that sort of fib under the circumstances, and you could not have been stupid enough to believe it."

What was coming? What was coming?

Sydney felt almost faint with anxiety.

"I shan't give you up, dear. Never mind the money. You love me, and I love you, and we can be happy together with what we have got; it's plenty, after all." And before he could stop her, the unhappy man found her arms about his neck, and felt that the old gentleman was chuckling with amusement.

"No, no, dear," he said, gently removing her arms. "It is very good and generous of you—quite a noble impulse—but you would regret it afterwards. I am not worthy, not worthy of you—not worthy of such a sacrifice. Am I?" he said, turning hopefully towards the mother, who promptly replied that it was no business of hers if Gertrude chose to make a fool of herself.

At this moment Mr. Connop took out his watch, pretended to look at it, mumbled

something about the time and his train, and, grabbing his bag and the green Trilby hat, trotted off without saying good-bye to anybody.

IV.

THREE weeks after the visit of Mr. Connop to Caerfredyn, which is near Barmouth, Mr. Sydney Willerson might have been seen in his chambers on the third floor north, No. 20, New Square, looking gloomily at a piece of paper whereby "George V., by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British

Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith," commanded him to cause an appearance to be entered for him in an action at the suit of Gertrude Wendell. On the back of it were the words: "The plaintiff's claim is for damages for breach of promise of marriage." He noticed that the name of the solicitor was that of Gertrude's cousin, William Griffiths, a man with a rather large practice, upon whose support after marriage Gertrude used to lay great stress.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "how much it will cost to settle this beastly thing? I shall be ruined if it gets into Court!"



THE COOK-HOUSE AT REVEILLE.

OUTSIDE, the mud between the huts,
The heavy murk of mist and night,
The chill, the sullen waking: here,
The warmth and stir and crimson light.

The steam goes up to the dimmed lamps
From giant cauldrons set a-row.
The cooks, begrimed, stoop to their work,
Fantastic in their stoves' red glow.

And here is one who cooked, last year,
For Mitchell's crew on Beaver Lake,
Where the dark spruces lift their spires,
Where axes flash and white frosts ache,

And snow is dry as desert sand,
And only the moose-bird stirs a wing
Till April. Here, in mist and murk,
Cooking strange food, he serves his King.

Outside, the wet, reluctant dawn.
Inside, the black stoves set a-row,
The steam-dimmed lamps; the cooks, begrimed,
Busy as imps in the crimson glow.

THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS.



 $Photo \ by$ [L.N.A.

MAJOR W. S. D. CRAVEN, R.H.A., PRESENTING THE MEMBERS OF THE ARMY RUGBY UNION'S XV. TO
HIS MAJESTY THE KING AT QUEEN'S CLUB.

WARRIOR SPORTSMEN RUGBY FOOTBALL AND THE WAR

By E. H. D. SEWELL

Mother-Country, land and sea Yield strong sons who die for thee; Gladly proffer, gladly give Life that thou mayst proudly live.

sang a modern poet in a recent number of this magazine, and the words might have been written with special reference to the very large numbers of leading representatives of our national games who have proved themselves to be amongst the readiest of the Mother-Country's "strong sons" to "proffer gladly" that she may proudly live.

Britain is, first and last, a sporting nation and a nation of sportsmen. Another of the

Allies (France) was rapidly following our example, so far as Rugby and Association football, athletic sports, lawn tennis, and boxing are concerned, and if one thing is more certain than another, it is that a nation of soldiers accustomed to participation in outdoor games should prove able to defeat another nation of soldiers accustomed, outside their military duties, practically only to the lesser benefits—by comparison with those acquired from the games-habit—to be derived from physical drill and gymnastic exercises. In bravery and physical strength and pluck our common enemy is, perhaps, equal to us. I use the word "perhaps"

advisedly. For though I do not question the courage of men who march singing to certain destruction day after day, there is a lurking suspicion that did they not know for certain that they outnumbered the men before them by from three to one, sometimes six to one, the German rank and file might not show the same apparent bravery. So far as one can glean from the writings of men on the spot, we have rarely or never met a German force on an equality in numbers. I hold it, therefore, already proved that our fellows on land out-match their opponents in all that goes to make a real soldier. there any doubt on the matter at sea. The only point in the whole question wherein our enemy holds better cards-strictly from a ruthless war viewpoint—is the matter of fair play. There is no such thing as fair play in the German creed. With us it is first and foremost. It is this fact which evoked from a certain German naval officer, taken prisoner, the famous utterance: "You will always be fools, and we shall never be gentlemen." Even on this score we shall win in the end, although our sporting habits will, I am afraid, cost us many valuable lives which, but for them, might not be lost. The nation would rather it was this way.

There is no intention on my part to attempt to belittle any one of our games to the glorification of any other, so when I suggest that no game we play is better, as a training for war, than Rugby football, I mean just that, and not that golf, for example, is not so good as Rugby football. Asked to advise whether a youngster should take up Rugby or golf, assuming he was destined for one of the Services, I should, of course, vote for football. Any game in which a large number of players take part is better for boys than one in which not only is it impossible for more than four to play, and the affair remain a game, but in which it is possible for him to emulate the solitary jackal and wander about the face of the earth "playing" his chosen game by himself. There is a man-to-man element in true Rugby Union football, that is sought for in vain in every other game as yet invented, which is positively priceless as an education for the greatest game of all. And thus it came about that, when the Mother-Country called, the votaries of Rugby football simply leapt to give the only answer which young and physically fit men could give and remain Long before there was any thought of war in August, 1914, large numbers of Rugby men in the North of

Ireland had abandoned their programme for the season then current in order to fit themselves to serve in another cause nearer home. It cannot be said, therefore, that any surprise was expressed or felt in Rugby circles when the Scottish Football Union sent the following circular to their clubs only seven days after the declaration of war:—

11, DUKE STREET, EDINBURGH, 12th August, 1914.

SCOTTISH FOOTBALL UNION.

DEAR SIR,

I have to inform you that the Committee acting on behalf of our clubs have made a contribution of £500 to the National Relief Fund, which they are certain will receive the warm approval of all their members.

The Committee have also resolved to offer the use of the Union's ground at Inverleith to the military authorities, and they suggest that all our clubs might offer their grounds wherever they are in a position to do so.

The Committee have had before them what, in the present critical condition of national affairs, is their duty and the duty of their clubs. In this connection, it has been suggested that all football should be stopped for the current season, owing to the large number of our players who are withdrawn from the game as members of either the Regular or Territorial Forces. While proud of the fact that such a large proportion of our Rugby players belong to the Navy, Army, and Territorial Forces, your Committee do not feel justified in asking their clubs, at this stage, to abandon the coming season. They are satisfied that this may safely be left to the good sense of each club. They are of opinion that where there are sufficient members left, a game of football on a Saturday afternoon will in all ways be desirable and advisable, so long as this does not interfere in any way with national duties.

The Committee desire that all members of our clubs should do something, however small, and they consider that to take any special or isolated line would be a mistake, and that it is their duty to recommend their club members to assist in some way or other the existing schemes, national or otherwise. They would point out that where nothing else presents itself in any special district, there is certain to be a great call for help in organising and assisting the various local committees for relief of distress. They again cordially ask all the members of all their clubs to do something for which the training in discipline and self-control given by our game has fitted them.

In name of the Committee,
Yours faithfully,
J. A. SMITH,
Honorary Secretary.

The reader will, in justice to the Scottish Football Union, specially note the date of the circular, and the fact that a general Committee cannot be called together at a moment's notice, so that the circular could scarcely have been printed and issued sooner than it was. The Scottish Football Union Committee recognised that there were (1) Lord Kitchener's Army, and (2) Territorial establishments, and anyone willing to serve had a sufficient choice there. In issuing their circular, they abstained carefully from any suggestion of special enlistment, and pointed out that national duties were within the reach of all; but, strictly speaking,

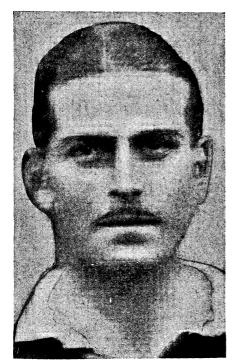
their circular was unnecessary. Their clubs simply stopped automatically, while the members flocked to the colours. In this connection let Mr. J. Aikman Smith, for twenty-seven years Honorary Secretary of the Scottish Football Union, speak for himself. He writes to me:—

11, DUKE STREET, EDINBURGH January 11th, 1915.

SCOTTISH FOOTBALL UNION.

Immediately prior to our annual meeting in October, I got a return from most of our clubs, stating how many of their members had joined the colours or were doing other work of a national character, since when I have received one or two in addition, and this information I made public at the time, but I would have no difficulty in giving you this if it were of any use to you. The fact is that a number of our clubs have disappeared off the earth altogether, the last member handing the books and accounts to one of our committee-men, as in their case every one of the members has joined the colours. In regard to our Committee, which was chosen in October, due attention was given to the fact of some of them serving at the time, and these gentlemen were not re-elected:—

Dr. Greenlees is at the Front in the Royal Army Medical Corps.



LIEUTENANT R. F. SIMSON, R.F.A.

Killed in action on the Aisne.

Two photographs by Sport & General.

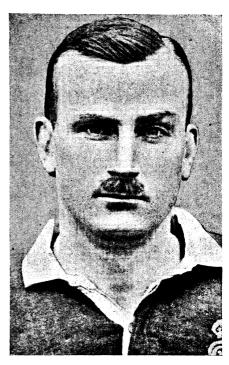
Captain W. Campbell Church is serving with the 5th Scottish Rifles.

5th Scottish Rifles.

Lieutenant R. T. Neilson, Highland Light Infantry, is at present at a school of instruction.

Lieutenant J. M. B. Scott is in the Lowland Artillery. Captain J. H. Lindsay is in the Royal Garrison Artillery.

I am afraid that in our case it will be quite impossible for anything like an accurate roll of honour to be made up till the war is over, and when our various club officials may be got together, and so be able to trace their members, but I can assure you that in the meantime there is hardly a member of a Rugby football



CAPTAIN L. ROBERTSON,

Cameron Highlanders. Killed in action on the Aisne.

club in Scotland who has not either joined the colours or is doing other national duty.

Let me know if you would like the figures I refer to above.

Yours sincerely, (Signed) J. AIKMAN SMITH.

And three days later-

I received returns from twenty-five clubs, which embraced 847 players, of whom at that time 668 were serving the colours. The return of non-plaving members who had joined the colours is not so easy, because quite a number of our clubs, by their constitution, consist of only playing members, and have no place for non-playing members, who will simply be members of the general athletic club to which such football club is attached, and this, of course, reduces the numbers under consideration. However that may be, I received the following returns in regard to other members—

One club informed me that all their members were serving.

One club informed me that 80 per cent. of their members were serving.

Eighteen other clubs informed me that 382 of their

members were serving.

In giving you these figures, I must, of course, point out that, at the time when these returns were obtained, it was quite impossible for anything like a complete return to be made, as many men at that early date had not been able to make arrangements for getting away. And, again, so many of the clubs had actually come to an end voluntarily, in order that their members might



Photo by]

[Russell & Sons, Southsea.

SUB-LIEUTENANT F. E. H. OAKELEY, R.N.

Killed on active service at sea.

serve, that it made it impossible for any return to be obtained, as, after all, twenty-five is not one-half of our total clubs. These returns do not include such clubs as the Edinburgh University, where it was quite impossible to know at that time what numbers were serving, and I am afraid that until things are finished up altogether, it would be impossible for anything like an accurate return to be made. In any case, the above figures come to over 1,000 from twenty-five clubs, which do not even include all our largest bodies; but, as you are aware, our football clubs in Scotland are neither numerous nor large.

P.S.—Another of our committee-men has joined the colours — J. A. Usher, brother of Charlie Usher (Gordons), who is a prisoner.—J. A. S.

From which it is clear that, of all Rugger men, pride of place must be given to those of Scotland, although their more southerly fellows were not long in following suit, it is true. It is, perhaps, a less easy matter to get committees together in slower-moving London. Be that as it may, that of Blackheath met and resolved as follows on August 27, 1914—

WOODBANK, SIDCUP, KENT.

SIR,—I am instructed by my Committee to inform you that, at a meeting held this afternoon, it was resolved that all matches arranged by us for the coming season should be and are hereby cancelled. My Committee are of opinion, having in view the great national crisis, that it is the duty of every able-bodied man of enlistable age to offer personal war service to his King and country, and that every Rugby footballer of the present day comes within the scope of Lord Kitchener's appeal.

Yours faithfully,
B. C. HARTLEY,
Hon. Sec. Blackheath R.F.C.

"The Club" was the first to move, the Rugby Union following suit a few days later, their difficulty in getting their Committee to meet to consider the matter being greater than that of any other body. So obediently did the English Rugby world conform to the "order" of their premier club, that it is doubtful if a single player even got his football kit together. Certainly there were no trial or practice games in September, the only football played this season being that between scratch sides of Rugby men in the various training camps and a certain amount at the schools, where the deeds of the school corps were watched with a hitherto unknown interest.

That the old stagers of the game did not look on while the youngsters worked, the names of the Scottish Football Union committee-men who are serving plainly show. Practically the whole of the Rugby Union Committee over the age limit are either special constables or in the Old Boys' Corps, or serving on organisation committees in their different counties. Eight of the Committee are in one of the two Services, viz. —

Major W. S. D. Craven, R.H.A., wounded. Captain P. Royds, H.M.S. Bellona. Captain J. R. Hannay. Lieutenant V. H. Cartwright, R.N.B.



Photo by

[A. Debenham, Southsea.

SUB-LIEUTENANT K. M. GUNNING CAMPBELL, R.N.
Killed on active service at sea.



LIEUTENANT A. B. READ. Shropshire Light Infantry. Killed in action on the Aisne.

Lieutenant E. R. Mobbs, 7th Battalion Northants Regiment.

Lieutenant A. D. Stoop, 5th Battalion Royal West Surrey Regiment.

Lieutenant B. C. Hartley, Herts Yeomanry. Lieutenant R. V. Stanley, Mechanical Transport Corps.

Among those who enrolled as special constables, or are on other duties, are the Secretary, Rugby Union, C. J. B. Marriott; E. T. Gurdon (not now on Committee, but a Past-President); W. Cail; A. Hartley (President, Rugby Union); E. Prescott,



SECOND-LIEUTENANT F. H. TURNER, Liverpool Scottish. Killed in action in the trenches. Three photographs by Sport & General.

W. S. Downe, J. Baxter, and J. Daniell (of the Selection Committee), who is a lieutenant in the Army Service Corps. Baxter's hobby being yachting, he has been

on patrol duty near Liverpool.

His Majesty the King is Patron of the Rugby Football Union, and for many nights the precincts of Buckingham Palace have been patrolled and guarded by Messrs. Marriott and Gurdon, with the famous Scottish Internationals W. E. Maclagan, G. T. Campbell, Gregor Macgregor, and R. G. Macmillan; the English Internationals G. L. Jeffery, H. J. Enthoven, and J. I. Ward, and such well-known players as T. Parker (Oxford University), E. T. Finch (Richmond), W. E. Clifton,



SURGEON J. H. D. WATSON, R.N. Drowned in the sinking of H.M.S. "Hawke."

and the well-known Corinthian W. R. Moon.

Nor was it at all likely that in such a crisis Yorkshiremen would be behindhand. Seventeen men who played for Yorkshire last season are serving. One of them, Lieutenant Arthur L. P. Griffith, 9th Battery, 41st Brigade, Royal Field Artillery, has won the D.S.O. Worthy son of a distinguished father -Archdeacon Griffith, of Thorp Arch, Yorkshire—he has seen active service on the North-West Frontier, and has the medal and clasp. Lieutenant Griffith has a younger brother in the Dorsets, who was in the trenches when he was only seven weeks out of Sandhurst. One of the best of England's forwards of late years, Lieutenant A. H. MacIlwaine, R.F.A., has been at the Front for months, and the one thing another of England's best, Trooper Jack King, Yorkshire Hussars, worries about is that he cannot get there. One of Yorkshire's most prominent wing three-quarters has, following his football habits, taken wing in the Royal



Photo by] [Gilbert Bowley, Tunbridge Wells.

SECOND-LIEUTENANT P. D. KENDALL,
Liverpool Scottish. Killed in action in the trenches.

Naval Flying Corps, and is now Sub-Lieutenant K. F. Watson. From the old International who is Honorary Secretary of the Yorkshire Rugby Union, R. F. Oakes, I hear as follows—

"Of our Yorkshire clubs, practically every man has joined, and, what is more praiseworthy, right from the very start. Out of our twenty-four clubs—excluding our five school teams—we could not to-day raise one fifteen if we wanted! Three of our clubs alone have sent over two hundred members. We are pardonably proud of this.

"In addition to this, Jack Fisher, the old Yorkshire captain, who recently settled in Australia, has come over as a Captain with the Australian Force, while F. W. Hinings, another Yorkshire three-quarter, has come all the way from the Malay Peninsula to try to do his bit. He has just got a commission in the 3rd East Yorkshire Regiment. E. D. Ibbitson, the old England and Yorkshire forward, is a gunner in the Honourable Artillery Company.

The great lights of other days are also as keen as the young ones. Laurie Hickson, the present Yorkshire president, who played for England in 1887–1890, is head of the Bradford Citizens' League, while the famous Rawson Robertshaw, who played centre three-quarter as far back as 1886, is one of Laurie Hickson's right-hand men in this league, both regularly doing their long route marches along with the best of them."

The Yorkshire Rugby Union sent out a circular quite early in the war which may have produced the above magnificent response. But, like that of the Scottish Football Union, the circular was probably not even necessary.

PRO REGE ET PATRIA.

One of the first well-known players to lay down his life for his country was Lieutenant Ronald Francis Simson, Royal Field Artillery (Edinburgh Academy), who was killed on the Aisne, September 15, 1914. He was riding back to report to his commanding



Photo by] [W. Crooke, Edinburgh.

LIEUTENANT J. L. HUGGAN, R.A.M.C.,

Coldstream Guards. Killed on the Aisne.

officer the position of his battery, when he and his horse were killed instantaneously. He had been recommended for promotion.

"Fido" Simson was one of the great athletic sons of Edinburgh Academy. He was, too, a worker, for, in addition to being a mathematician, he won a First Academical Prize for modern languages, and had a good knowledge of the German language. In addition to being a good batsman, he was a fine athlete, as, in his last year at the



Photo by] [Jones, Gloucester. LIEUTENANT R. E. HANCOCK, D.S.O., Devon Regiment. Killed in action, after having been wounded and twice mentioned in dispatches.

Academy, he was first in five open events, and won both the Burma Cup and Bradbury Shield, which made him champion of his year. At Woolwich he was in the XV. of 1909–1910, and bagged a brace of tries when Sandhurst were beaten by a memorable



Photo by] [Warneuke, Glasgow. SECOND-LIEUTENANT W. E. MAITLAND. Seaforth Highlanders. Killed in action in the trenches.

49 points to 9 points. Simson was first in three open events at "The Shop" Sports of 1910, and won the Silver Bugle. Against Sandhurst he carried off three events. He played for Army v. Navy in March, 1911,

and his play in that match, when he got more than one try by punting over the head of G. H. D'O. Lyon, secured him his place in Scotland's XV. against England. Even then he only won his International cap by a bare margin. His understudy was "Bungy" Watson, who was ready dressed for the fray when Simson turned up just five minutes before the hour advertised for the kick-off! Thus "Fido" got a Scottish, and "Bungy" an English cap later on. Simson was of the individual type of centre of whom big football had yet to see the best. most Scottish modern backs, Simson was a good plucked 'un, and Services men used to watch with no little glee the way in which he and his cousin, D. J. R. Simson, used to "go for" each other when they were vis-à-vis in a Services v. London Scottish or similar



Photo by [Thomson, Bedford.
BREVET-LIEUT.-COL. P. MACLEAR,
Royal Dublin Fusiliers. Killed in action
in the Cameroons.

match. Numbers of Academy boys have been at that famous school for over ten years, and R. F. Simson was there for thirteen.

Lieutenant-Colonel P. Maclear, Royal Dublin Fusiliers (Bedford School), who was killed in action in the Cameroons, was well known in his day at school as a player and a gymnast. Percy Maclear, who was an elder brother of Captain Basil Maclear—the Irish International—of the same regiment, had played for London Irish some years ago. He fell fighting gallantly against heavy odds, and buried with him in the same grave is another Old Bedfordian, Captain T. N. Puckle (Leicester Regiment).

Captain Lewis Robertson, Cameron Highlanders (Fettes, United Services, and Scotland), who fell in the battle of the Aisne, was one of the most honest forwards we have seen of recent years. One who has played with and against him scores of times tells me that he "used to go through every game with teeth clenched, often muttering to himself to spur him on. He was a terror to run up against—as hard as a nail and a fighter through and through until he was absolutely stopped." The day before his gallant death on the Aisne, Captain Robertson was met by the old King's School, Canterbury, Woolwich, and United Services half-back Henry Gardner, R.F.A., to whom he expressed himself as being thankful he had put his back into his job as bayonet fighting instructor to the South-Eastern Command for the last two years. A charming instance of self-effacement occurred in what this popular player did when he offered voluntarily to give up the captaincy of the Army XV. v. the Navy at Queen's, and with it the honour of presenting his team to His Majesty. This he did because he thought he was out of form and not good enough to play for the Army.

Lieutentant A. B. Read, Shropshire Light Infantry, who also fell on the Aisne, was one of the sturdiest of Sherborne's sons. He was a fine dashing forward, who played



Photo by] (Sport & General.

SECOND-LIEUTENANT R. H. SPOONER,
Lincoln Regiment. Wounded.

many a good game for Richmond, with which club he was very popular.

Second - Lieutenant C. M. Stanuell, Durham Light Infantry, another to fall at the Aisne, was a try-getting wing threequarter when at Sandhurst. He had pace, but had not yet made his bow as a regular player in first-class football, although he had played for the Army XV., but would probably have done so during the abandoned season of 1914–1915.

Captain and Adjutant C. E. Wilson, an



Photo by [Turner & Drinkwater, Hull.

LIEUTENANT A. H. MACILWAINE,

R.F.A. Mentioned in dispatches.

old Blackheath forward, who played for England v. Ireland seventeen years ago, was also killed at the Aisne.

Like F. E. Oakeley, Surgeon J. H. Digby Watson (King's School, Canterbury, Edinburgh Academy, Blackheath and England) suffered the cruel misfortune of losing his life without getting in a blow in return. He went down with H.M.S. Hawke, and all the Rugby world watched for days afterwards for the message from the Admiralty that he was among the saved. But, as the Edinburgh Academy Chronicle put it: "Alas, that the North Sea keeps him, and we shall see his face no more!"

This versatile back player was "Bungy" to his intimates, who were numerous. Why "Bungy," you will ask. The name, seeming to carry with it a sense of clumsiness and inadaptability, so unlike its cheery, clever, quick-footed, nimble owner, did not seem a propos at all. It was his own habit that produced it. He was at King's School, Canterbury, before going to Edinburgh Academy. At King's School they call indiarubber "Bungy," I know not why. On reaching the Academy, Watson developed a habit of borrowing indiarubber. Hence "Bungy" Watson. These things happen that way. I saw him first in a match some five or six seasons ago at Oxford, playing for the Edinburgh Academicals. He was

playing on the wing. "An International ere long, or I never saw one," was my remark. In the estimation of a really sound judge, who had a good playing, and therefore the best, knowledge of "Bungy," he invariably "did" more with the ball than any other modern player, not excepting Poulton-Palmer or A. D. Stoop.

"Bungy's" father was in the Navy, stationed at Newcastle, interested in the engines of the Agamemnon, when the boy went to the Academy. He was intended for the Navy Medical Service, but an examination defeated him, and it was as a volunteer,

directly after war was declared, that he found his way on to the hapless Hawke. A naval officer writes me: "There never was a more high-spirited fellow, and we all longed for him as a shipmate." That is the truest test of a man's worth. Born August 31, 1890, "Bungy" was in his twentyfifth year when he came by his sad but glorious end. He was something more than a Rugby player, being a good wicket-keeper and boxer—he won the Edinburgh University Middleweights in 1911—and a good high and long jumper. He won the School high jump each year at the Academy, and in 1912, not only the long jump at the Scottish Inter-'Varsity Sports, but also for Scotland v. Ireland. (v. Scotland, Wales, and France, 1914.)

Lieutenant Lawrence Edward Russell, West Riding Regiment, killed in action, was in the winning XV. when his regiment beat the 1st Gloucesters in the final of the Army Football Union's Cup last season at Aldershot.

Second-Lieutenant Edward F. Boyd, Northumberland Fusiliers, was a worthy son of Rugby School, was as popular in the famous "Fighting Fifth" as he had been at Oxford—where he was a most brilliant forward—and at school. It was probably due to his tendency to wing that he did not obtain the coveted English cap which so nearly came his way last season. The English scrum could not carry two C. H. Pillmans, but that Boyd would have played for England is more than probable. was a very keen soldier, and wrote cheerily to an old Oxford friend, shortly before going to the Front, that "it ought to be a good show." As a player he was, perhaps, at his best from November, 1912, to March, 1913. But Army Rugby—he was going to play for the Services this season, and not Blackheath—would have brought him to his best. A day or two before he fell in the fighting on the Aisne, he was seen by Major W. S. D. Craven, R.H.A., who described him to me as looking "lean, brown, with a straggly beard, and, in spite of just having forded the Ourcq up to his waist, quite cheerful."

One of the saddest of all incidents in this war was the death of F. E. Oakeley, R.N. It was not, I believe, until there appeared an obituary notice in *The Times*, announcing his death "on a date unknown," that more than a half dozen of men in the sporting



Photo by]

[Walter Davey & Son, Harrogate.

LIEUTENANT A. L. P. GRIFFITH, D.S.O.

Wounded on the Aisne.

world knew we had lost one of the finest fellows the Rugby game has known. Oakeley's was a beautiful character—indeed, his features told one as much—and when his shipmates and clubmates used to chaff him about his "saint-like expression," they knew the meaning of what they said; for who should know better the clean and thoroughly Christianlike ways of living of one whom they will never cease to regret than those with whom he was continually associated? The following story will illustrate my meaning. A brother-officer who shared his room on the occasion of some big match told it to me. Last year a great friend of Oakeley's

was lost on board the submarine that went down off Plymouth. "Oakeley took it absolutely fearlessly and quietly," said my friend, "but he was on his knees for over an hour that night before he turned in, and he wasn't asking that he might be spared a similar death, but it was all simply to the end that the men might be spared the agonies of a lingering death. No wonder the men all loved him. He was a fine boy and a very fine gentleman." In this brief peep into the intimate life of one of our leading Rugby men, a lad who had a few hours before been applauded for his straight and plucky play on a football field, we are



J. ROSS, London Scottish. Missing since Messines.

permitted to see the finest type of man breathing—that simple, plain, honest being, Of Oakeley's prowess the British officer. on the field chapters might be written. To those who only saw him play he is known as a scrum-half. But he was a good deal more than that. A leading United Services forward described him to me as "the finest forward the Services ever possessed. used to laugh, we of that well-known Services pack of two or three seasons ago, to read about our rushes. For it was Oakeley, who was a far better dribbler than any two of us put together, but the papers never seemed to see this!" Before taking up Rugby under the experienced eye of

Engineer - Lieutenant - Commander E. W. Roberts (Devon and England), Oakeley was a most proficient Soccer player. He played as often as possible in his men's matches. giving up, to my certain knowledge, his own leisure and leave in order to do so. He was one of the most modest of youngsters. cannot think of a single occasion," writes a famous Services player to me, "on which, the United Services having lost, Oakeley ever had any such remark to make as 'The forwards heeled abominably to-day, or 'Davies wasn't on the job to-day at all.' It was always, on the other hand, 'I did give Davies some rotten passes,' or 'I must get into the way of getting that ball out quicker.' unselfishness of the boy alone endeared him to us all, and I have never known this characteristic so marked in a wide experience

of other players."

Second - Lieutenant Frederick Harding Turner, Liverpool Scottish, was killed in action in the trenches. This well-known and popular Old Sedbergh boy went to Oxford in 1907. He played for the 'Varsity in 1908, 1909, 1910, and was captain of the XV. in 1910. He played first for Scotland in 1911, and won fifteen "caps." From Oxford he went to Liverpool, and was captain of the same club XV. that contained the English captain R. W. Poulton-Palmer, and the Irish captain R. A. Lloyd. Joining the Liverpool Scottish, he fell in the trenches, regretted very much by all who knew him for a straight and modest man. Turner was of the good, honest type of forward, and had fine place-kicking powers. He was the fifth Scottish Rugby International to fall in this war. He captained Scotland's XV. on many occasions.

Engineer-Lieutenant L.B.R. Wansborough, R.N. (H.M.S. Monmouth) played frequently for the United Services XV. He had much to do with the Rugby football and sports generally at Osborne.

A naval officer who was not so well known to the general public was Sub-Lieutenant Keith Morehead Gunning Campbell, whose death was announced on January 14. He was in his twenty-third year, and was at Haskoll's School at Folkestone, before going through the usual course at Osborne and Dartmouth. It is given to our naval officers to see more of life and the world than others, and, one way and another, Keith Gunning Campbell was no exception. For he served on H.M.S. Cochrane when she accompanied Their Majesties to India for the Durbar; he was at the affair and



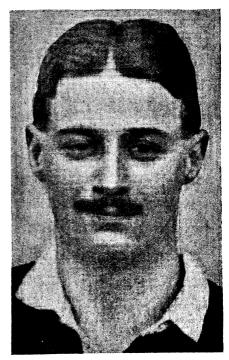
LIEUTENANT C. M. USHER,
Gordon Highlanders. Taken prisoner.

sinking of the Koenigin Luise, at the very opening of the war; was close at hand when H.M.S. Amphion was mined, and had the doubtful pleasure of seeing one of her big guns whirling round like a straw in a gale, many feet in the air, after the explosion, not knowing where the gun would come down; he was also in the Heligoland Bight action, and was within a fair distance of the Bulwark when her hour struck, and all this before his twenty-second birthday. But not quite all, for he had played three-quarter for the United Services and then for the Navy. He visited Petrograd once during a cruise in the Baltic. On the Durbar trip his sporting proclivities were uppermost, and he joined his elder brother with gun and rifle, preferring that to employing his time in India otherwise. He was on the torpedo-boat destroyer Lawford in all the active service he saw, but changed to submarine work towards the end of last year.

Lieutenant J. F. O'Connell, R.A.M.C., believed to have fallen in the retirement from Mons, was a forward in the St. Mary's Hospital and London Welsh XV.'s.

Lieutenant J. L. Huggan, R.A.M.C. (attached 3rd Coldstreams), was, it was

reported at the time of his death on the Aisne, recommended for the Victoria Cross for an action on his part a day or two before he fell. He organised a body of volunteers to go to remove a number of wounded from a field hospital which the Germans were shelling, and, leading the party himself, he succeeded in bringing away every man. This is what one would expect from this splendid Watsonian, even if one had not the pleasure of his acquaintance, but had only seen the resolution, courage, and fire he always put into his play. Huggan was most unlucky to be the possessor of only one Scottish cap, that against England in March, 1913. Of a most modest disposition, he had a charming habit of ascribing the try he had scored to the clever play of somebody else. As a wing he was at his best alongside that great young player Lieutenant R. E. Gordon, R.F.A. Huggan was, like Ross, a Borderer, and was always delighted to turn out for the Jed Forest Club. He had all the dash and vim for which natives of the Border have long been famed, and, as a fellow-Scot has very truly written about him to me, "he was a 'trier' every time, and if he wasn't there, he meant to be."



LIEUTENANT G. W. OLIPHANT,

Duke of Wellington's (West Riding Regiment). Wounded,

Two photographs by Sport & General,

Huggan was born at Jedburgh October 11, 1888, and the Town Council of that famous old Royal Burgh has given the necessary permission for a memorial stone to him to be erected close by the High Rampart near Jedburgh Abbey, which is a favourite promenade with the townsfolk. Lieutenant-Colonel G. Fielding, commanding 3rd Battalion Coldstream Guards, to which Huggan was attached, wrote to the deceased's brother: "If ever I met a brave man, he was. At Landrecies, when under a heavy fire for some hours during the night, he remained up in the front all night, helping and dressing the wounded as coolly as if he was in a hospital in time of peace. Villers Cotterets he was conspicuous for his bravery. This was a rearguard action, and the line was being gradually pushed back; but he was always in the rear, and sometimes even nearer to the enemy, dressing the wounded and helping them back. At the Aisne he was most conspicuous everywhere. On the day on which he was killed he again did a very brave action. There were in a barn about sixty wounded Germans—they were all cases that could not move without help. The Germans shelled this barn and set it on fire. Your brother, in spite of shot and shell raining about him, called for volunteers to help him to save these wounded men from the burning building, and I am glad to say that it was greatly in consequence of his bravery that they were all saved. After he had run this great danger successfully, he moved many of his wounded men to a quarry in rear, when a big shell came into it and killed him and many others. He was buried near where he fell, in the garden of La Cour de Soupir Farm. The whole battalion regretted his loss, as we had all got very fond of him, and admired him as a really brave man, always ready to sacrifice himself for the good of those who should happen to come under him for treatment."

Private Jayes, King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, was a well-known forward in the Holme Wanderers Club in Cumberland. On the outbreak of war he joined his master's regiment, he having been a valet in the employ of Captain Mallinson, and fell in action, honoured by all his Cumbrian friends

for his patriotism and bravery.

Second-Lieutenant W. E. Maitland, Seaforth Highlanders, a former captain of the Glasgow Academicals, died of wounds received in action while attending to the injuries of a soldier in the Black Watch, to which corps he was attached. Maitland was

in the trenches when this man was hit, and, finding the space too confined wherein to treat the wound properly, Maitland lifted his man out into the open, and it was while tending him that he received his own mortal wound. Intended for the medical service, the call of the firing-line was too great for this fine Scotsman, so he applied for and obtained a commission in the Seaforths. He was a son of Mr. George Maitland, Duncoag, Kilmacolm, and a nephew of the well-known shipowner Sir Joseph MacLay.

Second-Lieutenant P. D. Kendall, Liverpool Scottish, was killed shortly after his fellow-officer Lieutenant F. H. Turner, previously mentioned. Kendall had the peculiar honour of being chosen captain of England's XV. on his third appearance in it. He played but three times, viz., v. Scotland in 1901 and 1903, and v. Wales in 1902. The Birkenhead Park Club was his club, and it is not going beyond the truth to say that everybody connected with that club in Liverpool and elsewhere worshipped him. "Toggy" Kendall, as he was known, played thirty-six times for Cheshire, and was captain of the Birkenhead Park's third XV. so recently as 1913-1914, when the team scored over 500 points in an unbeaten season. All his friends used to wonder when he was going to give up the game; but his love for it and the good of his old club forced him to go on, "teaching the young idea," for some time after the age at which others become arm-chair critics. Thinking only of King and country, this Old Tonbridge boy forsook a lucrative profession to take up arms, and leaves a widow and a son and daughter, in company with many friends, to mourn him.

The only Welsh International who has fallen in the war is Captain C. G. Taylor, R.N., M.V.O. He was one of those lost on the *Tiger* during the fight in which the *Blücher* was sunk. He was a fairly regular member of the Blackheath XV. in the 'eighties, and played nine times for Wales about then, viz., in 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, v. England; 1884, 1885, 1886, v. Scotland; and in 1884 and 1887, v. Ireland. Captain Taylor was a Ruabon Club man, and a three-quarter who was renowned for his consistency.

Missing.

Second - Lieutenant J. Ross, London Scottish, a Borderer, and one of Scotland's and the London Scottish Rugby Union Football Club's sturdiest of forwards, was reported "missing" after the great charge at Messines. (v. England 1901–1903;

v. Ireland 1901; v. Wales 1901, 1902.) About him Mr. Aikman Smith writes most feelingly as "a dear old chap, of great weight and strength, but with the heart of a childwouldn't harm a fly. But what a fine fellow! When at North Berwick in the summer, his favourite stroll before breakfast was up to the top of North Berwick Law and back. I mention this to show that Jimmy kept himself in good training. family is an athletic one. His younger brother Teddy, who also played for Scotland (v. Wales 1904), is in a Ghurka Regiment at the Front, and younger brothers still bid fair at Fettes to keep the family fame going." His friends have not yet given up all hope of seeing him again, and I hope most cordially that their brave belief may have the best of all rewards.

OTHERS WHO HAVE FALLEN.

Major M. E. Cookson (Bedford School),

Royal Sussex Regiment.

Lieutenant B. C. Ash (Uppingham School), Sherwood Foresters. Rosslyn Park Rugby Union Football Club.

Lieutenant L. S. Coke (King Edward's, Birmingham), Irish Guards.

Captain S. G. Roe (Bedford School), Royal

Inniskilling Fusiliers.

Private A. V. Jones, H.A.C. (Leys School). Captain C. R. T. Hopkinson (Bedford School), East Surrey Regiment (West African Field Force).

Trooper J. L. Pumphrey (Sedbergh School), Northumberland Hussars. (Played

for Oxford University.)

Second - Lieutenant W. E. Maitland (Glasgow High School), 3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders. (Captain of Glasgow University XV.)

Captain T. H. Richmond (Sedbergh School), Yorkshire Light Infantry. (Harle-

quins and Calcutta.)

Lieutenant B. D. Costin (Bedford School), Prince of Wales's Own (West Yorkshire Regiment).

Lieutenant R. H. Widdowson (Sedbergh School), 3rd Battalion South Lancashire

Regiment.

Lieutenant W. Burrell, R.N.V.R. (Uppingham School), H.M.S. *Morna*. Accidentally drowned off north-west coast of Scotland in November, 1914. Aged 28.

Captain T. S. Wickham, D.S.O. (King Edward's, Birmingham), West African

Frontier Force.

Private R. Jayes (Holme Wanderers

Football Club, Cumberland), King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry.

Colour - Sergeant John Mason (King Edward's, Birmingham), Royal Marine Light Infantry.

Lieutenant Kenneth Powell, H.A.C.

(Rugby School).

Captain E. W. Beech, R.E. (King Edward's, Birmingham), during mobilisation.

WOUNDED.

We now come to the names of several players who have been wounded during the war. Appropriately enough, the list may be begun with the name of a famous captain of the Army XV., and of that of the premier club, Blackheath.

Major W. S. D. Craven, R.H.A. (Haileybury). In action between Messines

-Wytschaete, November 2, 1914.

Second - Lieutenant H. J. I. Walker, 1st Battalion Warwickshire Regiment. On the Aisne, October 1914.

Lieutenant W. Owen (Dover College), 2nd Welsh Regiment. Hit five times in all. First at the Aisne, September 1914; again at Givenchy, December 20, 1914.

Lieutenant A. L. P. Griffith, R.F.A., D.S.O. (Dover College). On the Aisne,

September 1914.

Captain A. C. G. Luther, King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. During retirement from Mons to the Marne. Reported killed, but since known to be a prisoner.

Major M. A. Black, 5th Dragoons.

Captain B. S. Moss Blundell, 2nd Battalion Yorkshire Regiment.

Second-Lieutenant R. H. Spooner (Marl-

borough), Lincoln Regiment.

Lieutenant J. C. L. Farquharson (Dulwich College). With London Scottish at Messines.

Lieutenant G. W. Oliphant (Bedford School), Duke of Wellington's (West Riding Regiment). Army XV.

Private McChristison (Dulwich College).

With London Scottish.

Lieutenant W. M. Howells, R.A.M.C. (Christ's College, Brecon). On the Aisne. Mentioned in dispatches.

Private D. A. Stewart (Whitgift Grammar

School). With the London Scottish.

Lieutenant C. J. Colman (Dulwich College),
3rd Battalion Liverpool Regiment. At

Mons.
Private B. Davies (Swansea XV.),
Somerset Light Infantry. Prisoner of war.
Second - Lieutenant W. T. Wootton,
(Christ's College, Brecon), Welsh Regiment.

At the Aisne.

Lieutenant A. Blaikie (Dulwich College). With London Scottish at Messines.

Lieutenant A. F. St. C. Collins, A.S.C.

(Bedford School).

Second-Lieutenant P. S. Brindley (King Edward's Birmingham), Royal Warwick Regiment.

Second - Lieutenant B. J. Horrocks (Uppingham School), Middlesex Regiment.

Prisoner of war.

Captain R. B. Campbell (Bedford School),

Gordon Highlanders.

Second-Lieutenant W. S. Ellis (Sedbergh School), 3rd King's Own Liverpool Regiment. Leicester Rugby Union Football Club.

Captain C. E. Hunt (Bedford School),

34th Sikhs.

Captain C. C. Holmes (Bedford School), Lincoln Regiment.

Lieutenant H. C. B. Wemyss, R.E.,

D.S.O. (Bedford School).

Lieutenant G. C. Gowlland, R.E. (Fettes College).

A. C. Boyd, Herts Regiment (Leys

School).

Lieutenant W. E. Wansbrough (King Birmingham), 2nd Battalion Edward's, South Staffordshire Regiment

Second-Lieutenant V. Busby, R.E. (King

Edward's, Birmingham).

Corporal H. Riddell, R.E. (King Edward's, Birmingham).

Captain H.O. Sutherland (Bedford School), Northumberland Fusiliers. Prisoner of war.

Captain J. S. Knyvett (King Edward's, Birmingham), 2nd Battalion Royal Warwick Regiment.

Captain G. H. S. Fowke (Uppingham School), Gordon Highlanders. Prisoner of

Lieutenant L. W. P. Haymen (Bedford School), The Buffs. Prisoner of war.

Captain R. B. Corser (King Edward's, 2nd Battalion Yorkshire Birmingham). Regiment.

Corporal A. S. Fowler (King Edward's,

Birmingham), 3rd Hussars.

Corporal W. H. Tait, R.E. Edward's, Birmingham). Also won the Médaille Militaire as a dispatch-rider.

Captain W. A. Kennard (Uppingham

School), 13th Hussars.

Lieutenant S. E. B. Laville (Bedford School), Leinster Regiment.

Second-Lieutenant C. F. Moore (King Birmingham), Worcestershire Regiment.

Captain J. R. E. Stansfeld, D.S.O. (Uppingham School), Gordon Highlanders. Lieutenant H. V. Lewis (Uppingham

School), 129th Baluchis.

The late Captain C. E. Wilson had been awarded the Legion of Honour, Croix de Chevalier, a similar distinction having also been conferred upon Lieutenant G. E. B. Dobbs.

PRISONERS OF WAR.

Lieutenant C. M. Usher, Gordon Highlanders (Scotland).



PRIVATE JAYES, King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. Killed in action on the Aisne.

Photograph by Rowbotham, Burton, Westmorland

Surgeon L. L. Greig, R.N. (Scotland), after Antwerp.

Lieutenant G. E. B. Dobbs, R. E. (England). Second - Lieutenant A. R. V. Jackson, 3rd Battalion East Kent Regiment (Ireland).

Captain H. E. Ward, East Kent Regiment

(Harlequins).

Lieutenant A. C. Williamson (Oxford University), Royal Naval Brigade, after

Antwerp.

A further article in the next issue will continue the present survey of this subject, with details of Irish and Welsh Rugby football, as well as the activities of various county and other clubs.

AMELIA IN THE NARROW WAY

By CHRIS SEWELL

Illustrated by G. L. Stampa



QUARTER of an inch of plate-glass and the Eighth Commandment alone separated Amelia from her Heart's Desire!

Greater barriers have intervened between older people and similar

idols before now; and older people have annihilated those barriers, snatched the idols,

and lived to repent it.

Amelia did none of these things, and, in consequence, this story is worth relating. Heart's Desire in Amelia's case was composed of superior wax superiorly moulded. Her coat and skirt were of cream cashmere, and a muff of white fur hung suspended by a little pearl chain from her neck.

Flaxen hair lay crisply upon her shoulders, and her eyes—precisely the shade of the velvet forget-me-nots in her felt picture hat—stared out on life in that disdainful Vere de Vereish way which many people besides "Young Laurence" have found irresistible.

All around Heart's Desire glittered toys of every description. She dominated them as a recognised queen dominates inferior subjects. And for Amelia the window contained one object and one only, and she gazed and gazed till her slate-grey eyes watered, and she longed and longed till her soul seemed to contract with longing. To worship at this shrine she had started for school ten minutes before her accustomed time for a fortnight past. She had dodged and scampered and slipped and escaped motor-bicycles by the fractions of inches, and had generally made

all the sacrifices which eager humanity never grudges to a well-beloved. And, with the boundless illogical optimism of childhood, she had believed that she would be permitted to gaze each succeeding morning for evermore. No flicker of the shade of a doubt assailed her even when a gentleman stopped at the toy shop—brought up sharp by a tug from the little girl whose hand he held—and gazed, too. Indeed, she moved willingly aside that they might participate in her feast, and smiled in her open-mouthed, eager way at them both, enjoying by proxy their enjoyment as well as her own. The gentleman, who was slow and drawling, wore a soft greenish hat, and the little girl, a fairy-looking creature, was caparisoned in brown velvet.

Said the gentleman, making a very futile effort to put his foot down: "No, Joan, not another minute. Great Scott! You've got dozens of dolls, and everything you want on earth besides. What?"

"But, daddy, I haven't got a doll wiv a muff—I trooly, trooly haven't! Oh, lo-ok at her little stockings! Isn't she sweet? I would like her—I wo-ould, daddy!"

Amelia experienced a sudden scooped-out feeling at the pit of her stomach, a thumping started in her chest, and her knees waxed unstable. The same sensations had assailed her at Brother 'Erbert's funeral — they presaged tragedy.

That ringleted befeathered young aristocrat couldn't—wouldn't despoil her world: it would be such a cruel, vicious thing to do! The clean-shaven gentleman was evidently of the same opinion, for he expostulated at some length and with some fervour.

But, alas, he was one of those people born to expostulate and to be overridden every time! The little girl coaxed, flattered, pleaded, pulled, and laughed till her ringlets wobbled again as she bore him inside.

Upon the scared soul of Amelia, waiting patiently there on the pavement, fell a weight which only the anxious watcher at a sick-bed knows to the uttermost. Was there hope? Was there none? Would the price be too great—the gentleman had said he was "poor as a church mouse, by Jove!" Did he mean it?

And answer came to these questions without any wearing delay. It was a wordless answer, and took the form of a strong, supple hand with a white cuff and an aftermath of black broadcloth. It appeared very abruptly in the shop window, opened like an octopus, seized Heart's Desire, and lifted her away with a profane snatch.

The wire stand which had supported her looked positively indecent without the cashmere folds to veil its nakedness. Undraped, it was just a mocking skeleton of Hope, and Amelia loathed it. Other dolls, other toys, sought to woo her glances, but she had a faithful soul, and that faithful soul languished for one alone. A painful longing to know the worst oppressed her and sent her creeping towards the door of the toy-shop. The shopman was far back in a remote corner, hedged and banked in with his wares. She could just make out his grey head silhouetted against a dangling group of brown Teddy bears. His voice was couched in persuasive tones, and the little girl's tinkling interpolations trickled in now and then like a chorus. Matters were obviously hanging in the balance. shrank back in the doorway in a wriggle of agony, and, clasping her rough little hands, said, "Pleathe don't-pleathe don't!" as if she almost believed her thin, piping voice would carry down an avenue of playthings and have some effect on the group by the counter. She pressed nearer and nearer too near for safety, for in another moment she had knocked down a clattering assortment of wooden hoops. With a frightened scramble, she picked them up and restored them to their position. Just as she did so, the despoilers came out. Amelia darted one frantic look at them, and in that look was all the anguish of mulcted motherhood and many things besides. Alas, Hope had willo'-the-wisped itself into outer darkness! The very worst had happened.

The little girl was carrying Heart's Desire, the little girl's white-gloved hand was stroking that fur muff and fingering those golden curls just as Amelia had often stroked and fingered in the Castle of Imagination, which was her God-given antidote to the House Sordid.

She turned away, blinking hard and swallowing very often and very determinedly. Some people can never realise when Finis is written across a chapter of their life's history. Amelia could, so she went on to school. And when Gladys Stribling caught her up at a corner and said, "Yah! Cry-biby!" Amelia responded, "Garn! Cry-biby yerself!" and, out of the soreness of her own spirit, thumped her friend until it was even so.

The Park was packed so full of sunshine that it seemed to brim and spill over, and to turn the dull London houses on the road outside into fairy palaces.

A frolicsome little breeze, which brought with it a delicious smell of young lilac, tickled Amelia's cheeks, so that she sniffed, and said quite aloud and unabashedly to herself: "Oh, my, ain't it loike pear-drops!"

It was the next morning, and a holiday. Even bereavement could not quite mar its beauty. The grass was as soft as spun silk. Amelia slid her feet about in it, and, but for that dull small ache which still oppressed her, she would have enjoyed her freedom enormously. She was quite alone—not even a park-keeper was at hand to head her off with threats to the prescribed path. It was lunch-time, and indoors fashionable London was bending chattily over napery and silver, , whilst out of doors unfashionable London lounged on wooden seats and ate bread and bacon out of newspapers. There was immense peace everywhere. Amelia's lunch accompanied her. She consumed it in crescent-shaped bites as she walked. were days when mother could be persuaded to give her a cut from the loaf, and, cleaning a sticky knife upon the same, to declare the result bread and jam. Amelia preferred this to a more conventional repast. She wandered on, humming to herself and stooping now and again to pull daisies with her unoccupied hand. Humming and stooping are not the most appropriate pastimes for the earnest luncher. A crumb stuck in Amelia's throat, and made her choke and gasp dreadfully. Recovering, she bit one side of her slice of bread into even scallops, and surveyed the result with approval. At home this kind of thing provoked reprisals, and was not to be indulged in lightly or wantonly. But what is the use of a holiday without full liberty of

action? She was singularly unconcerned

about the exigencies of school.

"The trivial round, the common task"—which never by any chance furnished what she needed to ask—seemed to have grown remote and unreal. Spring—the festival of hope and youth—held her in mystic arms and whispered strange, exciting legends which felt just as if they might come to be real. Something immense was going to happen in another minute. Amelia felt it in every bone of her wiry body, and she dedicated a little skip to its obvious proximity.

Then she swallowed the last morsel of her crust, and wiped her hands on her skirt, and

looked around her hopefully.

Now, the Angel of Coincidence alone knows why, as she did so, her attention should be suddenly caught by a group of green park chairs under an elm tree nearly a quarter of a mile away, but caught it was. In themselves those chairs were unattractive. Some lay face downwards on the grass, others were in groups, as if those who had lately used them had been convivially inclined. As Amelia drew slowly nearer, she saw that one of them was occupied still—not filled, by any means, for the occupier was very small.

Very small and rather stiff.

"Oo-o!" cried Amelia to the circumambient air. "It's a doll—a lorsted doll! Ooo—I sy!"

She began to run, dropping the cherished daisies in a little wilted shower on the grass; and every moment some fresh and thrilling detail came into view. The doll wore a stylish hat, she had shoes and stockings, her dress was white. The run became a gallop, and from Amelia's lips dripped expressions of adoration and wonder and bliss.

Behold a miracle of the first order! Behold the wonder of incredible wonders! The improbable had become possible, the unlikely certain. In that chair—we stake our reputation for veracity upon it—alone in her glory, felt-hatted, be-muffed, Vere de Vereish to a fault, sat Heart's Desire herself! She seemed in no wise cast down by her forsaken condition, nor in the least impressed by the fact that succour was near at hand.

Apparently she had her own thoughts, and they did not include careless mothers of the past, nor careful mothers-to-be. Amelia, with an exceedingly glad cry, flopped down on her knees and caught the doll to her breast; and beneath the kind old elm tree, busy with its own annual business of

motherhood, she pressed her lips to the red unheeding lips of Heart's Desire, and the first kiss of young love was not sweeter. Her trembling fingers reverently stroked the muff which hung from the waxen neck by the little pearl chain. She touched the folds of the cashmere dress, and the touch was sacramental, if sticky. What a delightful place the world was for little girls, even little girls with slapping mothers and slomicky homes! Heart's Desire had been mislaid—abandoned, perhaps; but, whatever had befallen, she belonged to her finder. Amelia coloured to the roots of her uncombed hair as the glory of this realisation broke over her. The radiance of her smile transfigured her plain little face into beauty. She stood up, and, lest all men should behold and wonder, she opened her dingy red plush coat and deposited the treasure trove tight against her breast. A tumour-like excrescence in the forefront of her person alone remained for the enlightenment of the To reach home was now her sole The holiday was yet young: there were several golden hours in which to dress and undress, to caress and worship her idol. More, there were endless golden weeks stretching ahead, in which the House Sordid should be a very palace of joy and delight. She was out of the Park in almost less time than it takes to chronicle, and threading her way rapidly and purposefully along the pavement towards a side-street which was one of the short cuts to her own dingy quarter of the city. No Greek athlete certain of winning his Marathon ever made for his goal with a more exalted spirit. Then, as she checked and ran, ran and checked, all in a moment, as it seemed, a soft greenish hat and a clean-shaven face detached themselves sharply from immaterial surroundings and impinged themselves upon her so acutely that the sun faded, the birds ceased to sing, and the excrescence at her bosom suddenly became a consuming fire which seared and burnt her. She stopped dead.

The gentleman who wore the hat was quite alone. There were a thousand soft greenish hats, of course, and ten thousand times ten thousand clean-shaven faces in the city of London, but only one Amelia; and in the warm spring sunshine she went cold as ice.

"P'r'aps," she whispered, warring with conscience, "it ain't 'im. I'd 'ave to, if it was; but p'r'aps it ain't."

The gentleman, sublimely unconscious of

the very sudden battle raging almost at his knees, popped into a telephone call-office, and in the five minutes' interval, during which he assured an exacting wife that he had procured two stalls for "The Subway Girl," Amelia of the bulging chest, though not at Ephesus, fought with beasts.

"Run on sharp," advised the Lesser Amelia. "'Tain't 'im; and, if it is, you

found 'er safe 'nough."

"'Tis 'im," the Greater Amelia retorted.
"I know 'is teef—'e'd got a gold un right

in front.'

"Well," persisted Amelia the Less, "'is gal 'ave got any 'mount o' dolls—'e said so 'isself. You ain't got nuffin' but a chiny byby wiv one leg."

"An' if she 'adn't no legs at all, vis

ain't mine," said Amelia the Great.

"Sawney 'ead! Gladys Stribling 'ud laugh at you!"

"I don't care—Gawd wouldn't."

That clinched matters. The battle was won.

The clean-shaven man came out of the call-office in the very moment of victory. Amelia, unbuttoning her coat, touched his

arm before he could hurry on.

"Hi!" she said. She extracted Heart's Desire and held her up by her little cashmere coat. "Vis 'ere is yer little gal's. I picked 'er up on a chair in the Pawk. I saw yer buy it for 'er yesterday, so I knew."

The gentleman seemed embarrassed. "Er—um!" he said. "Er—um!"

"Tike 'er, cawnt yer?" cried Amelia

sharply, and then he understood.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, looking at Amelia with his head on one side. "Joan's doll—so it is! Careless little puss! She was out there with Nurse this morning. She must have left it." His mind worked creakily on tough hinges. Amelia's spun on oiled wheels, otherwise the commendation and the shilling which he was proceeding to extract from a kindly heart and nethermost pocket would not have come to the surface, when she who had merited both was round the corner and half-way down a mean street. "By Jove," said the gentleman again, "what a singular child! She was off like lightning!"

And that was true. A tear more or less where Gladys Stribling was concerned was no great matter, but Amelia had a sturdy British prejudice against crying before strangers. So the clean-shaven gentleman, after gaping vaguely round and saying "Rum little beggar, by Jove!" put the

shilling back and walked on. He bought a newspaper to conceal Heart's Desire. Delectable as she was, she didn't go with spring trousers and a myrtle-green tie. As for Amelia, she ran blindly down that mean street, and when she fell over a hand-truck and hurt her leg so badly that she couldn't rise, try as she would, the crowd which collected thought the storm of sobs was all due to pain. She did not undeceive them. According to her code, one may cry for physical "hurts," but never for mental ones.

Thus in the eyes of the world she

preserved her self-respect.

Amelia's leg was broken—a green-stick fracture, the doctor called it, and that made her smile, albeit sadly.

An ambulance, which she thought was a prison van, and declined to enter until amply reassured, bore her away to a strange, clean, enormous room furnished with many beds, and mother was sent for. Mother's hat, when she arrived, was well on one side, and she looked overheated. She made rather a fuss about things—not because she had the smallest desire to nurse Amelia at home, but because it was the custom in the society she adorned to say of such cases, "Pore little soul—took off like that! She'll miss her mother cruel, she will!"

Amelia—we insert it with a sigh—didn't,

though

The Nurse Lady who received her in that ample, light apartment more than compensated for several mothers of the Hobcroft pattern. She was gentle and kind and pretty, with a sweet voice and a clean face. She did not wear curling-pins till midday, neither did she say "A-done, do, or I'll fetch you one, I will!" Amelia adored her, and went on adoring to the end of her stay.

Now, hospital life suited Amelia down to the ground. Well-scrubbed boarding it was —very different from that of the House Sordid—and the "green stick" became a serviceable limb again all too quickly. First of all there was a spell of bed—nice white bed—and chicken and jelly happened as if they couldn't help it, and would happen for ever. That stage passed like a "'Scursion dy," as Amelia expressed it, and, hopping to and fro on diminutive crutches, she became, no man rebuking, the self-appointed missioner of the ward.

And in this department she achieved a great popularity, so that the hospital chaplain

looked upon her as a coadjutor, and told her so with a kind hand on her red hair.

"D'yin' ain't nuffin'," she confided to a young woman gasping out a worthless life in the corner by the big fireplace. "I've got a bruvver wot did; 'e's all among flowers an' trees an' birds now. There ain't no patches in 'is clothes, an' 'e don't 'ack or cough."

For weary and petulant children she



"'Tike 'er, cawn't yer?' cried Amelia sharply."

reserved fairy stories with morals; and, talking of fairy stories, the biggest of all happened—wasn't told, but actually happened to Amelia herself. It comes as a sequel to this narrative, and must be told at once, lest we should be tempted to stray into by-paths of Ameliaism with no bearing upon the main theme.

The very day before she left the hospital, when the splints were off her leg, and she

was feeling she didn't know how at the notion of returning to the House Sordid, there arrived a big square corded box, which a cross porter put down with a bang upon the table where the big bottles stand, and made them all shake and clatter. It had been sent by the kind mother of a little girl who was going with her parents back to India, and could only take a selected few of

her many luxuries with her. The Ward Sister opened the box at once, because she was in a very good temper that afternoon.

All the patients who could sit up craned their necks to see what it contained. Somebody said "Toys!" with a little scream, and it ran all down the ward, and the Sister smiled cryptically. Amelia, who was again engaged in preparing the young woman by the fireplace for her latter end, left off speaking and breathed fast. The Sister dipped with both hands into the box. Out came the most thrilling things— Jacks-in-the-box, Noah's arks, automatic motors, etc. The small patients whose voices were loud enough to be heard cried "Ooo-eee!" Those who possessed no voices to speak of moved feeble fingers and pointed.

The nurses gathered round the table and took the treasures as the Ward Sister directed, distributing them right and left. And the Nurse Lady, who had "a way with her," and could generally get round the Ward Sister when no one else could, seized something and said: "Oh, Sister, may I have that for Amelia Hobcroft?" And the Ward Sister nodded. So the Nurse Ladycame running

up to Amelia in her corner with "that" in her arms. She was beaming.

"Here's a little companion to go home with you, Amelia—look!" But Amelia had already looked, and two tears following quickly on each other were forcing their way out of either eye. Amelia was so surprised to discover that one *could* cry for joy that a laugh got mixed up with the tears, and the dying woman reached out a weak hand and

tried to pat her back. For there—of course, the astute reader will have guessed it several paragraphs ago—in the Nurse Lady's arms was Heart's Desire herself! Untarnished, contemptuous, still carrying her white muff by the little chain, and quite unmoved by the vicissitudes of fortune, she lay stiffly against the Nurse Lady's white apron like a genteel starfish.

If Amelia had been an Israelite Psalmist, instead of a little slum child of the lowest stratum but two, she would have cried: "Doubtless there is a God that judgeth the earth."

As it was, she surprised the Nurse Lady and the dying young woman by exclaiming triumphantly, as she rubbed her red eyes with her still redder knuckles: "If I hadn't give 'er back, I'd broke 'er sime time as I broke me leg, wouldn't I?" And this shows that Amelia's logic was not so very far removed from that of the Psalmist, after all.

And then she held out her starved mother arms and tasted the joy—very rare, alas, in human life!—that is without spot or blemish or regret or shame.

"DER TAG."

FLANDERS, 1915.

WAKE! wake! and your stations take, Joined in a fierce array; Glory! Glory! (the old, old story!) This is at last "The Day."

Boom! Boom! Through the winter's gloom The great guns boom all day.
Rattle! Rattle! Quick-fire battle—
Death's reapers are at play.

Thud! thud! in the slimy mud
That's born of the clinging clay,
Smashing, smashing, like earthquake crashing,
The "Black Marias" slay.

Seeking, seeking, through trenches reeking With death and a thousand hells; Burst! burst! with a force accursed, Ye "high-explosive" shells!

Scream! Scream! Like a nightmare dream, Now, shrapnel, work thy spell! Scatter! scatter! showers that shatter (They know the range right well).

Thrust, thrust through the living crust, And charge through the deafening din; Ye bayonets, fed on life-blood red, Your deadly work begin.

Smitten, smitten, sorely smitten, Throughout that fearful day; Moaning, moaning, with piteous groaning, The "food for cannon" lay.

Deep, deep, darkness creep And hide the fearful sight— Dying, dying, vainly crying; Alas, but "The Day" proves night!

WALTER STEWART.



EXTREMELY INTERESTING.

"TALKING of explosives, my dear sir, these grenades they are using are not half powerful enough. I have a little thing here that I am offering to the War Office—the slightest tap, and you're blown to atoms!"

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

THE HELMET.

When I saw the parcel awaiting me, addressed in Ida's handwriting, I did not blanch or faint. I started, it is true, but it was a start more of delight than terror. Ida's gifts are an acquired taste, but after a fierce and protracted internal struggle, helped by a course of auto-suggestion, I have acquired that taste.

I opened the parcel, studied its contents closely but without unkind criticism, then, after a brief period of reflection, labelled it "Helmet—possibly Balaclava helmet"—and put it tenderly aside in my little woollen curio museum.

Primarily, this collection is intended for the amusement of my grandchildren—that is, of course, unless Ida relents and marries me, in which unforeseen circumstances I shall have much pleasure in presenting it to the Victoria and Albert Museum, under the heading "Relics of the Great War."

(A grey shade passes over the face of the Museum official as he reads.)

A process of elimination enabled me to guess the exact function of the gift. Had it not been preceded at intervals of twenty-four hours by a procession of similar but more recognisable garments, I doubt very much if I should have been able to put a name to it. But, as it was, by consulting my "Sheldon's Knitter," I discovered that the only home-knitted-comfort-for-our-troops which I had not yet received

was a helmet, and by comparing the article in question with the pictorial representation, I even traced some slight family resemblance between the two.

I took up my pen to pour out my thanks on paper. After writing on an average six glutinously grateful letters per week, the thing becomes something of a problem.

My usual system is more alliterative, perhaps, than anything else. "Thank you so much for the marvellous muffler, the stunning socks, the nice knee-caps"; but the only adjective which rose persistently to my mind, in connection with the helmet, pursued the alliteration too far into the word and was in other ways unsuitable. I toyed with the idea lovingly for some time, but no! Ida's sense of humour will not stand much strain; it is of the iron rather than the elastic persussion.

I tried another tack. "Thank you so much for the"—well, the least I could say was that it was harmless. That sounded lukewarm, somehow. Besides, how did I know that it was harmless? It didn't look it. It looked the sort of helmet that would do you in if it possibly could—strangle you in your sleep, as like as not, specially trained for that purpose by the Kaiser. Anyway, I shouldn't like to meet a German in it.

Of course, if I wanted to be strictly truthful, I should say "horrible," and have done with it, or I might make a neat compromise and call it

"huge," which would be true without being offensive. Eventually, throwing scruple to the winds, I made it "heavenly."

"Thank you so much for the heavenly helmet. It really is"—I thought deeply for a quarter of an hour and then wrote "heavenly."

"Of all the things you've sent me, I think it

fits the best, looks the nicest. is the most faultlessly knitted, and resembles most what it is meant to represent. I can never thank you enough $_{
m for}$ it, and am wearing it day and night, to the admiration and jealousy of all."

 $T \cdot h i s$ seemed to be getting a little cloying, so I ended up: "Send me anything else you like, as I get any amount of amuse--" my pen was rather running away with me here; I crossed it out and put "comfort" instead-"comfort out of them, Yours ever-

Then I sealed it up and went for a walk with my sister Helen and my borzoi Gustave.

"I've written rather a masterpiece to Ida," I said confidentially, as I slid the envelope into the letter-box. "It's difficult to vary these letters day by day without seeming either too cold or too fawning, but I think I've struck the right note this time."

"Ida?" repeated Helen vaguely. "You heard from Ida? I suppose she didn't send

you the coat the Belgian refugees are knitting for Gustave?" The fatal truth struck me like a blow from a sledge-hammer.

Night and day I pray that my regiment may be the next to go out.

ACC

A. E. James.

A young journalist was congratulating himself



HOW IT HAPPENED.

Nurse: And how did you come to get your wounds?

TOMMY: Well, we were in the trenches, about two miles from Rheims, and you know how very hot stuff the Germans are if there's a cathedral within range.

on having obtained an interview with an eminent statesman on behalf of the newspaper which he represented. In the course of an animated conversation the journalist, noticing that the great man's eyeglasses were perched perilously near the tip of his nose. remarked: ''Your glasses, sir, are almost o n your mouth."

"That's all right," was the quick response. "I want to see what I'm talking about."



A farmer wrote to a friend in a nother county who was also a farmer, and said that, having as he had, he would

be glad to know of a good exterminator for flies. The letter, being wrongly addressed, was opened by another man of the same surname, who, knowing nothing about farming, replied—

"Sorry, but I, too, am in quest of the same thing. I have no cows, but I have a bald head."

Born 1820
—Still going strong.



JOHNNIE WALKER: "Doing your bit, eh?"

Special Constable (guarding Waterworks): "You bet, I haven't seen so much water for years. I envy the lucky beggar guarding your distillery."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, Ltd., Scotch Whisky Distillers, KILMARNOCK.



ANOTHER GERMAN "BANNED.

FOREMAN (suspiciously, to applicant for job): Where d'yer come from?

APPLICANT (Welsh): Llannsfynnorstfyddgwch.
FOREMAN: Can't you see that notice?

ANOTHER VICTIM OF "WELT-KRIEG."

Grim silence filled the Form (the Senior Third),
While Tomkins III, was solemnly arraigned:
"Your views on German, Tomkins, are absurd,"
The master said. "This needs to be explained.
Be good enough to mention why, my lad,
Your marks are so preposterously bad!"

Now, Tomkins was a wondrous wily youth,
An opportunist of the nimblest kind.
"I'm sorry, sir," he quailed. "To tell the truth,
I strive in vain to concentrate my mind
Upon the Teuton tongue. I fear I'm slow
To grasp the syntax of my country's foe,"

"A creditable plea!" the tyrant cried.
"To punish patriotism I'm much averse;
But, none the less, it cannot be denied
The marks you score in French are even worse.
Come, touch your toes, sir! Do, sir, as I wish!"
And Tomkins sorrowfully did. Swish! Swish!
Gilbert H. Collins.



"I saw your daughter Mary leading a Blue-Ribbon demonstration the other day," commented Mrs. Phillips to Mrs. Adams.

"This is the first I have heard of it,"

declared Mrs. Adams.

"Why, yes, I saw her at the head of a procession yesterday afternoon about four o'clock,"

"Oh, that wasn't any procession; I merely sent Mary to buy some wool for my knitting."

"Merely sent Mary!" exclaimed the

astonished caller.

"We will ask Mary about it," decided Mrs.

"Oh," explained Mary, "when I started to go, I went over to get Ethel to go with me, and Dorothy and Frances were there, and they went and asked their mother if they could go, too. On the way over to their house we met Mildred and Patricia, and they asked us where we were going, and then they said they would go, too. So they went and asked their mother, and she said 'Yes,' and to take little Freddy along, because he needed some fresh air; and the nurse came along with Freddy, and before we got to the shop we met another nurse out with the Wilson twins, and they walked along with us."

"That was quite a company to buy a little

wool."

"Yes, the man at the shop thought so."

"Didn't he like it?"

"No, he didn't seem to."

"What did he do?"

"He held out the threepence and looked at it, and then counted us."

"What did he say?"

"He said that if it took forty-nine children to spend threepence, he was glad we hadn't got a shilling to spend."



THE REASON WHY.

MRS. TWIGGS: You say they wouldn't have you in the Army on account of your size. Why, you're big enough to make two ordinary Grenadiers!

WAGGLES (sadly): Yus, mum. that's just it. Yosee, I'd set me 'eart on joinin' the Bantams' Battalion.



BEAUTY is Nature's own handiwork. Nature alone is fitted to serve Beauty. Natural Products, Natural Oils, Natural Scents are embodied in

PLANTOL SOAP

Plantol Soap is guaranteed to contain no Animal Fats. The choice essences of tropical fruits and flowers are largely used in its manufacture, making it positively the ideal Soap for Toilet and Bath. Plantol Soap ensures a soft and supple skin. It is Nature's own aid to beauty.

PLANTOL SOAP WILL SOOTHE THE MOST SENSITIVE COMPLEXION. ITS DELICATE PERFUME WILL CHARM EVERY LOVER OF REFINEMENT.

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LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

A NATIVE of Wales was visiting a friend in New York, who took his guest on a visit to

Niagara Falls.

The American, accustomed to bursts of wonderment and enthusiasm, was not a little astonished to see his friend stand and gaze stolidly minute after minute upon that roaring cataract without evincing the faintest sign of emotion.

MISTRESS (to Irish maid-of-all-work): Now, Mary, if anyone calls while I am out, say I'll be back at one o'clock.

MARY: And what shall I say, ma'am, if they don't call?



The friend of the family, who was fond of relating stories of the war, the other day



A PROPOS TO LOCAL RECRUITING.

"Well, as I was telling Garge, if they Germans ain't more careful, I'm blessed if I don't go out there meself!"

Finally, unable any longer to conceal his chagrin and disappointment, the American turned to his companion and asked: "Don't you think that's a wonderful sight?"

"What?" asked the Welshman.

"Why, that gigantic body of water pouring over that lofty precipice!"

"Oh, yes," was the placid reply.

mentioned a friend at the Front as having been in five engagements.

"That's not so much," said little Edgar suddenly.

"Why, Edgar," cried his surprised mother,

"what do you mean?"
"Five isn't many," persisted Edgar. "My sister Edna has been engaged nine times!"

Player's Navy Cut

Tobacco and Cigarettes FOR THE TROOPS

From all quarters we hear the same simple request: "SEND US TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES."

TROOPS AT HOME

(Duty Paid)

It would be well if those wishing to send Cigarettes to our Soldiers would remember those still in Great Britain. There are thousands of Regulars and Territorials awaiting orders, and in sending a present now you are assured of reaching your man. Supplies may be obtained from the usual trade sources and we shall be glad to furnish any information on application.

TROOPS AT THE FRONT (Duty Free).

John Player & Sons, Nottingham, will (through the Proprietors for Export, The British - American Tobacco Co., Ltd.), be pleased to arrange for supplies of this world - renowned Brand to be forwarded to the Front at Duty Free Rates.



Regd. No. 154011

John Player & Sons, Nottingham.

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited.

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THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

CULTURE IN THE KITCHEN.

(Another solution of the servant problem has recently been suggested. The new theory is that our domestics should be allowed to play the piano and have the free use of the library. Some of the probable results of this scheme are indicated below.)

Once Mary Jane would not get up, was always dull and moping.

But now she rises with the lark to practise things by Chopin.

For shaving-water though we yearn, she never heeds our ringing,

Is deaf to all appeals for boots while Tosti's songs she's singing.

A rook woman in Suffolk, being congratulated by her rector on the fact that her only son had enlisted, said: "Well, sir, after all, it was only to be expected, for, sure, it says in the Scripture, 'Train up a child and away he do go.'"

ASS.

Mrs. Jones: We have a French parlour-maid, and so we always speak French to each other at our meals.

Mrs. Brown: Why?

Mrs. Jones: Well, we don't want her to know what we're talking about, do we?



THE LITERAL MIND.

Muggins: I went ter join, but they wouldn't 'ave me cos o' bad teeth. Told 'em I didn't want ter bite the Jarmins.

HUGGINS: Ah! Comic paper stuff, that. Yer do want to bite 'em. If you'd read yer paper reg'lar, you'd 'ave seen as Gen'ral Joffer says emphatic as the Hallies is nibblin' at the Jarmins.

A literary mind has Cook, all sorts of books she'll take on,

And Shakespeare cultivates with zest, but quite neglects her bacon.

She keeps us waiting for our meals, and doesn't care a button;

On Lamb's essays she's so intent, she overdoes the mutton.

The boy who used to clean the knives has even come out stronger,

And since he studied social themes will carry coals no longer.

Of all our economic schemes he's made himself the censor,

And quotes at length from Bernard Shaw, Karl Marx, and Herbert Spencer.

R. H. Roberts.

"My mother wants to borrow your flat-iron," said a small boy to a neighbour.

"Is your mother washing and ironing to-day?" was the reply.

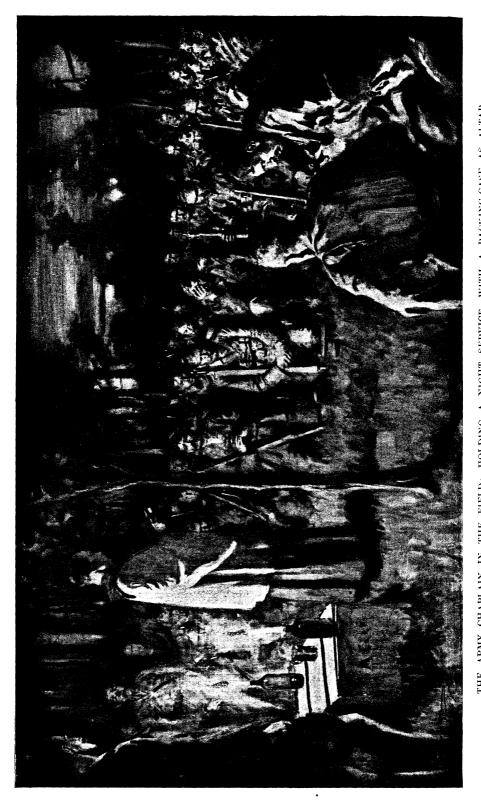
"No, she wants to throw it at your cats to-night."

The following advertisement appeared in a newspaper: For Sale—A fine coach dog by a gentleman about to start to Canada with a spotted tail.

"I saw Tompkins in the parade to-day. Is

he a member of the band now?"
"No, indeed; the regular cornetist is ill,

"Ah, I see—merely substi-tooting, eh?"



THE ARMY CHAPLAIN IN THE FIELD: HOLDING A NIGHT SERVICE, WITH A PACKING-CASE AS ALTAR. From a drawing by A. C. Michael. See the article in this number on the Work of the Army Chaplain in the War.

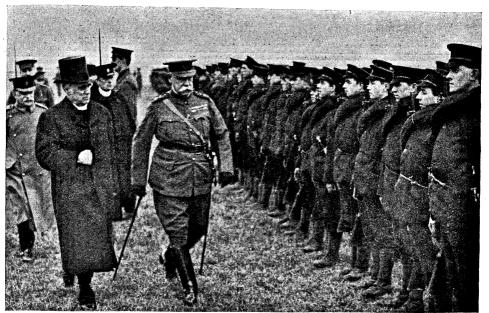


Photo by]

[L.N.A.

THE PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND, WITH FIELD-MARSHAL LORD GRENFELL, ON HIS TOUR OF INSPECTION
OF THE HOME CAMPS AND THEIR CHAPLAINCIES.

THE CHAPLAIN IN THE FIELD

THE FINE WORK OF "TOMMY'S FRIEND"

By W. G. FITZ-GERALD

HEN all's said, the regimental chaplain is a very gallant gentleman. He gives up his ease to carry consolation to fighting-men who know not the day nor the hour when the call may come, and they "go west" to the withering blaze of rifles and big guns. Every day is Sunday to the "padre," as they call him. His church may be the zigzag clayey trench, or a ruined barn, where strange, uncouth figures clutch at hymn-book and rifle. Here they recite the Soldier's Prayer, or chant "Fight the Good Fight" to the roar of hidden batteries outside.

After service and a cheery chat, the chaplain crams his books in a nosebag and rides off. He may carry the wounded back to the aid post, or censor letters for the men, or even write them himself—one padre wrote many hundreds of postcards in this way in a single week! "The parson does his bit," says Tommy, and salutes the man of moral

might who runs every risk—taking water to the wounded, comfort to the dying, and spiritual consolation to them all.

"Cloth and cassock cover many a valiant heart," as the Bishop of London said, himself chaplain to the London Rifle Brigade. Haply his lordship had in mind a service where a surgical table served as altar, with a hospital sheet over all, and bunches of flowers in vases made from brass bases of German shells. Close by, overhead—on all hands, indeed—shrapnel shrieked and burst with deafening explosions.

In France all priests are conscripts, but our chaplains are volunteers. The Chaplain-General, Bishop J. Taylor Smith, received twelve hundred offers of temporary service "for the duration of the war," as the placards put it. At home and abroad you'll find these fine, broad-minded men befriending soldiers—in camp church-rooms with the new armies in training, getting up concerts and games, or preaching in the

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aerodrome, like the Rev. Leonard Walters, whose pulpit was the seat of an airship at

rest down by the Medway.

The Army chaplaincy is a service but little known to the public, for the padre does not court the limelight; his work is its own reward. There are four ranks of chaplains, some equal to colonel and others to captain. But the military title is not used. Bishop Taylor Smith ranks as a majorgeneral, and his brigadier is a Presbyterian, Dr. John M. Simms.

The senior chaplain is the Rev. E. G.

killed the General outright as he stood among his staff, and after dark they carried him into the battered church. The only light in the blackness was the electric torch used by the chaplain to read the solemn words. No sooner had he begun than the Germans opened with their siege artillery.

"A true soldier's funeral," as General Smith-Dorrien remarked, when it was over. "We couldn't fire a volley, padre, but the foe has given the last salute for us." How the

mourners escaped was a miracle.

Next day the same chaplain officiated in



Photo by]

("Topical" War Service.

A BELGIAN CHAPLAIN AS GOOD SAMARITAN WITH THE WOUNDED, IN A BARN BEHIND THE FIRING-LINE.

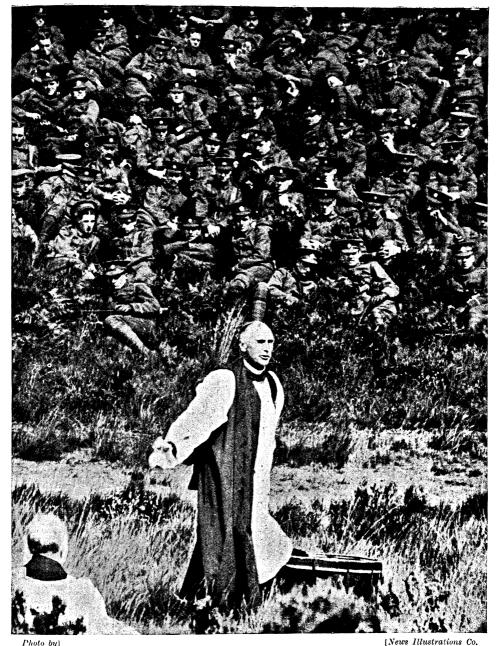
All chaplains conduct "first-aid" work, and assist the stretcher-bearers in the field.

Macpherson, who has just made a memorable tour of inspection through the British lines. Mr. Macpherson, together with his second, the Rev. J. G. Tuckey, was in the siege of Ladysmith, and also in the terrible withdrawal from Mons. He saw fighting on the Aisne, too, and was "mentioned in dispatches" by Marshal French—a signal tribute to the quiet heroism of a chaplain's daily work.

This work is well seen in the lurid burial service of Major-General Hamilton, read by night in a hillside church under a perfect storm of German shells. A shrapnel bullet

a barn. He had our gunners for a congregation, but a sudden shell tore away the roof and failed to explode—luckily, or the loss of life must have been terrible. Of course, the service ended then and there. The battery galloped into action, and the padre went his way to pastures new.

He's always welcome, always gladly heard, this kindly, genial man. Religion has here an unique chance, in a drear setting of mud and water, with death wailing in the skies, and dread sights and sounds upon all hands. The man who never set foot in a church looks eagerly for the brave, smiling



THE BISHOP OF LONDON PREACHING TO THE LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE, OF WHICH HE IS CHAPLAIN.

figure of the chaplain, who in turn admires these fine fellows, their endurance and devotion in ghastly conditions, and their mirth, which not all the powers of war appear able to quench.

He's so human, our padre, so broadminded and shrewd, sympathetic and gay. All creeds are one upon the battlefield. If the Anglican minister is missing, the

Presbyterian takes his place, or the Methodist. The Rev. O. S. Watkins is a Nonconformist chaplain, also "mentioned in dispatches" by the Commander-in-Chief. He is attached to Field Ambulance No. 14, and his adventures, his duties and ministry in the long day of need and opportunity, would fill a book.

Mr. Watkins was in a dressing-station full

of wounded, when the Germans advanced, and the whole establishment had perforce to melt away. Down came the Red Cross flag. Wagons were packed with utmost zeal, and as the *cortège* of broken men filed off,

delivered the message God gave me." This padre had charge of the wounded who were able to walk. He commandeered farmers' carts and reached the clearing-hospital at last. Hither also the Germans came and

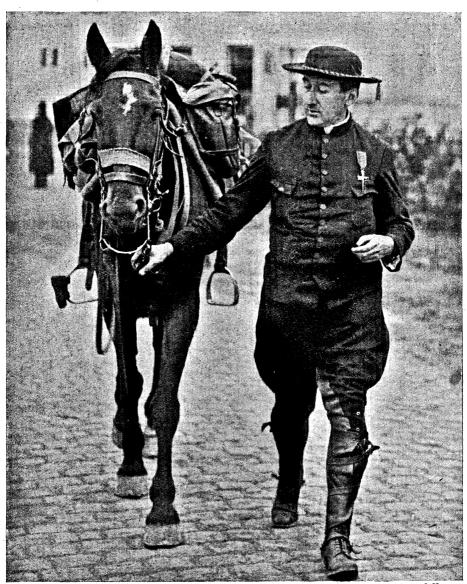


Photo by]

THE TYPICAL FRENCH CHAPLAIN IN FULL CAMPAIGNING KIT.

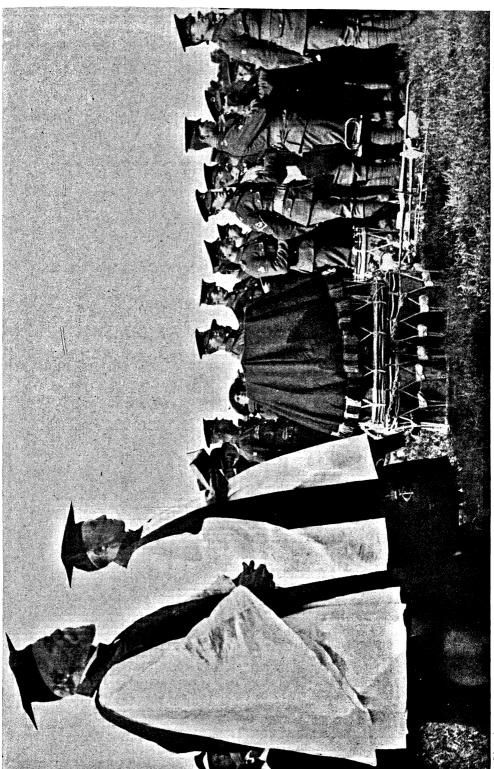
[Central News.

great shells began to burst upon the temporary hospital. In half an hour it was a smoking ruin!

"Sometimes I rode with the cavalry, and heard the story of a charge outshining the Light Brigade's at Balaclava. And I surprised our medical officers, who refused to leave patients they were tending and dressing.

"Service in tents" is an entry from a chaplain's diary. "Couldn't hold a parade, for we were awaiting the motors to take





badly wounded men to a boat—nothing like water transport for the fracture cases. And while waiting I plastered a man's back and sat on a severed artery till the surgeon came."

Such is the work of Tommy's friend. He wears the uniform of an officer, with black shoulder-knots and an iron cross upon his cap. Only for Holy Communion in the field does he wear a surplice, and his ministry extends to all men, whether of the Church or no, for death is ever present, and men draw together in the brotherhood of a common need.

The chaplain is counsellor and confessor.

battle was turning, and handing out thousands of cards bearing the Soldier's Prayer composed by the Chaplain-General himself. In the fierce battles of the Aisne these ministers rode with letters to the nearest post-office, and also helped to bring in the wounded when trained bearers were overtaxed or lacking.

Some of the chaplains have the D.S.O. for rescues under fire — Mr. Guinness, for example, and Chaplain Brindle, who received the Order from Queen Victoria's own hands, after stirring deeds with Wolseley in the

Egyptian campaigns.



Photo by] [The Sphere.

BELGIAN CHAPLAINS AT WORK AMONG THE WOUNDED.

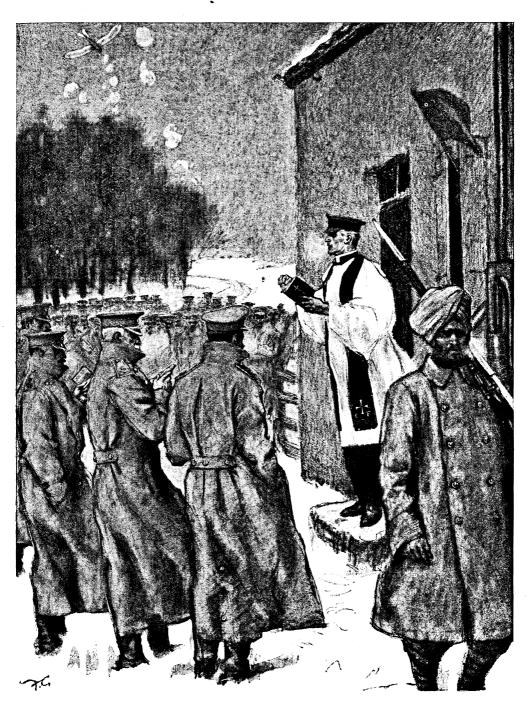
He distributes kind words and trench comforts, magazines and letters and papers. He visits the sick and comforts the dying with the solemn words of eternal hope. The padre must needs be a man of fine physique, an optimist of rosy outlook, never thinking of himself at all, devoted only to other men's needs. He must be tactful and discreet, he must know how to restrain the men, and how to say a prayer, a hymn, or a psalm such as inspired Cromwell's Ironsides

to a furious charge upon the enemy.

On the way from Mons the chaplains played a heartening part. They rode among the footsore men, telling them the tide of

"I may go anywhere," the man of God exults. "I'm with the gunners for a while. I see the sick and hold the strangest of services—one in a cowshed by the light of guttering candles. On my fourth Sunday I crossed the river into the danger zone, and without a surplice, held service in a wood where men slept in straw and water, with pools of mud around them over a foot deep.

"Then on to a baron's château, with an elaborate altar in the salon." His congregation a few staff officers and men—wild fellows clad in skins and caked with mud, nothing clean about them but their rifles. Bareheaded and bowed, they follow



A SERVICE NEAR THE FRONT.

the Morning Prayer as the fine voice rings out with it. And at the end there's a gruff bass "Amen" not to be matched for depth and devotion in any church in Christendom.

Now the Psalms, read in alternate verses by padre and men. After that an address—you can't call it a sermon, so informal is it, so earnest and simple—a heart-to-heart talk with men who face wounds and death every

us all: 'Can a woman's tender care cease towards the child she bare?' We couldn't go on. We got choky and left the rest of the verse out altogether." The chaplain knows the heart of the soldier, and how to link it with the best influences of affection.

The open-air service is specially striking, for after the Benediction a powerful voice gives out the National Anthem, and the

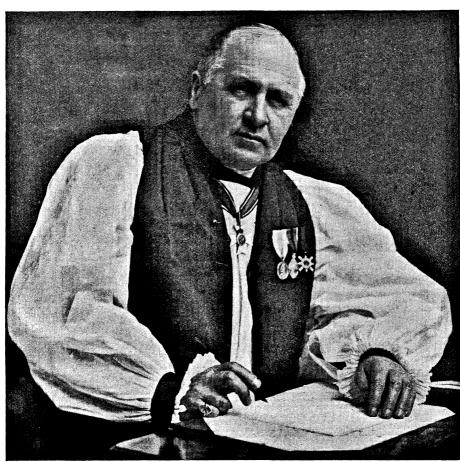


Photo by

BISHOP J. TAYLOR SMITH, CHAPLAIN-GENERAL OF THE ARMY.

[R. Haines.

moment of the day. Peril and hardship is the lot of all, including the chaplain himself, so the bond of sympathy is deep indeed. No wonder the padre loves the lads; no wonder the lads revere and esteem their padre, who brings the breath of love and home into stern and bitter lives.

"Three hundred of us stood up in the field," a sapper says, "and after prayers we began a hymn around a pile of draped drums. It was fine. But one couplet upset

whole khaki host rolls it out in unison. As with the surgeons, so at first there were not enough chaplains to go round, and volunteers were called for, picked men of real vocation.

"There was plenty to do," we hear, "with only one priest to five thousand men of the Fourth Division. In the great retreat we were all but done—I was four days and nights without a wink of sleep. A lurch in a hole would wake me in time to save a fall by clutching at my saddle. But what grand

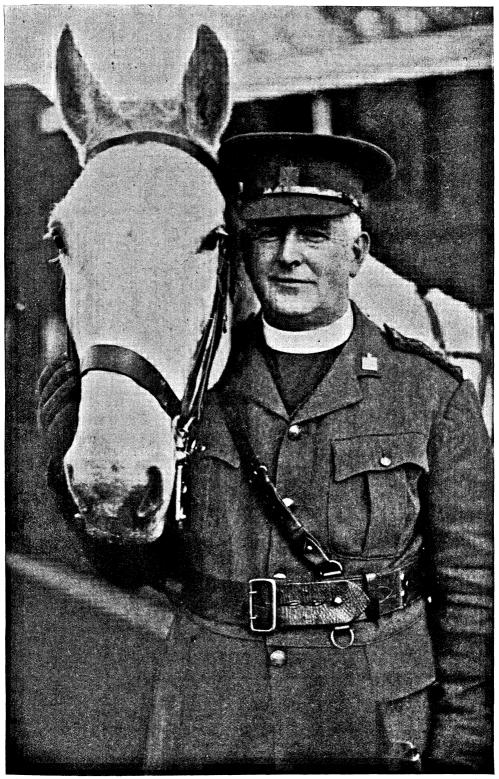


Photo by] [The Farringdon Co. THE REV. PIERCE BUTLER, CHAPLAIN TO THE $52_{
m ND}$ BRIGADE, WITH HIS FAVOURITE HORSE "CHUM."

work, what excellent soil! God bless them all, for they've given me more joy in these few months than the rest of my life has known!" There was no doubt, the padre thought slyly, that the scream of shells

quickened the zest for prayers.

All the hardships of his day were lightly held-even "a synovitis knee," due to his horse coming down with him heavily on a frozen pool. These volunteer chaplains love the rough ministry of the field. include some of the ablest Churchmen and scholars, among them men of noble family, like the Hon. and Rev. Leonard Tyrwhitt, a younger son of Baroness Berners and brother-in-law to Lord Knollys.

Mr. Tvrwhitt is a canon of Windsor, long connected with the Court, and, as chaplain of H.M.S. Renown, he accompanied the King and Queen on their stately and memorable tour to India. That such a man should choose such a life is eloquent of the spirit of sacrifice abroad in the land. Surely no Court Chaplain ever thought to hold such a Communion Service as this:

"Picture an open space with cobblestones covered with thick frost. Officers and men nearly hidden in wraps, helmets, mittens, and greatcoats. They're kneeling round a packing-case covered with the sheet off a bed. There's a chalice, of course, and a tin plate for the Bread. A few oil lamps flicker in a furious gale. And the litter, the débris! Guns and shells, pontoons, provisions—all manner of warlike material. And here's the Army chaplain with a surplice over his military garb. Then comes dismissal, and men go back to the trenches fortified with the olden rites. God keep our lads and bring them safely home!"

EASTER IN WAR-TIME.

THERE lies a shadow on the sun, Upon the Sun of Life. And liberties by patience won Lie bleeding, wrecked by bomb and gun, And towards you weltering strife Men turn, aghast, their questioning eyes And mourn their ruined destinies.

"Where is the fruit of Calvary's grief?" They ask the silent skies; "Christ had His harvest in the sheaf: We trusted that in time but brief Mankind should all be wise, And lo! the blood-red, scythe-wheel'd car Of Hatred rushes us to war!"

The world proclaimed the death Christ died; The few and fit His rise; And still the would-be conquerors ride. Whilst hero-martyrs, barefoot, stride Through mire of shame and lies, Yet all assured that life laid down Is decked with an immortal crown.

Listen! the sun behind the cloud, The Sun of Life, shines still; The storm, the earthquake, hears the crowd, The "still, small voice," though zephyr-loud, Yet speaks His perfect will. And ne'er in vain was offering made, Or gift upon God's altar laid,

ALFRED B. COOPER.

SPOIL

By F. E. BAILY

Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst



N a large first-floor
bedroom of "The
Green Dragon," in
Avonbridge, the
Hon. Charles
Macarra, of Clarges
Street, W., and
Bloom Hall,
Wiltshire, boxed
with ColourSergeant Bildad,

late of the Grenadier Guards.

The wax fruit on the mantelpiece quivered beneath its shade, and an engraving of John, fifth Earl of Avonbridge, a Victorian person, seemed to assume an expression of cultured disapproval, as Charles, twenty-six years old and five feet ten, a slender and perfectly developed thoroughbred, danced in and out at his massive six-foot warrior-valet. The two, clad in pyjamas, smote and spared not. Bildad, his square-jawed, bright-eyed, bulldog face stricken into an expression of amazing ferocity, stalled off his master with a long, straight left. Charles darted at him perpetually swift lefts and rights to the body.

Below, in the garage of "The Green Dragon," stood the explanation of these truculent happenings within a peaceful hostelry—a 30-h.p. Wilson-Strickland two-seater, stark and still, paralysed by magneto trouble.

The windows of the first-floor bedroom gave upon the High Street, than which there exists no more somnolent artery in the whole of England by day. But every evening, from six o'clock onward, it is irradiated by the damsels of Avonbridge, who shine in little constellations up and down its length.

Charles, languid from a long day's motoring, had pined for a brief bout with the gloves before dinner. Consequently, he and Bildad were driving one another hither and thither within the space they had swiftly

cleared of furniture. The ex-Sergeant, shaken by a fast right to the solar plexus, summoned his reserves and drove Charles step by step towards a window. Charles cast one swift backward glance to gauge what space yet remained between him and the glass. That glance proved fatal, for through the window his doomed eyes beheld Her. They forgot their task; they lingered, and within a second Bildad's straight left, more from instinct than malice, drove his master's head against a shutter.

Charles shook himself like a dog, waved Bildad away, tore off his gloves, and flung up the window.

The girl had drawn abreast of him on the opposite side of the road. Charles guessed her to be nineteen, but her dark hair was still confined on the nape of the neck by a huge flapper-bow. She had an utterly adorable face, round and small-featured, with a nose the least shade tip-tilted, and large brown eyes so dark they seemed almost black.

He saw she was exceedingly slender, of a slenderness enhanced by a little, clinging, smoke-grey dress, high-waisted, with the skirt ceasing well above her ankles. Her shoes and silk stockings were smoke-grey, too; on her head perched a little smokegrey cap, like and yet unlike a béret, and in her hand she carried a vanity-bag and gloves to match. Never in his life had Charles beheld the marvel of a dark girl in that precise shade of grey. constitutional and hereditary languor almost disappeared. But, above all, he stood rapt in amazement at the way in which she moved. The grey skirt literally yelled its silent tribute to the economical hand that cut it; the perfect wearer picked her way delicately and fastidiously as a cat, apparently with all a cat's freedom.

"She's a miracle!" said Charles softly.

He leaned well out of the window, quite oblivious of his costume. His one emotion

was terror lest this unique maiden should drift away before he could get to know her. The situation called for desperate measures. Charles pursed his clean-cut lips and sent out persuadingly on the evening air two mellow notes:



No sign of joy or sorrow came from the lady. Again the mellow notes; again no sign.

For the third time Charles breathed all his pent-up emotion into the little serenade.

Slowly she turned her head and looked up. She saw a tousled-haired young man, in pale blue silk pyjamas, smiling brightly down on her and waving a benign white hand. Without the faintest flicker of interest, dislike, or any other emotion, she turned away again.

"Bildad," snapped Charles, "my bath—quick! I shan't dress—get me the double-breasted blue flannel with a stripe in it. Tell them to have dinner ready in a quarter of an hour, and then you can please yourself

what you do. I'm going out.

Quickly and quietly, with his amazing military competence, Bildad obeyed. Twenty minutes later, Charles, lithe and attractive in his clean-limbed, perfectly-groomed, utterly self-possessed fashion, sat down to cutlets, tender green peas, and very respectable burgundy. Round him hovered an obsequious waiter, but he saw only a vista of smoke-grey.

TT

At their backs spread the yielding comfort of a hayrick; overhead the moon shone

sarcastically from a perfect sky.

"Cissy, you are a dear—a perfect dear!" Charles murmured. "Why did you lure me up and down nearly every street in the place, and force me to get myself introduced by the book-keeping female at my hotel, when you meant to be friends all the time? Think of the moments we have wasted! Aren't you ashamed?"

Cissy smiled enigmatically.

"I never asked you to follow me. I don't know what my own boy would say, if he knew."

"Serve him right!" snorted Charles contemptuously. "Oughtn't to be able to keep away from you! Anyhow, what's one boy among so many?"

Cissy deliberately drew away primly a

couple of inches.

"Perhaps I ought to tell you I'm

engaged!

She extended a slender left hand, the nails highly coated with some pink preparation. On its third finger swaggered a gold ring set with stones in no fewer than three colours.

Charles shuddered a little.

"It's—er—a lovely bit of jewellery," he said gravely. "Of course, I congratulate you, and all that. You must pardon my misplaced enthusiasm."

He stared far away into the purple night. A little gurgle of laughter broke from

Cissy.

"Pooh, you silly boy! George wouldn't dare say anything to me! And, besides, I don't suppose we shall ever be married. Somehow, I don't seem to be born for any settled happiness."

"What is the cause or unjust impedi-

ment?" Charles queried politely.

"Family quarrels," came the luscious and lugubrious answer. "You see, George's mother—that's Mrs. Henry Smithers; of course, you wouldn't know her—is so stuck-up and haughty there's no doing anything with her. The Smitherses have always had property. Mrs. Henry Smithers lives at a house that doesn't belong to her—Lyndhurst, in Pretoria Road—but the garage in the High Street and the meadow behind it were left George by his father."

"Ah!" said Charles.

"Of course, my father is the biggest corn merchant in the place, with a branch in Little Pethwick, fourteen miles away, where my Aunt Susy lives. But the shops aren't his, and we rent our house. And Mrs. Henry says George is marrying beneath him, because we haven't any property."

"Ah!" said Charles.

"It riles father so much he won't buy even a cottage. He says his daughter is good enough for anybody."

"Quite right. I agree."

Charles lit a fragrant Egyptian cigarette. He hated an anti-climax, but his little flirtation lay dead at his feet, slain by the spiritual intervention of Mrs. Henry Smithers and George. He looked critically at Cissy. Really, she was the most charming little girl he had seen for many a long month. A sudden idea seized him.

"Are you keen on George—keen enough

to marry him?" he demanded.

"M'm!" nodded Cissy. There was just a hint of tearfulness in her manner. "I get so sick of rows. It makes you feel desperate." SPOIL. 713

"Very well," asserted Charles, with mild drama, "I will see that you marry George. You shall have property and more than property—you shall have romance. Upon my word, you are too pretty not to do exactly as you please! Keep still for a minute while I think things out."

"You must be barmy!" remarked Cissy scornfully. "How can you get property? Do you know what a cottage costs? Three

or four hundred pounds!"

Charles lit another cigarette.

"Shut up, Cissy," he said kindly. "You are trying to spoil the best bit of fun I've had for a long, long time. What is money to me? I have two hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year—that is, more than four thousand pounds a week. Be quiet!"

Cissy stared at him in awe. For two or three minutes he smoked in silence. Then

he laughed lightly.

"Have you a birthmark, Cissy?" he asked. "Almost everyone has. We could do without it, of course, but things would be so much simpler——"

"Yes. On my left arm, just above the elbow. Like a strawberry," interrupted

Cissy.

"Exactly. That solves the last difficulty," said Charles, with quiet satisfaction. "Now listen and see if my plan doesn't knock all the novelettes you ever read into a cocked hat."

Briefly he outlined the scheme in quick, terse sentences, punctuated by giggles from Cissy. Then followed a careful cross-examination for local details, particulars of relatives, and various events in Cissy's life. At last he came to an end, and she looked at him with silent admiration.

"My goodness," she said, "you are!"

III.

The next day Charles called at the local garage, instructed them to fit a new carbon brush to the magneto of his car, and departed to London, accompanied by Bildad. By reason of a judicious tip to the guard, they enjoyed the unbroken solitude of a first-class smoking-carriage. Here Bildad received minute and precise instructions as to his $r\hat{o}le$ in Avonbridge during the next week or so. Pursuant to these, the ex-Sergeant left Charles at Charing Cross Station, and, with a sigh of regret, caused his military moustache to be removed. Subsequently he proceeded to Blackberrys', the renowned outfitters, and possessed himself of an irreproachable

morning-coat and other garments proper to an eminent legal individual.

Charles sauntered round to a man who had been with him at Harrow, the junior partner in a firm of solicitors in whose cupboards reposed all the more indecorous skeletons of the better-known aristocracy. They lunched together, and later in the day Charles acquired certain remarkable documents, bristling with heavy seals and gorgeously engrossed.

It was night when they returned to Avonbridge. Charles's attire had taken on a graver, sterner, more responsible atmosphere. Bildad looked a lawyer to the life. His Gladstone bag and deed-box constituted an

artistic triumph.

In the morning Charles called on the local estate agent. A sale of property ensued, model in its dispatch and business-like courtesy. Before lunch, Mr. Slark, Cissy's father, had received a polite note, delivered by hand, written on the note-paper of the Green Dragon Hotel, in which a certain Mr. Charles Macarra begged the favour of a personal interview in connection with a matter of the utmost importance.

It chanced to be early closing day. Mr. Slark, with the unfailing instinct of a business man, scented wealth and importance. From various indirect sources he had wind of the opulent Wilson-Strickland car, and the fact that Mr. Macarra occupied the best bedroom and a private sitting-room at "The Green Dragon." Consequently, Mr. Slark replied to the note in person at half-past two.

He found a tall, slim, aristocratic young man, clad in a perfectly cut lounge suit, seated with his back to the window. There was an almost sombre air about him that impressed the visitor.

"Mr. Slark?" began Charles, with gentle languor. "I am delighted to see you. Pray sit down. Ours may be a long business.

Will you take a glass of wine?"

"Thank yer!" said stout, red-faced Mr. Slark, sinking his rotund, shepherd's-plaid form in a deep arm-chair. "Just a spot of Scotch, if you don't mind. Very warm to-day!"

Charles rang for the drinks. When the waiter had departed, he leant back in his chair, lit one of his fragrant Egyptian

cigarettes, and paused.

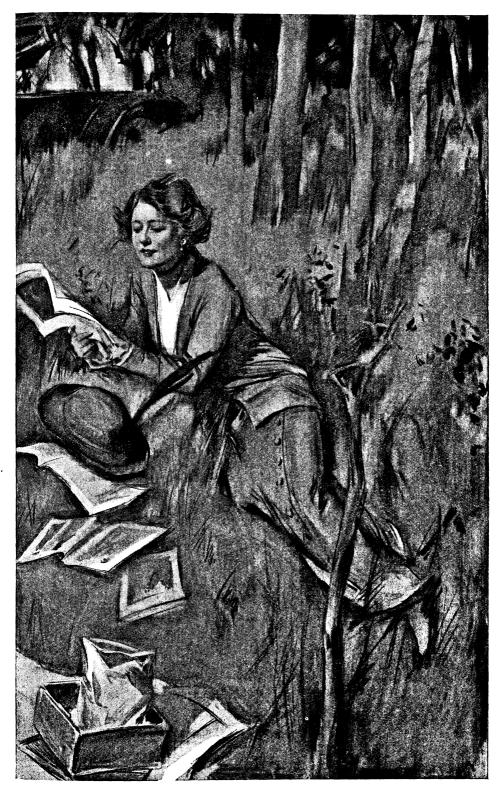
"Mr. Slark," he began at last, "did you ever hear of the Comtesse Helêne de Fonquelaurier?"

The guest dry-shaved his chin.

"No, sir, I can't say that I ever did."



"They discussed trousseaux among other things,



Cissy producing many catalogues. Unhappily, these bored Charles."

Charles nodded in sad resignation.

"I guessed as much. Dear, dear! I hardly know how to begin. Perhaps I had better warn you to prepare yourself for a shock. What I have to tell concerns your very charming daughter—or, rather, the young lady you have always looked upon as your daughter. What should you say if I were to tell you she is not your daughter at all?"

Mr. Slark set down his glass with a crash on the ornate tray advertising an excellent brand of beer.

"Say?" he shouted. "I should say you were a blanked liar or else a lunatic!"

A wan smile flickered over Charles's clean-

cut features.

"Just so. Oh, most natural!" he murmured. "The story is extremely romantic. It has to do with an ancient titled family, a legacy, a mystery—all the ingredients, my dear Mr. Slark, of a popular moving-picture drama. In some ways it will prove most satisfactory to Miss Cissy. A certain amount of property appears to be due to her, in fact."

That did it. At the magic word "property" a change came over Mr. Slark. His open hostility retreated behind an expression of cunning.

"Ah, indeed! And who, if I may ask, are you, sir, and how do you come into this little matter of—property, I think you said?"

"I have the honour to be the executor of Madame la Comtesse de Fonquelaurier," said Charles gently. "I felt that you, who are believed to be—excuse me, it will all be made clear later—the father of Miss Cissy, should be told something of the matter in confidence first of all. I think her mother should be present when we go further into the matter. There are certain—er—personal details which establish identity. I believe I am right in saying the young lady is engaged to be married. No doubt her fiancé, or members of his family——"

"Now, don't you misunderstand me," broke in Mr. Slark, raising an earnest finger—
"that's mere boy and girl nonsense. Young George Smithers isn't half good enough for my Cissy, especially now we're connected with titled people. Why," he went on, with fine contempt, "he's only a tradesman!"

"Mr. Slark," said Charles sternly, "this is

"Mr. Slark," said Charles sternly, "this is a matter of a young girl's happiness. I understand Miss Cissy loves Mr. Smithers. As executor, I have absolute discretion. If you are going to-raise-difficulties, I wash my hands of the whole affair."

"Oh, just so, sir, just so!" purred Mr. Slark, in soothing tones. "I quite understand."

"Then, perhaps, we could meet at your house this evening?" suggested Charles, with his singularly charming smile. "If I were to come round with Mr. Brant, my solicitor, at half-past seven, possibly you would have our friends gathered together? Now, that's very good of you, Mr. Slark. I expect you'll have a great deal to tell your wife. No trouble at all—only too pleased. Good afternoon!"

Three-quarters of an hour later the Wilson-Strickland pulled up in a secluded lane by a gate against which posed a girlish figure. Mr. Macarra then took Miss Cissy Slark for a very pleasant run, giving her tea and sumptuous cake from a heavenly teabasket. They discussed trousseaux among other things, Cissy producing many catalogues. Unhappily, these bored Charles.

"Cissy dear," he pleaded, "choose the most expensive and leave it at that. I've invented a whole aristocracy for you, and lied for you, and corrupted the straightest lawyer in London, but I won't look at all those impossible illustrations even to please you. Come on, and let's break up the speed limit before we go back."

IV.

In Mrs. Slark's drawing-room, over the shop in the High Street, she, her husband, and Mrs. Henry Smithers were gathered together. Cissy and George still hung aloof in some unknown quarter. The hands of the grandfather clock pointed to a quarter-past seven.

"William," said Mrs. Slark to her husband anxiously, "don't forget to ask the gentlemen to drink wine with their supper. I've got in a bottle of port. You know I never touch it, so there'll be a glass each."

She arranged the antimacassar on the saddle-bag sofa for the ninth time. Mr. Slark, uneasy in the frock-coat he only wore, as a rule, at the annual general meeting of the gas company, wriggled in his chair, which matched the sofa, and grunted.

"To think we may be connected with titled folk!" went on Mrs. Slark, in tones of proud misery, smoothing her fichu of real Nottingham lace. "You might put it on your bill-heads, William. 'By Appointment to the Countess Thingummyjig."

"I don't hold with these foreigners, titled or untitled. So different from the nobility at the Court of our own dear Queen,"

SPOIL. 717

snapped Mrs. Henry Smithers, who had never proceeded mentally beyond Victorian era.

"If you please'm, two gentlemen 'ave called with a trunk," piped the voice of the

handmaiden from the doorway.

"Show them in, Emmeline," retorted Mrs. Slark fiercely, and the maiden, whose real name was Emily, retired to admit Charles and Mr. Brant (late Bildad), the latter bearing a black tin deed-box. Cissy and George slipped in unobtrusively behind

"Good evening, gentlemen!" exclaimed Mr. Slark, in a lavish manner, placing himself in front of his wife and blanketing "Pleased to see you. her completely. Macarra—my wife. Mabel—Mr. Macarra. Mr. Macarra—Mrs. Henry Smithers, and vice George, my boy, come and be introduced. Cissy, say 'How do you do?' to our guest."

Charles, his glossy silk hat in his left hand, greeted his hostess with singular sweetness and respect, going on in turn to

the others.

"Allow me to present Mr. Brant, my legal adviser," he said, having run the entire gauntlet, and Mr. Brant, courteous yet properly inscrutable, made the rounds,

"Let me take your things," urged Mr. Slark, snatching at their hats and appealing for their coats. "Mabel, where's that girl?

Just ring, will you?"

A moment later the two strangers stood revealed in the solemn glory of their perfect evening-clothes. George Smithers, who had hitherto felt rather well in a blue suit, white waistcoat, and patent-leather shoes, gnashed his teeth in silent envy. Even his mother brooded.

"And now," began Charles pleasantly, "if you will allow us, Mrs. Slark, may we go into certain necessary explanations? Mr. Brant, would you very kindly produce the-

er-the relevant documents?'

The gathering seated itself with laboured breathing and stern brows. Mrs. Slark cleared an occasional table, allowing Mr. Brant to replace a family portrait album, a shell-covered box, and a toasting-fork said to have been recovered from the wreck of the Royal George, with his deed-box. This he unfastened, producing a mass of legal foolscap, and at once began to read in a sonorous voice, reminiscent of the paradeground-

"This is the last will and testament of

me, Helêne Aloise Marceline Henriette, Comtesse de Fonquelaurier, of the Château de Blancfôret, in the Department of Haute Savoie, made this fourteenth day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fourteen."

Charles raised a slim white hand.

"On second thoughts, Mr. Brant, don't you think it would be as well for me to make a brief statement first? Our friends, you see, have not the slighest idea who the Comtesse is, or why you are reading her will."

"No doubt it would be an excellent plan,"

replied Mr. Brant stolidly.

"'Ear, 'ear!" said Mr. Slark. Charles rose gracefully to his feet.

"Perhaps it would be better if the young people were to leave us for the time being, he suggested. "There are matters of some delicacy——"

"Cissy dear," said Mrs. Slark, in a heavy aside, "take George down to the diningroom and give him one of your father's cigarettes, there's a good girl."

"I had better begin at the begining," continued Charles, in his pleasant voice, after Cissy and George had sidled out. "Eighteen years ago, Mrs. Slark, you decided to pay a visit to your sister, Mrs. Wheeler, who lived, and still lives, at little Pethwick, fourteen miles from here. Miss Cissy was then just a year old, and a very fine child, I have no doubt."

Charles beamed on Mrs. Slark benevolently. and Mrs. Slark's chins quivered in a gratified

"Unfortunately, Mr. Slark sprained his ankle on the very day of your departure, so that you were obliged to stay behind, and send on Miss Cissy in the care of her nurse, Hannah Smith."

"A very good girl she was, was Hannah," put in Mrs. Slark judicially. "The poor

soul died only five years ago.

lamentable," agreed " Most Charles. "Between Avonbridge and Little Pethwick is a junction called Stoke Road, where one has to change for Altcote, Saltley St. Botolph, and Little Pethwick itself. Here, in due course, the late Hannah Smith arrived with the baby in her care, and was obliged to wait thirty minutes. At this point the deceased Comtesse comes into the story."

"Ts! Ts!" broke in Mrs. Henry

Smithers conversationally.

"The Comtesse was travelling with her baby daughter, also one year old, and two nurses, an upper, or head nurse, and an under-nurse. Unfortunately, the little girl had always been ailing, a fact which irritated the Comte—a hasty and hot-tempered gentleman—to such a pitch that he, I regret to say, visited some of his displeasure on the Comtesse."

"Did he really now?" said Mrs. Slark warmly, glancing across at her own husband

as if it were his fault.

"The Comtesse, young and highly strung," pursued Charles, becoming lyrical as he gathered headway, "grew distraught. Picture her amazement when she caught sight of Mr. and Mrs. Slark's little girl at Stoke Road Station, and saw she was the very image of her own!

"I do not pretend to excuse the guilty impulse that sprang up in the mind of the Comtesse. Briefly, she determined to exchange her baby for Mrs. Slark's."

"Oh! For my Cissy! The creature!"

came from the indignant mother.

take charge of Miss Cissy.

"Them foreigners!" growled her husband.

"The Comtesse explained the situation to her two nurses, both family retainers, the tools of their mistress. She then engaged the late Hannah Smith in conversation, asking certain advice on the care of children. Hannah, a simple country girl, was charmed to be noticed by a great lady, and accepted gratefully the offer of a cup of tea, on the understanding that the lady's nurses should

"No sooner were the Comtesse and Hannah out of sight than the two nurses commenced their evil task. They hurried the two infants into the ladies' waiting-room, and while the under-nurse kept watch, the upper-nurse removed the babies' upper garments. She then relieved the under-nurse, who removed their under-garments, and changed the two children. Consequently, when the late Hannah Smith returned to claim her charge, she received the daughter of the Comtesse, and the Comtesse remained in possession of Mrs. Slark's daughter."

Charles paused in his narrative. Mrs. Slark was making active preparations to faint. Mr. Slark sprang to his feet, shout-

ıng–

" It's a lie!"

"Really, Mr. Slark!" said Mrs. Henry Smithers, bridling, and hurrying to the rescue of her hostess. "There, there, Mrs. Slark, dear, never mind, though it does account for Cissy's flighty ways—it does indeed!"

"I must ask you to be calm, ladies and gentlemen!" There was a note of command in Charles's voice. "Remember, Mr. Slark,

that it is only after prolonged labour and endless research that I have been able to piece all the threads together and discover your whereabouts, in order that certain property bequeathed by the Comtesse may come to its rightful owner."

"Ah, the property! I'd forgot about that. Be quiet, Mabel, and let the gentle-

man go on," admonished Mr. Slark.

"No one noticed the substitution of the Comtesse's infant for Mrs. Slark's, when the late Hannah Smith arrived at Little Pethwick. Cissy had displayed feverish symptoms for a week or so during the arrival of one tooth after another, so that signs of ill-health passed unnoticed, and in due course the plain, sensible régime of a British nursery had its effect, and the little changeling thrived. In fact, it blossomed into the charming young lady whom Avonbridge knows as Miss Cissy Slark."

Charles paused and caught the eye of Mr. Brant. It expressed the humble admiration paid by the British soldier to a successful general. A wild cry torn from the maternal heart of Mrs. Slark recalled him to the

situation.

"I want proof—give me proof!" she wailed. "'Ow can you prove that woman left her baby for mine—and Hannah Smith dead these five years?"

"My dear Mrs. Slark"—Charles lowered his voice out of sympathy and a nice sense of the delicate topic he was about to discuss—"my dear Mrs. Slark, as you probably know even better than I, Miss Cissy has a birthmark on her left arm, in the form of a strawberry. It is a hereditary mark of the Fonquelauriers."

"But so had my baby, from the very day she was born," came the triumphant

repry.

It was no use. Charles had thought of

this, too

"Exactly, Mrs. Slark. Had not that been the case, how could the Comtesse have passed off your little girl for hers in the presence of the Comte? She must have been discovered; the presence of the mark was her greatest piece of good fortune."

Charles faced them, smiling blandly. Even as he anticipated, the bit of bluff

went home. More, it won applause.

"Ah," chuckled Mr. Slark, eager, like any other husband, to score off his wife, "got yer there, Mabel!"

"There is little more to tell," went on Charles. "The Comtesse, as is ever the case with the wicked, fell on evil days. SPOIL. 719

Her husband became a bankrupt, and shot himself in the gardens of the Casino at Monte Carlo. Her so-called daughter married a French officer serving in Algeria, and has disappeared. Last October the Comtesse died, leaving all she had, in a fit of remorse, to the girl whom she intended to wrong, but to whom, as it appears now, she actually did a very good turn. Mr. Brant, may I trouble you?"

And Charles sat down, not altogether

displeased with his effort.

The Slarks licked their lips. Mrs. Henry Smithers sat apart, wrapped in disapproval as in a mantle.

In sharp, staccato tones Mr. Brant read out the dry legal phraseology which set forth that to the young girl known as Cissy Slark the Comtesse de Fonquelaurier left five hundred pounds, and that her executor, Mr. Charles Macarra, further had authority, in the event of the said Cissy Slark being engaged to be married, to provide her with a suitable house and a fitting trousseau.

"Very handsome!" exclaimed Mr. Slark, when the facts stood revealed. "A very tidy sum to bring her husband. I only hope that he'll appreciate it, whoever he

may be."

Mrs. Henry Smithers utterly ignored the

"Mr. Slark," said Charles, "I must ask you not to oppose Miss Cissy's marriage to her present *fiancé*. I have evidence that they are devoted to one another, and my discretionary powers as trustee are very wide. That is so, is it not, Mr. Brant?"

"Practically speaking, you can do as you

like," declared Mr. Brant firmly.

"In fact," continued Charles, "I have gone so far as to obtain a marriage license for the young people, and purchase a house which seemed to me suitable in every way. It is inhabited at the moment, but the tenant has already received a quarter's notice. As soon as the tenancy is surrendered, the place will be redecorated throughout to suit the taste of the young couple. The house in question is called 'Lyndhurst,' and stands in Pretoria Road."

Over Mrs. Slark's face, which had expressed many and various emotions during the proceedings, spread a quiet smile full of womanly malice. Mr. Slark tried hard to restrain himself, but failed, and burst with a

loud report.

"Monster!" came the monosyllabic comment of Mrs. Henry Smithers.

"I beg your pardon?" queried Charles suavely.

"I said 'Monster!'"

"In what particular am I monstrous?" murmured the trustee, avoiding the eye of Mr. Brant.

"Lyndhurst is my house, and now I am to be turned out for a girl who isn't what she's supposed to be, and that wasn't very much! I repeat, monster!" replied Mrs. Henry.

"I have been indeed unfortunate," confessed Charles softly, "but, believe me, I

meant well."

The rest of the evening consisted of an orgy. The happy pair, informed of their good fortune, bubbled over with gladness. At Charles's suggestion, they were not told the details of the legacy, which came, as far as they knew, from an unknown relation. Mr. Brant bound Mrs. Henry to secrecy by fearful devices known to legal men. All was merriment—a supper of boiled rabbit and pickled pork, followed by tinned peaches, and washed down with a glass of port. They drank the healths of the young people, Mrs. Slark wept, and Mrs. Henry Smithers became almost girlish under the influence of Mr. Brant. Finally, long after ten, the party broke up.

V.

BILDAD, in the guise of Mr. Brant, had sworn Mrs. Henry to eternal secrecy, which meant about forty-eight hours, according to Charles's calculations. Mrs. Slark, oscillating between pride and sorrow, would hold out, perhaps, as long. Consequently, the wedding took place two days later. Charles insisted on buying the bride's trousseau.

In the shadow of a consenting porch, after the wedding ceremony, while the others were signing the register and congratulating themselves, Charles, according to an ancient

privilege, kissed the bride.

"Thanks to me," he said, "you are coming to George like Orpheus with his loot. At least you can spare me this. Be a wise girl, and don't tell your husband more than is good for him. I shall clear up our little cock-and-bull story with your father before I leave. Good-bye."

After the usual wedding banalities, Charles, the happy pair having left, insisted on Mr. Slark's returning with him to "The Green

Dragon" for a final chat.

They sat down in the self-same sitting-room. Mr. Slark, already merry with wine, chose the inevitable drop of Scotch. Charles preferred coffee and Grand Marnier.

"Well, Heaven bless 'em!" requested the

bride's father, quaffing deeply.

"Amen!" echoed Charles. "You will be interested to hear, Mr. Slark, that the Comtesse story is all bunkum. Cissy and I made it up together, sitting under a haystack. She told me about Mrs. Henry's property qualification, and I offered to help her out."

"Uh!" commented Mr. Slark, with convivial solemnity. "You rogues! So you made it all up? Never mind. Money well spent. Rather glad, m'self. Wife a bit worried. Shall have to tell her—always tell

wife everything."

"I shouldn't let it go any further, Mr. Slark,"counselled Charles, sipping his liqueur. "To be quite blunt, it might make you look rather a fool."

Mr. Slark rose to take an impressive farewell.

"You're a gentleman, Mr. Macarra," he

said slowly and very carefully. "Me—quite different; only poor tradesman. Education not very much, drop an 'h' now and then, but not a fool!"

Solemnly he shook hands, and left to pursue his rose-tinted way home.

VI.

That very night, in the attic gymnasium of his tall, white house in Clarges Street, Charles enjoyed ten minutes' swift sparring with ex-Sergeant Bildad. A lightning right to Bildad's face slipped past his guard and, as luck would have it, cut his upper lip slightly.

Charles fell back and apologised.

"Never mind," he added, "your moustache will soon hide the scar. And, anyway, you shine more as a man of blood than as a lawyer."

Over the iron face of Bildad broke a bull-dog grin. He was thinking of Mrs. Henry

Smithers.



WASTE HILLS.

THE ripple of the larks
And the dull thunder of Atlantic tides!
To lie on Cornish turf,
Breathed on by vagrant airs, now salt,
Now violet sweet,
Under an April sun!

Merry the drops among the leaves,
Where tamarisk brown upon the banks
Bends from the windy south, and lambs
Call on the moor.
How bear the caging of a room,
Of four white walls,
When Spring is yon?

The bags of the brown bee Hang heavy on her thigh;
The wagtail runs from knoll to sandy patch,
And the spring tides are leaping up the beach,
The spray blown backward like a veil!
The walls are only bars, and I—
I look between!

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

IN THE KING'S SERVICE

By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo



was young and English, but neither to an uncomfortable extent. He realised that the ways of Western Canada were not the ways of rural England, and he was quick to learn the ways of the new land.

He called himself Richard Croft. He worked for a summer with one Frink, a farmer with a thousand acres in wheat, for a winter in a mountain lumber camp, another summer with Frink, and his second winter for a storekeeper in a prairie town. Then he enlisted in the Mounted Police. He did this without any difficulty, for his record in the West was good, all his employers spoke or wrote highly of him, and he was in the pink of physical condition. So he became a member of that small and heroic Force where merit alone counts, and yet where virtue is largely its own reward.

Croft satisfied his officers and comrades in the Force, even as he had satisfied his employers and companions in agricultural and mercantile life. His manner was reserved but cheerful. He was capable and willing. Within twelve months of joining he was promoted to the rank of corporal and sent to a small new post far to the north. His new commanding officer was an inspector named Wentworth, a man of thirty-four years of age, who had graduated from the Royal Military College of Canada, and served through the South African War as a subaltern, and for a time as a captain, in a regiment of mounted infantry.

Richard Croft's duties took him north

and south and east and west. Throughout the summer and autumn he made his rounds by canoe and on foot. The population of the country was scant and scattered, and he and his comrades had to travel many miles to keep in touch with it. It was made up of a few Indian villages, a few mining camps, a few small trading posts of the Hudson Bay Company, scattered trappers and prospectors, and very occasional parties of explorers and sportsmen from the outside world. Lumbermen and ranchers had not yet reached so far into the northern wilds. Corporal Croft's rounds took him away from the post sometimes for two weeks, at others for three. he saw but little of his commanding officer.

Winter set in early. One day in December, Croft returned to the post and made his

report.

"Do you know Big Trade Sabatis, the breed?" asked Wentworth.

"Yes, sir," replied Croft.

- "We want him," said the Inspector.
 "He shot a couple of men over on Shining Hill three weeks ago. One of them died immediately; but the other lived, and at last managed to crawl as far as Bartlett's. Peter Bartlett brought in the news yesterday. I've sent Howard north, Trent west, and Scott and Jones to the south and sou'-east. I want you to go east, as far as Beaver Lake, anyway. I've saved that route for you because it is the likeliest. Take the dogs and provisions to last you to Beaver. Reprovision there. If you pick up any sort of scent, or ghost of a scent, follow it, no matter where it leads to or how far."
- "Very good, sir. May I ask the name of the dead man?"
- "James Tinker. See about the dogs and sledge to-night."

"With your permission, sir, I should like to start in an hour from now. I could easily make twenty-five miles by midnight."

"Very good. Come in before you go."

Corporal Croft saluted and retired. He was back in the office fifty minutes later, ready to set out in search of Big Trade Sabatis, the murderer. Wentworth gave him his final instructions. He saluted and turned toward the door.

"And good luck to you, Corporal," said

the Inspector.

Croft turned back, saluted again, and then retired.

Croft travelled fast and reached Beaver Lake in six days. On the way he had neither seen nor heard anything of Sabatis, but at the lake he was more successful. He learned from Mack, the trader, that a party of sportsmen, with their guides and dogs, had stopped there just ten days before, southward-bound for the railway and civilisation by way of Hollow Lake, Fort Smith, and Big Horn. They had been in since September, hunting musk-ox far to the north. Big Trade Sabatis was with them.

"Are you sure of that?" asked Croft.

"Swear to it," said Mack. "I know that breed right enough. He was hangin' round here two years ago, an' bought a gun off me, an' I collected the bill this time. He tried to keep his ugly face hidden. I noticed that, an' thought it was because of the bill. I got the money, anyhow, an' like enough it's some of what he took off Tinker after he'd killed 'im."

"Very likely. Who were the musk-ox

hunters?"

"Two Englishmen and one New Yorker. Hanged if I ain't forgot their names! No, Derrydimple was one of them. I remember that because it strikes me as bein' a darned queer name, even for an Englishman."

They were seated in the store, close to the square sheet-iron stove. Croft turned on his stool and took his pipe from the counter behind him. It slipped from his fingers and fell to the floor, and he had to stoop and

reach after it.

"Derrydimple?" he queried.

"Sure thing. Beats hell, don't it?"

"A very good name. What was his Christian name?"

" Darn' if I know."

"What did he look like?"

"Kind of like his name—fat face, yellow moustaches, mulish."

"And about fifty years of age?"

"Thereabouts, Corporal. So ye're ac-

quainted with him?"

"I once knew a man by that name. Now, are you positive that you are not making any mistake in saying that Big Trade Sabatis was a member of the party?"

"Not likely. Didn't I collect twenty-five

dollars off him?"

"Let me have the money—the exact coins or paper he paid over to you; we may need it to help prove the case against him. I'll

give you a receipt for it."

Corporal Croft bought food for himself and his dogs, and rested for five hours. Then he set out at a sharp pace on the long trail which led to the railway and civilisation by way of Hollow Lake, Fort Smith, and Big Horn. He believed that the sportsmen would take their own time for the journey, being masters of time and freshly provisioned. He calculated on their making short stages between each day's belated sunrise and early sunset. Perhaps they would even make camp for a day or two now and again, to fish through the ice of some shrouded, nameless lake or take toll of fresh meat from some moose yard. He hoped to overtake them somewhere between Fort Smith and Big Horn, if he suffered no accident. travelled as hard and fast as he safely could without injury to himself and the dogs.

The sportsmen had progressed even more slowly than Croft had expected them to, and he came up with them about thirty miles south of Hollow Lake. They were in camp when he found them, though the sun was still well up above the west. He made the arrest swiftly and without difficulty, and had the cuffs on Sabatis before the others Sabatis had realised what was happening. not resisted. Even when the irons were on his wrists he seemed unconcerned. continued to sit and gaze heavy-eyed at the fire, with his head thrust forward and his shoulders hunched; but among the other members of the party there was sudden and high excitement. Questions were hurled at Croft, which Croft answered briefly and to the point. Derrydimple asked most of the questions, staring fixedly at the Corporal all the while.

It was Croft's intention to return with his prisoner by the way along which he had followed him. Croft's responsibility in the affair would end when he handed the murderer over to Inspector Wentworth. From Wentworth's station the prisoner would be sent south and west to the nearest town and the nearest judge for trial. So

Croft overhauled the abundant supplies of the sportsmen and took enough of flour and bacon for himself and Big Trade Sabatis, and of frozen fish for his dogs, to last them back to Beaver Lake. He took these things politely but firmly, in the King's name, and gave Derrydimple a receipt for them.

travel along with me when I am in charge of a prisoner. Your company would be very agreeable, sir, but I am engaged on an important duty, and cannot allow anything to interfere with it."

"But I have no intention of interfering

with you in your duty."



"Big Trade Sabatis stumbled on his rackets and pitched face forward to the snow."

Mr. Derrydimple passed the receipt over to one of his friends.

"I'll accompany you and the prisoner, Corporal Croft," he said.
"I think not, sir," replied Croft.

"How do you mean to stop me?"

"I have the authority to stop you or anyone else who takes a whim into his head to

"It can't be done, sir. Sorry, but there you have it."

"Are you quite sure that it can't be done, John Radley?"

Everyone gaped at Derrydimple. No one looked more bewildered than Corporal Croft.

"This fellow who calls himself Corporal

Croft is no other than John Radley," continued Derrydimple, turning to his "He used to be a clerk in my London office until he robbed me of two hundred pounds about five years ago."

Then everyone stared at the Corporal. The expression of bewilderment left the Corporal's face, and some of his colour went with it. The muscles of his jaws hardened. He produced a note-book and pencil from an inner pocket.

"I must ask you to repeat that," he

Derrydimple repeated it, and Croft wrote it down.

"If what you say is a fact," said the American sportsman to Derrydimple, "we may as well take this fellow along with us and hand him and his prisoner together over

to the authorities."

"If you contemplate interfering with me, on this man's wild charge, I advise you to change your mind," said Croft. "What would happen to you, even if you succeeded in overpowering me and freeing Big Trade Sabatis? The freeing of the murderer is what you are aiming at, I suppose. I warn you, one and all, to think five or six times before starting everything."

"Don't touch him," said Derrydimple. "A thief he is, but for the time being he is an officer of the law engaged in his duty."

"Do you seriously make this charge against me?" asked Croft, tapping his finger on the note-book.

"In all seriousness."

"Then you will have to return with me, after all. Inspector Wentworth must hear it.'

"That suits me."

"Very good. We'll breakfast early and start at sunrise."

Croft spent the evening apart from the sportsmen, thinking hard. He kept an eye on Big Trade Sabatis, who sat hunched forward close to the fire, silent motionless.

The three sportsmen sat late at the other fire, two of them trying to dissuade the third from his intention of accompanying Corporal They explained to him that, right or wrong in naming the policeman John Radley, he was sure to be wrong in making the backward journey; for if Croft were not Radley, then his labour and time would be wasted, and if Croft and Radley were really one, then he would place himself in grave danger by going with the fellow. They advised him to let Croft and the prisoner go their way unaccompanied. From Big Horn he could telegraph his charge against the Corporal to the headquarters of the Force, or even to Ottawa.

Derrydimple accepted nothing of their advice, and remained unmoved by their arguments. He asked them sneeringly if they could tell him where the devil this Croft-Radley person would be by the time they had reached Big Horn and sent a wire to Ottawa. And he said that he, for one, was not afraid of the Corporal. He, for one, was not afraid to do his duty by himself and the public. He was so ponderously and sneeringly unpleasant about it that the American sportsman at last told him that he could go straight back as far as he liked, and beat out his petrified brains against the North Pole, for all he cared.

Shortly after sunrise next morning, Corporal Croft, Henry Derrydimple, and Big Trade Sabatis set out on the backward journey. The others continued on their southward way a few hours later. Derrydimple had said that he was not afraid of Croft, he had spoken the truth. understood the Corporal's character well enough to feel sure that his life was safe with him. He believed that he would have nothing to guard against during the long journey except frequent attempts on the Corporal's part to give him the slip.

Big Trade Sabatis led the procession along the beaten trail. Croft went next, then the dogs and the loaded sled, followed by Derrydimple. Croft spoke to the prisoner several times, but the half-breed neither spoke nor turned his head in answer. When Croft called a halt at noon, Big Trade Sabatis stumbled on his rackets and pitched face forward to the snow. He continued to lie there, limp and sprawled, until Croft turned him over and raised him to a sitting posture.

"What's the matter with you?" asked

the Corporal. "Sick," replied Sabatis, in a weary voice.

"He has seemed to be off his feed for the last three or four days," said Derrydimple.

After the midday meal, Croft removed all the provisions from the toboggan except the frozen fish for the dogs, and made it up into two packs. 'All the afternoon he and Derrydimple carried the packs, and Big Trade Sabatis drove behind the dogs. so it was the next day and the next.

"He is seriously ill," said Croft at sundown of the third day. "We'll have to stop travelling for a while and give him a chance to recover."

"I agree with you," said Derrydimple.
"I feel a trifle off colour myself. I have a

splitting headache."

Croft and Derrydimple constructed a leanto shelter of poles and spruce boughs in the heart of a grove of spruces, and made a roaring fire across the front of it. Big Trade Sabatis was quite out of his head by this time. Croft put him to bed in a sleeping-bag, and dosed him with quinine and hot brandy and water. The half-breed showed no improvement next morning, and the English sportsman still had his headache. Croft cut firewood, added another thickness of boughs to the roof of the lean-to, and then slung his cased rifle on his shoulder.

"I'm going to look for fresh meat," he said to Derrydimple. "Do you feel like coming along with me, or will you stay here?"

"I'm with you," said the other, picking up his rifle. "How far do you expect to go?"

Croft was of the opinion that they would find a moose yard within a few miles of the camp, to the north-west, as he had noticed plenty of fresh tracks on his way out. He said so, and he also said that he would take the dogs along, as it would not be safe to leave both the dogs and the provisions behind with no one to guard the latter.

They found the moose yard within eight miles of camp, killed a young bull, and had

the carcase in camp by sundown.

Derrydimple could not raise his head next morning. As for Big Trade Sabatis, he had at last developed a symptom of the disease that gripped him that the Corporal recognised. Sabatis had smallpox, beyond the shadow of doubt. Croft fought off the chill of horror that numbed him for a moment, and set to work to build another shelter on the other side of the fire. Having felled and trimmed the poles and fastened them in place, he went to work at thatching the roof with boughs. He was thus employed when Derrydimple called to him. He went across to the other lean-to, axe in hand, puffing his pipe vigorously. The sportsman looked at him.

"Not gone yet," said Derrydimple.

"Gone! What do you mean? Where do you expect me to go to?"

"Anywhere. Now is your chance, and

you are a fool not to take it."

"I see what you mean. Don't worry about that. I'm not looking for a chance to run away from you."

"You ran away from me once."

"So you seem to think. Well, when you want me, all you have to do is to call. I'll not be out of earshot."

"It is not possible that I'm mistaken,"

mumbled Derrydimple.

Croft went back to his work on the new shelter. He had it completed half an hour later. He returned to the sportsman.

"Come across to the other side of the fire," he said. "I have a new place for you there."

"A new place?" queried Derrydimple.

"What is the matter with this?"

"We must let Big Trade have this all to himself, for he is a very sick man," replied the Corporal.

"What's the matter with him?" demanded

the other.

"I'm not a doctor, worse luck. He has

some sort of fever, I imagine."

Derrydimple was satisfied with that. He staggered across to his new quarters, clinging to Croft's arm. Croft bedded him down comfortably, and dosed him with quinine for lack of anything else to dose him with. Then he went out and fumigated himself in the smoke of the fire. He slept that night, and for many nights afterward, in a trench in the He never entered either one shelter or the other without having his pipe strongly burning between his teeth. He never went under cover at all, except to attend to one or the other of the sick men. He always kept one end of the long fire between the shelters crackling and spitting with branches of green cedar. The camp was as smoky as a well-conducted camp should be in fly

Big Trade Sabatis died. Croft said nothing about it to Derrydimple, but straightway chopped a grave deep into snow and frozen earth and buried the murderer. Then he burned the shelter beneath which the half-breed had died, and that made more smoke and came within an ace of setting the forest after

"What is the matter with me?" asked Derrydimple one morning. "What is the matter with my face?"

"Chicken-pox," said the Corporal, with the smoke of his pipe like a veil before his

face

"Chicken-pox!" repeated the sick man weakly. "I had it when I was a little chap at school."

"Well, you have it again, and this time it's a man's-size dose," returned the Corporal.

II.

Two remarkable things happened during the next two weeks. Corporal Croft escaped contamination, and Derrydimple won past the crisis of the disease and began to recover.

Croft was seated by the fire one day, when

the sportsman called to him.

"Do you want more broth?" asked Croft, taking a smoky kettle from the fire.

"Yes, please; and I want to speak to

you," called the other.

His voice was weak, but it held a tremble of excitement. Croft deliberately filled and lit his pipe. Then he poured some of the hot moose-meat broth from the kettle into a tin mug and went over to the lean-to. The front of the shelter was hung with blankets. He drew one of the blankets aside and slipped within. The interior of the shelter was in dim twilight. Derrydimple was sitting upright in his sleeping-bag. took the broth and sipped it.

"What about Big Trade Sabatis?" he

"He died some time ago," replied Croft. "I have kept it from you until now because I didn't want to weaken you with fright."

"I have been admiring myself in the case of my watch," said the sportsman. "I'm not nice to look at, but I realise that I'm lucky to be alive. Smallpox, hey?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Croft. couldn't leave you to go for a doctor, so I pulled through the best way I knew how. I don't know of any sort of doctor within three hundred miles of us."

"You'd better get into the open air," said the other. "No sense in taking risks

even now."

Derrydimple was a strong man, and so made a swift recovery; but when he was at last permitted to leave his shelter, he showed a sadly pitted face to the sunshine. Croft built a new lean-to-the third of his construction since the half-breed's illness had forced him into camp—and set fire to number two. The two men sat side by side on a log, in the sting of the bitter smoke, and watched the shelter burn down to the snow.

"Do you want me to get down on my

knees and beg your pardon?" asked Derrydimple suddenly.

"What for?" asked Croft, gazing fixedly at the trampled snow between his feet.

" For my mistake, and for that mad charge I made against you."

"Do you withdraw the charge, then?"

"Absolutely! Utterly! I am sick with shame at the thought of it!"

Croft drew his note-book from a pocket and tore out a certain page, which he crumpled in his hand and tossed into the fire.

"So you no longer charge me with being

John Radley?" he queried.

"God forbid!" exclaimed the other. "But if I should tell you that you had

been right?"

"I should be forced to believe that the terrible experience you have gone through

had affected your mind."

"But I want to tell you about Radley. He needed that money. His mother had to be sent south. He tried to borrow the money, as you know. Failing in everything else, he took it. When he reached his home with it, he found that his mother was dead. In a panic of grief and fear he fled the country. That is the truth about John Radley."

"I believe you. I don't blame Radley. Let us forget it, Corporal, for Heaven's sake! Let us forget and forgive-forget Radley and forgive me. Will you shake

hands?"

They shook hands.

"Will you accept a position from me," continued the sportsman—"a position of trust, with a large salary attached to it?"

Croft did not answer immediately. sat with his elbow on his knees, gazing fixedly at the smouldering ruins of the hut in which life and death had fought so recently. But his eyes did not see the blackened snow and up-crawling threads of azure smoke. They saw London—London in sunshine and in shadow, in fog and in the light of white lamps. Longing pinched his heart.

"No," he said, "I'll stick to the Force. There is something about being a member of the Force that protects a man from panic from any sort of fear of himself or others."





OXFORD UNDERGRADUATES OF THE OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS TRENCH DIGGING IN THE UNIVERSITY PARKS.

THE UNIVERSITIES' PART IN THE WAR

By J. D. SYMON

THE entrance of Bellona into the peaceful cloisters of our ancient Universities, and into the more stirring halls of our newer seats of learning, which do not disdain the clash and rumble of the technical workshop, has wrought one of the many miracles of the present war. The old Roman phrase is reversed—the gown has yielded place to arms, and the studious youth of Britain is possessed with only one thought—how best it may serve the Empire at her need. Such a movement was to be expected. The Universities contain the choicest material in abundance; the spirit of the student, ever generous and patriotic, has found in the call to arms an irresistible appeal, and his pastors and masters still of serviceable age have shown an readiness. Those above the age for the field have discovered their own sphere of usefulness in giving direction and encouragement and in superintending details of organisation. Learning is about to write a new page of military history, and this time her instrument is the sword rather than the pen.

The pen will find its. proper task only when all is done, and the whole story of the Universities' part in the war can be For the present, the record can written. only be partial, so much still remains to do; but even a preliminary sketch may have its uses, and prove not inopportune or premature. For the body of solid achievement is already great, and will bear recounting in a general survey, which may possibly serve to focus sporadic statements and give the nation some idea of the magnificent way in which our academic institutions have answered the call to arms. The patriotic motive was in itself sufficient, but it has found a notable auxiliary in the story of Louvain, and it is safe to say that every University man will carry with



OXFORD UNIVERSITY OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS: STRETCHER DRILL IN THE UNIVERSITY PARKS.

him into the field the memory of that martyred city, whose ashes cry aloud for the vindication of true culture against the barbarity made possible and said to be sanctioned by a false *Kultur*.

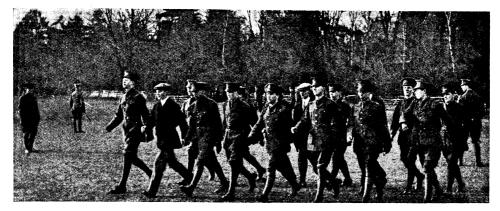
Not since the Civil War has Oxford worn so military an aspect. A competent observer has remarked that it is, perhaps, an understatement to say that every second man you meet in the High Street is wearing khaki.* All these, of course, are not University men, for several regiments have been quartered in the town; but alumni and graduates have now only one interest, and that is soldiering. Athletics are largely, though not wholly, in abeyance, and are subordinate to the claims of military duties, of which the mainspring is the Officers' Training Corps. In normal times this body gives instruction intended as a sequel to the Junior Division of the Officers' Training Corps, and provides officers for the Special Reserve of Officers and for the Territorial Force. It is under the superintendence of the Military Delegacy of the University, which nominates in peace time about 30 or 40 candidates annually for commissions in the Regular Army. For



THE MEDICAL STAFF AND NURSES OF THE THIRD SOUTHERN GENERAL HOSPITAL AT OXFORD.

Two photographs by Gillman, Oxford.

^{*} Facts and figures are revised, where possible, to the middle of January, but the numbers are constantly increasing.



OXFORD UNIVERSITY RECRUITS DRILLING.

some time past military subjects have, at a candidate's option, formed part of the course for the B.A. degree. The Officers' Training Corps was popular in Oxford even before the war. On January 1, 1914, its numbers were 1,108 of all ranks—about one-third of the University—including a cavalry squadron, a section of the Royal Field Artillery, one battalion of infantry, one Army Signal Service unit, and one section of the Field Such was Oxford's state of military preparedness at the outbreak of war. Immediately thereafter a board consisting of the Vice-Chancellor, the officer commanding the Oxford University Officers' Training Corps, the adjutant of the Corps, and the Assistant Registrar, was constituted, and sat daily during August, and very frequently since, for the purpose of interviewing and nominating by selection

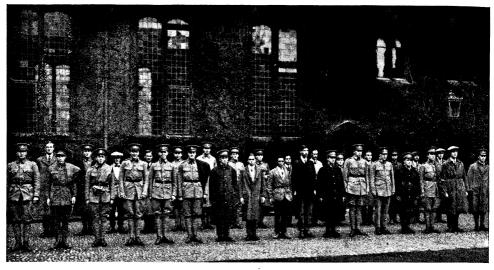
candidates for commissions in the Regular Army, the Special Reserve, the New Army, and the Territorial Force. At the end of August, 1,113 candidates had been nominated for commissions, and by the beginning of October the number had risen to 1,310 candidates. Meanwhile many other members of the University had either enlisted or obtained commissions through other channels, and a further list published by the Assistant Registrar, as a supplement to The Oxford Magazine of November 25, showed that 1,825 men who had been in residence during the previous academic year, or who had matriculated last Michaelmas Term, were on active service. The total number of past and present members of the University with the colours is not vet definitely ascertained.

It was to a sadly yet gloriously depleted Oxford that the men returned, or freshmen



OXFORD UNIVERSITY RECRUITS BEING INSTRUCTED IN SHOOTING: EXAMINING THE TARGET.

Two photographs by Gilman, Oxford.



CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY: PEMBROKE COLLEGE RECRUITS IN THE QUADRANGLE.

came up, in October. In many colleges barely a third of the usual numbers were in residence, and of these a large proportion were under military training. Of the men in residence, only those who were medically fit and who were prepared to accept commissions, on qualification, were admitted to the Officers' Training Corps. These were

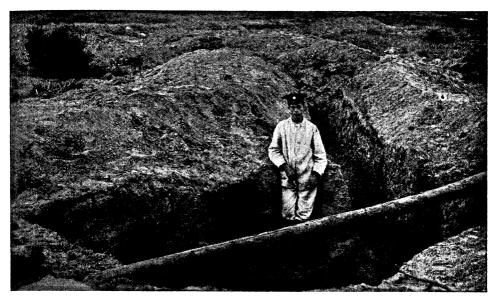
divided into two classes: (1) those prepared to accept commissions at the end of Michaelmas Term (about 200), and (2) those prepared to accept them at a later date (about 500).

The training given to Class I. was fairly complete. It included morning drills and lectures, evening lectures, four or five



CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY: ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE RECRUITS.

Two photographs by Stearn, Cambridge.



A TRENCH AND DRESSING-STATION IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION BY LONDON UNIVERSITY RECRUITS.

afternoon drills per week, musketry, mapreading, signalling, attack practice, and tactical tours. Class II. underwent a training necessarily more limited, but equally thorough. Practically the whole of Class I., and some 100 or more of Class II., have now been nominated for commissions.

But Oxford has gone even further than this. Her buildings have been placed at the

disposal of the authorities as quarters for troops. The Reserve of the Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars have been quartered in the Meadow Buildings of Christ Church; the 7th and 8th Service Battalions of the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry are billeted in Oxford—the officers of the 7th in Balliol, with their mess in Keble, and those of the 8th in Magdalen. The headquarters of the



4th (Reserve) Battalion have been in Exeter College, while the officers sleep and mess in New College. The 3rd Southern General Hospital occupies the Examination Schools and the Masonic Buildings, with overflows to the Town Hall and to New College, to the gardens of which convalescents have entry.

Members of the University who cannot serve in other ways have joined the Oxford Volunteer Training Corps, commanded by the Public Orator. In its ranks are the Poet Laureate, several professors, other University officials, and many tutors and lecturers. Old Oxford men of the early 'nineties remember with pleasure that the great pioneer of military cycling was

annual events, the Boat Race, the matches. and the sports, have been by common consent held over until the greatest match of all is decided on another field and on other waters. Regarding Cambridge, our information is unavoidably less full and precise, and must not be taken as strictly official; but an excellent approximate idea of numbers may formed from the provisional and incomplete War List of Past and Present Members of the University on Service, issued on November 28. It contained the names of more than 5,400 men in the Navy and Army, of whom 76 had given their life for the Empire. Many others had been wounded, and some were posted as missing

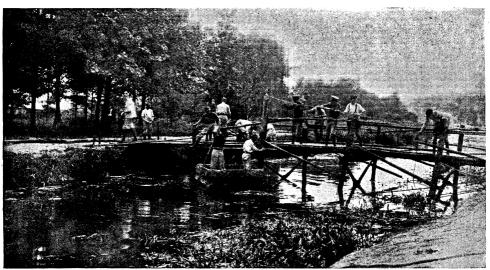


Photo supplied by] [Captain Courtman.

LONDON UNIVERSITY RECRUITS AT WORK: TRESTLE BRIDGE, SHOWING THE RAISING OF A SUNK TRANSOM WITH BLOCK AND TACKLE.

The "boat" consists of the body of a cart (off the wheels) enclosed in a tarpaulin cover.

Professor Cook Wilson, then a Fellow of Oriel, whose foresight has been justified by events.

It should not be forgotten that the undergraduate roll of honour is headed by the Prince of Wales, whose college, Magdalen, has sent 85.3 of its junior members to the colours. Oriel shows the highest percentage with 87.8, Magdalen stands next, and Trinity follows with 82.1.

At Cambridge a like activity is the order of the day. According to some authorities, the Cambridge Officers' Training Corps has so filled the hours with military exercises that athletics are even more at a discount than at Oxford. But at both Universities Mars has the whip hand, and all the great

or prisoners. The note "Mentioned in Dispatches" occurs very frequently. From other sources it is possible to catch a vivid glimpse of Cambridge under arms. "The zeal and keenness of the Officers' Training Corps," says The Cambridge Review, "is showing itself strongly just now in the unromantic but extremely praiseworthy drudgery—if one may call it so—of minute military training." A scheme of work for three consecutive days may be quoted in full, in order to show the fatigues cheerfully undertaken by the men who are fitting themselves—at the double, as it were—for active service:—

Wednesday— 2.30—4.30 Musketry Practice for B Company.



UNIVERSITY OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS RECRUITS.

A, C, and D

4.10—4.40 Bayonet Fighting Companies. Night March. Rendezvous: "The Backs," by Silver Street Bridge. 8.30 Thursday-2. 0-5. 0 FIELD SCHEME, A Company. 3.30—4.30 Musketry Practice, C Company. 2.20—2.50 Firing Exercises, Position B and D

3. 0-3.30 Communicating Drill (Companies. 3.30-4. 0 Extended Order

4.10-4.40 Bayonet Fighting.

2.20—2.50 Platoon Drill

3. 0-4. 0 Extended Order

Friday-2.30-4.30 Musketry Practice, D Company. 2.20-2.50 Arm Drill, Communicating Drills

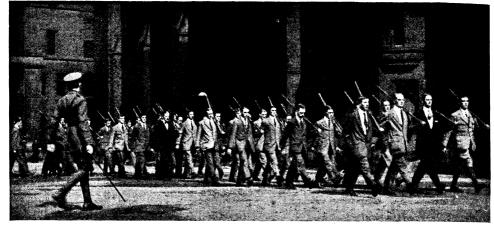
A, B, and C 3. 0-4. 0 Company Officers' Companies. Parade

4.10-4.40 Bayonet Fighting Lecture. 8.30-

College and municipal buildings are placed at the disposal of the military



MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY SOLDIERS MAKING BARBED WIRE DEFENCES. Two photographs by Ward, Manchester.



MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY RECRUITS IN THE QUADRANGLE.

authorities for the accommodation of troops and for hospital work. Many Regulars are quartered in the town, and Cambridge is, in the fullest sense of the word, militant. Quite 50 per cent. of the undergraduates of the entire University are engaged in military work of some sort, and the college lists of men in residence show a depletion similar to that at Oxford. Many freshmen who should have come up in October went to the Front instead, and the names of some of these appear in the lists of killed and wounded. Regarding details of organisation, it is impossible to speak more particularly, but, from the incomplete material at our command, it is abundantly clear that the effort of Cambridge is magnificent.

Just before the outbreak of war, London University, which already possessed an Officers' Training Corps, had received from the War Office a letter setting forth the special

conditions under which students could be nominated for commissions. On August 12 the Committee of Military Education was invited to recommend cadets and ex-cadets of the University Contingent of the Officers' Training Corps for commissions in the Regular Army for the period of the war. The students and staff responded with enthusiasm, and at South Kensington the Committee, under its chairman. Lieutenant-Colonel D. S. Capper, one of the Professors of Engineering, and the Secretary, Mr. T. Llewellyn Humberstone, has been daily interviewing candidates and superintending the work of the Corps. Up to December 31 the returns are as follows: Since August 1, 918 commissions in all had been granted. Of these, 526 commissions were given to men who had come direct from the Officers' Training Corps, 71 being gazetted to the Special Reserve, 84 to the Territorial Force,



MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY RECRUITS: SIGNALLING DRILL IN THE QUADRANGLE.

Two photographs by Ward, Manchester.

and 371 to the New Armies. For the same period, 247 ex-cadets received commissions, 59 of these being in the Special Reserve, 38 in the Territorial Force, and 150 in the New Armies. Besides these, 145 graduates and students received commissions upon the recommendation of the University, three going to the Special Reserve, seven to the Territorial Force, and 135 to the New Armies.

In August the Army Council placed under the care of London University one of its five temporary schools for the instruction of young officers. The others are at Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, and Edinburgh. From August 25 until September 26, the London University school held a camp of instruction at Headly, near Leatherhead. Another camp for week-end training is now in being at Perivale, and there, during the winter London University is a very wide term. Its constituent and affiliated colleges and schools likewise show a wonderful record of individual effort. From the Imperial College of Science and Technology approximately 58 members of the staff and 305 students are with the Forces. The Royal College of Science contributes to that total 79, the Royal School of Mines 108, the City and Guilds (England) College 176. The chief officer of the College, Sir Alfred Keogh, K.C.B., is serving as Acting Director-General of the Army Medical Service.

Up to December 31, 1914, the official returns issued by University College, London, showed a total of 665 members on service. Of these, 523 were in the Army, 30 in the Navy, and 69 in the Officers' Training Corps, preparing to take commissions; 17 women

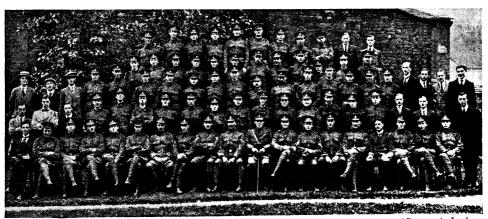


Photo by]

LEEDS UNIVERSITY OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

[Rosemont, Leeds.

weather, the cadets have had actual experience of work in flooded trenches, an excellent preparation for the stern realities of war. The Engineer cadets, it is interesting to note, have practised the making of earthworks in the ground behind the University buildings at South Kensington, a curious interlude in academic life. It should be noted that the authorities have endeavoured to combine, as far as possible, military and academic The week-end camps provide continuous training for men who still pursue their studies, and the idea is to keep them at their University work until they have taken their degree. This does not exhaust the University's contribution to war service. Many graduates and students have obtained commissions or enlisted through other channels, but of their numbers no exact account can at present be given.

were already abroad on Red Cross work, and 26 ready for service in the Voluntary Aid Detachment.

The affiliated colleges, medical schools, and training colleges report an extraordinary enthusiasm. Their rolls of honour show a wonderful response, and even in the smaller bodies the percentage of commissions and enlistments is high. By the kindness of the Academic Registrar of London University, we received from these affiliated bodies a mass of material, with which, to our regret, it is quite impossible to deal within the limits of this article.

From the University of Manchester the enrolment figures are available up to December 22, but they must be regarded as by no means complete. To that date members who had gone on active service were as follows: Of the staff, 17 members

had joined the Forces, 14 of these with commissions and three as privates. The total number of students enrolled was 190; 117 of these had received commissions, and 69 had enlisted as privates, while four were engaged in non-military work. stewards, and other University servants had enlisted as privates to the number of ten. The total of members on service was 217. the beginning of last session the number of men students in attendance showed a drop of about 25 per cent. as compared with last year —that is, about 250 less—and the difference is becoming steadily greater. On the outbreak of war, the University at once took steps to ensure that absence on service, military or otherwise, should not prejudice the career of students. All scholarships held by volunteers will be kept over till their return, and periods of service will be treated as non-existent where seniority of academic standing would prejudice the student under ordinary regulations. Special arrangements as to fees and modification of examination requirements have been made for members of the Officers' Training Corps. These provisions, with local modifications according to the exigencies of special cases, may be taken generally as representative of the spirit in which the Universities of the three kingdoms have interpreted their duty to the student who is serving his country at the present crisis.

Of particular interest is the war service of the University of Leeds, where the activities take many directions beyond mere military preparation. In the latter work Leeds is splendidly represented. Her members serving in all capacities with the Forces number nearly 450, including 46 of the staff, and her Officers' Training Corps is fully organised, admirably housed in University premises, and enthusiastic in exercises, both camp and field. commissions had been granted members up to December 21. Applicants are so numerous that the normal strength of the corps has been doubled, and the War Office has been asked to sanction yet a further increase. Details of training follow the methods generally obtaining in our University Corps, and described elsewhere. Taking these as well understood, it may be a relief from the monotony of mere recruiting statistics to glance at the many other ways in which the University is proving useful to the Empire

at war. Special ambulance classes, held twice daily, were at once organised and were joined by 60 men and 320 women students. A ladies' committee—part of the Lady Mayoress's Committee—is providing medical comforts and garments for the wounded. and a University Corps of Interpreters is at the service of the Base Military Hospital. These interpreters help the foreign patients with their correspondence; they also receive wounded at the stations. From the Medical School nine members have applied for posts as temporary surgeons in the R.A.M.C., and many members are on active service or attached to military hospitals at home. The dental surgeons have offered their services to recruits free of charge. First-aid and nursing classes are also in active operation. Agricultural Department of the University is giving rural Yorkshire assistance and advice as to the management of gardens and poultry in the present emergency, and the Department is preparing a special memorandum on the food supply of the country.

More vital still, because it applies to the country at large, is the action of the University with regard to the dye industry, which must be recaptured for Britain from the enemy monopolist. The School of Tinctorial Chemistry and Dyeing, under Professor A. G. Green, founded at Leeds in 1878 by the Clothworkers' Company, and now incorporated in the University, has, in response to an appeal from the Government, placed its resources at the disposal of the Chemical Trades Committee. Green has temporarily relinquished his academic duties in order to give all his time to the investigation of the problems at issue, and it is hoped that the resulting combination of science and industry will set the British dye trade on a firm and lasting basis. The Textile Industries Department is organising entirely new combinations of machinery to produce fabrics hitherto imported from the Continent. It is also testing the strength and elasticity of cloths made for Army contracts. And thus the great new technical schools carry the war into the enemy's camp with their own particular weapons. In these special undertakings the Universities of Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, and Armstrong College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne (University of Durham), are working in close co-operation.

A further article in the next number will deal with the activities of the Universities of St. Andrews, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Durham, Birmingham, Sheffield, Liverpool, Bristol, Dublin, Belfast, and the various University Colleges of other centres.

THE TWO REMBRANDTS

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen



≯HE storm howled and shrieked in the night, and shook that old wreck of a house as if the house had been an old wreck of a ship in a winter gale; it dashed little gusts of raindrops down the chimney, so

that they hissed in the fire, and it made noises like a cat screaming, and like a woman weeping aloud, and like smothered sobs, and like fingers tap-tapping at the glass of the front windows. shrieked or shook the house or spat rain down the chimney, young Mr. Washington only drew his chair nearer the hearth and puffed at his pipe; but when it made those human sounds like sobbing or like fingers tapping on the windows, he glanced uncomfortably over his shoulder and scowled, as if he didn't like storms, and wished this one would go away.

He got up presently, when his pipe had gone out, and took a turn to and fro across the big, shabby room. He halted, scowling once more, at a renewed burst of fury from without, and, after a bit, crossed to the row of long French windows that

gave upon the covered porch.
"I'd have sworn—" he said uneasily. And then he said, "Good Heavens!" and caught at the fastenings of the nearest window and wrenched them open, and bent forward into the wet and blustery darkness.

The rain and the furious wind beat upon him and in along the floor, but Mr. Washington stooped over a soaked and crouching figure, lifted it up in his arms,

and turned back into the room.

"She's fainted," he said aloud. "What the deuce do you do with people who have fainted?" He stood in the middle of the room, holding the still figure of the young woman, and wondering about this, and the water dripped from the young woman's clothes and made a little puddle on the floor. In the end he put her down in the big armchair where he had been sitting, and went to close the window before the storm should clear the room out. And when he returned after a moment, the young woman had opened her eyes.

"I thought," she said, "I thought you'd never hear me. I rapped and rapped and rapped on the glass. And twice I called. I thought I screamed, but I expect it wasn't very loud. And I was so cold, and everything got blacker and blacker, and then I saw you get up out of your chair, and I called once more, and it was all the strength

She was very lovely to see. Even white and soaked and miserable like this, she was very lovely. She looked exactly like the persecuted heroine in a melodrama on the stage, artfully and becomingly bedraggled. Mr. Washington quivered with excitement and delight, for all his life he had wished that something like this might happen to him, and now at last it was happening.

"Why in the world," he cried reproachfully, "didn't you smash the window in? The storm made such noises. For a long time I thought I heard a voice, but I said it was only the wind. Then at last I knew it wasn't." He bent over her, going down on

"You're soaked to the bones and you're

shivering. I must get you some dry things. But what are you doing alone at night in this beastly storm, and miles from anywhere? You are alone, I take it?"

The young woman nodded, looking up at

him.

"Yes—at least, just now. I was driving from Fritham to Anford in one of those station motors, and I had an accident. We skidded in the mud at a corner and ran into a stone wall and smashed something. The man is walking back to Fritham; but that's four miles, and he told me it was only two miles on to Anford. He gave me the directions, and it wasn't storming very hard just then, and I started. I must have turned off at the wrong road, for I'm quite sure I came more than two miles. I was almost done for when I saw your lighted windows."

Mr. Washington shook his head.

"You came very wrong for Anford; but it's a good thing you did, for the bridge on the main road is down, and you'd have had to go a long, long way round. You couldn't have done it in this weather. Thank Heaven, you took the wrong turn! There isn't another house for miles about here." He started to leave the room, but turned back.

"There isn't a telephone, either. There's no way of letting your family or friends know where you are, and there's no way of getting you to them before morning." He flushed a little. "If you'll just look about you, you'll see that although this is a rather big house, it's a ruin. I have to live very simply—no telephone, no one of the usual things. I have a horse and cart, but the man and his wife who look after me took it to-day to go some fifteen miles to visit a sick relative of theirs. I'm quite alone, you see."

"All I wanted," said the young woman in the big chair, "was shelter, and you have

already given me that."

"I shall be giving you pneumonia," he said, "if I stand here much longer talking. I must get you out some dry things." And he laughed and ran away upstairs.

When he returned in five minutes, the young woman was on her feet, looking up at one of the two pictures which, let into the wall, with white plaster mouldings round them, made the central decorations of the two ends of the room. He saw that she was rather tall, but not too tall, and round and slender, but not in the least thin. Her black hair was threatening to come down,

and she had no hat. She said, looking round at him—

"You made yourself sound rather—well, rather poor just now. But surely these pictures aren't a poor man's pictures. They look like Rembrandts." Mr. Washington shook his head.

"I wish they were. They're copies of Rembrandt. My father, who's dead, knew something about pictures in his prosperous days. I don't, but I think I remember his telling someone that these were pretty bad copies, and worth next to nothing. I've put out some things for you—such as I could find—in a room just at the top of the stairs. I'm sorry there's nothing better, but, you see, it's a bachelor's house."

That tall, lovely, bedraggled girl looked at him for a moment in silence, and down at her wet clothes, and across at the window where she had entered. The storm howled and shook the house, and the girl gave a little

"Thank you. You're very good, taking me in on trust like this. I might be the kind of person one doesn't take in. I might be just anything at all. I might be a thief. Aren't you afraid to give me the run of your house?"

Mr. Washington laughed.

"When you have seen more of my house, you'll realise that that was a rather funny speech. There's nothing worth stealing here. There are some rickety walls and there's me—that's all.

"I wish," he said, and stopped laughing, "I wish there were more to offer you." And at that she looked up at him again and went

out without speaking.

But when he was alone, young Mr. Washington stood before the fire, looking about him with a melancholy eye. Two or three flakes of something like snow fluttered down upon his shoulders, and he glanced upward. The paint of the ceiling was flaking off, as it always did when the weather was damp. The broad expanse of plaster was blistered and spotted. looked leprous and vile and shameful. He turned his eyes upon the cracked walls, and upon the discoloured door panels, and upon the threadbare rugs on the floor. fingered the frayed silk that faced his old dinner-jacket, and his heart went quite sick with loathing of life.

"It would be a very good thing," he said bitterly, "if the wind would just blow a little harder for a moment, and smash this beastly ruin down about my head! There's no decent place in the world for either of us.

We're no good to anybody!"

But at just that instant, in a lull of the storm, there came the faint sound of a footstep overhead, and Mr. Washington looked up, and his eyes brightened and his cheeks were all at once flushed.

Were they, after all, no good to anybody he and his crumbling house? had taken her in out of the storm; they had given her warmth and shelter when she was in need; it was quite possible that they had saved her life. Wasn't it, for that end, worth while that the house should have been built and should have weathered so many storms, and that the man should have been born and should have lived and suffered? That end might well, he thought, have been their reason for existing.

It was sufficient reason, anyhow, to maintain a certain light in his eye and a kind of new pride of bearing, and these were still to be seen when presently the girl who had come out of the stormy night returned

to the room.

"I've hung my wet things to dry before the fire you lighted upstairs," she said, "and I've put on what you've laid out for I know I look ridiculous, but I'm dry and warm, and I don't care."

She may or may not have been quite sincere in what she said about looking ridiculous. To the lonely Mr. Washington she looked almost too distracting and seductive to be borne, for she had on a very heavy blue bath robe, and under it, there was reason to believe, a suit of blue pyjamas, and on her feet some slippers very much too big for her. And she had let her damp hair down in a big braid, and the colour had begun to come into her cheeks. She was one of those people who are all colour—a great deal of black hair and eyes so dark brown that they looked black, and very red lips and a rich understain of crimson in her cheeks, and a throat the colour of pale gold.

Washington couldn't speak—she Mr. was so very lovely in those preposterous garments. The sight of her in the shabby room where he had sat every night alone for so long robbed him of his wits; it took his breath away. He was afraid he was staring, and so he turned and mixed a glass of whisky and water at the table in the corner, and brought it to her where she had sat down in his big chair before the fire.

said-

"I think you'd better drink this, if you

don't mind. Then you'll get warm on both sides at once-inside and outside. You've been chilled all through and through." He glanced towards the windows and the black, tempestuous night beyond them.

"You might have died out there!" he said, in a sharp voice. "You might be lying

She looked up at him over the top of the

"It's good of you to speak as if you cared."

"Cared!" said young Mr. Washington, and bent his head as if he didn't want his face to be seen. But after a moment he

raised it again.

"You must understand that this is a kind of miracle—your coming out of the night like this, your being here in my house, in front of my fire. I'm a little in the air over it. You see, nothing like this has ever happened to me before." He made a gesture

that seemed to invite her to examine her

surroundings.

"I live alone here in this wreck of a house, as I told you. When my father died, four years ago, we found his affairs were in a bad state, almost as bad as possible, though earlier in his life and mine we had been There was just about rather well off. nothing left. It was a facer for me, because I'd never been trained to work. I didn't know how to do anything. I tried this and that. I tried pretty hard, but it was no good. I couldn't seem to get on. There was something else, too. Someone I'd counted on found me—quite justly, no doubt—not worth bothering with. And that hurt. It hurt very much because I needed the person's hand to cling to just then. So I fled back here. I had this house, away in the wilderness, though most of the land had been sold off, and I hid myself here. I've been here ever since, alone—always alone except for the man and woman who do for Night after night I sit here and smoke, and hear the walls crack, and see the paint of the ceiling drop off in flakes, and no one has ever come to rouse me until to-night. Then you came out of the storm. Do you wonder I said it was a kind of miracle?"

"No," she said slowly. And she watched his face with an intent, frowning gaze, as if there was something about him that puzzled her very much. "No, I don't wonder."

"And so, if I seem a little light-headed, you mustn't be alarmed, or think I'm mad, or anything. It's just that I'm having my first great adventure. It's just that I'm seeing visions like—like an eleventh-century monk in a cell. I hope it's a true vision. I hope I'm not sitting in that chair where you seem to be sitting, asleep over my pipe. You don't think I am, do you, eh?"

"I'm sure of it," the girl said, smiling. "It's all quite true and sad—so very, very sad! That is, if it is true. You aren't—you aren't chaffing me, by any chance, are

you?"

"Chaffing you? For Heaven's sake,

why?"

She looked at him with that same puzzled

"Oh, nothing. I hadn't imagined you poor, that's all. I mean that this big, rather pretentious house—— Oh, well, it doesn't matter. But it is very sad what you've told me. It seems to me too terrible that a young man should have led such a lonely, dreary life for so long. Didn't you even want to do something else to better yourself—to get away among other people?"

He shook his head.

"That's the worst of being melancholy by temperament — you lack curiosity and enterprise. And when you're knocked down, you go on lying there, not so much because you're afraid to get up, as because you haven't the energy. After the first year I didn't even think much about the rest of the world. I just sat here and was sorry for

myself." He got to his feet.

"Until to-night. Now, quite suddenly, I've begun to be human again—that's a part To-night I've suddenly of the miracle. begun to remember the smell of Paris streets on a summer morning, when they've sprinkled the asphalt; and the blue sea and the white stucco at Monte Carlo; and that little open loggia above the cypresses on the Punta Balbianello at Como; and how the dusk comes in over Naples, when you're on the terrace at Bertolini's You've made me think of people and of places and of human healthy things once more. I don't know why. I expect it's because you've come from Where have you come out in the world. from, anyhow?"

"Oh," she said lightly, "from far, far

away. From behind the moon."

And at that Mr. Washington nodded his

head

"I wish, when you go back there, you'd take me with you. I—I don't want to be left here alone again. I rather think I couldn't bear it. I should be for ever seeing you in that chair, and it would be only a ghost. I couldn't bear it!"

"Perhaps," she said, looking very soberly into the fire, "perhaps you wouldn't care for the world beyond the moon, where I belong."

He laughed aloud.

"Why, then, don't you see, we shouldn't stay there. If it's dark behind the moon, I know—I've begun to remember—a hundred beautiful places where the sun never fails to shine; and if it's cold behind the moon, I know where there are palm trees and yellow sand and a bright blue sea, and a little breeze that blows across it and into your face, so that you shan't be too hot. Why, now that I think of it, there's all the world to pick and choose from, if you and I aren't comfortable in that place behind the moon."

The girl turned her sober eyes from the fire to Mr. Washington's face, and there was

a gleam of amusement in them.

"Do you, by any chance, write verses?"

"I never have done," he answered her,
but I think I am in great danger of beginning to."

She laughed at that, but a short laugh without much mirth in it, and turned her eyes back to the fire, and moved restlessly

once or twice in the big chair.

"Why," she demanded a little irritably, after a bit, "why do you wish to say that kind of thing to me? Does the situation seem to you to demand it? Is it a part of your adventure?"

Mr. Washington said "Yes."

He leant forward on the footstool where he had been sitting. He made the effect

almost of kneeling before her.

"How many times must I tell you that what is happening to me to-night is a kind of miracle? It is like nothing I have ever known. I sit here, miles from anywhere, crouched over the fire, buried in gloom, hating myself and all the world. And quite suddenly you come to me out of a shricking storm. It's exactly like the visit of an angel. I don't know who you are. I don't care. I know that you are beautiful and kind and good. I know that I read about you in my books of fairy tales when I was a little boy, and that I have dreamed about you ever since, but I long ago gave up any idea that I should see you face to face."

"Are you," she asked him, with her face turned away, "are you trying to drive me

out into that storm again?"

He beat his hands together with a cry.

"Oh, are you going to bother about conventions and proprieties, and all that? You? I thought you were different. You



"Mr. Washington stooped over a soaked and crouching figure, lifted it up in his arms, and turned back into the room."

came here like a vision, like a goddess, like a shaft of light. I was a dead man sitting on his own grave, and you touched me and brought me to life again. Are you going to scream for help because we haven't been introduced?"

She rose abruptly to her feet and turned away, and stood for a moment in the centre of the room with her back turned. And afterwards she went on towards the windows and leant against them with bent head.

She seemed to be making some kind of a struggle, obscure and puzzling to Mr. Washington. But when at last she turned back and came and sat down where she had been, he saw, to his amazement, that tears were running down her beautiful face.

"No, no. Ah, no! I'm sorry I said that. I didn't mean it. I take it back. Oh, please, let me be all those wonderful things you wanted me to be! Let me be a vision to you, and a fairy princess, and a goddess out of a shrieking storm! It's only for an hour. It can harm no one. Why shouldn't you have your little miracle, if you want it? And why shouldn't I have mine, too?"

She looked at him with wet and sweet and tender eyes, her hands clasped together over her breast. She looked very young and virginal—a splendid child. Whatever may have been the cause or nature of that struggle she had gone through, she had come out of it subtly and wonderfully changed.

"It's only for an hour," she said again. And Mr. Washington, on his knees, stared

across at her like a man dazed.

"I won't quarrel with you," he said, "over a measure of time. It may be that I shall die before an hour is gone, or it may be that that hour will go on and on for dozens of years. All that seems to me to matter is that I have you here, shut in with me from out the night and the storm. I believe this was predestined and planned from the beginning of the world. Please say you believe it, too."

"For an hour," she said, "I will believe whatever you wish me to. Only"—he had come nearer on his knees and caught at her hand, that hung over the arm of the big chair; she withdrew it swiftly—"only you mustn't touch me—not even the tip of a finger. If you touch me, the spell is

broken."

"I know"—he nodded—"and I'm sorry. I shouldn't have tried to touch

your hand. You know nothing about me. It was just that I—that it's so impossible for me to believe we haven't known each other always. I do know so much about you, you see."

"Oh, do you?" she said, in a low voice, looking into the fire. "What do you know

about me?"

"I've already told you a good deal—that you're beautiful and good and kind. I think that's, after all, the whole thing, isn't it? I know that you couldn't do an ungenerous or a cruel thing—not even to save your life. I know that you couldn't lie or slander or consciously hurt any living thing. I know that if you—if you loved anyone, you'd be to him like the sunshine and like a summer night, like food and drink and the smell of flowers and the sound of old music. You'd be like dreams to him—happy dreams come true. You'd be—I can't say what you would be. I can't say it, but I know."

She had covered her face with her hands, and Mr. Washington perceived presently, to his horror, that she was shaking with sobs. He cried out, but she took her hands down and smiled upon him through tears.

"Don't be alarmed. Don't mind me. I'm not quite myself." She gave a sudden

laugh that sounded rather hard.

"Myself? I should think not!" She

stretched out her hand.

"Oh, dear madman, do you know, I do just now believe in God—very, very hard. And with all my heart and all my soul I pray that He'll send you some time a woman who is all those heavenly things you've named—someone who will be to you all you've said I could be—all of it, all of it!"

"If you believe in God," said Mr. Washington, "you must necessarily believe that He led you to me to-night through that

storm."

"I should like to believe that—ah, shouldn't I, though! But, for a different reason, I couldn't believe that I—that any of those things were true of me. Tell me, has no one ever been something like that to you—just something like it? Have you never loved anyone?"

Mr. Washington bent his head, and his hands gripped each other very hard across

his knees.

"Once there was someone. I thought—I hoped. Once there was someone. I thought I loved her, but I know now that I didn't. I thought she loved me, but when I needed her very, very badly, I found that she wasn't there.

I never blamed her. How should I? I was no good—no good to her or to anyone!" He got abruptly to his feet and went across the room to a console-table which was against the wall. He stood there looking down at a photograph in a leather frame, and, after a moment, the girl in the blue bath robe followed him and looked over his shoulder.

"She's very handsome," the girl said.
"Tell me, was it when you—when you lost your money that you found she didn't

care:

Mr. Washington flushed.

"It was after my father's death. I try not to think it was the money. I think it was just that she—she found out I wasn't all she had thought me. And, after all "—he threw up his head with an odd and bitter gesture—"after all, what was I? What am I, that a woman should want to join her life to mine?"

"A noble gentleman, my friend," said the lady out of the stormy night—"a noble gentleman with a beautiful soul. That—that hard-faced girl ought to have gone down on her knees and thanked God for the gift of your unspoilt heart. She ought—Oh, it makes me angry to think of her! Let's think of something else." She went back to the big chair before the fire, and Mr. Washington followed with bent head. His thoughts may have been, for the moment, rather far away. But, if so, they came promptly home again as he knelt in his old place and watched his guest, who sat in hers, silent, her eyes upon the crumbling logs.

Once she felt her hair, and it must have been dry again, for, without loosing it from its heavy braid, and without seemingly taking much thought, for her eyes remained upon the fire, she twisted it up on her head, fixing it in place with pins produced by

magic out of empty space.

Mr. Washington regarded her worshipfully, her lovely uplifted arms, the long white fingers that worked by instinct so skilfully, the new and seductive contours of throat and cheek as she bent her head from side to side, the coming to light of her little flat ears

He tried to take himself rather severely in hand, to do away with glamour and enchantment, to evoke a mood of balance and cool criticism. He reminded himself that it was a long, long time since he had seen a young woman of his own class, and that he had never in all his life seen a woman of any class outting up her hair. He tried to look

upon his guest without emotion, to weigh her, to put her in her proper place.

And when it was all done, he knew, as he had never known anything before, that she was all his fairy princesses living and breathing before him—all his lovely dreams come true, and he wanted to fall down and kiss her feet in those absurd bath slippers that were dropping off them.

He heard his voice speaking.

"I know a beautiful place very far away from here, beside the sea. It used to be a monastery, but it's a villa now, with stucco walls and a red roof and a big garden that is full of cypresses and ilex and magnolias and wistaria and azaleas and those yellow banksia roses. There's a pergola where the monks used to walk, on the top of the cliff above the beach, and from it you look miles and miles out across the Ionian Sea, and under your feet the fishermen pull in their nets at evening and sing. And there are nightingales in the ilex trees. I see you living there, far away from everything ugly or troublesome. I see you making that heavenly place more heavenly still with your presence. I see you worshipped by the fishermen in the little village, and by the sindaco and the parocco and the few other people who live near. I see you grow old there, beautifully and happily. And I see -I see myself living, and at last dying, in a kind of glory that you shed about you.

She looked at him with wide eyes and lips parted in a little, wistful, tender smile.

"'Far away from everything ugly or troublesome!' Oh, if you only knew! Is there a heaven like that? It's what I've dreamed of and longed for so often—so often! If it could only come true!"

"Why not?" demanded Mr. Washington. "The place is there. I have seen it. I saw it, to be sure, long ago, but it's still there. And you and I are alive, and I begin to believe that there are no impossible things in this world. I have just begun to-night to believe that."

The girl covered her face with her hands for a few moments and then rose to her feet. She looked at Mr. Washington once more with that little faint and wistful smile.

"Dear madman, it has all come true, and it's over and the hour is done. You have carried me away to your monastery garden by the sea, and we've lived there happily—so very happily—and died. And that's the end. Your hour did last, you see, for dozens and dozens of years, but even years come at last to a close. It's very late, isn't

it? And I'm tired—worn out. I must go

"So soon!" he cried, and started up in dismay. But she shook her head at him, smiling.

"So late! And I am tired."

She looked tired—he couldn't help seeing There were dark circles under her beautiful eyes.

"Anyhow," said he, "there is, thank Heaven, to-morrow!" And she stopped smiling.

"Oh, yes, there's to-morrow."

She moved slowly towards the door, but stopped half-way to look up at one of those two pictures that were let into the wall. It was a portrait, in the familiar Rembrandt manner, of a fierce-looking gentleman in the uniform of a Hungarian officer. She made as if to speak, but changed her mind and went on a few steps, then turned back.

"You won't think," she said, "that Ithat I haven't appreciated your kindness, and all the rest? You mustn't think that. It has been a miracle to me, too, you know." Mr. Washington had approached her, and she looked into his face very earnestly.

"Whatever may happen to me or to you, never forget what I'm saying now-that you have given me an unforgettable hour the great hour of my life. Whatever may happen, remember that!"

"What should happen?" he asked her, in

some surprise.

"Anything might happen. Don't you Just anything. This is a strange and dreadful world, my friend. It's full of things that threaten to crush out one's happiness. Life is so big, and we are so little. Remember that, too. Remember that sometimes life is too much for one, and one has to give way."

He looked at her in such puzzled wonder that she laughed, but it wasn't a very good

laugh.

"Don't listen to me! I'm sorrowing because our hour is done." She went closer to him, her eyes full of something that might have been pain, her face suddenly drawn in some obscure emotion. She caught him by the shoulders with her two hands and held him close. She said-

"My dear, my dear, you shall come to no harm through me. I promise you that." And Mr. Washington began to tremble, for she leant closer still, and for a wonderful instant she laid her cheek against his, and pushed him almost violently away, and turned and ran out of the room.

Looking back now upon that adventurous night, Mr. Washington finds that he cannot in the least degree remember what he did for the succeeding hour. It seems to him that he was in a kind of daze—a young man drunk, and small wonder, with sheer emotion-thrilled and thrilling from his head to his toes with new and strange and exquisite fires. He thinks that he sat for a time in that big "grandfather" chair where she had been, and the very touch of it was a kind of enchantment to him. And then he believes that he must have put out the lamps—for certainly, later on, they were out—and gone upstairs. The one fact sufficiently clear in his mind is that something like an hour later-or, roughly, one o'clock-he stood in the dark at one of the windows of his bedroom, still dressed, and looked out.

The storm had ceased, though a tremendous wind still blew across the hills from the east, and drove before it over the sky great shattered masses of broken cloud, like ice-floes across an Arctic sea. There was a full moon, and the light of it flashed down now and then between the holes in that ragged cloud rack, and for a moment made the drenched fields almost as bright as day, then was hidden, and then flashed down once more.

Young Mr. Washington's idle and inattentive eye fell upon a dark figure that moved with an effect of hurry and stealth from the shelter of some far-away trees across the broad open space before the house. was like a figure projected upon a screen from a faulty lantern whose light was for ever going out, but as it came at length near the front of the house, there occurred a somewhat longer flash of bright moonlight, and he saw that it was the figure of a strange

Mr. Washington went across the room to a table beside his bed, and took up a magazine pistol which lay there. Then he stood still to listen, for he heard a sound on the stairs. There were three widely separated steps on that flight that creaked when you put your weight on them. knew well, from long experience, just which steps they were. He waited and listened, and heard them creak one by one.

Somebody was descending.

Mr. Washington dropped the magazine pistol into a side-pocket, slipped off his shoes,

and went out. Under his feet the stairs made no sound, for he avoided the faulty planks, and reached the bottom in silence.

There were no lights in the drawing-room, but the place was dimly illuminated by the dying fire, and in that faint glow Mr. Washington saw the young woman whom he had befriended. She had put on her own clothes again—they must have been well dried by now—and she stood beside one of the front windows, fumbling at the lock.

The window swung open presently, the girl stood back, and that man whom Mr. Washington had seen crossing the lawn stepped quickly in. The man asked in a whisper, "Is this the room? Where are they? Where are they?" and came forward,

peering about him.

"In the two end walls," the girl answered.
"There and there! But it's no good.
They're copies—just bad copies. I tell you it's no good. Come away!" She caught at the man's arm, but he shook her off and went with swift and silent steps to the farther end of the room. He reached into his coat, withdrew one of those little tubular electric lamps, and flashed its light upon the canvas above him.

And then Mr. Washington spoke from

the doorway.

"Put up your hands, please!"

The girl uttered a faint scream, but for an instant the man stood still where he was, only his knees seemed to bend a very little under him. Then he leapt. He made a single tremendous twisting spring to one side, and his hand went to his pocket, and he alighted crouching, a pistol held ready before him.

Even in the midst of that tremendous leap he had begun to speak. He called out

in a loud whisper—

"Run, Mary! Run for it! I'll hold him!" And the girl made for the open window like a fleeing shadow. She reached it and might have been free, but half-way out into the enveloping night she halted and stood for a moment, and upon slow and dragging feet came back where she had been. The man cried out upon her again, but she shook her head.

"No, I won't!"

"Hold up your hands, please!" said Mr. Washington's voice again from the darkness. The man with the pistol peered across the big room, narrowing his eyes, but he could distinguish nothing in those profound shadows. He wavered for an instant.

"You win!" he said at last. "You can see me, but I can't see you." And he sighed and tossed his weapon down upon the floor before him.

Mr. Washington came forward and picked

it up. Then he turned to the girl.

"It is a little dim here. May I ask you to light the lamps? There are matches on the table yonder." She didn't stir, and he spoke again. Then, moving very slowly, she did what he asked, and the room was full of mellow lamp-light. Mr. Washington thanked her and turned to look at the newcomer. He saw a tall, very lean man with grey hair, a seared and haggard face, and a little grey moustache. He was bent slightly at the shoulders, and looked tired, but his eyes under their shaggy brows were hard and bright.

"It is an inclement night," said Mr. Washington, "and you must have come a long way. Will you first mix yourself a drink from the table beside you, and then

sit down?"

The elder man bowed, rather in the

manner of a foreigner, and said-

"Thank you very much. I will. Not because I am cold and tired, but because I have had a disappointment—a very bitter disappointment. You might, perhaps, permit me to offer my daughter something as well?"

Mr. Washington was about to speak, but

the girl forestalled him.

"Nothing. I want nothing, only to get away into the dark"—her breath caught—"or to die!"

Mr. Washington moved nearer to her.

"Is that man your father, as he says he is?"

She met his eyes for a long moment, and her own eyes were dark with pain and bitterness. Then she looked down. "He is my step-father. Oh, I wanted to spare you this! I crept downstairs so quietly. I meant to tell him the pictures were only copies, and to get him away before you heard anything. You'd have thought, when you found me gone in the morning, that I had slipped away to avoid making more trouble, and you'd have remembered me happily. Now——"

"You came to—to steal, then?" Mr. Washington asked, in a kind of whisper. "You weren't really lost in the storm? You came to—to spy out the interior of the house, to find where the pictures were, and who was here, and all that? And then you was a correct the wind of the house.

were to open the window for him?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes, that is how it was."

"And—and all we said together—that was a lie—a lie? Look up!" cried Mr. Washington, in a voice of sharp agony. "Good Heavens, look up! Let me see your eyes!"

The lean, grey-haired man observed them over the top of his glass with a languid

amusement.

"Did you tell our young friend pretty stories, Mary?" he inquired. He laughed gently, and the girl, with a white and stony face, laughed back.

"Yes, father, very pretty stories. He

took them in and wanted more."

"Look up!" said Mr. Washington, and when, in a sudden defiance, she met his eyes, he smiled and said—

"My dear, I don't believe you."

He pressed her towards a near-by chair and made her sit down in it. He dragged up another for himself, and, holding the magazine pistol on his knees, looked across to where the elder man sat humped above his long glass of whisky and water.

"I am very curious to know," said Mr. Washington, "how you heard I had these two pictures, and why you thought they were original Rembrandts. By the way, I didn't give you half a chance to examine the one yonder. Take one of the lamps, if you like, and have a close look at it."

The grey-haired man looked at him and across the room at the dark-toned painting

in its white frame. Then he got up.

"Thanks, I will!" He took the lamp that Mr. Washington indicated, went close up under the panel and examined it closely. Then he returned, shaking his head. He sat down, drooping, his hands between his knees.

"They're copies, right enough, and poor copies, too. I don't understand. The story came to me straight enough, but there's been

a hitch somewhere."

He made a passionate gesture, so sudden and so surprising in its desperate abandonment, that it was somehow terrible to see almost shameful.

"Bilked! Sold! Done for! Back to the cadging and dodging and the dirty card games! Oh, Heavens!" He hid his face, but presently looked up again with haggard

"This was to have set us on our feet—this turn. This was to have made a decent, comfortable, respectable existence for us both as long as we lived. It was to have made it possible for her to live the kind of life that's

her due. Look at her! You've seen her, you've talked to her, you know a little of what she is and what she might be, if she had half a chance. Well, I wanted to give her the chance, and I wanted to give it to myself, too. I've lived decently in my day. I've had money and friends and a place in the world. I wanted to get it all back. And now—now I'm done for! I wish to Heaven you'd point that gun over here and shoot me dead!"

He turned his head to look at the picture he had just examined—Bathsheba dabbling her toes in a little basin, with King David spying from the top of a thirteenth-century tower in the background—and he glanced at the other work down the room, the

portrait. His face flushed.

"Where are they?" he demanded of Mr. Washington, as if that young man had dishonestly concealed property not his own. "Where are the two Rembrandts, then? They were here. Your father owned them. What did he do with them, or what have you done?"

Mr. Washington gave a little laugh of

astonishment.

"Forgive me, but I'm afraid you are quite mistaken. These two paintings have always been just where they are ever since I can remember. My father never had any real Rembrandts. There is an impression in my mind—a faint one—that he once told me the originals of these copies were in the

Hermitage at Petrograd."

"Well, they're not," the other man said, with great decision. "I know every picture in the Hermitage by heart. I know the Kunst-Historisches Museum in Vienna, I know the Kaiser Friedrich in Berlin, I know the Louvre and the Pitti and the Uffizzi and the Prado, and the Rijs Museum at Amsterdam. I have seen every Rembrandt in the world, except a dozen in small private collections in England and America. I have known about your father's two pictures for twenty years. His intimate friends knew about them—the three or four men who were closest to him, and who used to stay in this house. Some of those men were friends of mine, too, in the days when I—when I had friends. They told me about your father's two Rembrandts, and how jealous he was of them, and how he didn't want it generally known that he owned them, and how he used to shut himself up in the room —this room, I suppose—where they were, and sit there for hours together, gloating over them like a miser."

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Washington, "these gentlemen were not expert enough to know a real Rembrandt from a copy." But the other shook his head with scorn.

"Two of them were the best non-professional experts living. It's impossible that they should have been fooled by those daubs

yonder-quite impossible."

Mr. Washington looked at his visitor

thoughtfully.

"My father may have sold them," he said, as if he were speaking to himself. "When things began to go wrong, he may have sold them secretly to some other collector, and put these copies in their place. But I wonder he didn't tell me. No, I don't wonder, either. He never told me muchit wasn't his way. Would they have brought a good deal of money, those two Rembrandts?"

"As prices go nowadays," said the greyhaired man, "two such works as those ought to fetch a hundred thousand pounds."

"A hundred thousand!" Mr. Washington turned a little pale. "Well, he might have lost that, too, I suppose. I have been told that he speculated.

"Do you mean that your father lost his money?" the other man asked. And Mr.

Washington nodded.

"Yes." He pointed to the cracked walls, the stained and mottled plaster of the ceiling, and the grey-haired man uttered a little exclamation of concern.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know you were down. I thought you a rich young man, with a hobby for living alone in the country. I'd thought myself looting only a fraction of your belongings, stealing from somebody who would still be rich after I'd gone. made a bad mistake, didn't I?"

"I'm afraid," Mr. Washington said, "you would have made a bad mistake if the pictures had been original, and you had stolen them. Do you think you, an unknown man without friends or public standing, could dispose of two pictures worth a hundred thousand

pounds?"

"Yes," said the other man, "I do. know a round dozen impoverished gentlemen with great names who, for five hundred pounds, would swear those pictures had been in the possession of their families ever since they were painted. The truth would come out some day, later on, but not before I had disposed of the things and pocketed my money and disappeared from view. could have done it, right enough!"

Mr. Washington sighed and turned his

eyes upon the girl, who had been sitting so silently by, her hands clasped before her, her head bent, her gaze upon the floor. She seemed to feel his inspection, for, after a bit, she looked up, and, when she met his eyes, she smiled, a hard and twisted smile that was like a grimace of pain.

"What are you going to do with us?" she asked him. "Here we are on your hands, two thieves who tried to rob you and failed. You can't telephone for the police, can you? You'll have to tie us up or lock

us in a room until morning."

"Oh, please, please!" said Mr. Washington, and the girl's white face flushed suddenly and

she looked down again.

He felt sick and cold all over from head He shivered with it, and the other man may have seen and, in some measure, understood, for he stirred uneasily in his chair and scowled, and tried once or twice to

speak before the words would come.

"Look here, you mustn't get the idea that—that she's a cold-blooded thief—that she's in my class, or anything like it. You mustn't think that, you know. This is the first time she has ever had a hand in anything out of the way. I-I worked on her sympathies. I told her I was ill—in a bad way. I told her this was my last chance. I told her—oh, I might as well give it you straight out !—I told her your father had come by the pictures dishonestly, by ruining a friend in a company transaction and taking these Rembrandts away from him as payment for his debts. It was a preposterous story, but she swallowed it because she knew nothing at all about you or your family; and women have a-well, a simple sense of right and wrong in those things. She came, you see, to believe that you were a thief, and a very mean one, and that to steal from you wasn't such a serious crime, especially as it was to save my life. And that's how she happened to be in this business."

"I see," said Mr. Washington happily. "Yes, I see. And I'm very glad you told me." He turned his eyes once more upon the lady out of the storm, but she was gazing with a curious intentness at her step-father, and her little white hands were clenched.

"You lied to me, then?" she said, in a "You tricked me? low voice. weren't true—those things you told me about

his father?"

"I-ah, coloured it, my dear," the man answered, fidgeting. "It seemed to be the only way. I'm sorry, but, after all, it was as much for you as for me."

She said-

"I wish I could die! Oh, I wish I could die!" and put up her hands over her face and began quite silently to weep as if her heart was broken. Mr. Washington sprang to his feet and took a step towards her, but the other man checked him.

"No. Let her be for a bit. Let her have her cry out; it'll do her good." So he stopped and, after a moment's hesitation,

turned back and sat down again.

He seemed presently—when he had managed to tear his eyes from that pathetic figure abandoned to woe—he seemed to be struggling with something elusive in the recesses of his mind, and at last he gave it voice.

"There's something—it was all so long ago, and it meant at the time so little to me—something my father said to me when he died." He looked towards the other man.

"My father died suddenly, in this house, of a heart attack. I came in from a tramp just in time to see him die, and there was something he wanted to say to me, only he was too far gone. He tried hard, terribly hard. I couldn't bear to see him make such a struggle. He said, 'The pictures!' and then a word that sounded like 'bind.' And his eyes seemed to be trying to tell me what his tongue couldn't say. And then he died.

"You see, I didn't even know what pictures he meant. I never thought of the two in this room, for they had always been here, and there was not, so far as I knew, any mystery about them. It just now occurred to me to remember, and the

recollection isn't worth much."

The other man regarded Mr. Washington with an alert interest.

"Are you sure the word was 'bind '?"

"Well, it sounded like that. One couldn't be sure, for there was no context."

"Could it," the other man asked, "could it, perhaps, have been 'behind'?" And at that Mr. Washington uttered an exclamation

of surprise.

"'Behind'? Why—why, yes! Yes, of course. I never thought of that. It's much more likely to have been what my father tried to say. But behind what? If he mean't these two paintings, they aren't behind anything. They're stuck on a plaster wall in plain sight. Perhaps—Wait a bit! Could he have meant that the real Rembrandts were hidden away behind something in another part of the house? No, there'd be no point in that."

The other man rose abruptly from his chair and went across the room to the nearest canvas, the "Bathsheba," and he stood there looking at it very closely.

"I've just recalled an odd thing I heard of once," he said over his shoulder. "A queer Spanish chap had a wonderful little Sei-cento Venus in marble. His family and friends were very religious, and thought the thing vile, and they got the local bishop to make this chap say he'd throw it in the Guadalquivir. So it disappeared, but the fellow hadn't thrown it in the river at all. He'd hidden it in a secret niche in the wall of his own room, with a sliding panel in front that had a Holy Family painted on it. He used to lock his door and slide the Holy Family back out of sight, and bask in the glow of that lovely little figure. And no one found out for years and years. May I stand on a chair?"

"Of course," said young Mr. Washington.
"Only I'm afraid there are no secret niches in this." He broke off abruptly, for the other man, mounted on his chair, uttered a sudden strange cry. Following that, he put up his hands, pushed with them against the painted canvas, and the whole panel gave a half inch, as the windows in carriages do, and dropped noiselessly out of sight.

The man's knees began to shake so that he had to get down off the chair and lean against the wall. "Look!" he cried, in a choking voice. "Oh, look, look!" And Mr. Washington came slowly and stiffly

forwar

"It's dusty," Mr. Washington whispered. That was all his tongue could find to say. "It wants dusting off." And he began to tremble, too. The elder man reached up with his silk handkerchief in one hand and swept it across that long-hidden surface.

The gold and gloom that Rembrandt himself had fashioned glowed out at them,

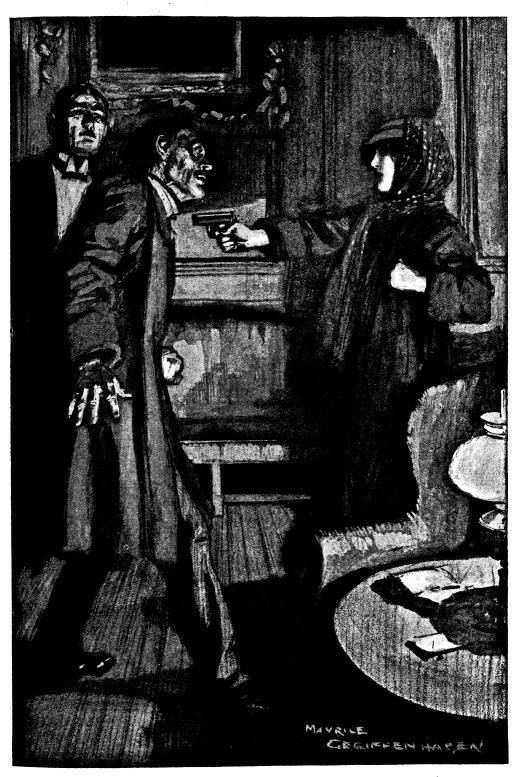
rich and warm and beautiful.

"That," said Mr. Washington presently, and still in his dry whisper, "that is real? That is authentic, I suppose?" And the elder man answered him in the hushed tone of one in a cathedral—

"Yes, yes! Great Heavens, yes! Car

you doubt it?"

He went a little uncertainly across the room and mounted another chair. As before, the crudely painted copy slid inward and down, and the real work displayed itself at the back of its shallow niche. The man climbed down again, seated himself, and covered his face with his hands.



"When he whirled about, he saw that the pistol-barrel was pointed full at his breast."

Mr. Washington spoke aloud-

"A hundred thousand pounds! A hundred

thousand pounds!"

With flushed cheeks and shining eyes, he turned to where the girl was sitting. He gave a loud cry and ran towards her, calling, as he did so, upon the other man. For the girl's head lay back over the top of the chair, and her arms hung down lax beside her. She had fainted away.

They reached her together and lifted her out of the chair and laid her down on the floor.

"Water!" the elder man said. "Fetch a glass of water from the table there! Be quick!"

Mr. Washington did as he was directed, and began dabbing at the girl's white face with a wetted handkerchief. But the other

"That's no good. Stand clear, will you?" And he himself stood off a little way and threw the glass of water hard in his step-daughter's face. After that he caught her about the knees and feet, and raised them from the floor, saying-

"Mind her head, will you? See that it

doesn't get bumped."

Again Mr. Washington, marvelling at all this expertise, obeyed his instructions and

presently said-

"She coming round. Her eyes are open." Then the other man laid his burden down. looked once, said, "She'll do now," and moved away as if he had no more interest in

But Mr. Washington knelt on where he was, bent above that white and beautiful face, with its pale lips and its black

disordered hair.

She opened her eyes once more, and they looked up into his, a long still look. Seen like this, very close, they seemed to him enormous. They were as vast, as dark, as deep, and as mysterious as the night. was familiar enough with that trite old expression about "windows of the soul," but it came to him all at once, with a quiet surprise, that the expression was just and It seemed to him that this girl's eyes were windows through which he looked into infinite depths, darkened by sorrow and pain, but full of wonderful and exciting and lovely and comfortable things such as his dreams had only touched the margins of. His heart began to beat very fast.

"Did I faint away?" she asked, in a

whisper. And he said—

"Yes. But you're all right now. I saw you suddenly. You looked quite dead. And I almost died, myself, of fright." She smiled a little at that, and Mr. Washington said-

"Listen! This is very important. The pictures are here—the real pictures, the two Rembrandts. We've found them. I say it's important because now I can actually take you to that place by the sea that I told you of, and buy it, and we can live there for as long as you like—for ever, if you want to. Even as it was before, when I was as poor as a starved rat, I should have begged you to marry me and be poor, too. But nownow I can offer you more than just love—I can offer you comfort and beautiful things."

"Me!" she said, staring up at him quite "Marry me? You're mad! wildly. don't know what you're saying. I'm a thief! I came here to steal from you. You were kind and tender and wonderful to me, and I lied to you and tricked you. I laughed at you. Only a few minutes ago I laughed in your face. Don't you remember?"

"Hush!" said Mr. Washington. "That wasn't laughter; that was a cry of suffering. Do you think I didn't know? I love you!"

"You can't!" she said, in a sobbing whisper. "You can't love me! You can't love anybody in just an hour or two, not even nice people of your own kind."

"Maybe you can't," Mr. Washington

conceded, "but I can. I love you!"

She tried to turn her face away.

"If you just wouldn't look at me! I can't fight against you when you look at You don't give me a chance. Oh, me so. please, please!"

"I love you!" said Mr. Washington. "Will you marry me to-morrow morning, and help me sell the Rembrandts?

then we'll sail away to Italy."

"Perhaps I'm dead!" she said quite "I'm soberly, but her lips were trembling. quite sure that wicked people, when they die, have beautiful dreams, come to torture them, of all the wonderful, ecstatic things they dared to want when they were alive. Do you think it's that? Do you think I'm dead?"

"Your heart," said Mr. Washington, "is beating very hard for a dead woman's heart, and the colour has come back into your lips, and I can feel your breath on my face. I think you are alive, and I love you, and I believe you love me a little back." He gave a sudden shiver.

"To think that you mightn't have come here to-night! To think that I might

never have found you!"

She put up her hands to touch his face,

and there were tears in her eyes.

"I'm beginning to believe it's true. Oh, I'm beginning to believe it! If it isn't, you'll tell me, won't you? I couldn't bear to find out, after once I'd begun to believe."

And then the other man spoke from

behind.

They had quite forgotten him.

He said in a strange voice, but they didn't notice that—

"Is she all right again?"

"Yes," said Mr. Washington. He bent lower and gathered her into his arms. She clung there. Her face lay against his cheek. He felt her heart beating, and he heard her laugh. It was the second time that night that she had laughed, but this time Mr. Washington laughed, too, for sheer excitement and triumph and joy. He lifted her up and set her in the chair where she had been. Then he turned and looked into the muzzle of his own pistol, that he had dropped on the floor some moments past.

The elder man stood with his back against the wall, near the "Bathsheba." His face was drawn and ghastly white, and his eyes were glazed like a drunken man's. He was shaking violently all over, but he held the

pistol steady enough.

"Ah," said Mr. Washington pleasantly,

"we change places."

The other man stared at him over the pointing pistol-barrel with a kind of fixed wildness. He seemed at first to find it very difficult to articulate.

"They're mine!" he said, wrenching the words from his throat with a great effort. "They're mine! I came here for them, and I found them. You would never have found them in all your life. You didn't even know there were such things to be found. They're mine! They're going to make it possible for me and for her to live decently and respectably. They're going to save our lives, the two Rembrandts are!"

"Come, come!" said Mr. Washington, smiling, and took a step forward. But the

elder man checked him.

"No, you don't! No, you don't! Stand back there! I don't want to have to kill you to get those pictures, but, by Heaven, I'll do it if you force me to! You stay where you are!" He called to his step-daughter, who had started up from her chair and stood beside Mr. Washington.

"Mary, get those curtain-cords yonder—two of them—and tie him up. Look sharp,

will you?" She stood where she was, staring at him, and after a moment he spoke again.

"Did you hear me? Fetch those curtaincords and tie this fellow up!" A tinge of

red came into his cheeks.

"Don't be a fool, child! I'm taking the responsibility for this. I know what I'm doing. It's the only way. For Heaven's sake, think what it means! Either you and I get locked up in a room presently, and to-morrow morning turned over to the police as common thieves, or we tie this fellow up, and take the pictures and run for it. He's alone in the house. No one will find him for hours. We can get clear away, and live all our lives in comfort. Do what I tell you, Mary. It's the only way."

She bent her head. "All right. I will."

She went across to the nearest window and unhooked the thick, white, tasselled cords that held the curtains back. She returned with them, looked once into Mr. Washington's face, and moved round behind him.

"I don't know how," she said presently.
"The knots slip. They're no good."

Her step-father gave an impatient exclamation.

"Come here! Let me do it. You hold the pistol on him!" So, dropping the cords on the floor, she went forward and took the weapon into her hands. But as soon as her step-father had gone a few paces, she checked him. She said—

"You needn't go any farther!" And when he whirled about, he saw that the pistol-barrel was pointed full at his breast.

He gave an angry laugh.

"You young fool! Mind what you're about, will you? What the deuce do you mean?"

He took a step forward, but she said, "Stop!" and he halted, laughing once more. He may have meant it for a pacificatory laugh, but it wasn't a great success.

"You know quite well," he said, "that you wouldn't actually fire that thing at me. You know it, and I know it." But his step-

daughter nodded her head.

"I swear by my mother, who died because you broke her heart, that if you take one step nearer me, I will fire, and I will fire as straight as ever I can!"

"Done!" said the grey-haired man heavily, and he bent his head. He seemed to collapse where he stood, and they thought he would fall, but he didn't.

"I shall have to tie him up," Mr. Washington said. And the girl nodded.

"By all means. He's desperate. He'd kill you, if he got a chance, and me, too, now, I think."

The man shook his head without looking

"No. It's over. I went mad for a few moments. Those pictures—they turned my Tie me up, by all means, if you like, but there's no fight left in me. I'm done!"

Mr. Washington took the pistol from the girl's hands and slipped it into his pocket.

"I won't tie him up," he said, "but I'll lock him for the night in a room upstairs that has barred windows. It was my father's room. My father was timid about burglars.'

He took the other man's arm, saying—

"You won't mind, I hope? You see, those pictures might turn your head again during the night. I've got to be on the safe side." The man didn't answer, but followed peaceably enough out of the room and up the stairs.

In a few moments Mr. Washington

returned.

"He'll be comfortable enough up there. He'll sleep, I think, which is more than I shall do. And to-morrow we must talk. He was right, you know, when he said that he had found the Rembrandts, and that I should never have found them. He deserves a share of what they fetch when they're sold, and he shall have it. He won't have to go back to his hand-to-mouth misery. Tell me, were you fond of him? Was he good to you?"

The girl shook her head.

"We stuck together after my mother's

death. It seemed the only thing to d_0 . And sometimes he was kind to me, sometimes not. He often threatened to leave me to shift for myself, and once or twice he was rather cruel. I've never forgiven him for making my mother unhappy. He knows that."

"You won't care to see much of him in future, then?" Mr. Washington asked. She said "No." And he said—

"I'm glad."

She came slowly across the floor and stood close to Mr. Washington, and laid her face against his shoulder. He raised her head and looked. The shadows of sorrow and pain were gone from her eyes, but all the rest was left—all the wonderful and exciting and lovely and comfortable things. Her mouth was very red, and he bent suddenly and

Then after a bit he sighed—

"I suppose you ought to be off to bed. I'm going to stay on here and guard my pictures."

"If you stay here, I want to stay here, too," she begged, and Mr. Washington

"That's just what I hoped you'd say."

They piled logs on the fire, and she made herself comfortable in that big grandfather chair, and Mr. Washington sat on the rug at her feet, with his head laid back against her knees.

"And now," she said, with a little happy sigh, "now you shall tell me a great deal more about that wonderful Italian place by the sea, with the pergola and the cypresses and the flower garden—the place where we're going to live."

SONS OF ENGLAND.

X/E had lost faith and courage, were a race Faint-hearted, mere spectators of the game, With slackened sinews, reckless of our fame, Idlers unworthy of the exalted place Our fathers' prowess won; in us no trace Of hardihood, enthusiasm's flame All spent, we were the shadow of a name Once great, now sunk, irrevocably base. Thus some spake foolishly; but the true sons Of English fathers, loyal to their birth, Stepped joyous to the fray, and when Death called, They met the summons 'mid the roar of guns, Stout-hearted fighters, men of golden worth, No foe dismayed them and no death appalled.

ERNEST HOCKLIFFE.

THE BATTLE OF THE SAND-PIT

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Illustrated by Charles Pears



FTER the war had fairly got going, naturally we thought a good deal about it, and it was explained to us by Fortescue that, behind the theory of Germany licking us, or us licking Germany, as the

case might be, there were two great psychical ideas. As I was going to be a soldier myself, the actual fighting interested me most, but the psychical ideas were also interesting, because Fortescue said that often the cause won the battle. Therefore it was better to have a good psychical idea behind you, like us, than a rotten one, like Germany. I always thought the best men and the best ships and the best brains and the most money were simply bound to come out top in the long run; but Fortescue said that a bad psychical idea behind these things often wrecks the whole show. And so I asked him if we had got a good psychical idea behind us, and he said we had a champion one, whereas the Germans were trusting to a perfectly deadly psychical idea, which was bound to have wrecked them in any case even if they'd had twenty million men instead of nearly ten.

So that was all right, though, no doubt, the Germans think their idea of being top dog of the whole world is really finer than ours, which is "Live and let live." And, as I pointed out to Fortescue, no doubt if we had such a fearfully fine opinion of ourselves as the Germans have, then we also should want

to be top dog of the world.

And Fortescue said—

"That's just it, Travers Major. Thanks

to our sane policy of respecting the rights of all men, and never setting ourselves up as the only nation that counts, we do count—first and foremost; but if we'd gone out into the whole earth and bawled that we were going to make it Anglo-Saxon, then we should have been laughed at, as the Germans are now; and we should dismally have failed as colonists, just as they have."

So, of course, I saw all he meant by his psychical idea, and no doubt it was a jolly fine thought; and most, though not all, of the Sixth saw it also. But the Fifth saw it less, and the Fourth didn't see it at all. The Fourth were, in fact, rather an earthy lot about this time, and they seemed to have a foggy sort of notion that might is right; or, if it isn't, it generally comes out right, which, to the minds of the Fourth, amounted to the same thing.

The war, naturally, had a large effect upon us, and according as we looked at the war, so you could judge of our opinions in general. I and my brother, Travers Minor, and Briggs and Saunders—though Briggs and Travers Minor were themselves in the Lower Fourth—were interested in the strategy and higher command. We foretold what was going to happen next, and were sometimes quite right; whereas chaps like Abbott and Blades and Mitchell and Pegram and Rice were only interested in the brutal part, and the bloodshed and the grim particulars about the enemy's trenches after a sortie, and so on.

In time, curiously enough, there got to be two war parties in the school. Of course, they both wanted England to win, but we took a higher line about it, and looked on to the end, and argued about the division of the spoil, and the general improvement of Europe, and the new map, and the advancement of better ideas, and so on; while Rice and Pegram and such-like took the "horrible slaughter" line, and rejoiced to hear of parties surrounded, and Uhlans who had been eating hay for a week before they were captured, and the decks of battleships just before they sink, and such-like necessary but very unfortunate things.

I said to Mitchell—

"It may interest you to know that real soldiers never talk about the hideous side of war; and it would be a good deal more classy if you chaps tried to understand the meaning of it all, instead of wallowing in the dreadful details."

And Mitchell answered—

"The details bring it home to us and make us see red."

And I replied to Mitchell –

"What the dickens d'you want to see red for?"

And he said—

"Everybody ought to at a time like this." Of course, with such ignorance you can't argue, any more than you could with Rice, when he swore that he'd give up his home and family gladly in exchange for the heavenly joy of putting a bayonet through a German officer. It wasn't the spirit of war, and I told him so, and he called me "von Travers," and said that as I was going to be a soldier, he hoped, for the sake of the United Kingdom in general, there would be no war while I was in command of anybody.

Gradually there got to be a bit of feeling in the air, and we gave out that we stood for tactics and strategy and brain-power, and Rice and his lot gave out that they stood for hacking their way through. And as for strategy, they had the cheek to say that, if it came to actual battle, the Fourth would back its strategy against the Sixth every time. It was a sort of challenge, in fact, and rested chiefly on their complete ignorance of what strategy really meant.

When I asked Mitchell who were the strategists of the Fourth, he gave it away by saying—

"Me and Pegram."

Well, he and Pegram were merely cunning—nothing more. Mitchell was a good mathematician, and in money matters he excelled on a low plane; while Pegram was admitted to be a master in the art of cribbing, but no other. His bent of mind had been attracted to the subject of cribbing from the first, and while I hated him, and knew that he could never come to much good, I was bound to admit the stories told about his cribbing exploits showed great

ingenuity combined with nerve. bitter irony, theology was his best subject. but only thanks to the possession of a Book of Dates one inch square. He had found it when doing Christmas shopping with his aunt, who was his only relation, owing to his being an orphan, and when he asked her to buy it as one of his Christmas presents, she did so with pleasure and surprise, little dreaming of what was passing in his mind. I never saw the book, nor wished to see it, but Briggs, who did, told me it contained everything, only in such frightfully small print that you wanted a magnifying glass to read it. Needless to say, Pegram had the magnifying glass. And, thus armed, he naturally did papers second to none. He also manipulated a catapult for the benefit of his friends in the Lower Fourth, of whom he had a great many, and with this instrument, such was his delicacy of aim, he could send answers to questions in an exam, through the air to other chaps, in the shape of paper pellets. He could also hurl insults in this way, or, in fact, anything. Once he actually fired his Book of Dates across three rows of forms to Abbott. through the air and fell at Abbott's feet, who instantly put one on it. But Brown, who was the master in command on the occasion, looked up at the critical moment and saw a strange object passing through the air. Only he failed to mark it down.

"What was that?" said Brown to Rice, who sat three chaps off Abbott.

"A moth, I think, sir," said Rice.

"Extraordinary time for a moth to be flying," said Brown.

"Very, sir," said Rice.

"Don't let it occur again, anyway," said Brown, who never investigated anything, but always ordered that it shouldn't occur again.

"No, sir," said Rice.

Then Abbott bent down to scratch his ankle, and all was well.

And this Pegram was supposed to have

strategy as good as ours!

I never thought a real chance of a conflict would come, but it actually did in a most unexpected manner just before the holidays. The weather turned cold for a week, and then, after about three frosts, we had a big snow, and in about a day and a night there was nearly a foot of it. And, walking through the West Wood with Blades, I pointed out that the sand-pit, under the edge of the fir trees, would be a very fine spot for a battle on a small scale.

I said—

"If one army was above the sand-pit, and another army was down here, trying to storm the position, there would be an opportunity for a remarkably good fight and plenty of strategy; and if I led the Fifth and Sixth against the sand-pit, or if I defended the sand-pit against attacks by the Upper and Lower Fourth, the result

would be very interesting."

And Blades agreed with me. He said he believed that it would give the Upper and Lower Fourth frightful pleasure to have a battle, and he was certain they would be exceedingly pleased at the idea. In fact, he went off at once to find Pegram and, if possible, Rice and Mitchell. The school was taking a walk that afternoon, as the football ground was eight inches under snow; and some were digging in the snow for eating chestnuts-of which a good many were to be found in West Wood—and others were scattered about. So Blades went to find Mitchell, Rice, and Pegram, and I considered the situation. The edge of the sand-pit was about eight feet high, and a frontal attack would have been very difficult, if not impossible; but there was an approach on the left-a gradual slope, fairly easyand another on the right, rather difficult, as it consisted of loose stones and tree roots. On the whole, I thought I would rather defend than attack; but as, if anything came of it, I should be the challenger, I felt it would be more sporting to let the foe choose.

Then Rice and Mitchell came back with Blades, and they said that nothing would give them greater pleasure than a fight. They had heard my idea, and thought exceedingly well of it. They examined the spot and pretended to consider strategy, but, of course, they knew nothing about the possibilities of defence and attack. What they really wanted to know was how many troops they would have, and how many we should. We counted up and found that in the Fifth and Sixth, leaving out about four who were useless, and Perkins, who would have been valuable, but was crocked at footer for the moment, we should number thirty-one, while the Upper and Lower Fourth would have thirty-eight. I agreed to that, and Rice made the rather good suggestion that we should each have ten kids behind the fighting-line to make ammunition. And I said I hoped there would be no stones in the snowballs, and Mitchell said the Fourth didn't consist of Germans, and I might be sure they would fight as fair as we did, if not fairer.

So it was settled for the next Saturday, and Brown and Fortescue consented to umpire the battle, and Fortescue showed

great interest in it.

There were a good many preliminaries to decide, and I asked Mitchell what chap was to be general-in-chief for the Fourth, and, much to my surprise, he said that Pegram was. And, still more to my surprise, he said that Pegram wished to attack and not defend. This alone showed how little they knew about strategy; but I only said "All right," and Mitchell actually said that Pegram backed the Fourth to take the sand-pit inside an hour! And I said that pride generally went before a fall. Then I saw Pegram which was at a meeting of the commandersin-chief-and we arranged all the details. He asked about the fallen, and I said that nobody would fall; but he said he thought some very likely would; and he also said that it would be more like the real thing and more a reward for strategy if, when anybody was fairly bowled over in the battle, and prevented from continuing without a rest, that soldier was considered as a casualty and taken to the rear. This was pretty good for Pegram; but as our superior position on the top of the sand-pit was bound to make our fire more severe than his, and put more of his men out of action. I pointed that out. But he said that if I thought our fire would be more severe than his, I was much mistaken. He said the volume of his fire would be greater, which was true. So I let him have his way, and we each selected ten kids for the ammunition. Travers Minor didn't much like fighting against me, but, of course, he had to, though it was rather typical of Mitchell and Pegram that they were very suspicious of him before the battle, and wouldn't tell him any of the strategy, or give him a command in their army, for fear of his being a traitor. And they felt the same to Briggs, though, of course, Briggs and Travers Minor were really just as keen about victory for the Fourth as anybody else in it. And the only reason why my brother didn't like fighting against me was that, with my strategy, he felt pretty sure I must win.

The generals—Pegram and I—visited the battlefield twice more, and arranged where the wounded were to lie and where the umpires were to stand, in comparative safety behind a tree on the right wing; but, of course, we didn't discuss tactics or say a

word about our battle plans. The fight was to last one hour, and if at the end of that time we still held the sand-pit, we were the victors. And for one hour before the battle began, we were to make ammunition and pile snow and do what we liked to increase

the chances of victory.

I, of course, led the Fifth and Sixth, and under me I had Saunders, as general of the Sixth, and Norris, as general of the Fifth. As for the enemy, Pegram was generalissimo, to use his own word, and Rice and Abbott and Mitchell and Blades were his captains. It got jolly interesting just before the battle, and everybody was frightfully keen, and the kids who were not doing orderly and Red Cross work were allowed to stand on a slight hill fifty yards from the sand-pit and watch the struggle.

And on the morning of the great day, happening to meet Rice and Mitchell, I asked them what was the psychical idea behind the attack of the Fourth, and Rice said his psychical idea was to give the Sixth about the worst time it had ever had; and Mitchell said his psychical idea was to make the Sixth wish it had never been born. They meant it, too, for there was a lot of bitter feeling against us, and I realised that we were in for a real battle, though there could only be one end, of course. They had thirty-eight fighters to our thirty-one, and they had rather the best of the weight and size; but in the Sixth we had Forbes and Forrester, both of the first eleven and hard chuckers; and we had three other hard chuckers and first eleven men in the Fifth, besides Williams, who was the champion long-distance cricket ball thrower in the school.

We had all practised a good deal, and also instructed the kids in the art of making snowballs hard and solid. The general feeling with us was that we had the brains and the strategy, while the Fourth had rather the heavier metal, but would not apply it so well as us. When a man fell, the ambulance, in the shape of two Red Cross kids, was to conduct him to a place safe from fire in the rear; and when he was being taken from the firing-line, he was not to be fired at, but the battle was to go on, though the Red Cross kids were to be respected. should like to draw a diagram of the field, like the diagrams in the newspapers, but that I cannot do. I can, however, explain that, when the great moment arrived, I manned the top of the sand-pit with my army, and during the hour of preparation threw up a wall of snow all along the front of the sand-pit nearly three feet high. And along this wall I arranged the Fifth, led by Norris, on the right wing. Five men, commanded by Saunders, specially guarded the incline on the left, which was our weak spot, and the remaining ten men, all from the Sixth, took up a position five yards to the rear and above the front line, in such a position that they could fire freely over the I, being the Grand Staff, took up a position on the right wing on a small elevation above the army, from which I could see the battle in every particular; and Thwaites, of the Sixth, who was too small and weak to be of any use in the fightingline, was my adjutant to run messages and take any necessary orders to the wings.

As for the enemy, they made no entrenchments or anything of the kind, though they watched our dispositions with a great deal of interest. Pegram studied the incline on our wing, and evidently had some ideas about a frontal attack also, which would certainly mean ruin for him if he tried it, as it would have been impossible to rush the sand-pit from the front. They made an enormous amount of ammunition, and as they piled it within thirty yards of our parapet, they evidently meant to come to close quarters from the first. I was pleased to observe They arranged their line rather well, in a crescent converging upon our wings; but there was no rearguard and no reserve, so it was clear everybody was going into action at once. The officers were distinguished by wearing white footer shirts, which made them far too conspicuous objects, and it was clear that Pegram was not going to regard himself as a Grand Staff, but just fight with the rest. Needless to say, I was prepared to do the same, and throw myself into the thickest of it, if the battle needed me and things got critical. But I felt, somehow, from the first that we were impregnable.

Well, the battle began by Fortescue blowing a referee's football whistle, and instantly the strategy of the enemy was made apparent. They opened a terrific fire, and their one idea evidently was to annihilate the Sixth. They ignored the Fifth, but poured their entire fire upon the Sixth; and a special firing-party of about six or seven chosen shots, or sharpshooters, poured their entire fire on me, where I stood alone. About ten snowballs hit me the moment Fortescue's whistle went, and the position at once became untenable and also dangerous. So I retired to the Sixth, and sent word to the

Fifth by Thwaites to very much increase the rapidity of their fire. Which they did; and Pegram appealed that I was out of action, but Fortescue said I was not.

It was exceedingly like the Great War in a way, and the Fourth evidently felt to the

to bleed at the same moment—which was a weakness of his—brought on suddenly by a snowball at rather close range. So he fell, and the Red Cross kids took him out of danger. This infuriated us, and, keeping our nerve well, we concentrated our fire on



Fifth and Sixth what the Germans felt to the French and English. They merely hated the Fifth, but they fairly loathed the Sixth, and wanted to put them all out of action in the first five minutes of the battle. Needless to say, they failed; but we lost Saunders, who somehow caught it so hot, guarding the slope, that he got winded, and his nose began

Mitchell, who had come far too close after the success with Saunders. A fair avalanche of snowballs battered him, and he went down; and though he got up instantly, it was only to fall again. And Fortescue gave him out, and he was conducted to a ruined cowshed, where the enemy's ambulance stood in the rear of their lines.

I had already ordered the Sixth to take open formation and scatter through the Fifth; and this undoubtedly saved them, for though we lost my aide-de-camp, Thwaites, who was no fighter and nearly fainted, and was jolly glad to be numbered with those out of action, for some time afterwards we lost nobody, and held our own with ease. Once or twice I took a hand, but it wasn't necessary, and when we fairly settled to work, we made them see they couldn't live within fifteen yards of us. They made several rushes, however, but, by a happy strategy, I always directed our fire on the individual when they came in, and thus got two out of action, including Rice. He was a great fighter, and I was surprised he threw up the sponge so soon; but after a regular battering and blinding, he said he'd "got it in the neck," and fell and was put out with one eye blinded. Travers Minor also fell, rather to my regret; and what struck me was that, considering all their brag, the Fourth were not such good plucked ones, when it came to the business of real war, as we were. It made a difference finishing off Rice, for he had fought well, and his fire was very accurate, as several of us knew to our cost. I felt now that if we could concentrate on Pegram and Blades, who were firing magnificently, the battle would be practically over. But Blades, owing to his great powers, could do execution and still keep out of range. He was, in fact, their seventeen-inch gun, you might say; and though Williams on our side could throw further, he proved in action rather feeble and not a born fighter by any means. As for Pegram, he always seemed to be behind somebody else, which, knowing his character, you would have expected. At last, however, he led a storming party to the slope, and, leaving the bulk of my forces to guard the front, I led seven to stem his attack. the first time since the beginning of the battle, it was hand-to-hand; but we had the advantage of position, and were never in real danger. I had the great satisfaction of hurling Pegram over the slope into his own lines, and he fell on his shoulder and went down and out. He was led away holding his elbow and also limping; but his loss did not knock the fight out of the Fourth, though in the same charge they lost Preston and we nearly lost Bassett. But he got his second wind and was saved to us, though only for a time, for Blades, who had a private hate of Bassett, came close and scorned the fire, and got three hard ones in

on Bassett from three yards; and Fortescue had to say Bassett was done. Blades, however, was also done, and there was a brief armistice while they were taken away.

We now suddenly concentrated on Pegram, who was tiring and had got into range. think he was fed up with the battle, for, after a feeble return, he went down when about ten well-directed snowballs took him simultaneously on the face and chest, and he chucked it and went to the ambulance. At the same moment one of their chaps, called Sutherland, did for Norris had been getting giddy for some time, and he also feared that he was frost-bitten, and when Sutherland, creeping right under him, got him well between the eyes with a hard one, he was fairly blinded, though very sorry to join our casualties. had a touch of cramp at the same moment,

but it passed off.

We'd had about half an hour now, and five of the ammunition kids were out of action with frozen hands. Then we got one more of the enemy, in the shape of Sutherland, and their moral ought to have begun to get bad; but it did not. Though all their leaders were now down, they stuck it well, while we simply held them with ease, and repelled two more attempts on the slope. In fact, Williams wanted to go down and make a sortie, and get a few more out of action; but this I would not permit for another five minutes, though during those exciting moments we prepared for the sortie, and knocked out Abbott, who, much to my surprise, had fought magnificently and covered himself with glory, though lame. On their side they got MacAndrew, owing to an accident. In fact, he slipped over the edge of the sand-pit, and was taken prisoner before he could get back, and we were sorry to lose him, not so much for his own sake, as because his capture bucked up the Fourth to make fresh efforts.

And then came the critical moment of the battle, and a most unexpected thing happened.

With victory in our grasp, and a decimated opposition, a frightful surprise occurred, and the most unsporting thing was done by the Fourth that you could find in the gory annals of war.

It was really all over, bar victory, and we were rearranging ourselves under a very much weakened fire, when we heard a shout in the wood behind us, and the shout was evidently a signal. For the whole of the Fourth still in action made one simultaneous rush for the slope, and, of course, we concentrated to fling

them back. But then, with a wild shriek, there suddenly burst upon us from the rear the whole of their casualties!

Mitchell and Rice and Pegram came first. followed by Travers Minor and Preston and Blades and Sutherland and Abbott. They had rested and refreshed themselves with two lemons and other commissariat, and then, taking a circuitous track from behind their ambulance, had got exactly behind us through the wood. And now, uttering the yells that the regular Tommies always utter when charging, they were on us with frightful impetus, just while we were repelling the frontal attack on the slope, and before we had time to divide to meet them. In fact, they threw the whole weight of a very fine charge on to us and fairly moved us down. There was about a minute of real fighting on the slope, and blood flowed freely. We got back into the fort, so to say; but the advancing Fourth came back, too, and the casualties took us in the rear. Then, unfortunately for us, I was hurled over the sand-pit, and three chaps—all defenders came on top of me, and half the snow-bank we had built came on top of them. With the snow-bank gone, it was all up. I tried fearfully hard to get back, but, of course, the Fourth had guarded the slope when they took it, and in about two minutes from the time I fell out of our ruined fortifications, all was over. In fact, the Fourth was now on the top of the sand-pit, and the shattered Fifth and Sixth were down below. One by one our men were flung or fell over, and then Fortescue advanced from cover with Brown and blew his whistle, and the battle was done.

We appealed; but Pegram said all was fair in war, and Fortescue upheld him; and in a moment of rage I told Pegram and Mitchell they had behaved like dirty Germans, and Mitchell said they might, or they might not, but war was war, anyway. And he also said that the first thing to do in the case of a battle is to win it. And if you win, then what the losers say about your manners and tactics doesn't matter a button, because the rest of civilisation will instantly come over to your side.

And Blades said the Sixth had still a bit to learn about strategy, apparently, and Pegram—showing what he was to a beaten

foe—offered to give me some tips!

Mind you, I'm not pretending we were not beaten, because we were; and the victors fought quite as well as we did; but I shall always say that, with another referee than Fortescue, they might have lost on a foul. No doubt they thought it was magnificent, but it certainly wasn't war—at least, not what I call war.

We challenged them to a return battle the next Saturday, and Pegram said, as a rule, you don't have return battles in warfare, but that he should be delighted to lick us again, with other strategies, of which he still had dozens at his disposal. Only Pegram feared the snow would, unfortunately, all be gone by next Saturday; and the wretched chap was quite right—it had.

Mitchell, by the way, got congestion of his lungs two days after the battle, showing how sickness always follows warfare sooner or later. But he recovered without

LEOLYN LOUISE EVERETT.

difficulty.

SPRING, THE DRYAD.

OT that I love you less, but that I feel The budding life that thrills my sister trees. The scent of Spring-time through the darkness steal, The old alluring sweetness of the breeze— I know that in the shadows of the hills Lie violets. The cherry trees are white, The slopes are dotted with the daffodils, With bluebells and hepatica. The flight Of the first swallow to the summer sky Lures my heart with it! It is Spring! The call Of the old ecstasy is on me. Am held too close to call-I leave it all!-Not that I love you less, dear, loyal heart, But that the mists are rising far away, Revealing hidden loveliness. To part Is bitter, yet forgive—I cannot stay!

THE GILT MASK

By MARJORIE BOWEN

Illustrated by J. R. Skelton



HE Lady Dorothy
stood in the
window-space, a
little apart from
the crowd—in
heart and spirit very
much apart and
exceedingly lonely,
though she was the
most admired and
courted of all the

women in the fashionable gathering.

She was also certainly the most beautiful, the most notable, perhaps, by reason of the manner in which her charms were set off by the exceeding richness of her rose-coloured velvet and gilt habit and the great plumed hat, on which the sweeping white feathers were fastened by a circle of rose diamonds.

And as she was a great lady as well as a beauty, an heiress, and one free to dispose of herself and her money, she had more flatterers than enough pressing about her, and every other woman in the room envying her, as how could they help envying one who had birth and loveliness, wealth and position, and the world at her feet?

But the Lady Dorothy Drummond was the most unhappy creature of any there, man or woman.

The scene was the studio, or workshop, of a young sculptor just rising sufficiently into fame to attract the fashionable world to a display of their wit and beauty beneath his roof—often to a display of their arrogance and ignorance; but George Linton could smile at that, for these patrons were to him but rungs of the ladder on which he meant to climb to fame.

His work was largely that of a goldsmith and worker in precious metals and jewels, a *mètier* rather despised in this practical age, relegated to the rank of tradesmen, or little better; but he had, by the brilliancy of his skill, redeemed his neglected art in the public

eye, and made his exquisite productions the

The wonderful objects he designed and shaped were almost as much sought after as the fashionable portraits of Romney or Reynolds, and he was in a fair way to make as big a fortune as either of these famous painters.

To attend the exhibits he gave of his work became a usual diversion of the great world. Duchesses and statesmen were among his patrons, and he seemed likely to revive the days of the great Cellini when the Court of France had thronged the studio of the master-craftsman.

He stood now among his patrons, a modest, manly figure in his grey cloth suit, his face pale between the powdered curls, his long, brown eyes elated, his face eager yet reserved, and very likeable in its charming look of youth and strength.

The Lady Dorothy was watching him from under drooping lids. She loved him, and she had just heard of his betrothal to another woman—that was her tragedy.

As she looked at him, she was wondering what she should do with the rest of her life. Now he had gone out of it, she could see no purpose in living.

She had been one of his first patronesses, and it was largely to her that he owed his success. She had first been attracted by the beauty of his work, and then by the charm and power of the man himself, and for more than a year she had secretly loved him as it was in her noble nature to love—once only.

The distance between them had always been impossibly great—she the great lady, the wealthy heiress, the brilliant match, he the poor artist of humble birth—and his attitude to her had always been one of becoming reverence, gratitude, and devotion.

But she had hoped—ah, yes, the woman in her had hoped—that one day, when he had climbed more to her level, he might dare, for she had thought herself without a rival, and tremblingly believed that her love was returned.

And now, at a breath, these hopes and beliefs were shattered. There was another woman, and he was going to marry her, and his patroness had been to him only his

patroness.

The Lady Dorothy's gentle heart was incapable of feeling rage or bitterness against anyone; she could think of his betrothed with kindness, but deeply humiliated for the love given unasked, great sadness for the love wasted, immense desolation and sorrow for a loss that could never be replaced. These feelings did overwhelm and bow her gallant heart.

She possessed one consolation—no one had ever been her confidant, her secret had been proudly kept inviolate, and never by look nor word nor gesture had she betrayed

herself.

This helped her to endure the present moment. Afterwards, when she was alone, she might permit herself the relief of tears or prayers. Now she must stand calm and smiling before the crowd who so little guessed the truth.

An ancient beau joined her and told her again the news that was ringing in her

heart.

"So Linton is going to marry? Your ladyship heard? One hardly thought that he would be so monstrous foolish."

"Why foolish?" asked the Lady Dorothy

gently.

"Why, because it is a person of no account—a little miss from a boarding-school,

a country parson's daughter!"

"You think that he might have made a more brilliant match?" smiled the woman who loved George Linton.

"By Heaven, I do, madam! He has a great future, and the time will come when he will regret his little cottage girl."

"You are very severe, Mr. Bentham.

Have you seen the lady?"

"She is here—a creature without style or manners, without brains, too, I think."

"It would be a true love-match, then," said the Lady Dorothy, "and Mr. Linton is

to be congratulated sincerely."

"Ah, that is what you ladies call romance, and cry over in the paper novels," smiled Mr. Bentham tolerantly. "What do you call it in a few years' time, when the prettiness and the love have worn away, like paint off a new toy, and the prosperous husband is ashamed of the silly, simple wife,

and she is neglected and shrewish at home, while he is enchained to some woman of wit and culture?"

"Why, if that happens, I call it failure," replied the lady. "I admit Mr. Linton may do a foolish thing if he marries fair ignorance, but it's no use arguing about the matter, sir. Men do not look for brains in their wives' dowries—it is never pretty foolishness that is left to become an ancient spinster."

Mr. Bentham laughed.

"Well, I credited Linton with more sense, at least. And, mark me, this match will damage him. He might enter the beau monde—she never can."

"He is successful enough to please himself," said Lady Dorothy, "and I do not think he cares for the *beau monde*."

"You have heard of his commission from the King of France?"

"Nay, what is that?"

"He is to design a new State sword for His Majesty, in which is to be placed the famous diamond, the Fleur-de-lis. It has been sent over by a special messenger. I asked Linton to show it to me, but he said he had sent it to the bank, and wisely done—the thing is worth a kingdom."

The others coming up broke the conversation, and presently Lady Dorothy escaped from all of them and wandered by herself through the suite of studios, or workshops.

The top light of a winter afternoon fell coldly on the pictures and tapestries and fine furniture, and on the shelves, cases, and tables where George Linton's works stood. He had experimented in most materials, and always brilliantly.

There were chalk and bistre drawings, portraits and landscapes in oil, statuettes in clay, terra-cotta, and marble, objects cast in bronze, goblets, candlesticks, clocks, trays and bells in gold, silver, and porcelain, vases in majolica, copied from those of Gubbio and Castel del Monte, and fine paintings on china. Here, too, were cases of jewellery—caskets, sword hilts, rings, bracelets, coronets, watches, keys, combs, all wrought with a perfect taste and a superb workmanship worthy of the great Renaissance of craftsmanship.

In one corner was a wooden bracket, on which stood the lovely antique Nike, with wings bound to the noble head, one wing broken now, but the other still extended beyond the proud, dreaming face and the close, waving hair—a perfect copy that Linton himself had made in Italy.

The Lady Dorothy paused beneath and looked up at the serene stone face. The look of smiling, passionless calm soothed her aching heart. She gazed up into the marble visage as if it was the countenance of a friend.

And here George Linton came to her.

She was ready for this—she had known he must come to her sooner or later. She turned

to him slowly and smiled.

"You have come to tell me of your betrothal?" she said. "I have heard of it. I am glad you are happy. Will you not bring her to me? I hear she is new to London; it might be I could be of use to her."

He stood erect before her and strangely flushed. "You overwhelm me with your graciousness," he answered. "I may not so trespass on your kindness, my lady. Miss Heriot will be more than grateful for your protection, for she is new indeed to town, and shall thank you with her own lips."

Dorothy Drummond was looking at him steadily and sweetly. She did not answer, and her long fingers played with the lace of her cravat, which heaved on her breast.

"And for myself I must thank you," added George Linton, "and from my heart, most earnestly, most gratefully, my lady, most humbly and sincerely."

There was a certain wistfulness in his words that startled her, that almost shook

her delicately held composure.

"You owe me nothing," she answered rather faintly. "Thank, sir, your own merits."

"I owe you everything," he insisted eagerly. "When you gave me your help, your encouragement, I was in despair. Whatever success I have I lay at your feet—it is yours."

Despite her self-control she paled. How ironical his words were, when she had

nothing of him—nothing!

"I believed in you as an artist, sir," she answered, "and your success has flattered my judgment, therefore I stand well rewarded for my venture; and you exaggerate my services, perhaps because you value your success now as you never did before, since it has enabled you to gain your lady. And now will you not, please, bring her to me?"

He hesitated a moment, looked at her intently, bowed and withdrew. While he was gone, Lady Dorothy gazed up at the

Nike.

He returned with a young girl, who looked at the great lady with a half-defiant awe.

"This is Grace Heriot, my lady, and this, Grace, is the Lady Dorothy Drummond of whom you have so often heard me speak."

The two women were quick to take each

other's measure.

Grace Heriot saw a lady of a finish, an elegance, an air that was quite beyond her judgment and her criticism; Dorothy Drummond saw a girl who was not the modest country girl she had imagined, but a creature only superficially pretty, rather impudent and bold, over-dressed in furbelows and silks. At the present moment, elated with an excitement she could by no means disguise, she laughed continually, and gave the impression that her betrothal, and the sudden importance she had acquired as the future wife of George Linton, had quite turned her foolish head.

"She will spend all his money on clothes and chariots and in aping the fine lady she can never be," thought Lady Dorothy, with

a sinking heart.

Aloud she spoke sweetly, making the girl free of her house and her friends. And she meant what she said. For the sake of George Linton, she was prepared to champion his wife against all the smiles and sneers of London society.

Grace Heriot answered lightly, and, glancing at George with a simpering air of possession, told Lady Dorothy that he and she were old sweethearts, and had known each other from childhood in their native place in Northumberland.

"You must be very proud to see the position Mr. Linton holds to-day," said Lady Dorothy, "very proud and very happy, Miss Heriot. It is seldom such fine work so soon

achieves success."

"Oh, la, as to that, I know nothing at all," smiled Grace Heriot. "I never held his cribbling and plastering of much account, but now it has brought him a fortune, I am pleased enough, of course."

"You do not care about his art, then?"

asked the other.

"It don't seem to me a woman's business, ma'am," replied the bride-elect. "But what does it matter to me what he does, say I, as long as he keeps a fine house and gives me plenty of pin-money?"

So this was the woman he was going to marry! This was the woman for whose sake he was going to deny himself all other women's company, comprehension, and understanding! This was to be the lifelong companion of a man of an eager genius!

Lady Dorothy could not understand. A

kind of shame kept her from looking directly at him, but she was conscious that he was looking down and not at either of them

them.

"Please honour me at my next reception, ma'am," she said, and, with a curtsey, took her leave of both of them; she could not longer endure now the airs and foolishness of this country miss.

She moved away slowly, for a quick step

was impossible to her heavy mind.

Why had he done it? Why?

Love must be his motive. There could be no other. Love! He, the man of such taste, discernment, refinement of perception and judgment—he had been swept off his feet by this comeliness of a milkmaid, this passing charm of country freshness!

Lady Dorothy turned into a little cabinet at the back of the studio, where Linton

worked and kept his precious gems.

One of the assistants was there. She asked him if the peridots she was having reset were ready. The man hastened away to see, and she remained alone in the little chamber, the walls of which sparkled with cases of jewels.

"I must help him now more than ever," she thought. "I must buy all I can. He will need it, with that girl to satisfy. And I—what else have I to do with my money?"

She moved restlessly round the cases,

gazing at the objects within.

One especially caught her fancy as her preoccupied glance was held by it—a small egg of silver gilt, the front finely carved into the likeness of a mask, with smoothly banded hair and sleepy eyes and smiling lips.

"Like me!" she thought. "My face is but a mask gilt with smiles. I will take this in remembrance of the day I heard of his

betrothal."

The glass door of the case was unlocked. She took out the gilt mask and put it in her pocket.

The assistant returned. The jewels were

not ready.

"It is no matter," said the lady. "Send them when they are completed. I have taken a little silver gilt ornament, tell Mr. Linton."

She took up her muff and fur scarf, and left the room and the house, descending with the November twilight that deepened over Leicester Fields, and entering her chariot, which waited, with other chariots and chairs, before George Linton's door.

And when she was inside, she drew up the

leathern blinds, took from her pocket the little trifle his fingers had fashioned, and wept over it silently.

II.

LESS than a week later the Lady Dorothy, sitting in her splendid withdrawing-room in her mansion in St. James's Square, was told that Miss Grace Heriot wished to see her. It was yet early in the morning, an impossible hour for a visit.

"Something has happened," thought the Lady Dorothy. She bade the girl be admitted at once.

So they met again—the woman George Linton was going to marry, and the woman who loved him.

The lady rose, tall and fair in her white lace morning-gown, and held out her hand to her visitor.

Grace Heriot was finely dressed. She had already learnt the trick of paint and powder, yet her face showed pale, almost distorted—she was openly agitated.

"This is not a fashionable hour for a visit, I know," she began, with a laugh that was more than half hysterical, "and I don't know why I should come to you at all!"

"You are in trouble? Please tell me. I

will do anything I can."

"There is nothing to be done!" cried the other, "and I don't know why I came, unless to have someone to talk to, and you were always interested in him!"

She dropped on to a settee and twisted her

hands together on her knee.

Lady Dorothy remained standing. "It is about Mr. Linton?" she asked.

"Yes, about George. I was so happy, and now it is all over! What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

"Please tell me," urged the lady gently.

Grace Heriot looked at her wildly

"Well," she blurted out, "he is supposed to have stolen the French diamond—that thing he was to have put in the King's sword—and everyone believes it, and he is quite ruined! I doubt but they will put him in gaol or hang him at Tyburn!"

Lady Dorothy felt as if the world was breaking about her. She stood for a moment

quite still, holding her heart.

Grace Heriot began to sob noisily. That

roused the other woman.

"Hush," she said, "hush! Tell me the whole story—tell me everything."

"There is nothing to tell, ma'am. George can't find the diamond, and they say he stole it."

"I thought he had sent it to the bank?"

"He says he gave it to his man to take, and the fellow delayed, and put the thing in some case, and, when they went, it was gone."

"It must be found."

"George searched two days, almost tearing the walls down."

"It must be found," repeated Lady Dorothy.

"Can you help?" cried Grace.

"I? What do you want me to do?"

"I don't know, but you are clever and powerful, and his friend."

"Poor child!" answered the other. "I am as helpless as you. He could replace the

gem. I might help, true."

"Oh, ma'am," cried the girl frantically, "there ain't such another stone in the world! What fortune could replace it?"

Lady Dorothy knew that she was right—her own entire fortune would hardly make up half the value of the Fleur-de-lis—and she knew, too, that George Linton would never take money from her, under any disguise.

"It is somewhere—it must be found,"

she could only repeat.

"Meanwhile, George is ruined!" cried Grace Heriot. "And, if your ladyship can suggest nothing—why, I'll be going." She rose, dabbing at her face with a perfumed handkerchief. "So this is the end of the fine days!" she cried desperately.

"What do you mean?"

"That I must get back to the country and find another husband!"

"You—you do not mean that you will

forsake him?"

Grace Heriot broke out into violent

defence of herself.

"Forsake! It is all very well to use fine words, my lady, but he is ruined and an accused thief, and he can't hold me to my promise; and if something can't be done, and the diamond isn't found, we shall go home. My people have always been honest, and I won't drag them into disgrace!"

Lady Dorothy stared at her in utter

amazement.

"You—do not love him, then?" she stammered.

Grace Heriot tossed her head.

"I am going to marry an honest man!"

"Oh, you do not-"

Lady Dorothy broke off in a kind of terror.

"I do not know!" sobbed Grace. "George was always strange—you never can be sure of clever men!"

- "Nor of foolish women! But you—you do not mean what you say? Of course, you will stand by him—of course, you believe in him?"
 - "Do you?" flung out Grace.

"Absolutely."

"Well, you ain't asked to marry him, ma'am, and I am. And unless he is cleared pretty soon, I will not be ruined and in this way!"

Lady Dorothy struck her hands together

passionately.

"You must not!" she cried. "He needs you now more than ever! Do you not see it so? He is not ruined. I—I will help you both, only you must not forsake him. Promise me that, I entreat you. I plead with you to promise me that!"

"Why, what is it to you, ma'am?" cried Grace, stepping back, for the other woman was nearly kneeling to her in the vehemence

of her passion.

"I know he is innocent, and I cannot bear that you should break his heart—I cannot bear that you should do this hateful thing," answered Lady Dorothy.

"I'll act as I choose, ma'am," replied Grace Heriot. "And here is good-bye to you, and thanks for your good advice."

With that she flounced from the room.

And in this manner the Lady Dorothy heard of the ruin of George Linton.

III.

The diamond was not found. George Linton could not produce it, nor amend his lame story of his careless assistant and the mysterious disappearance of the gem.

The affair became of international importance. The unfortunate artist was given a week in which to produce the jewel. If he failed, he would be tried as a thief—the French Ambassador would be satisfied with

no less.

Grace Heriot and her parents left London, the betrothal was openly broken, and the girl's desertion set the seal on the blackness of the case against him. All fell away from him—his patrons, his friends, his acquaintances.

He might be a thief, and he was certainly ruined. In either case, the world that had once so admired and supported him no longer needed him. He was not worth a war with France. Besides, very few believed him innocent.

"Where will the fool sell the jewel?"

they asked.

He was as swiftly, as completely ruined as



"'I took this when I was last here."

a man can be. There seemed utterly no chance, no hope for him, no straw at which he could catch, no gleam of light to redeem the darkness of his overthrow.

Then she came to him—came one dreary afternoon, when the snow was falling without the studio windows, and he was sitting alone in the cold light, with his head in his hands.

He rose up in amazement when he saw her beautiful presence glowing in his deserted

room.

She put down her white muff on his work-table and held out her ungloved hand.

"Mr. Linton, you must not grieve—the diamond will be found. And—and I have come to tell you that I am going into the country to bring her back."

"Bring her back?"

"Grace Heriot. You must not blame her—she is but a girl."

He broke in fiercely on her gentle voice.

"My lady, you mock me! I am glad she has gone—glad!"

"She—your betrothed!"

"There was some boy and girl promise between us. When she heard of my good fortune, she—they—remembered it. I had almost forgotten her. Now she has gone, let her go in peace."

They stood staring at each other. She grasped the chair-back behind her. His ruin had broken down many barriers between them; never had she spoken so frankly to

him before.

"You never cared, then?" she asked.

"Did you think I could?" he demanded hotly.

The truth was forced from her.

"It seemed—strange."

He gave a half sob and turned his head away.

"I cared for another."

"Another?"

He looked at her again now, and his eyes were dark with pain and longing.

"My lady, do you think me a thief?"

"I know you are not."

"I stand before you ruined, my lady, the creature whom you raised up lies broken at your feet, and, as a man who has nothing more to lose, I can speak to you."

"Speak, speak!"

"As one on the edge of death I speak to you, my lady!"

"No; no—not death!"

"I am mad, crazed by my misfortunes! Listen to what I dare. I love you, my lady! I have always loved you—I have lived on my love for you! Forgive this from one who will live no more!"

She stretched out her hands to him and

began to sob.

"My dear, my dear, I belong to you! Take me!"

He stepped back from her in awe, almost in horror.

"It is not possible!" he cried brokenly.
"I am a beggar—dishonoured!"

She slipped to her knees before him, still

holding out her hands.

"Make me your wife, if I am worthy! Look, the mask is off. I took this, when I was last here, to remind me—the little mask that you made—to remind me to keep my mask on." She drew it from her bosom and held it out to him.

"You must not kneel—oh, my lady—and to me! I cannot believe it; it is not possible that I am so blessed. What is this?"

For, in raising her, he had seen the gilt mask.

"You took this-this, my lady?"

"Yes, the little mask, to remind me—".
His voice broke between sobs and laughter.

"Then I am no longer ruined! I have my honour again, and you, and you!"

He took the gilt mask from her.

"Yes," she cried, "it is off now—the mask!"

"You took this?" he stammered again.

"Yes. Did they not tell you?"

"By Heaven's grace, no one told me. And so she was tested, and you were found. Oh, my lady, I can hardly believe it!"

She wondered a little at his words,

wondered through all her joy.

"Look!" he said.

He pressed the top of the gilt toy. The mask flew back and showed a hollow, where lay the gem in its curious case, the famous Fleur-de-lis!





FIRST-AID ON THE BATTLEFIELD: A ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS OFFICER AT WORK.

From a drawing by Philip Dadd.

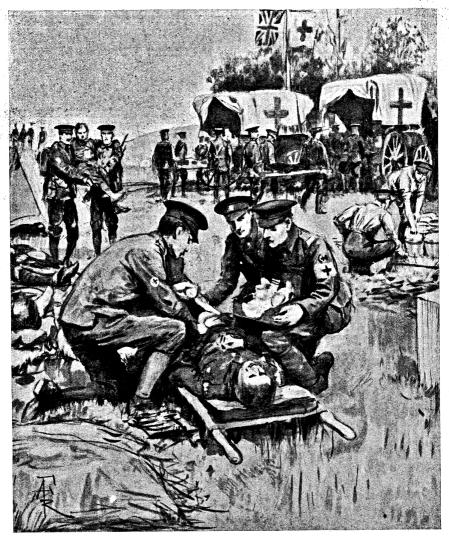
THE ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS AND ITS WORK IN THE WAR

By EVELYN ISITT

"Since the commencement of the war, the work of the R.A.M.C. has been carried out with untiring zeal, skill, and devotion. Whether at the Front under conditions such as obtained during the fighting on the Aisne, when casualties were heavy and accommodation for their reception had to be improvised, or on the lines of communication, where, on an average, some 11,000 patients have been daily under treatment, the organisation of the medical service has always been equal to the demands made on it."—From Sir John French's Dispatch, February 2.

THERE is no finer work being done by any section of the British Army to-day than that of the Royal Army Medical Corps, the men who are responsible for the continued health of the Forces in camp, at the bases, or in the field, as well as for the transport and treatment of the sick and wounded from the trenches to the convalescent homes in France or England. It is only possible to speak here of their care of the men who require hospital treatment. Much has been said of the brilliant work done alike by officers and men under fire, "their frequent and conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty," and the records of this war already contain stories of which the whole medical profession may well be Less is known, however, of their proud.

extraordinarily efficient organisation, the adaptability and ingenuity they have shown in overcoming the unprecedented difficulties with which they have been faced, the rapid experimenting, their choice, where necessary, of new methods unhampered by old theories, their general progressiveness, and the intense enthusiasm which they carry into every detail of their work. It is a delight to visit the hospital trains, the ships, the hospitals of every description on the lines of communication, and to see how keen the medical officers are over every possible improvement that has been effected, how ceaselessly they are trying to contrive still more improvements. "I have never yet come across any institution under the control of the R.A.M.C. in France whose arrangements fully satisfy the ambitions



THE MEDICAL OFFICERS OF A WOUNDED MAN'S BATTALION, WHOSE DUTIES KEEP THEM THROUGHOUT PRACTICALLY UP WITH THE FIRING-LINE, ATTENDING TO THE WOUNDED AND GIVING FIRST-AID TREATMENT.

Drawn by A. Forestier, from sketches supplied.

of its commanding officer," wrote the special correspondent of a medical journal, and it is the experience of all interested visitors.

The whole system on which the R.A.M.C. works, from the moment the wounded men are brought off the field by the stretcherbearers, is one of rapid evacuation. The hospitals nearest to the Front must be kept as clear as possible in case of any sudden rush of wounded, so the men are passed on without delay—a few hours here, a few days there—until they reach the farthest station necessary for their treatment. The system has its disadvantages—for one thing, it prevents the steady observation of any but a few of the worst cases, and the men seldom

have time to feel settled in any bed—but experience has proved it to be necessary.

In describing the details of the system, it is necessary to remember that there is a good deal of change from month to month in the way the hospitals nearest to the Front are worked, and necessary also to keep in mind the invaluable help rendered by the Red Cross Society—which has, of course, hundreds of hospitals of its own—not only in its abundant gifts of clothing and supplies for the military hospitals, but by its splendid fleet of motor ambulances, which connect the field ambulances with the casualty clearing hospitals, the trains, and the base hospitals.

The stages through which a patient is



THE WOUNDED MAN IS THEN PICKED UP BY HIS COMPANY'S STRETCHER-BEARERS OR BY THE NEAREST PARTY FROM THE BEARER COMPANY OF THE ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS ASSISTING THE BATTALION BEARERS.

Drawn by A. Forestier.

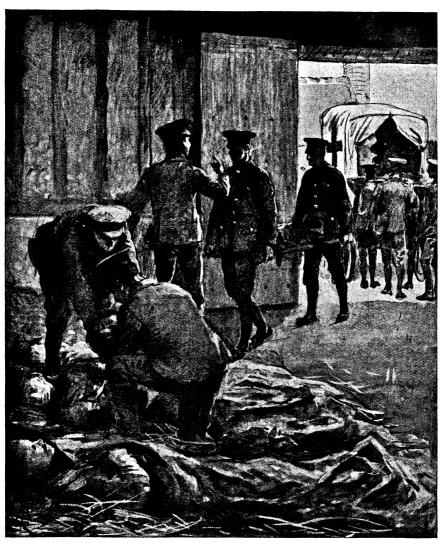
passed are the regimental aid post, field ambulance, casualty clearing hospital, hospital train, hospital base, hospital ship to England, and thence by hospital train and general hospital to a convalescent home. He may, by luck, be taken straight from the field to the hospital ship, he may never get beyond the convalescent camps in France before he returns to the Front, but the majority of men make lengthy pilgrimages.

men make lengthy pilgrimages.

The regimental aid post, which is in charge of the regimental medical officer, with eight stretcher-bearers, is placed as near the firing-line as it is safe to go. It may be in a hut, in a cellar, or merely sheltered behind some wrecked building. The wounded, who

are brought in after nightfall, have their first field dressings attended to and replaced. If necessary, splints or tourniquets are applied, and morphine given, but nothing more elaborate can be done, and, indeed, the stores for these aid posts are very limited—the transport wagon is a two-wheeled handcart.

The field ambulance, which, in theory, has three divisions—bearer, tent, and transport—works up to the aid post, and its duties very often overlap. The bearer-party used to go out from the hospital each day, right up to the regimental station, but now that the firing-line is so stable, the bearer-party often camps near the trenches, sometimes sharing the men's dug-outs. A field ambulance



THE WOUNDED MAN IS THEN TAKEN TO THE DRESSING-STATION, AS NEAR AS CONVENIENT IN THE REAR.

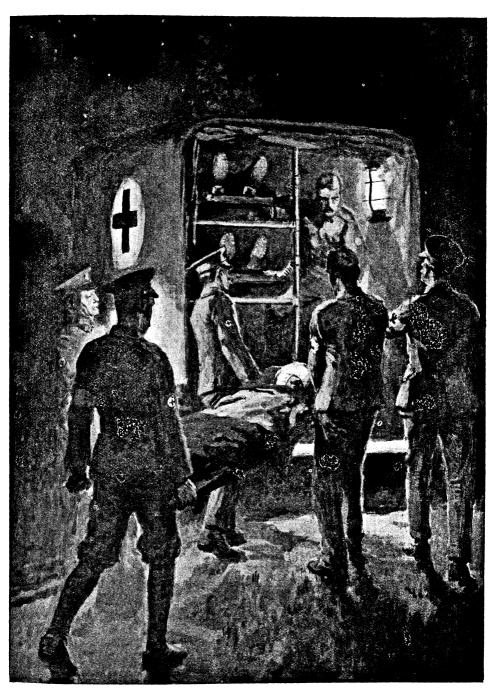
Drawn by A. Forestier.

has eighteen stretcher squads, each squad having a stretcher, with six men to carry it, as they may have to travel some way before they reach the horse or motor ambulances.

In the early days of the war, the R.A.M.C. used to work by daylight, or after dark by the aid of lanterns, secure in the protection that the Red Cross gives in civilised warfare; even after they found what enormous risks they ran, a cry from the trenches of "Doctor!" would be answered as coolly as though it came from a playing-field, while the stretcher-bearers, thoroughly trained in ambulance work, insisted on carrying out the old regulation that the first dressing must be

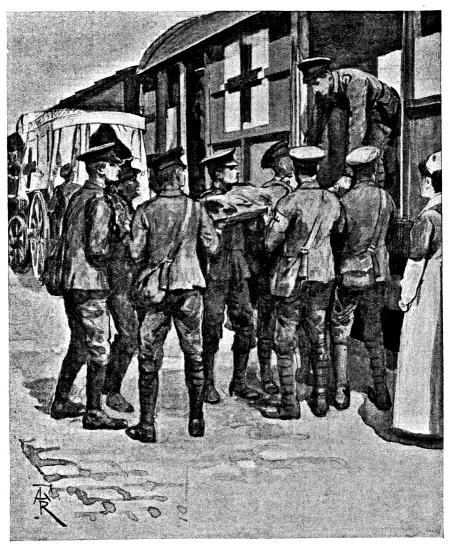
applied on the spot, and an officer tells how he vainly tried to persuade one worthy soul to carry him to the shelter of an adjacent wood before attending to him. "Regulations, sir," was all the man would say, as he knelt amid a hail of bullets and bandaged the There were many heroic wounded leg. deaths, and at last the authorities issued orders that the doctors were not to go into the trenches by day, and that the stretcherbearers were to wait until nightfall and the cessation of firing before going to search for the wounded, and that then they must work without lights. They have also to work quite silently, and as automatically as machines.

"It is not as difficult as you might think



TRANSFERRING THE WOUNDED INTO A MOTOR AMBULANCE.

FROM A DRAWING BY PHILIP DADD.



THE WOUNDED ARE THEN TAKEN BY TRAIN TO THE BASE HOSPITAL, WHERE ARRANGEMENTS ARE MADE, ACCORDING TO THE GRAVITY OF THE INJURIES, FOR EITHER LOCAL TREATMENT OR SHIPMENT HOME.

Drawn by A. Forestier.

to collect the wounded even in these circumstances," a stretcher-bearer told the writer. "We go out—two men to each stretcher—and creep forward very quietly until we get right up to the trenches. 'Any wounded here?' we ask in a whisper, and then they lift out the men, who have, perhaps, been waiting the whole day to have the most shocking wounds attended to. One learns to tell by feeling where a man is hurt, and how to place him on the stretcher in the dark."

That these regulations are not adhered to rigidly is evident from the account of the battle of Neuve Chapelle by "Eye-Witness," who especially mentions the great courage

with which the regimental stretcher-bearers carried on their work under a raking fire.

From a place well in the rear of the aid post the men are carried by motor ambulances to the field ambulance, which is usually in some farm building, cottage, or hut four or five miles behind the firing-line, but still within range of the guns. Here the men are given hot drinks, their dressings are examined—a very important matter, for the tendency in the trenches, where the wounded man himself, or his comrades, has applied a bandage at once, is to tie that bandage far too tightly, and if this were not discovered before he reached the clearing hospital, the circulation



The enemy's fire had stackened, and, encouraged by the lull, a couple of stretcher squads crept forward. Suddenly the enemy's fire had stackened and, encouraged by the teretually recovered. Drawn by Frank Dadd, R.I., from a sketch by Major Keppel H. Reed.

might have completely stopped and the man might lose a limb. Morphine may be given here, and, in cases of extreme urgency, amputations are performed, but these are, theoretically, the only operations done in the field ambulance.

Motor ambulances are waiting here, part of the ambulance convoy recently established. Many of the cars are driven by those newstyle gentlemen of the road, professional men of England, who have offered themselves and their cars to the service of the Red Cross, and do work as essential as any

many as 1,500 men have been passed through the clearing station in one day. The work is supposed to be mainly administrative, classifying the patients and arranging which hospitals they shall be sent to. The equipment is of the simplest—stretchers instead of beds, nothing so elaborate as an X-ray apparatus, and only surgical and medical supplies for emergency work. What is more serious, perhaps, is that the food supply is also limited, and difficulties arise when the men who should have been passed on within twenty-four hours accumulate during several days, waiting for

Photo by] [Underwood.

WOUNDED BRITISH SOLDIERS IN THE FIGHTING AREA BEING TAKEN TO HOSPITAL BY MOTOR OMNIBUS.

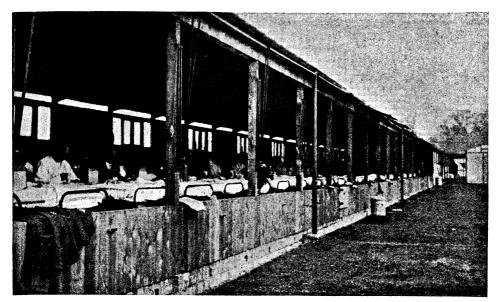
on the line of communications. Each convoy consists of fifty motor ambulances under the direction of a major of the R.A.M.C., and it is responsible for evacuating the sick and wounded of two divisions—i.e., of 36,000 men. The cars are loaded up by the field ambulances, four very bad cases being put into each car, or thirteen patients, if they are able to sit up, and, travelling by night without head-lights, they make their way to the casualty clearing station, which is usually situated at a rail-head in some conveniently large building such as a school or a factory. There are here beds for 200, but in practice as

the relieving ambulance train, which is probably held up to allow troop trains and munitions to pass to the Front. The clearing hospitals usually beyond the range of the big guns, but they have been shelled and have also been subjected to many aeroplane attacks, sometimes with disastrous results, and they must be ready to move on at any time without an hour's delay. Nevertheless, the work done in the operating theatre has often been very heavy, equal, indeed, to the work of a general hospital, and from time to time one hears suggestions

that these clearing hospitals should be more

elaborately equipped.

The transport of the wounded from these hospitals to the base was a matter of great difficulty in the first months, when the men had to travel in lorries, in ordinary unhealthily upholstered railway carriages, in vans and cattle trucks, and after days of devious journeys, "dodging the enemy," as one man expressed it, arrived at the terminus in a deplorable condition. The ambulance trains have met that difficulty. There are twelve of these in France and twelve in England. Those in France are formed of the most



HEALING THE WOUNDED IN ENGLAND: HOW THE MILITARY BASE HOSPITAL AT CAMBRIDGE FOLLOWS
THE OPEN-AIR TREATMENT, IN ORDER TO KEEP THE PATIENTS HARDY.

suitable carriages that the R.A.M.C. have been able, in the course of a careful search, to find among the French rolling-stock, and it may be said that the whole train service is under French control. The trains vary a good deal in length and means of communication. Many of those in France have not got through communications, and most of them have to be loaded through the windows—a work which the R.A.M.C. men accomplish

with marvellous skill—while those in England are loaded through doors in the centre of each carriage. The finest of them all is the one known as "The Khaki Train," or No. 12 ambulance train, composed of English rolling-stock, with French carriages where the forty-five orderlies live. This is said to be the finest hospital train in the world, and may be described as the type which later trains have followed. The medical officer



AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE OPEN-AIR HOSPITAL.

Two photographs by "The Sphere."

in charge has two assistants, four Army Sisters, and forty-five orderlies. The train is 300 yards long, with corridor communication throughout its length. It has accommodation for 220 lying down cases, or 330 sitting up, and one of the coaches is set aside as an officers' ward. It is supplied with two kitchens, a huge water-tank, pharmacy, storeroom, and Red Cross room similar to those in the other hospitals, where clothes and other comforts for the men are stored. It is lighted by electricity, steam-heated, and has excellent lavatory accommodation and baths. double row of bunks runs down the side of each ward, the upper ones arranged to let down when the coach is filled with sitting up cases, and all of them are wide enough to

have had for weeks; their spirits revive amazingly, and they begin to enjoy themselves. Not that the English soldier ever shows much depression. The doctors who have here their first unhurried view of the wounded soldier say they cannot speak too enthusiastically of his bravery and good humour. It is an almost unknown thing for a man to make a sound when the most painful dressings are being done, and one difficulty the doctors have to contend with is the patient's unwillingness to acknowledge that he is suffering any special pain or discomfort. He thinks it effeminate to confess that he has feelings, and, unless he is speechless with pain, makes light of it all.

When the train—usually in about six

hours — reaches Boulogne, the first hospital base, the worst cases, or those for whom room can be found in the hospitals, are unloaded, and the rest may be sent on to a more distant base.

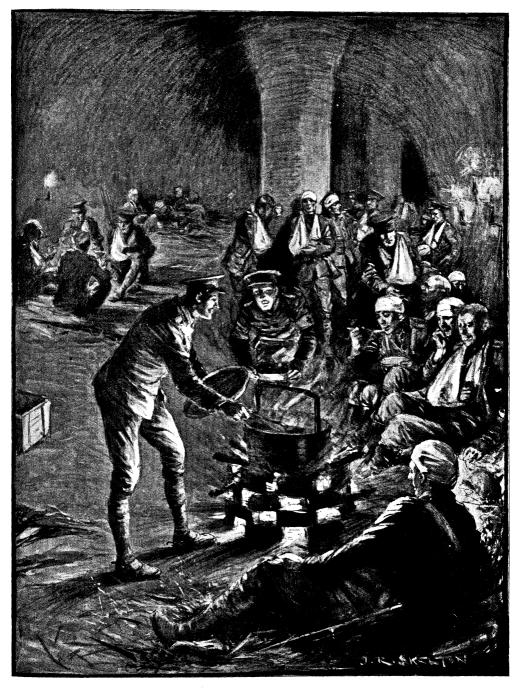
The unloading of these trains is a most interesting sight. Each station has its company of stretcher - bearers, R.A.M.C., Red Cross, or St. John Ambulance men. At Boulogne the men, who work with the precision

of machines and the gentleness of women, are sturdy pit workers from the North of England, men with muscles of steel and a long experience of ambulance duties. They swing silently along the platforms, two men to each stretcher. At the train's side they pass their stretchers through the top of the window, and with four other men wait outside, their arms raised to the full height, ready to seize the loaded stretcher the moment it reappears, and to lower it without the least jar to the level of their down-swung arms, a feat that appears to the onlooker almost miraculous. Then they pass very slowly and gently down the platform to the fleet of motor ambulances waiting to carry the men to the stationary or general hospitals, or perhaps



["Tiranty." Photo by WOUNDED GERMAN SOLDIERS AS PRISONERS IN THE HANDS OF OUR ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS AT BOULOGNE.

let a stretcher be laid on them if the men are too ill to be transferred. There is also an operating-room, where dressings are done under anæsthetics, or emergency operations can be performed. In fact, the train is a very comfortable hospital on wheels. It takes an hour or more to load one of these trains, and each man must be so placed that his wounded side can be reached conveniently. The men at once get hot soup or cocoa, their dressings are attended to, they are washed, their bedraggled or torn clothing is replaced by clean things from the Red Cross stores, and by the time they are settled the orderlies come along the wards with the most appetising meals—good solid food, piping hot from the kitchens. This is often the most comfortable meal the men



ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS MEN MAKING SOUP AND TEA OVER A BRICK FIRE FOR THE WOUNDED, PLACED FOR TEMPORARY SHELTER IN A CAVE IN THE FIRING ZONE ON THE AISNE.

Drawn by J. R. Skelton, from a sketch by Private J. Law, of the 1st Northamptonshire Regiment.

straight to the quay and the hospital ship for England.

The difference between a stationary and a general hospital puzzles the visitor, who sees how perfectly some of the stationary hospitals

are equipped. Theoretically, the stationary hospital, however far it may wander from the firing-line, is a camp follower, lightly equipped with the barest necessaries, ready to move with the fighting forces. It has

beds for only 220 cases, while the general hospital, much more elaborately equipped, used to have 600, and now has 1,000 beds.

The chief hospital bases in France are at Boulogne, Rouen, and Havre, while St. Nazaire, Nantes, and Orleans each have at least two hospitals, and other towns have until recently maintained voluntary hospitals which have done admirable work. These are diminishing in number as the scheme of the R.A.M.C. extends.

In Boulogne and Havre the most magnificent buildings, hotels, and casinos have been adapted by our R.A.M.C., while in Rouen, which is also a French hospital base, and where every possible building has been in demand, most of the hospitals, as well as the convalescent camps, are formed of tents after the Indian pattern, improved, and, by dint of much ingenious contrivance, these have been made exceedingly comfortable and efficient. It is here and further south that many of the minor wounds, cases of rheumatism and of so-called frost-bite, are treated, for Rouen has time to take things rather more slowly than Boulogne, where the average stay in a hospital is a very few days, and every man, the moment he is fit to be moved, is sent on. to England, to a base further south, or to the splendid convalescent camp on the hill. The rule in France is that if a man can be fit for service, either at the Front or on special duty within a certain specified time, he is kept in France. If his cure will exceed that time by a day, he is sent back to England.

It is in these towns that one gets the most comprehensive view of the work of the R.A.M.C., and learns to admire their resource, their boundless ingenuity, and the adaptability of which I spoke. One could cite many shining examples, but it is, perhaps, enough to mention two of their most famous achievements—the No. 13 Stationary Hospital at Boulogne, and the Meerut Hospital for wounded Indians, on the hill behind the town.

The R.A.M.C. were very anxious to have a hospital on the quay at Boulogne, just where the hospital ships lie, and where the very worst cases might be brought from the ambulance trains at the adjacent station. The only available building was an old sugar shed, which was miraculously cleaned, whitewashed, and glazed; water, gas, and electric light put in; white-painted partitions run this way and that, dividing the space into huge wards; two operating theatres contrived and most ingeniously fitted; a huge kitchen, store-room, and pharmacy added, and the

wards made bright and luxurious with supplies from the Red Cross; and in seven days No. 13 Stationary Hospital was ready with its 300 beds to receive the first of a constant stream of patients. Splendid surgical work has been done at No. 13 Stationary, and at No. 13 General Hospital, which is housed in the Casino, not far away, London specialists, temporarily enlisted in the R.A.M.C., are carrying out very valuable research work with regard to the treatment of flesh wounds, fractures, amputations, and nervous trouble.

Quite as fine in its way is the Meerut Hospital, established in the remaining wing of a monastery which had been nearly destroyed by fire. One should remember that the work in all these hospitals is at once complicated and rendered less interesting by the necessity of passing the patients on within three or

four days, if possible.

The latest stage in the French hospital system is the loading of the hospital ships at Boulogne or Havre. They are constantly crossing the Channel, the largest and finest of them being the Asturias, which the Germans attacked by submarine. The men are carried on board on stretchers, or riding on the backs of the sturdy R.A.M.C. men, and the stretcher cases are taken down by lift to the main floor, where swing cots minimise the motion of the steamer. There is also an operating theatre in these boats, and though it is admittedly not desirable to perform operations at sea, except in cases of emergency, the surgeons, when the ambulance train has brought the men straight from the Front, have been kept busy on many a midnight voyage dealing with shrapnel wounds.

The men are distributed to one or other of the military, Territorial, Red Cross, or voluntary hospitals in England, Wales, Scotland, or Ireland, the excellent system of hospital trains making it possible to take them to much more distant towns than it was expected to use when the war broke out. After leaving these hospitals, where they are fitted out with new kit, the men are sent to one or other of the many convalescent homes worked in conjunction with their hospitals, and after that, if they are fit for duty, they are allowed to spend a few days with their friends before returning to the Front.

It says much for the efficiency of the Army Medical Service that, in spite of the hideous wounds inflicted in this war, sixty per cent. of the men who pass through the hospitals are finally reported as fit for service

again.

A STRANGER IN BOHEMIA

By FRED M. WHITE

Illustrated by Charles J. Crombie



HE little man with
the snaky hair
and deep-set eyes,
sitting in the corner
of the canteen, was
known to all and
sundry as "Gipsy."
To the uninitiated
this title, of course,
had no geographical
significance. To

the casual, Gipsy was no more than a foreman ganger employed upon the great new water system at Penguilt; but there were men working there who could have told you that, in the freemasonry of the craft, the name of Gipsy carried from the Golden Gate to the Yukon Valley, and from the Nile to the Amazon. The little man sitting there, drinking his beer and smoking something particularly painful in the way of a cigarette, was Bohemian He would have to his blunt finger-tips. resented the suggestion that he was anything but an Englishman, though his looks belied him, and the Zingari in his blood drifted him from time to time all over the world. He was a master of argot in many languages; he had its slang and its illusive profanities on the tip of his tongue. Wherever the spade and the drill and the dynamite cartridge carried in the making of the world's highways, you could have put Gipsy down over a gang of men, be they white or black, orange or copper-coloured, and he would have handled them, too, and they would have known that they had a man over them from the word "Go!"

Gipsy, therefore, was a celebrity in his way. Great captains of industry knew him by name; they encountered him from China to Peru, so that he formed the link between

East and West, and in a way was proud of Gipsy might have made money had he been less generous and not quite so romantic. For there was a strong vein of sentiment in the little man, who, had he been blessed with the advantage of education, would most assuredly have made a name for himself as He was a Sardou without a dramatist. power of expression, a Shakespeare in embryo, lacking the gift of the written word. As a matter of fact, he could hardly write his own name; but he *could* plot and plan, and many a comedy had been played in the Settlement which had not been rehearsed from the written scrip.

There was nothing that Gipsy liked better than the weaving of romances in which he played the leading part. And to his credit, be it said, most of them were founded upon There were those amongst the tough brotherhood of the pick and shovel who implicitly believed all that Gipsy said, and on the other hand were ranged the cynical, who spoke of him frankly and luridly as a But this is essentially a penalty of greatness, and touched Gipsy not at all. In one respect, however, even the most doubting regarded Gipsy with veneration: he was by far the most gifted and accomplished poacher amongst the ten thousand odd gathered together there amongst the mighty reservoirs carved out of the hillsides of Penguilt. Everybody knew this, and Gipsy was flattered accordingly. There were trout and salmon there, partridges and pheasants, and grouse, too, on the upper moors. Gipsy looked after himself all right, and the messmates in his hut, but to the rest of them he was profoundly and almost eccentrically modest.

He talked fast enough—in fact, he was always talking—but not about the best way



"Gipsy stooped and lifted the slim fingers to his lips."

to circumvent the wily salmon or the elusive trout, and the more silent Gipsy was on these points, the more sure were his satellites when he was planning some wily campaign on his lordship's preserves. He was talking now, telling one of his stories in which he was playing the hero, as usual. It was hard on the time when Gipsy usually embarked upon his third pint of beer, and his mood had reached the softened and sentimental

"I am tellin' you no word of a lie, mates," he said. "There is a poet as I once 'eard on as said somethin' about flowers what was meant to blush unseen. I read that bit in a paper as come my way about fifteen year ago, when we was makin' that dam for the Russian Government out in

Manchuria. Remember it, Joe?"

The man addressed as Joe nodded over his pipe. One of the beauties of Gipsy's stories was their verisimilitude. He rarely embarked upon a romance without the presence of some witness who could speak geographically. Therefore Joe nodded.

"I made a tidy bit o' money them times," Gipsy went on. "I couldn't well spend it, and it began to pile up, till I'd sent 'ome nigh on seven 'undred quid in about three year. And then I begins to ask myself what I should do with it. Not but what I'd got an idea in me 'ead. Fust-rate idea for a play it were, too. It was all about a gel—a little gel as I picked up on them plains of Manchuria. She wasn't nothin' more than a peasant's kid as 'ad been abandoned by 'er father and mother in consequence of a bit of a scrap what 'ad taken place between some Manchus and a tribe of Chinese pirates. Found 'er in a burnin' 'ut, I did, wrapped up in a bit o' blanket. Funny thing, but that kid took to me from the first. And blowed if I 'adn't got my 'eroin' fust 'and!"

"Lor, what a liar it is!" an admiring voice came from the background. "But go

on, Gipsy, cough it up."

"I was about to do so," Gipsy said, with some dignity. "And if you don't believe as that scrap took place, ask ole Joe 'ere."

Joe gave the desired assurance, and Gipsy

resumed.

"As I was a-sayin'," he went on, "there was my 'eroin' all ready-made. What did I do with 'er? Why, adopted 'er, of course! I 'ad to put off the play, but that didn't matter. Now, mind, I'd got a tidy bit o' money put by, which I was pretty certain to do in fust time we got back to England.

So I goes to one of our engineers what 'ad got a missus and kids out yonder, and I puts it afore 'im plain. I tells 'im as that little nipper, what might 'ave been about four year old, was goin' to be my heiress."

A burst of laughter followed, but Gipsy went on gravely.

"I wanted that kid sent over to England to eddicate. And our engineer 'e says: 'Good iron!' Says that I should only make a fool of meself if I kept the money. So I passes it all over to 'im, and 'e agrees to spend it at the rate of about a 'undred quid a vear on the kiddie's eddication, and, what's more, 'e does it. Now she is a lady, a real proper lady, as swanks about in 'er silks and satins, and mixes regular with the nobs. Fit to go into any 'ouse in the kingdom, she is. They tells me at the present time as she's governess to the daughters of a bloomin' earl. Lives in the 'ouse with them, and is regular one of the family. dark and she's beautiful and she's 'aughty, and I ain't sure as a lot more earls ain't on their bended knees askin' 'er to marry them."

"Ain't 'e a knock-out?" a voice in the tobacco fog said, appealing. "Ain't 'e better than a Sunday piper? Ever stay with 'er, Gipsy? Ever put in a week-end at one of them castles?"

"We 'ave never met," Gipsy said loftily. "My adopted daughter 'as not seen 'er toil-worn parent. Probably she never will. Who am I that I should stand in the girl's way? Why should I drag 'er down to my sordid level? It's what some newspapers call a perlite fiction that I am dead, and that in future the beautiful orphan will 'ave to rely upon 'erself for 'er daily bread."

"She might be able to lend yer a bit," a practical member of the audience suggested. "If she gets spliced to one o' them dooks you spoke of, she ought to be good for a couple o' quid a week. But it's all lies! We are a set o' fools to listen to it all. And yet, when you begins to tell one o' these 'ere stories o' yours, I am never quite sure whether you are a blithering liar or not!"

Gipsy smiled with the air of a man who is the recipient of some graceful and well-chosen compliment. He knew that he was holding his audience in spite of themselves, and these cynical lapses into common-sense were really attributes to his powers. One man, a little less easily moved than the rest, jeered openly.

"Wery good," he said. "But yer story

3 E

don't go far enough, mate. There's few chaps in this camp what knows the Surrey Theatre and the old Britannia better'n me. I've seen that 'eroin' o' yours 'undreds o' times. Why, you're the bloke as she finds dying in a work'ouse, or drags into the marble 'alls by the scruff o' the neck on a snowy Christmas Eve! She calls you 'er benefactor, and 'er husband, the dook, shakes you by the 'and and fills you up with port wine and roast goose. So far it's all right, Gipsy. But you've got to 'ave somethin' as proves your indemnity."

"That proves my what?" Gipsy asked. "Lor, what an ignorant set o' blokes you are! Meanin' my identity, I suppose?"

"Well, that's just wot I said," replied the other man diplomatically. "You've got to 'ave a mark o' some sort—a wound as you got when you rescued 'er from the fire, or perhaps a photograph."

Gipsy smiled in a superior fashion.

"I thanks the right honerable gentleman for makin' the remark," he said. "He's been good enough to call me a liar. Well, I can't show no wounds—that's wot they calls scars in the play—but the photograph's

all right. 'Ere, wot price this?"

From a capacious inner pocket Gipsy produced a stiff leather case, from which he took a framed photograph. It represented a girl on the eve of womanhood, a tall dark girl in evening-dress, with a face serenely beautiful and faintly smiling. She seemed typically one of the upper classes, essentially to the manner born, with that elusive suggestion of superiority that makes the thing which, for want of a better word, they call a lady. For a moment Gipsy regarded it with a certain reverent affection. Grudgingly he released it from his horny thumb and forefinger and passed it round amongst his mates.

"There yer are," he said defiantly, "that's the lidy. And if anybody 'ere calls 'er

anythin' else, I'll push his fice in!"

There was no occasion for the threat, for the spirit of cynicism had vanished the moment that Gipsy had crowned his story with this startling piece of circumstantial evidence. Even the man in the far corner was silent and almost inclined to believe.

"Where's the lidy now?" a respectful

voice asked.

"I dunno," Gipsy said shortly. "I got this photograph about two years ago, and I ain't made no inquiries since. I ain't goin' to stand in the girl's way. Some of these days there'll be a duchess or a countess as'll never know as she owes 'er 'appiness to a common ole bloke named Gipsy."

With these dignified words, Gipsy collected his photograph and walked slowly and sorrowfully out into the darkness. He conveyed a subtle impression that deep and tender chords had been touched, that he was a strong, silent man who wished to hide the full measure of his grief from the eyes of a cold and unsympathetic world.

As a matter of fact, this dramatic exit was a skilful ruse, born of the knowledge that Gipsy was going up over the far side of his lordship's preserves in search of a casual pheasant for the benefit of a sick friend. His gun was concealed in the leg of his corduroy trousers, and he carried half a dozen cartridges in his waistcoat pocket. He was not out to-night on a grand scale—he merely wanted a brace of pheasants for the pot, and an odd bird or two for the wife of a ganger down at Coomlyn. Therefore it behoved him to be careful. He knew that the keepers were out in force, and the fact that they had marked him down as a dangerous poacher added zest to the expedition. Gipsy had poached game of all sorts in many lands, but never yet had that wily Bohemian been laid by the heels.

It was the one thing he dreaded, the thing he was horribly afraid of. For the sun on the hillside, the breeze in the trees, and the smell of the mouldy woods, were just the breath of life to this son of Zingari. was as strong as a bull and as tough as leather, and impervious to pain, and yet three months in gaol would have been the death of him. He would have pined and died, as an eagle droops in a cage. mere thought of captivity gripped him by the heart and caused his footsteps to falter; but the call of the wild was too strong, and the unseen force dragged him on till he stood ankle-deep in the fallen leaves and saw the pheasants roosting overhead.

All his prudence had gone to the winds now; he raised his gun, and two of the birds dropped like gorgeous stones at his feet. And at once the dank and dripping wood became alive with men. Gipsy asked no questions—he was hardly taken by surprise. He dropped to his knees and hid his gun cunningly. Then he was on his feet again, flying headlong downhill for dear life. It was not for him to show fight, for Gipsy was no lover of violence. He was a poacher pure and simple, and all he wanted now was to obliterate his tracks and make his way to freedom. He knew every inch of the ground

—no woodman born on the estate knew the covers better than he—for to him woodcraft was an instinct, and it had come to him with the first breath of life.

He saw the enemy spread out like a fan, he saw the long-legged head-keeper working round to the right to cut off his retreat. There was only one thing for it, therefore, and that was to break through the big spinny, through a wide belt of shrubs, and thence make a bold dash across the lawns in front of Lord Llanwye's house. counsel of despair, a forlorn hope, but Gipsy did not hesitate. He ran on and on until his legs began to fail him and his heart beat like a muffled drum. He was in sight of the house now, the long, low house all in darkness save for the light glowing in the drawingroom windows. Self-consciously, Gipsy could see that one of the drawing-room windows was open to the lawn, though the blind was drawn down, and almost at the same moment he could make out the lean form of the headkeeper lurking in the shadows at the far end of the terrace.

For once in his life Gipsy knew the meaning of the word "fear." It was not that he was physically afraid. But his imagination was at work, and he could see himself within the four walls of a prison cell, pining for the open fields and the smell of the good red earth. He was utterly spent for the moment, he knew that he would be like ripe corn for the sickle of the long-legged keeper, and a certain sense of desperation seized him. He did not even stop to think; he crept across the terrace and, lifting the blind, walked straight into the drawing-room of Llanwye Castle. Here was melodrama all ready and glowing to Gipsy's hand.

He dropped the blind and looked around him with an admiring contemplation of the finest stage-setting he had ever seen. Here was a magnificent room filled with pictures and flowers and gleaming statuary, here were thick, luxurious carpets, and everything blended into one harmonious whole under the half-dim light of the shaded electrics. Never in his life had Gipsy imagined anything like this, never in his wildest flights of imagination had he conjured up so fair a scene. He had got himself in hand now; he was ready for the part that Fate had thrown in his way.

For the moment, at any rate, he was the leading character on this bewildering stage. He was the actor-manager who cannot sustain a whole drama by himself, and Gipsy began to look round vaguely for something

in the way of a heroine. Therefore there was no surprise in his mind as he saw her arise from a big ingle-nook and come slowly and majestically in his direction. She was young and tall and willowy, as every properly constituted heroine should be; she was serene and haughty and absolutely self-possessed. She seemed part and parcel of that room, she was one to the manner born, a true patrician who had evidently drifted down the primrose part of life in silk attire and with the world for slave at her dainty feet. She was not in the least annoyed or angry or even surprised. She was just a specimen of glorious womanhood, as far above Gipsy as the star is above the moth. He stood there openmouthed, drinking in her glorious beauty, as yet unable to grasp the situation and fumbling for his cue. It was up to her to speak first, of course; she had possession of the stage, and he waited for her to begin.

She looked at him as if he had been some strange animal, some annoying insect, a kind of human wasp to be driven out unmercifully. And then it came to Gipsy like a flash.

"What are you doing here?" the girl asked.

"Well, I was out poachin', miss," he explained. "They got me into a tight place, and so I just run in 'ere like a frightened rabbit. After 'is lordship's pheasants, I was. You won't give me away, miss. I couldn't go to gaol, miss; it 'ud be the death of me. And I never did no real 'arm to anybody. Besides, if I don't make a mistake, I am an old friend of yours."

The tall, slim figure standing there stiffened, a look of cold displeasure came into the dark eyes.

"I think you are mistaken," the girl said.
"My name is Trevelyan—Hilda Trevelyan.
I am governess to Lord Llanwye's children, and for the moment am in charge of the house. And I am quite sure that I have never seen you before."

By way of reply, Gipsy dived into his pocket and produced his precious photograph. Without a word he handed it over to his companion, who looked at it long and narrowly. It seemed to Gipsy that she was breathing a little faster, and that the full red of her lips had lost a little of their colour. But she gave no outward sign save that her dark eyes were fixed steadily on Gipsy's face as if she were trying to read his story.

"Where did you get this?" she said.

"Tell me the truth."

"Would I tell a lidy like you a lie?" Gipsy retorted. "I've been all over the

world, and I don't deny as I made a good bit o' money now and again. But I never could keep it, 'cause I ain't that sort. And that's why I've got nothing in the world as I values except the photo in that lily-white 'and of yours. It was give to me by a gentleman what was called Mr. Masters. An engineer, 'e was—one of my bosses in a job we 'ad years ago in Manchuria. Now I dare say you may 'ave 'eard of this?"

"You are speaking of my guardian," the girl said coldly. "To all practical purposes,

Mr. Masters was my father."

"You don't mean to say 'e is dead, miss?"

Gipsy said.

"He died a few years ago. Both he and his family were killed in China during the revolution there. It seems a very strange thing that I should be standing here discussing my most intimate affairs with a common poacher and a man I have never heard of before. If you have any intention of blackmailing me——"

Gipsy thrilled. The drama was going splendidly, for here he was in the centre of a most glorious stage, playing lead to the most exquisite of heroines, and she was actually accusing him of blackmail. The woods and the pheasants were forgotten now; the lurking foe outside ceased to exist.

"You touched me on me tenderest point," Gipsy said. "A woman in distress—leastwise, I don't mean that. Look 'ere, miss, I knew you as a kiddie. I've 'ad you in me arms many a time. And it was me as found you in a burnin' 'ut, and me as 'ands you over to Mrs. Masters. An' a sweet pretty little thing you was. And she takes yer to 'er 'eart, and they brings you up as one of their family. For three years you lived with them out there. Many a time 'ave I come and watched you playin' together with the other children, afore you was all sent over to school. Ah, 'e was a good friend to you, Mr. Masters was! Few men would 'ave done as much. You might 'ave been one of 'is own kids, for the way 'e behaved."

Gipsy pulled up suddenly, surprised and rendered a little uneasy by the change that had come over the girl's face. It was no longer cold and haughty, but the red lips were quivering and the dark eyes were swimming

with unshed tears.

"There is something wrong here," the girl said unsteadily. "Mr. and Mrs. Masters were exceedingly good to me, but they were in no position to bring me up and pay my education. They always told me that my benefactor had placed me in their hands,

with a sufficient sum of money to keep and educate me and equip me for my struggle with the world. To that unknown benefactor I owe everything. I was told that I was not to ask his name, and that he would make himself known to me in good time. And all that I have done in return for so much kindness was to send this photograph to Mr. Masters to forward to my best friend. Shortly before he died he wrote and told me he had done so. And, well, I don't think I need tell you any more. Is my benefactor dead, and did he ask you to bring that photograph back to me? What was he like? You must have known him well, or he would never have trusted you with my photograph. Describe him to me."

Gipsy drew a long, deep breath. The drama was proceeding apace, reeling off beautifully and in accordance with the best traditions. It was the great hour of Gipsy's life, the golden hour marred only by the reflection that it was played without an audience. If some of the gang down at the canteen could only see him now!

And yet there could be no curtain on the rigid lines laid down for the nice conduct of conventional melodrama. Gipsy was too fine an artist for that; his sense of the theatre amounted to genius. He could not take this fair creature in his arms and let her sob her gratitude out upon his homely shoulder. For here was a creature who, sooner or later, would take her pick of Britain's belted earls and hand down those glorious features to future generations.

"Well, I'll tell you, miss," Gipsy said.
"Not as I'm goin' to mention no names.
The chap as found you in a burnin' 'ut was no more than a common navvy. But he took a fancy to you, and as he 'ad saved a bit o' money, he asked 'is boss to 'elp 'im. And 'e did. And 'e didn't ask nothin' in return; you never saw a chap so surprised in 'is life as 'e was when Mr. Masters sent 'im this 'ere photograph. Whatever 'e'd done, that photograph paid 'im for. 'E told me that when 'e—'e lay dyin' with 'is 'and in mine."

"Are you quite sure he is dead?" the

girl asked unsteadily.

"Dead as doornails," Gipsy said solemnly. "Dead as a cartload on 'em. Buried miles and miles away from 'ere at the bottom of a valley wot's now the centre of a lake. You couldn't get at 'im not if you'd got a million o' money. The last thing 'e told me, I was to find you out and give you back this photograph. 'E forgot to give me the address, but I knew I should find it

somewhere. So if you'll take it, miss, and let me go while it's safe——"

One of the unshed tears dropped from one of the dark eyes and splashed on the face of

the photograph.

"You may go, if you like," the girl said; "but I should prefer that you retained the photograph for the present. There are a great many questions I should like to ask you, but the servants may come in for the keys at any moment now, and your presence here might be misunderstood. After you have finished your work to-morrow, you will please come up here and ask for Miss Trevelyan. I want you to come and have tea with me, because I'm not at all satisfied that I have seen the last of my noble benefactor."

Gipsy stooped and lifted the slim fingers to his lips. He was anxious enough to get away now, and anxious to leave with a most efficient curtain falling on his exit. He knew that he had played his part properly—his correct instinct told him that.

He kissed the slim fingers, then he thrust the window-blind on one side and walked out into the night. In all his crowded life this was the greatest hour that his star had ever shone upon. It was the play that had occupied his waking dreams for many a year. For he, the hero, knew, and she, the heroine, knew, too, though no word of explanation had passed between them. And to go back on the morrow would be to spoil everything; it would be no more than a cheap and tawdry anti-climax, a lurid tag torn from a penny To be sure, Gipsy's mates down novelette. at the canteen would never know how fine a hero they had nourished in their breasts, but that was a small matter by comparison.

"It can't be done," Gipsy told himself, as he turned his face homewards. "Now, most people would go back and 'ave it out alone with a lot o' tears. Then they'd drop into the canteen and discuss it over a gallon or two of beer—and spoil everything. But that ain't the way of a man wot understands the real value of the drama. So I think I'll take that job wot's offered me out Cairo way."

So the girl waited in vain for the man, who trudged along the highways on the morrow with his face to the East.

THE SPRING-CLEANERS.

A CHILD'S SONG.

Now cometh Rain with her little pail, Setting all the mountain brooks singing to the sea; Filling all the secret pools where the wild birds drink, Washing all the branches brown on the leafless tree;

Flushing down the waterspout, splashing on the roof, Polishing with finger-tips on the window-pane. Singing in a little voice all around my house, Hear her come, and hear her go, tidy Mrs. Rain.

Now cometh Wind with his little broom, Sweeping up the withered leaves from his merry way; Brushing from the garden path, and the noisy street, All the odd, untidy things that have gone astray.

Now he blows the smoky air right away from town,
Beats my curtains free from dust, shakes the window-blind.
Whistles he a merry song all about my house,
Hear him come, and hear him go, busy Master Wind.

Mistress Rain and Master Wind know that summer comes, Where they can make holiday in the sunshine clime; Now they have to work apace, making all things neat, So that they can rest awhile in the summer-time.

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

THE HONOUR OF CORLEONI

By HAMILTON DRUMMOND

Illustrated by H. M. Paget



HE Custom of Brettinoro was well known, but for the information of the ignorant it was this—

In the marketplace of the little town, hard by the watering-trough, stood a four-square

stone pillar about eight feet in height. Upon this, some on one side, some on another, hung a score or more of iron rings, and the stranger in Brettinoro, seeking supper and a bed for the night, seized one of these rings at his pleasure and knocked with it against the stone, as a knocker beats upon a door. And the Custom declared that whosesoever ring he laid hands on was his host for the night.

Let it not be supposed that the Custom arose from any need to compel a grudging hospitality. The exact reverse was the truth. So full of zeal for the honour of entertaining the wayfarer were the good people of Brettinoro, that they nightly came to blows to secure the privilege, with the result that, not once nor twice, but many times, the unhappy guest, swept into the vortex of the struggle, had in the end more need for a surgeon or a priest than a cook.

Then the Custom was established. The stone post was set up, and a ring attached by any who desired to proffer hospitality to the unknown. In form these might vary, but no armorial significance was allowed. Unless well instructed, he who knocked, knocked blindly, not knowing whose door would open. Nor were the villagers permitted to suggest identity. Woe to the officious fool who, thinking to pleasure a patron, hinted

an "Aye" or "Nay" as the stranger's doubtful fingers passed, hesitating, from ring to ring. That very patron would be the first to maintain the inviolacy of the Custom, and the fool's roof would go up in fire as a rough hint that discretion is the better part of zeal.

But curiosity was not forbidden. The check of a horse's hoofs halting by the watering-trough at nightfall would bring an opening of the doors, if it were winter, and a pell-mell irruption of the sturdier urchins. In solemn silence they would stand round, inwardly speculating on the luck of the stranger—would it be polenta and a straw pallet with old Spina, or the profusion spread by Guido Montefeltro, with lawn sheets to follow? Nor was it all curiosity: there was need for a guide, whose reward might be a silver piece or a curse, according to the temper and fortune of the traveller.

Such a sound of hoofs woke Brettinoro while the December day still hung greyly between daylight and dark. That the rider knew of the Custom was evident. He did not pause, as some did, to inquire his way to the inn, and have the time-worn jest played upon him of being led to the stone pillar and bidden choose his lodging for himself, but held straight on at a foot's-pace till he drew rein with the dangling rings within easy reach. Then he leaned forward, searching the pillar earnestly, while Brettinoro's menin-the-making gathered round him, whispering under their breath.

It was a grey half-light, revealing outlines, but blurring details. What they saw was a horse whose drooping head told of fatigue, and a soldierly figure of a man who showed no fatigue, an upright, broad-shouldered, big-limbed figure; the face they could not see distinctly because the velvet cap was

pulled forward over the eyes, and the clipped beard hid the mouth; but no silver showed in the beard, therefore he was not old. What he saw was a slender iron ring with a flaw in the face of it, a downward oval rather than a circle, and beyond it a vision of past years no greyness of the night could blur. But, having seen, he sat back in his saddle with the relaxed tension of relief, and glanced down at the expectant faces. Had the flawed ring not still hung in its old place, his scheme must have failed.

"Whisper, now," he said, and the darkness hid the twinkle in his eyes. "Which is Guido Montefeltro's, where a man may feed like a man and sleep like a woman?"

The whispering ceased, but there was no answer, not even when he held up between thumb and forefinger such a coin as rarely came their way—silver, they knew, could be bought too dear. But one, the smallest and most pinched of them all, standing in the background, gasped at the sight of so much wealth. Back went the coin to the pocket, and the twinkle broadened.

"You won't? Then I must find an open door for myself. The saints send me a welcome!" And, leaning forward, he laid a hand on the downward oval ring with the flawed face, knocking vigorously.

"Corleoni!" they cried in chorus. Then came a babel of appeals. The signor would have need of a guide. "Take me, signor—

signor—signor—signor!"

But the signor had gathered up the reins and roused his horse; then a thought struck him, and he paused. Yes, he would need a guide. What was he, after all, but a stranger seeking a night's shelter according to the Custom?

"A guide?" he repeated, looking round him. "To be sure I need a guide." Then his eyes fell on the wistful, pinched figure in the background, and he beckoned. "Come, suckling, and do a man's work. We begin early or starve in this Italy of ours, and sometimes starve whether or no. As to the rest of you—how many are there? Nine? Then here are nine copper plasters to salve the wound to your pockets!"

Beckening again to the lad he had chosen, he stooped, caught him by the slack of his jerkin, and, lifting him to the front of the saddle, laid an arm round him to hold him safe. Then he roused his horse afresh.

"We'll travel faster so," he said, nodding a good-bye to the salved nine, "and it's not the first time Romulus has had two men on his back. What is your name, little son?" "Piero Braga, signor."

"Braga? H'm, and how old?"

"Almost ten, signor."

"I see." He paused, thinking. "Braga? Almost ten? Your father, little son?"

"Dead, signor."

The arm lapped round the thin ribs tightened with a wince. This was the kind of news he had hardened his heart to hear, or thought he had, but the blunt reality galled him like a twinge from an old wound.

"Braga dead? Aye, aye! How many

of you are there, little son?"

"Two more and our mother, signor."

"And times are good, eh?"

"Not—not very, signor." This time it was the overlapping arm that felt the wince, and the rider's ears, trained to catch and understand sounds, caught a gulp in the throat as if a sob was swallowed.

"Not very?" he said cheerily. "Well, well! But there's a man growing up, and things will be better then—eh, little son?"

"Oh, yes, signor, everything will be all

right then."

"Of course they will," said the signor, and it is to his credit that he did not crush the rebound of the young spirit with the heavy philosophy of experience. Neither had noticed that he had turned his horse northwards without waiting for any directions from his guide, nor did the boy recognise the change in his voice as they went on. "The Corleonis, now—what of them?"

"Great, but not of the greatest," said the boy, quoting, without doubt, from his elders, and answering, as he supposed, the natural doubt as to the night's lodging. Then, still quoting, he added: "They have good vine-yards, the best in Brettinoro. Their wine was paid for to-day."

But that was not the thought that underlay the question. Now, with a continued roughening of the voice, it was put more clearly.

"How many of them are there, little

"There is the old signora, the little signor,

and the signorina."

"The old signora," repeated the man under his breath. "Thank God for that!" But aloud he asked, his voice yet huskier: "Are there no more than these?"

" No, signor."

"No old signor, nor a younger signor called Ercole, nor—nor a signora, his

"No, signor." Then, after a pause, he added: "I think I have heard speak of a

Signor Ercole and a signora, his wife, but

they are dead."

There was silence. Left to choose his own pace, the tired horse jogged on slowly. Dead the fierce, implacable old man, dead and almost forgotten already, since the boy had never heard of him. And Ercole, and Lucia—both dead, their candle of life blown out before it was half consumed. And all in how many years? Eight! Memory gripped Again there came the visions he had seen through the oval ring with the flawed face, only now the shadow of death gloomed across them, softening even the hard anger of that fierce old face. Yet even in their gentleness his dead father's eyes were stern, else would it have been no true memory of Ercole Corleoni the elder.

It was Piero Braga who recalled him to the present by plucking sharply at the reins, a thing not even a man-in-the-making has any right to do. But Piero had his excuse—he had never been on horseback before.

"Signor, signor," he cried, "there is no road that way!" And the seer of visions roused himself to find that, all unconsciously, he had headed Romulus for what was no longer a bridle-path across the hillside.

"Chut, chut!" he said roughly. "It is you who are the guide. Do you want to go back to Brettinoro with a flea in your ear instead of five sols in your pocket?" Whereat Piero's heart sank. The nine had received something for nothing, and a five-sol piece was exactly what he had hoped to lay in the lap of the mother for whom the times were

not so very good.

In silence they rode on, in silence turned, by Piero's directions, from the main road and then: "Right, signor-right again-now to the left, signor," was all that was said till presently, out of the gloom, the bulk of a great house loomed, its two flanking turrets showing clear-cut against the grey of the sky. To describe the Casa Corleoni—it was not quite a castle—is unnecessary: it does not come into the story. The claimant for a night's lodging loved its every stone, and saw them even in the darkness, and that is enough.

With a twist of the arm lapped round his

ribs, Piero was swung to the ground.

"Knock, my son, and cry, 'The Custom of Brettinoro!' neither more nor less. Then be off with you, with your fist holding this tight in your pocket till you are safe home."

But Piero had caught the glint of a gold coin that would gladden the little mother's heart, and his own was so full to bursting

that tears came, for even men-in-the-making have their weak moments.

"Oh, signor, signor, may the saints—"

"Knock, my son, knock; cry as you're bidden, and then be off." And, still sobbing in his excitement, Piero, standing on tiptoe, beat the door clumsily with the great dragonheaded knocker, waited till he heard a key turn, cried as he had been told, and fled into the darkness with his doubled fist deep in his pocket.

Sitting back in the saddle, the compeller of the Custom waited the opening of the door with something like a flutter of the heart. Then, "Battista!" he said to himself as a white-haired servant showed in the lamplight from the great square hall behind. "Thank God, some of the old life are But aloud, "The Custom! Is it

convenient?"

"How many are there, signor?"

"I am alone."

"It is an honour, signor. There is a hook there on the right, your worship; in three

minutes a stableman will come."

But his worship knew that hook of old. Before the major-domo had finished speaking, he had fastened Romulus to the hook, and swung down from behind the saddle the pack which held all his needs of travel and most of his possessions. Then, with a touch of a friend's hand on the drooping neck of his horse, he passed within as Battista rang a clamorous bell and the door was shut. Uncovering, he turned to the old servant. The twinkle was back in his eyes, but with it the firm set of the bearded mouth that those who served under him had grown to

"My God! Messer Marco!"

"No, only a guest of the Custom." He held out his hand as he spoke. "So my father is dead, old friend?"

"As we thought you, Messer Marco."

"Aye, but my hope and your thought were both wrong. And Ercole, too?"

"Yes, signor. "And Lucia?"

"Yes, signor."

"But my mother is left, Battista?"

"Yes, signor." Battista hesitated, then added almost deprecatingly, like one doubtful how his news will be received: "Also there is the little master and his sister."

"Ercole's children?"

"Yes, signor."

"Good! The old race will not die out in the elder branch, for I, Battista, am a barren stock. And my uncle?"

"Dead, signor; but Messer Annibale is

living."

"Then the good is gone and the bad remains, unless Annibale is changed, which I doubt."

"No change, signor, unless it be for the worse." Battista spoke with a sour energy, then laid a hand upon Corleoni's arm. There was something of the confidence of old friendship in the gesture, something of an impulse of necessity. "But, Messer Marco, you have come to stay?"

"For a night; after that, as you know, the stranger moves on, according to the

Custom."

"The stranger!" Battista's old voice thinned in protest. "And you born in the

house!"

"Did you never hear the saying 'Bitter as blood,' Battista? Tell me truly, would my mother wish me to remain?" With a hand on Battista's shoulder, he looked down from his greater height of straight inches into the old man's eyes. "Say nothing," he went on, with a touch of bitterness. "It would only hurt your love for us all, and no words are needed. I came by the Custom, and I will go by the Custom. Show the stranger to his sleeping-room and then tell my mother."

"What shall I tell her, Messer Marco?"
"The truth that Marco Corleon crayes

"The truth—that Marco Corleoni craves a night's lodging according to the Custom. If she asks more, say that I leave at dawn."

Half an hour later, on his way to the public living-room of the Casa—the stranger born in the house had no need of a servant to guide him—Marco Corleoni met a slender, grave-faced boy of seven, who came to a halt in front of him.

"You are Uncle Marco, are you not,

signor?"

"I am Uncle Marco, little son, but how

did you know that?"

"Battista said you were here, and my father and mother, who are dead, signor, used to tell me about you."

"And your grandmother?"

"No, signor. And she has sent me to bed. I am on my way there now."

"Because I am here?"

"I do not know, signor. She grew very white when Battista told us, and said at once: 'Get thee to bed, Ercole, and Marietta will bring thee thy supper.'"

"And you came at once? That was right. You will make a good soldier some day, for the first thing for a soldier to learn is how to obey. Good night, little son." And,

lifting him in his arms, Marco Corleoni kissed him. "Do not forget the Uncle Marco."

"But I shall see you to-morrow?"

"That is as God wills. Be off now and

sleep sound."

The guest-room was empty, but Corleoni was too busy with his thoughts to note either the familiarness or the changes. Ercole had forgiven him, then, else he would not have spoken of him to the boy and spoken kindly, for the boy was unafraid. That was a good to set to the credit side of life's account. It would have hurt him more sorely than death itself if Ercole had gone to his grave hard in his heart. The dead may forgive and love, having more perfect knowledge—God only knows—but it is the love and forgiveness of the living that the heart hungers for. God be thanked that the elder brother he had loved all his life had loved him at the last.

And Lucia—Lucia, whom they had both loved; Lucia, for whose sake, and all unknown to her, they had had high words when the heat of his blood had burst out in the folly of a threat his heart never consented to—Lucia, too, had remembered him kindly. That was another comfort to set to the credit side.

His father? That sorrow was a sorrow never to be comforted, unless it was a comfort that the stern old man never understood, never would allow himself to understand. With him it had always been the reverse of the story of old—he had loved the elder and hated the younger.

But if there was some comfort in the dead, there was none in the living. The troubled look he had read in Battista's loyal eyes would drive him out of the house of his birth with the dawn—his mother still believed the evil and was hard. A truly good woman! Marco said it in his heart without sarcasm, for the truly good among women are sometimes the hardest.

It was then that a servant whose face was strange to Corleoni came to tell him that supper was in waiting. So his mother would not even look upon his face! For the first time his heart went bitter; but it turned as if to water within him as he crossed the threshold, and a tall, black-clad figure greeted him with a profound curtsey, while eyes he had always thought the most beautiful in the world, except Lucia's, looked blankly into his.

What she said, and how he replied, he never remembered distinctly—some laudation of the happy chances of the Custom, bitterly

ironic on the one side, and a banal inanity on the other. Then she slipped a careless casual question about the state of the December roads, and, waiting for no answer, turned to a servant with an order. By that time Corleoni had regained his grip; thenceforward the trivial talk flowed easily, and none of the three who served could have guessed by the outward show that the stranger within the gates was born son of the house.

Once only her manner changed. Corleoni had spoken of the vintage of the south—it was poor that year, spoiled by the great heats of June, that had withered the flower before the berry had time to set—then politely had hoped it was better in the north. Instantly she stiffened as one who glimpses a Gorgon; but her eyes grew very weary, and her hand, lying on the table with a forefinger hooked round the stem of a glass goblet, so shook that the bowl rattled against its neighbour. Then she recovered herself. Yes, it had been good—good and abundant -and they in the north had profited by the loss of the south. Perhaps he did not know-she was no judge-but the Corleoni vineyards had some little reputation. Upon which he tasted the wine, of which he drank sparingly, and said what was right and proper for the stranger to say in such a case.

But his listener had lost interest; her own thoughts possessed her, and she who had eaten little ate no more. It was only when the door had closed upon the service for the last

time that she broke silence.

"So you add the will to thieve to the will to kill," she said, leaning across the angle of the table. "Ever since Battista told me you were here, I have wondered what vile object brought you back under cover of the Custom to the house you had disgraced."

"Never disgraced," he answered.

"No," she retorted, "to threaten to kill a brother who stood between you and Corleoni

was no disgrace!"

"The inheritance had nothing to do with the quarrel," he replied. "We both loved the same woman. I believed she favoured me, but was being forced to Ercole because he was the elder, and I confess I spoke wildly."

"Wildly?" she repeated. "Had your father not driven you from Corleoni eight

years ago, I would have lost a son."

"And did you lose no son?" he inter-

rupted.

For a moment a spasm shook her, but she looked him unflinchingly in the face. "I call no man son who is a would-be-thief and murderer."

"Madam," said Corleoni, "that is the second time you have called me thief. I

ask you why?"

"And I ask myself why, after eight years, are you here at all? Why are you here this night of all nights? And I find this answer—last year's vintage was good; it was paid for to-day."

"Mother," he cried, "can you believe——"

"Stop!" With a spread-out hand she silenced him. "Great, but not greatest," said little Braga. But she had been a Montefeltro before she became a Corleoni, and the Montefeltro passionate pride rode her like a whirlwind. But for it she must have broken down and wept long ago. "I once had two sons; the younger died eight years ago, the elder three."

"I came to-night with love and hope in my heart," he began; "I came by

chance——"

"A happy chance," she interrupted. "Tell me the truth. Before you came, did you know the money was in the house—aye or no?"

"The boy who guided me—"

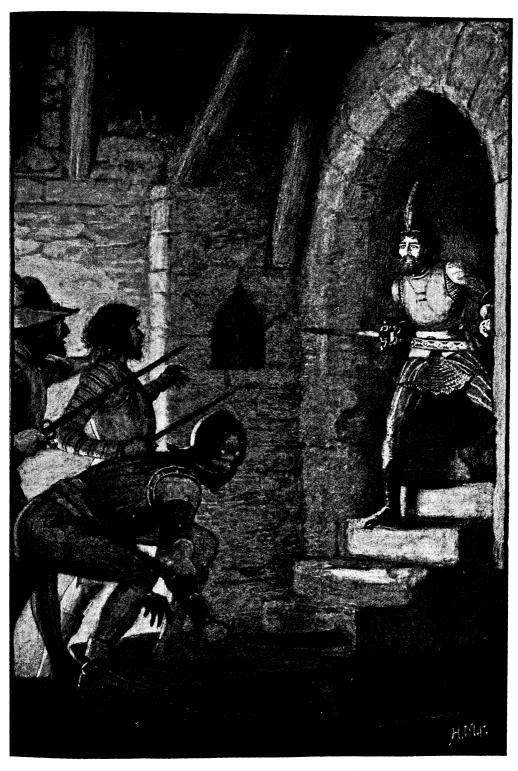
Again she broke in. "What need had you for a guide? The plain 'Aye' of it all is that you knew and came." As she answered she rose, a tall woman, bearing both her years and her sorrows with dignity. Corleoni also rose.

"Madam, consider. I am one sword. Granting I am all you think, what could I do against the whole guard of the Casa?"

"Nothing," she retorted. "Nothing now that Battista has his orders, and I, too, am on the watch." With that she turned her back on him and was gone before he could repeat his protest.

Corleoni stood where she had left him, bitterly angered. Should he call for his horse and leave the Casa there and then? A night's ride was nothing new, and had no terrors for him. But pride refused. To leave under cover of the darkness would be held as proof that the charge was true; he would wait for the dawn, as he had said.

Meanwhile—but as he debated the meanwhile, he remembered that Battista had his orders. He knew the Italian of that. Battista would remain on watch all night—Battista and two or three more, enough to prevent the son of the house from robbing the house. He almost laughed at the sorrowful foolishness. Well, he would watch with Battista; they had memories enough between them to pass a week of night-watches, and



"'Come on, you two, and take your wages."

with the grey of the dawn he could be on

the road.

With Battista he made no pretences. Why should he? The servant, ready to give his life for his master, if need be, was more a friend than the mother—who called him thief, he was going to add, but love, or, perhaps, the Montefeltro pride, revolted. Even after all that had passed, he could not draw comparisons between his mother and Battista. Still, there were no pretences.

"She thinks I have come to loot the vintage money," he said, nor said it bitterly. "Send these others to the kitchen, but let them not sleep; you and I will talk the

night through by the fire here."

They were in the great hall, where the logs had been piled between the huge dragon-headed iron dogs, for a wind had risen and the December air was bitterly cold. Nor did Battista make pretences either. He had his orders and he knew his mistress. More than that, he was loyal in spirit as well as in act. To have raised pretence or protest would have cast a doubt upon that mistress, therefore none was raised.

"It will be too short, Messer Marco-eight years crammed into as many hours!"

And so, each in a corner of the bench before the fire, they settled down. Marco did most of the talking, telling the story of the eight years, while from time to time Battista rose to lay a fresh log across the embers. But presently, from weariness of age or helped by the jug of wine that stood ready to the hand, Battista nodded, and Corleoni, finding his own thoughts poor companions, drowsed in turn.

They both woke as men accustomed to alarms awake, fully alert upon the instant, and on their feet facing Cecco as he ran in from the kitchen; the clang of his heavy boots on the flagging had roused them. It was to the major-domo he spoke, not to the

son of the house.

"There are men outside," he said in a throaty whisper; "we can hear them beyond the little postern that gives on the garden."

"What matter?" said Battista. "They

can never break through."

"No, but why are they there at all?"

This time it was Corleoni who answered, and Battista, catching the note of authority in his voice, stood aside—here was the master.

"How many are there?"

"I do not know, signor; three for certain. They tried the door quietly."

"Three! There must be five times three,

or, seeing the light and hearing you move, they would not have tried the door."

"But, Messer Marco, what does it matter?" Battista could stand aside no longer. "Though there were ten times three, they could not break in."

"But they must break in. Does the shed still stand against the outer wall of the room

beyond the kitchen?"
"Yes, Messer Marco."

"And is there still the window over its roof, where Ercole and I crept in and out when the doors were locked and you had the keys?"

"Yes, Messer Marco, but it is fast

shuttered."

Corleoni turned to Cecco. "Go thou very quickly and very quietly and open that shutter as if it had been left open by oversight; then all come here. Off with you, now; show no light, but leave your own burning."

But Cecco, as a sailor might say, hung in the wind, looking at Battista. A policy of defence that ready made a door for thievery to enter was beyond his comprehension. And for an instant Battista, too, hesitated; then he remembered it was Messer Marco who

gave the orders.

"Do as you're bid," he said sharply. "Afterwards come here, all of you, but make no noise." But when they were alone, he turned to Corleoni. "I know I am an old fool, Messer Marco—what does it all mean?"

"It means the honour of Corleoni, old friend. We can keep them out, yes; but ever after my mother would believe the thieves were my thieves, and that she had foiled the plot. They must break in, Battista."

"But they may be three to one!"

"Though they were twenty to one, I would let them in; then my mother would understand."

"But they may rob the Casa?"

Corleoni laughed almost joyously. "I think not. But, if they do, then truly my mother will understand. Come, they will have seen the lights and heard Cecco's clattering, and so will expect a trap; we must not disappoint them."

In the kitchen they found Cecco whispering excitedly to his two fellow-watchers, driving home his disgusted protests with a wealth of emphatic gesture, but at Corleoni's entrance

they broke apart.

"The window?"

"It is opened, signor. But, from what I heard, there are a dozen or more of them.

Why let them in at all? There may be hurt done——"

"On me first. If I go down, save yourselves and let them loot. You have your

orders—I am Marco Corleoni."

"We did not know for certain, signor. There are three more men in the house. Shall we waken them?"

"No, I have my plan. At the mouth

of the passage——"

But Battista, turning, caught him by the arm. For the first time there was fear in his eyes.

"Messer Marco, Messer Marco, it is

Annibale!"

"Annibale—my cousin?"

"I heard his voice. We have cause to know it here at the Casa," added Battista bitterly.

"But Annibale a thief—a common night plunderer? No, no, Battista, that is

impossible."

"That—yes. But after the little signor, Messer Annibale is the heir."

"Not while I live."

"No, but he thinks you dead, as we all thought, and so—and so——" Battista's voice trailed off into silence, and through the silence there came a command that the wind brought clearer to them than the speaker dreamed. Corleoni knew the voice even after eight years; it was his cousin's, without a doubt.

"Speak plainly, Battista—what is in your mind?"

"After the little master, Signor Annibale is the heir, or thinks he is. In such a raid as this anything may happen—nameless rogues hunting for loot might even kill a child."

"Damnation!" cried Corleoni. "Is Anni-

bale like that?"

"He is like that. Of course he will not show himself. Hush! Yes, they are on the roof of the shed now. Messer Marco, it is not too late——"

"But it is too late; they hold the window by now. Let me think. Where do the children sleep?"

"In the north tower."

"That's God's own mercy. Go, all of you, upstairs—you, too, Battista. If they come for loot only, let them loot; we know where to look for it, and I shall know how to look. If there's murder to be done——" He paused, listening. His quickened ear, trained in the school of danger, caught sounds dumb to their duller hearing. "They're through! Upstairs with you, but make no noise. If it

is only thievery, let them thieve—I say so, Marco Corleoni. Waken the other men, but let none stir unless I call. It is the honour of Corleoni. But be ready, for if I call—God forgive the laggard!—there's murder being done. Off, now!"

Nor did they protest, not even Battista. This was a Corleoni who spoke, master in his own house. Nor was that all. Let it be seen that a man trusts himself, knowing his own mind, and obedience follows

naturally.

Quietly they stole away, leaving the light burning, and Corleoni followed. He had had his plan—to have held the mouth of the passage as it gave upon the hall. If the thieves broke through, it would be over his body. His mother would understand, and the honour of Corleoni would be cleared. The worst to happen would be the loss of the vintage money.

But now all that was changed. Needs must that he prove Annibale's purpose and expose it openly. So there could be no fight in the hall. Annibale must find the way clear to his own betrayal, and his mother be taught the truth. At the head of the staircase he whispered a last instruction in Battista's ear, then—the son of the house needing no guidance—turned down the passage to the north tower, a floating wick placed here and there on a sconce starring the darkness.

The stairs to the north tower were both steep and narrow, therefore was it God's own mercy that the children slept at their head. With luck, one man could hold them against odds. Climbing to the sixth step, Corleoni drew his sword and sat down, the blade across his knees. There he waited. The attack would have the disadvantage of having to mount a stair or two to reach him, while he had eight at his back for a slow retreat, if needs must.

To some there might seem a flaw in his plan. By his orders the attack was free to loot at its ease. Suppose it did so and did nothing more, would not the old signora say it was all part of his thievish cunning? But the answer is this: in that case he would rouse Brettinoro and, knowing where to search, would hunt down Annibale.

For half an hour he sat motionless. At first the silence was absolute, or as absolute as ever silence can be in a great house, where, because of its age, the little night-prowling creatures hide in the wainscoting. Then, for all the infinite caution, came the hinted stir of life—nothing definite. nothing vocal,

a betrayal rather than a revelation, yet a message understood by the intent nerve. But it came no nearer, receded instead, as if these other night-prowlers stole elsewhere on their sinister errands. With a sigh of relief, Corleoni stretched himself, uncertain whether or not to be pleased that Annibale was only a common thief, after all. But as he settled back against the upper step, to wait until the large vermin had left the coast clear, a blur of yellow light from the reverse direction danced into the well of darkness at his feet. He had forgotten the little second staircase leading up from the kitchens, but Annibale had remembered. Turning his point downwards, Corleoni leaned forward, his heels well under him. The light danced on, broadened, drew to a focus as a horn lanthorn was held up. Behind it a masked face peered out of the shadows, behind it again lurked two other shadows, unmasked. If there were noises from the other night-prowlers, Corleoni lost them in the quickening of his breath as he rose to his feet.

"I give you good morning, cousin," he said in mockery, and at the sound of his

voice the other cursed openly.

But he was a man of action, and knew there was no time to lose. Marco Corleoni had always been a chivalrous fool; most likely he was alone, through some ridiculous notion of the honour of the name. But the clash of steel would bring reinforcements to the defence: what was to be done must be done quickly. Wasting no time on words, he set down the lanthorn where the shadows would best serve his purpose.

"At him, you two!" he said curtly.

shall fight across your shoulders."
"But, signor," objected one, "it is so

"It is wide enough to kill him," said Annibale. "Had you kept away another day,

cousin, I had risked burning my fingers for another man's chestnuts."

"Your fingers will be cold enough presently," answered Corleoni. "Come on, you two, and take your wages. I have room enough, but you have not. One at a time and I'm more than your match; both together, and there's no room for a stroke. There'll be no child-murder done to-night, thank God!"

But Annibale had his own plan in his head. "He was always a boaster," he said contemptuously. Then his voice roughened. "Up a step higher with you! By Heaven, if you don't, I'll have you in the back! Aye, that's it! Now, then, strike together!"

And, goaded by the needs must of the driving devil, they struck. But the narrowness cramped them; one jostled his fellow's shoulders, the other the wall. Down lunged Marco, getting home in a throat, but, as he straightened back from the thrust, Annibale sprung his plan. With a powerful left hand, he shot the second bravo full against Corleoni, who, seeing him coming, thrust again and

staggered.

"My chestnuts!" cried Annibale, pressing upwards, his sword at the charge. But as he raised himself to give force to the blow, a voice from the stair-head called, "Stoop, Marco, my son!" and above Corleoni's head a wooden stool hurled, striking Annibale full in the face. For an instant he, too, staggered, then, flinging up his hands, he pitched: back, skull foremost, on the flags, quenching the lanthorn in his fall.

With a hand upon the wall to steady himself, Corleoni held his breath in the darkness, listening. But there was silence

until the voice spoke a second time.

"God be thanked, for my son who was dead, but is alive again, who was lost, but is found. Pray Him you can forgive me, Marco, my son, but I shall never forgive myself!"

PRAYER.

HELP me the whole of Life to see, Nor falter if it sicken me. Help me in every sense to live And understand, so I may give Mine utmost to the world wherein My path is set: let neither sin Nor blindness dull mine inner heart, But grant that I may keep some part Stainless and childlike to the end.

I've learnt the way to treat a friend. Teach me mine enemy to know, That hate may shrink and lessening go. Above all, give me courage still To stumble on and to fulfil My destiny; and should that be An undistinguished lot for me, Then, deep within my heart let hide, In my poor lowliness, a pride.

EDITH DART.



Photo by]

[Foulds & Hibberd, Seaforth.

THE BIRKENHEAD PARK FOOTBALL CLUB'S GROUND IN WAR-TIME.

WARRIOR SPORTSMEN RUGBY FOOTBALL AND THE WAR

By E. H. D. SEWELL

SECOND ARTICLE

INTEND in this article to deal mainly with Irish and Welsh Rugby men in the Forces, as well as those in several of our leading county and town Rugby Union Clubs. It is impossible to touch upon all, but I trust that my modest selection will be approved by all who recognise and appreciate the splendid way in which, from the very outbreak of hostilities, Rugby Union men sprang to arms. Sooner or later all our young men were sure to give their services, but the well-known saying "Bis dat qui cito dat" surely applies as forcibly here as anywhere.

So prompt was the Irish Rugby Union to appraise the position at its true worth, directly we declared war on Germany, that a meeting was called in Dublin before the British Expeditionary Force had landed in France, and the Irish Rugby Union Volunteers Corps had come into being. The President of the Irish Rugby Football Union, Mr. F. H. Browning, was mainly responsible for this. Within a month two hundred men

from this corps had enlisted and formed one company of the 7th Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, to which corps, by the way, one of the greatest of recent Irish Rugby Internationals, Captain Basil Maclear, belongs. Thus it came about that the D Company 7th (Service) Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers is composed entirely of Rugby players. There is also a very large number of Rugby men in the following corps: Dublin Fusiliers, Munster Fusiliers, Royal Irish, Royal Irish Fusiliers, Inniskilling Fusiliers, Connaught Rangers, and South of Ireland Horse. Most players in the North of Ireland joined the Ulster Division.

The Irish Rugby Union Volunteer Corps may thus be said to have answered its purpose at once. Unfortunately, it is in the same quandary as other somewhat similar bodies, in that it does not receive the recognition of the authorities. The corps still drills and practises at the headquarters ground of the Irish Rugby Union at Lansdowne Road, Dublin, and more will

doubtless be heard of it. The first Military Cross awarded to a Rugby International has been awarded to an Irish International, and that, too, one of the most diminutive, to wit, Captain E. D. Caddell, R.A.M.C. This brilliant scrum-half from Trinity College, Dublin, played v. England, 1905, 1906, 1907; v. Scotland, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908; v. Wales, 1905, 1906, 1908; v. New Zealand, 1905; and v. South Africa, 1906. He was in the famous match at Belfast where Wales were beaten, though Ireland played the last quarter of an hour with only thirteen men, Caddell, with a fractured ankle, being one of the two men carried off.

The other was Captain W. B. Purdon, R.A.M.C., and, curiously and appropriately enough, the second list published of recipients of the Military Cross contained his name. He had a knee damaged and never played

(Portora School); Private J. T. Brett, 7th (Service) Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers; Lieutenant G. H. Wood, R.A.M.C.; Lieutenant A. S. Stewart, Ulster Division; Captain R. Stevenson, 5th Battalion Inniskilling Fusiliers; and Lieutenant H. M. Read. Of the above, Quinn, Wood, Lloyd, Tyrrell, Burgess, Holmes, Moore, Schute, and Parke are Trinity College (Dublin) men.

Turning to gallant Wales, whose newly formed Guards are sure to contain a goodly number of players from their leading clubs, I have been able to trace the following:—

Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Jenkins (Long Ashton College), commanding 2nd Battalion Monmouthshire Regiment (Territorial). (v. South Africans, 1906.) Holder of the record for tries scored by a forward during one season, viz., 27 in 1905–1906, as follows: 21 for London Welsh, 2 for



Photo by]

[The College Studios, Dublin.

THE UNITED RUGBY VOLUNTEERS AT LANSDOWNE ROAD GROUND, DUBLIN.

again, but Caddell gained further caps against England in 1907, Scotland in 1907 and 1908, and Wales in 1908. In the persons of two such men the Rugby game is worthily honoured. Of other great Irish Internationals, the following may be quoted as at the Front: Lieutenant W. P. Hinton, Royal Irish Regiment; Lieutenant R. V. Jackson (Portora School), The Buffs, a prisoner of war; Lieutenant J. B. Quinn, R.A.M.C.; and Lieutenant W. Tyrrell, Tyrrell has been awarded the R.A.M.C. Military Cross. Others serving are the International lawn tennis player Lieutenant J. C. Parke, Leinster Regiment; Lieutenant G. Schute, Royal Irish Fusiliers; Lieutenant H. Moore, Ulster Division; Lieutenant F. M. McCormac, Inniskilling Fusiliers; Lieutenant G. Holmes; Lieutenant R. B. Burgess (Portora School); Lieutenant S. J. Parr; Lieutenant J. C. Dowse, R.A.M.C.; Lieutenant R. A. Lloyd, Liverpool Scottish

Newport, 3 for Middlesex, 1 in Welsh Trial match. In that season he dropped 3 goals,

and placed one penalty goal.

Major T. W. Pearson, Monmouthshire Battery, 4th Welsh Royal Field Artillery. (v. England, 1891, 1892, 1895, 1897, 1898, 1903; v. Scotland, 1892, 1894, 1895; v. Ireland, 1891, 1894, 1895, and 1898.) At Mill Hill School he converted 17 out of 18 tries v. Bedford County School in 1890. Captained Wales at Rugby football and hockey in 1903.

Captain and Adjutant J. E. C. Partridge (Welsh Regiment), 7th Welsh (Cyclist) Regiment. Educated at Dulwich. Played for Newport, Blackheath, London Welsh, Barbarians, Army, and for South Africa. Known wherever Rugby football is played as "The Bird." Won the Army Heavyweight Boxing Championship for two years in succession without going into the ring.

Private H. T. Maddocks, Public Schools



AN ANGLO-GERMAN MATCH PLAYED IN GERMANY: ROSSLYN PARK v. HANOVER, MARCH 24, 1913.

THE TWO TEAMS PHOTOGRAPHED TOGETHER.

Battalion Royal Fusiliers. (v. England, 1906, 1907; v. Scotland, 1906, 1907; v. Ireland, 1906; v. France, 1910.) London Welsh, Middlesex, and Glamorganshire. Lieutenant E. D. Richards, Royal Army

Lieutenant E. D. Richards, Royal Army Medical Corps, attached 2nd Monmouthshire Regiment. St. Bart.'s, London Welsh, and Middlesex.

Lieutenant R. H. Leigh, Royal Army Medical Corps (Epsom College). London Welsh, Middlesex, and Glamorganshire.

Second - Lieutenant T. E. Maddocks, H.A.C. (Brecon School). London Welsh, Coventry, and Cardiff.

Second-Lieutenant T. W. Baker Jones (Blundell's School), 4th Welsh Royal Field Artillery. Newport, Monmouthshire, and Welsh Reserve.

Lieutenant Rawley Thomas, Royal Army Medical Corps (Llandovery), Welsh Horse. Oxford University, Llanelly, London Welsh, and Wales. (v. England, 1891–1892; v. Scotland, 1889–1891; v. Ireland, 1889, 1890, 1891.)

Captain E. D. T. Jenkins (Long Ashton College), 2nd Monmouthshire Regiment. Crumlin and Monmouthshire.

Second-Lieutenant E. G. Jenkins (Long Ashton College), 2nd Monmouthshire Regiment. Crumlin, London Welsh, and Monmouthshire.

Second - Lieutenant W. Onions, 3rd Monmouthshire Regiment. Newport and Monmouthshire.

Sergeant Percy Jones, 1st Battalion Monmouthshire Regiment. Newport, Monmouthshire.

Sergeant Levi Jones, "Westminsters," London Welsh, Middlesex, and Glamorgan-shire.

J. B. L. G. S. R. C. Thompson Rutherford's Saint A. Holmes, G. R. M. Dove, H. V. Smith (Ref.). J. Sharp H. J. Rigg's J. A. Dobinson (Cuntee). (Hon. Sec.). (Cuntee). W. H. ggins. D. Thompson, R. S. Harrison, J. G. Burgess, (Asst. Sec.). (Hon. Treas.).



J. Armour. E. C. Kinghorn.° J. B. Pearson.° J. B. Saint° (Capt.). G. H. Heelis.° B. H. G. Tucker.° G. H. Mellish.
A. Williamson.° G. H. Purrington.° R. J. Dixon.° J. Little.°

CARLISLE RUGBY TEAM: SEASON 1913-1914.

Nearly all the foregoing are past or present members of the Newport XV.

Twelve of last season's Swansea XV. are serving, and all the following Swansea men are very well-known players, who were among the first of gallant Welshmen to answer the call of King and Empire.

Rev. J. Alban Davies (captain of Welsh International XV., 1914); Assistant Chaplain

6th Battalion Welsh Regiment.

Trooper Bryn Lewis, Glamorganshire Yeomanry. Cambridge University wing three-quarter; played for Wales v. Ireland, 1912–1913.

Lieutenant Edgar Morgan, Brecon Battalion South Wales Borderers. (v. England, Scotland, Ireland, and France, 1914.)

Lieutenant T. S. Bevan, 6th Battalion



Photo by] [Russell, Southsea. LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER F. BURGESS WATSON, R.N., H.M.S. Loyal.



LIEUTENANT E. R. MOBBS,
7th Battalion Northants Regiment.

Welsh Regiment, at the Front. (v. Ireland, 1904.)

Corporal W. F. Jowett, 1st Welsh Ammunition Column. (v. England, 1903.) Captain J. Aubrey Smith, Swansea Battalion Welsh Regiment.

Private W. J. Rapsey, Swansea Battalion Welsh Regiment.

weish negiment.

Private J. E. Griffiths, Swansea Battalion Welsh Regiment.

Private A. J. Hamens, Swansea Battalion Welsh Regiment.

Private F. G. Bancroft, Swansea Battalion

Welsh Regiment.
Sergeant B. Williams, D Company, 11th

Battalion Rifle Brigade.

Sergeant J. Davies, D Company, 11th Battalion Rifle Brigade.

Corporal A. Thomas, D Company, 11th Battalion Rifle Brigade.

Corporal P. Shefford, D Company, 11th Battalion Rifle Brigade.

Private R. Shefford, D Company, 11th Battalion Rifle Brigade.



Photo by] [The College Studios, Dublin.

LIEUTENANT R. A. LLOYD,

Liverpool Scottish.

Private B. Davies, Somerset Light Infantry, wounded and prisoner of war.

Private E. Jones, 4th Battalion Devon

Regiment.

Private P. Evans, Royal Field Artillery. Private C. B. Davies, Officers' Training Corps, Oxford University.



Photo by] [The College Studios, Dublin.
LIEUTENANT W. TYRRELL, R.A.M.C.

Awarded the Military Cross.



Photo by] [Sport of LIEUTENANT W. M. WALLACE, Rifle Brigade.

Second-Lieutenant J. T. Davies, 6th Battalion Welsh Regiment, at the Front.

Lance-Corporal S. Jerram, 6th Battalion Welsh Regiment, at the Front.

O. Jenkins (Oxford University, 1913), North Wales Battalion Royal Fusiliers.

Of the Llanelly Club there are on

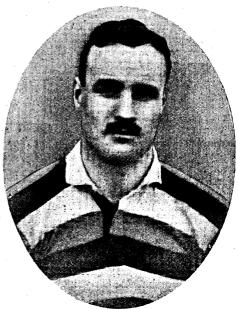


Photo by | The College Studios, Dullin.

LIEUTENANT R. V. JACKSON,

The Buffs. Prisoner of War.



T. G. HOLFORD,

1st Gloucester Regiment. Wounded at Cuinchy.

service Lieutenant W. Watts (captain) and Lieutenant D. H. Thomas, Welsh Brigade; J. O. Davies, A. Howells, H. Thomas, J. J. Lewis, D. Lewis, Sergeant E. Downing, and D. Hiddlestone, all in the Welsh Regiment; J. T. Davies, 7th Lancers, Lieutenant T. Stewart, Welsh Brigade. Rev. W. T. Harvard and Rev. J. L. Thomas have both volunteered to go to the Front as Army chaplains. There has been no junior football at Llanelly, as "practically every Rugbyite has joined the colours," writes the secretary of the Club, Mr. E. E. Bailey.

The Cardiff Club has the following players

serving :-

Captain Fred W. Smith, Cardiff City Battalion Welsh Regiment; Captain A. O. Oppenheim, 2nd Battalion Welsh Regiment (wounded at Ypres); Captain W. L. Ferrier, Royal Garrison Engineers; Lieutenant Clem Lewis (International), Cardiff City Battalion Welsh Regiment; Lieutenant H. B. Winfield (International), Cardiff City Battalion Welsh Regiment; Lieutenant J. L. Williams (International), Cardiff City Battalion Welsh Regiment; Sergeant Wm. J. Jenkins (International), Queen's Own (Royal West Kent Regiment); Sergeant A. Christian, Royal Engineers; Corporal D. Murphy, 2nd Battalion Welsh Regiment; Lance-Corporal Dan Callan, 10th Divisional Cycle Corps; Private Gus Lewis, Queen's Own (Royal West

Kent Regiment); Private Joe Bass, Royal Field Artillery; Private N. Kehoe, Grenadier Guards (killed in action at Ypres); Private M. Griffiths, Army Ordnance Corps; Private E. Hill, 5th Dragoon Guards; Private Joe Brookman, Northamptonshire Regiment; Private Stanley Williams, Glamorganshire Yeomanry; Private F. Nash, Cardiff "Pals" Battalion Welsh Regiment; Private A. Titt, Cardiff City Battalion Welsh Regiment.

Perhaps the first well-known International—who was not in the Army when war broke out, and who, moreover, was not intended for the Army, but for the medical profession—who got to the Front is Lieutenant W. M. Wallace, Rifle Brigade. I understand that he was up at Cambridge for the Long Vacation when the die was cast, and yet landed with the Expeditionary Force in France. He has been there ever since, except for short leave in January, and, to



Photo by] . [Oscar Way, Colchester.
PRIVATE FRANK BENTON,
10th Royal Fusiliers.

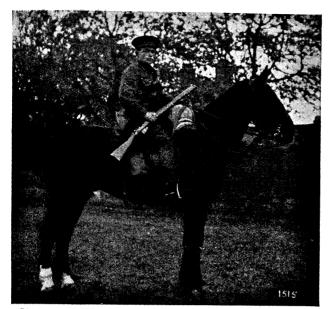


Photo by]

[T. H. Burnett, Middlesbrough.

TROOPER J. A. KING, YORKSHIRE HUSSARS.

the hour of going to press, happily, unscathed.

Another International Scot who has been

less fortunate than Wallace is Surgeon-Lieutenant L. L. Greig. He was taken prisoner while attending to the wounded after the fall of Antwerp, when he had every chance of escape, but did not fail to do his duty, and so was captured. A battling scrum-half of the big type, Louis Greig first played for Scotland v. New Zealand in 1905, and after that on four other occasions. Many a fine game has he played for the Services and for the Navy.

Lieutenant-Commander F. Burgess Watson, R.N., son of Admiral Watson, was one of the best forwards in all loose play the Services and England (1908 and 1909, v. Scotland) ever had. He is now in command of one of the "L" class destroyers, was in the Heligoland affair, the sinking of the four German destroyers in October, and the

affair in which the *Blücher* was sunk and the *Derfflinger*, *Moltke*, and *Seydlitz* so properly pounded. He was promoted Commander



Photo by

F. N. Birkett.

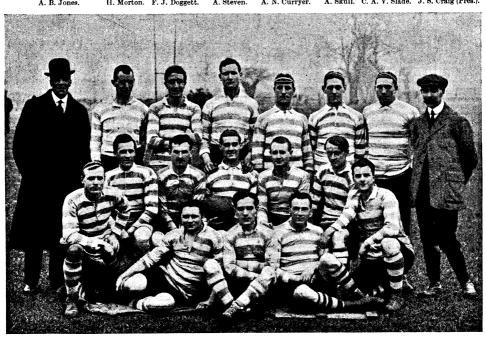
out of his turn on December 31. Many of his sketches have adorned the pages of the illustrated papers. "Absolutely undefeated," is the best way to describe him, writes an English Rugger captain who knows "Burgoo," as he is known to all naval men intimately, on and off the field.

A well-known player in the West Countree is T. G. Holford, the captain of the Gloucester XV. He went out with the 1st Battalion Gloucesters, and fought in many a tough affair by day and by night, before the

Favell Home on the outskirts of Northampton.

When the 1st Gloucesters were mobilised, the action of the remainder of the Gloucester Club's players is noteworthy. Their captain went; they just followed him and enlisted in the 5th Battalion Gloucester Regiment practically en bloc, as the most natural thing to do. C. Cook (back); F. Webb, A. Lewis, L. Hamblin, W. Washbourne (three-quarters); S. Sysum (half-back); S. Smart, S. Millard, F. Ayliffe, W. Dovey, J. Meadows, A. Cook, J. Harris, and W. Parham (forwards), are the

A. B. Jones. H. Morton. F. J. Doggett. A. Steven. A. N. Currver. A. Skull. C. A. V. Slade. J. S. Craig (Pres.).



H. A. Slade (Capt.). N. Williamson. W. C. Lord. W. G. Davies. E. C. Fields. E. B. D. Brunton.

LEYTONSTONE RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB, 1ST XV.: SEASON 1913-1914.



contents of a mortar found him in a trench at Cuinchy, near La Bassée, on January 26. The explosion caused a severe wound in his hip and lacerated the leg of a great friend who was standing next to him. He was right through the three weeks' battle round Ypres, where some 120,000 British kept 600,000 Germans at bay, and where his regiment lost all their officers and most of their non-coms., except another Rugby forward, Lieutenant Duncan, who was in command of the Maxim gun section. He has recovered fitness in the splendid Weston

5th Gloucesters' XV., all of them Gloucester Club men, and all, except Sysum, Dovey, Meadows, A. Cook, Harris, and Parham, members of the county XV. W. Johns and H. Berry, Internationals and Gloucester Club men both, are in the 5th Gloucesters, and many other players are in other battalions. It is even hinted that several veteran Gloucester players of the 'nineties quite forgot their age when they got to the recruiting offices, and have for some time been soldiering with the best. I wonder if this can be true?

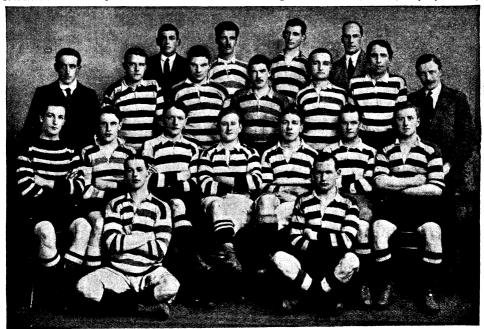
Further West, Cornish players came up to the scratch in great style, an impression conveyed by the following few figures:—

Club.					Pla	yer	joined.
Redruth							12
Camborne Chiefs,	or	Re	ser	ves			35
St. Ives							22
Camborne Club							15
Hayle							19
Newlyn (and com							26
Penryn			,				20
Scorrier							5

All of these clubs are very small ones in point of membership. Of the Cornwall XV.

serving, sixteen in various battalions of that splendid regiment the Somerset Light Infantry, two in the Canadian Highlanders, two in the Devon Regiment, five in the Royal Navy. Among the latter was Engineer-Lieutenant L. R. B. Wansborough, lost on the *Monmouth* off Coronel, Chile. In the 1st Devons was the late Lieutenant R. E. Hancock, to whom I referred in the first Rugby article. He was a former captain of the Cardiff XV. Sergeant E. Wilcox, a Somerset forward, was twice wounded, awarded the D.C.M., and promoted for

K. B. Keid (Hon. Asst. Sec.). A. P. Paterson. A. S. Hamilton. John Bell. F. T. Trenbath. B. N. Clough. F. Metcalfe. A. G. Dickson. G. A. Clough. H. Hewson. E. Watson (County Representative).



J. Tocher. H. M. P. West. A. E. Stevenson. U. Alexander (Capt.). C. O. Shackleton. F. Fenwick. J. Waggott

OLD NOVOCASTRIANS RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB, 1ST XV.: SEASON 1913-1914.

Photograph by Stuart, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

of 1914, thirteen are serving, the full-back being too ill to serve, while the remaining player, W. Rich, who played in the Rugby Union Trials last season, has lost an eye in an accident. The Honorary Secretary of the county, W. Dennis Lawry, who held the position of coroner at Penzance, is a Captain in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.

While I am told, and can quite believe it, that practically every active Devon Rugby man is serving, I have no details, so pass on to Somerset County, of whose recent past and present members of the XV. forty-two are

conspicuous gallantry, while Lieutenant J. C. W. MacBryan, an Old Blundellian, of the 1st Somerset Light Infantry, was, like Private Fear of the same corps, wounded and taken prisoner. Nobody will dream of hinting that Somerset Rugby men have not done their duty.

Of the Bristol XV., past and present, twenty-four were serving in January. Three subalterns and a corporal are Old Bristol Grammar boys, two in the 4th Battalion Gloucesters, Second-Lieutenants R. F. and D. F. Irving; one, Corporal R. W. Pickles,

in 1st South Midlands Royal Engineers; and the fourth, Second-Lieutenant R. J. T. Campbell, in the Royal Scottish Fusiliers.

On our way north to Cumberland, Durham, Newcastle, and over the Border, we may pause a moment to note that the Moseley Club at Birmingham has thirty-seven players serving, of whom a dozen are commissioned officers. The International Private J. G. Cooper is in the 6th Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment, and the captain of the club is Captain F. H. Deakin, in the same corps. The Old Edwardians Club of Birmingham I refer to further on in this article.

The Home Wanderers' balance in hand was sent to the local Relief Fund.

In the majority of cases, the numbers of players who have joined are from those who played for the first XV. of the club during the season 1913–1914. Mr. H. V. Smith, who has kindly obtained all these details for me, writes of "the way our fine Rugby men have answered their country's call—only to find a grander game than their old love. So many attest to this." That is his experience, as I believe it is with most of us compulsory stay-at-homes who are being so severely punished for having been born too soon. Of the many proud records held by Rugby



Photo by]

LEICESTER SENIOR TRAINING CORPS, AT THE

Cumbrian clubs have answered the call in the most magnificent way. They vie with the patriotic Cornubians, as will be seen from this short list:—

Club.	Pla	yers	joined
County XV. (23 played last season	1).		15
Carlisle	٠.		55
Holme Wanderers			28
Aspatria			21
Blennerhasset			11
Keswick (old members)			16
Keswick (out of 50 playing members)	ers)		45
Silloth	•		12
Windermere (30 playing members) .		24
Cockermouth			14
Workington			15
Kendal			57

clubs the Empire over, that of Cumberland can compare with any.

Dunelmian Rugby men have done finely. They had done finely before that murderous bombardment at the Hartlepools took the war much nearer their own homes than Britons have seen for many long years. No such ghastly reminder was necessary for them, and of county players of the past season or two, eighteen have been serving practically from the beginning, among them the Cambridge and England forward Second-Lieutenant A. F. Maynard, who was taken prisoner after the fall of Antwerp. It was reported at the time that the famous English wing

three-quarter F. E. Chapman had been lost when the hospital ship *Rohilla* went ashore, but such was not the case. He is serving in the Royal Navy. The neighbourhood of the Friarage ground, the Hartlepool Rovers' field, came in for a good share of the bombardment, six shells dropping either in the field itself or hitting its walls. I could write a good deal more about Durham Rugby and the war, but space is at a premium, and other counties and clubs are threatening me. As it is, much matter has had to be shelved.

In the absence of county news, the Old Novocastrians must do duty for the Rugby men of England's northernmost shire, and town's seven that created a record by winning all five games on successive Saturdays in 1912. Four of the Hawick callants have taken khaki in the Lothian and Border Horse, two each in the Camerons, the Gordons, and the King's Own Scottish Borderers, one each in the Scots Greys, the Royal Scots, Lanarkshire Yeomanry, Black Watch, and so far afield as the Uganda Volunteers. The rules of the seven-a-side game are simple. Each game, except the final tie, which is played for the usual two periods, each of ten minutes' duration, lasts fifteen minutes, seven and a half each way. The seven players are divided up into three



LEICESTER RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB'S GROUND.

[Crumbie, Leicester.

right well does this Old Boys' club fill the rôle. From among recent members of their three XV.'s, seventy-two are serving in various capacities, from commissioned officers in "The Fighting Fifth" to troopers in the Northumberland Hussars, motor-drivers in the A.S.C., and privates in various other corps, "each of 'em doing his country's work, and who's to look after the game?" to parody Kipling.

A very short trip across the Border, and we run across Teviot Water over a bridge that is part of Hawick Station into this flourishing and keen town, home of the braw Teri. Here we have a group of that forwards, two half-backs, a three-quarter, and a full-back, who is supposed to be the fastest man in the team. Scoring is the same as it is in the fifteen-a-side Rugby game. The Border seven-a-side sports are held at the end of the Rugby football season on successive Saturday afternoons at Galashiels, Melrose, Hawick, Jedburgh, and Langholm. The railways run excursion trains, and the merry folk of the Border always manage to have a "gae fine time on't."

Although Old Lorettonians rightfully come under the heading of Old Boys, to appear as such in a subsequent article, I must refer to the fact that a past Scottish Football

Union President and Cambridge University and Scotland captain who was at Loretto, Lieutenant J. R. C. Greenlees, R.A.M.C., has been mentioned in dispatches. Fellow Old Lorettonians similarly honoured are the late Major F. M. C. Trench, R.F.A., killed in action; Lieutenants J. A. C. Pennycuick, R.E., D.S.O., C. E. C. Rabagliati, R.F.C., Yorkshire Light Infantry, and the famous rowing Blue the late Lieutenant H. J. S. Shields, R.A.M.C., also killed in action. Lieutenant Pennycuick, D.S.O., received the honour for his action when, on learning that the bridge at Pontoise had not been destroyed, he went back with another officer and successfully blew it up.

Lothian and Border Horse; Lieutenant H. J. Stevenson, Lothian and Border Horse, A.D.C. Lowland Mounted Brigade; Second-Lieutenant A. T. Sloan, R.F.A., and Trooper S. S. L. Steyn (Oxford and Scotland), Roberts' Horse, are all very well-known men. Perhaps the best record of all is that of Lieutenant W. M. Wallace (Cambridge and Scotland), 5th Battalion Rifle Brigade, already mentioned.

The Watsonians have a most enviable record. Out of four XV.'s of former pupils, only seven men are not serving. Their cricket club consists of two XI.'s, of which twenty-two players are serving. Up to January, I know that 900 Watsonians, among



WATSONIAN RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB, 1ST XV.: 1913-1914.

Photograph by Ayton, Edinburgh.

Edinburgh Academicals, most famous of Scottish clubs, and the oldest of Rugby football clubs, has many famous men serving. Last year's Oxford captain, now Second-Lieutenant D. M. Bain, 3rd Battalion Gordon Highlanders, has been slightly wounded. Another Oxford captain is Second-Lieutenant J. E. Crabbie, 6th Battalion Black Watch. The famous International half J. I. Gillespie is now quartermaster of the 15th Royal Scots (City of Edinburgh), and an Oxford and Scottish International wing of the middle 'nineties, H. Martin, is a subaltern in the gunners. Lieutenant J M. B. Scott, R. F. A.; Lieutenant T. A. Nelson, an Oxford captain,

them two lieutenant-colonels, five majors, eighteen captains, thirty-eight lieutenants and fifty-six second-lieutenants, were serving in the Army. Fourteen of last year's XV.—a photo of which is given here—are serving. Would that space permitted a more extended reference.

Practically all last season's Edinburgh University team are serving, notably Second-Lieutenants N. Coates (dispatch-rider); H. H. English, Veterinary Corps; S. B. B. Campbell (Irish International); Trooper L. G. Thomas, Field Ambulance, Scottish Horse; Lieutenants K. A. M. Tomory; A. R. Ross (Scottish International) and

S. Arnot, A. R. C. McKerrow, R.F.A., E. B. Brown (in Africa), and Trooper C. Brownlee, Lothian and Border Horse, and Corporal E. C. Fahmy. So many Edinburgh University men are from schools and colleges all over the Empire that the names of those serving appear elsewhere in these articles, as, for example, those of the late Lieutenant J. L. Huggan and Surgeon J. H. D. Watson, mentioned in the first article of this series.

Returning to London clubs, I find that the Old Whitgiftians have forty members of last year's second, third, and fourth XV.'s serving, in addition to a dozen retired members and fourteen of the first XV., and J. E. Sachs, who founded the club, played for it in 1901 to 1904, and is in the Canadian Contingent. Few clubs can lay claim to a keener esprit de corps than the Rosslyn Park Rugby Football Club, the first club to play Rugby in Paris, and so to originate the series of international matches now interrupted by Even to that home of culture Germany. they wandered in the season before last, and played several exhibition games at Hanover, Frankfort, etc., which, unfortunately, were not witnessed by the King of Prussia or the Emperor of Austria. I have the "Park's" beautifully-got-up roll of honour before me as I write, and find that 174 members out of a total of 275 were serving in the Forces so long ago as January. In spite of the war, members have paid their subscriptions in the most sporting manner, and the energetic Honorary Secretary, H. A. Burlinson, philosophically says that "a season's rest will do the turf at the Old Deer Park, Richmond, a world of good."

Then there is the Leytonstone Rugby Union Football Club, one of the very keenest of the lesser clubs. Sixty-two out of a playing membership of sixty-seven is a record that bears comparison with anything any of the greater organisations has done, and proves, if proof is needed, that when anybody wants to have a war with the British Empire, her third or fiftieth team forward is just as good a man as the best player in her first XV. It is noteworthy that H. Morton, who was the highest scorer last season, with twenty-three tries for Leytonstone, was one of the first, if not the first, of her players to be in action.

Force of habit?

It is not possible to deal with all the London clubs. Not one has failed to do its duty in the most thorough manner. For example, of a membership of 174 of the London Scottish, 168 are serving. Every member of the Blackheath, Richmond, and

Harlequins XV.'s of recent years is serving. No less than eight of the Harlequins XV.'s of 1913–1914 met in uniform last year at Folkestone, many taking part in a scratch match. The famous Barbarians Football Club has practically every member serving, from the oldest down to its honorary secretary, E. de Lissa, who is engaged on Government duties. The well-known Wasps Football Club—a club that runs four or five XV.'s every week—could not raise enough players to play in the Border seven-a-side games! Search where one may, the answer is the same, and it redounds to the credit of



CAPTAIN R. O. LAGDEN,

King's Royal Rifle Corps.

the game. Where all our able-bodied men between the ages of nineteen and thirty-eight were bound sooner or later to join the colours, Rugby men recognised their duty instantly and did it.

In the Midlands we find also that all the playing members of the Leicester Club have joined the Forces or are doing Government work. Finding no outlet for their energy, the club officials who are beyond service age put their heads together, under the irrepressible T. H. Crumbie, and evolved a Leicester Junior Training Corps, a splendid thing for boys between sixteen and nineteen years of age. Joining the

corps costs the boys nothing, and there is no undertaking required of them to join the Army on reaching the eligible age. They get regular training and drill while with the Leicester Junior Training Corps, and no less than 1,500 have been enrolled in a very short space of time.

The Old Edwardians, famous in Midlands Rugby, have all their active men serving, and of the latter, perhaps their most famous player, the English International forward, Lieutenant H. C. "Dreadnought" Harrison, Royal Marine Artillery, is by now in Africa

with a howitzer brigade.

One of the very first among Rugby football notables to make a definite move was Lieutenant E. R. Mobbs, 7th Battalion Northants Regiment. He got together very speedily, at Northampton, a company chiefly of Rugby players, including E. G. Butcher, the Devon captain, Corporal Willett, the old Bedford (Town) captain, C. H. Martyn, East Midlands and Richmond, and other well-known players, and hopes very soon to be sent on active service. Northampton men have done splendidly in the war, and one of their most popular forwards, Sergeant F. Muddiman, was wounded in action near La Bassée. Nine of the East Midlands County XV. are in Mobbs' company, and few, if any, village clubs did better than that of Long Buckley, practically every one of its playing members enlisting at the earliest opportunity.

There is reason to fear, at the time of going to press, that Captain R. O. Lagden, King's Royal Rifle Corps, has fallen in action. He led his men gallantly in a night attack, and was last seen lying wounded close to the parapet of the enemy's trench at a spot that was being swept by a terrific fire. Captain Lagden was a famous triple Oxford Blue (Rugby football, cricket, and racquets) who was educated at Marlborough College. On leaving Oxford, he became a master at In 1911 he played for England Harrow. v. Scotland, at Twickenham, and was one of the best forwards of a close game. A knee injury alone prevented him from winning many English Rugby caps. At cricket he was a useful fast bowler and hard hitter. In one 'Varsity match he bowled his brother, Lieutenant R. B. Lagden, Rifle Brigade —wounded in February—who had been chosen captain of Cambridge University cricket for this year. An injury during the Freshman's Match had something to do with R. B. Lagden giving up the Rugby game. He got his hockey Blue and played for England at that game. If Captain Lagden has to be numbered among the fallen, his loss will be deeply mourned by countless admirers of a fine character.

In the same "scrum" with R. O. Lagden at Queen's, in 1909, against Cambridge, was the late Second-Lieutenant T. Allen, of Cheltenham and Trinity. That was the match in which the Oxford XV. created a fresh record for the 'Varsity Rugby match by scoring thirty-five points against three, Lieutenant R. W. Poulton-Palmer, Royal Berkshire Regiment, scoring five tries. Allen was captain of football at Cheltenham, and a grand forward who might have achieved International honours.

The Oxford captain of the 1913-1914 season, Second-Lieutenant D. M. Bain, Gordon Highlanders, has been wounded. He was an Edinburgh Academy boy, who has played for Scotland in eleven International matches. A capital forward, he is also a good leader of forwards, two qualities

which do not always run in couples.

It is possible that a good many regular followers of Rugby football have not seen the ever-popular Jack King in the uniform which he is now wearing—that of the Yorkshire Hussars—preparing himself for the greatest game of all. That sturdy Yorkshire farmer has been straining at the leash for a long time now.

Sedbergh and Cambridge men will scan with keener interest all reports of our air raids when they learn that Sub-Flight-Lieutenant K. F. Watson, R.N.A.S., belongs to our air service. They will easily identify him, in the accompanying photograph, with a capital Yorkshire three-quarter who played, appropriately enough, "on the wing."

The captain of the Old Whitgiftians XV., F. Benton, is here depicted on guard over a tent which might have contained the club records, so much on business does he look.

I should like to thank most heartily all the officials who have so kindly provided me with information for these articles. As may be imagined, it is no easy matter to find even an official of a Rugby club these days. One writes: "Very sorry; too busy driving and cleaning a car, but you can safely say they're all fighting." The official legend "Address unknown" has damped other efforts on my part. Considerations of space have also served to curtail comment. Old Boy clubs have, I feel, received meagre treatment, but their turn will come in future articles.

TWO ROSES

By RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA

Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst



HIS fog is gettin' so
thick, I'm goin' to
chuck it." The
flower-woman
standing outside
the Finchley Road
Station of the
Metropolitan
Railway shifted
her basket a little
and pulled her

shawl more closely over her chest.

"It is pretty bad," replied her companion

sympathetically.

"It's downright rotten—that's what I call it. It makes me eyes burn as if they was on fire, and as for me lungs"—she coughed spasmodically—"if I stand here much longer, I shall be barkin' me bloomin' 'ead orf with bronchitis to-morrer!"

"It do find you out, don't it, 'Liza? You never could stand the fog, from a gal. I'm thankful my chest is stronger than yourn,

and I'll stay out a bit longer.'

"I don't see what you want to stay for, Emmy," 'Liza replied, with something suspiciously like a sneer in her voice. "Look at me! I ain't sold more'n 'arf my little lot, and you've sold everything 'cept two roses; and yet ye're goin' to stay out in this bloomin' fog, that 'arf chokes yer with every breath yer draw!"

Emmy nodded. "May as well sell the last two as take 'em 'ome. To-morrer's Sunday, and it'd be no good comin' out to sell two roses. Besides, bein' the last two, and them such beauties, with their nice long stalks, I may get a copper or two more for 'em. You

never know yer luck."

"You are one for the coppers, Emmy, and no mistake!" 'Liza laughed back

at ner.

Emmy looked from the roses to her companion. "You'd be one for the coppers, too, if you 'ad six 'ungry little mouths to feed, and no man to 'elp you fend for 'em.

You've only got yourself and your 'usband to

think about—I've got the kids."

"I wasn't thinkin' about the kids." Instinctively the woman's voice had tuned itself to a sympathetic note. "Them kids do make a difference. I wish I 'ad some, and that's the honest truth!" She coughed again. "Drat the fog! It's gettin' thicker every minute. I'm goin' to chuck it. Sure you won't come?"

Emmy shook her head. "Sure."

"Well, I'm orf. I shall 'ave to come out to-morrer to try to get rid of this little lot, but it can't be 'elped. Wish you luck with your last two." She hitched her basket over her arm. "Night!"

"Good night!" Emmy nodded cheerily.
Another moment, and 'Liza's portly figure

was lost in the fog.

The incandescent lights inside the station gleamed green and ghostly in the murky atmosphere, and scarcely penetrated the gloom, which was so black and obscuring that the light of the next lamp down the The hands of street was not visible. the illuminated dial of the clock over the entrance to the station could only with difficulty be discerned, pointing to a quarter to six, as a crowd came pouring out of the station. The great shop opposite had been closed for hours, for the usual Saturday half-holiday, and the bright electric lights over its portals, which would otherwise have cleft a path of silver through the dense mist, were not lighted, so that the flowerwoman's figure, enshrouded in the dark, was scarcely visible until people came quite close to her.

"Roses, nice roses! Won't you buy a nice rose to-night?" she cried, as the hurrying men and women passed by her. Her voice fell on heedless ears. Men and women went rapidly on their way, anxious to get home out of the fog.

They passed on, and she stood waiting

until the next train came in.

"Roses, nice roses!" she repeated, as the next crowd came hurrying out.

"I'll take those roses," said a young girl,

stopping on one side of her.

"I want those," said a young man, stopping on the other.

They both spoke at the same moment.

The flower-woman looked up, first to one and then to the other, uncertain what to do.

"Yours, I think," said the young man,

raising his hat.

The courtesy in his voice, the deference of his manner, struck the girl's attention. She looked up with something like a smile in her blue eyes. "I thought you spoke first."

"Please take them," he said genially, "There's sure to be another flower-woman somewhere about, and, if there isn't, I can

easily find some at a shop."

"No, you can't," said the flower-woman. "All the shops is shut, being Saturday afternoon, and the only other flower-woman 'as gone 'ome on account o' the fog."

"Haven't you got some other flowers?"

asked the young man.

She shook her head. "Them's the only two that's left."

"Please take them," said the man to the

"I don't think it'd be fair," replied the

girl to the man.

"Why don't you each 'ave one, and settle the matter that way?" suggested the woman.

The girl's eyes brightened at the suggestion. "One'll do for me quite as well as two—the stems are so beautifully long. I want it for an invalid friend; and, besides "—she half smiled up at the man— "one can't smell more than one rose at a time."

"No, not very well," the man smiled "It's a curious coincidence, but I wanted the roses for an invalid friend, too."

The girl took her purse out of her muff and opened it. "Which will you have—the white or the red?"

"The choice is yours," said the man,

putting his hand into his pocket.

The girl looked at the two roses in the woman's hand. "You're very kind. think I'll take the white."

"I'm so glad," answered the young man. "I wanted the red."

The flower-woman beamed on them. "That's a good thing. Then you're both satisfied."

"How much?" asked the girl, taking the

"Threepence, miss," said the woman.

The girl paid the money and returned her

purse to her muff.

"Thank yer kindly, miss," said the flowerwoman. The girl turned away. "Be careful 'ow yer go, miss," ventured the woman, with respectful deference in her voice. "The fog's so black, ye can easily walk off the pavement into the road, or turn down one of the streets when ye think ye're goin' strite on."

"Thank you for the warning," said the

girl. "I'll be careful."

The young man raised his hat as she The next moment she was moved off. invisible, swallowed up by the fog. The young man looked down kindly at the flowerwoman's upturned face. "Threepence for mine, too?"

The woman nodded. "Unless, as it's the last, ye'd like to make it sixpence for

luck, sir.

"Perhaps I should," he smiled, and, putting a shilling into her hand, took the rose. "Thanks. Don't bother about the change. It's the first rose I've bought in England for five years." He held the blossom to his nostrils and inhaled the perfume deeply. "Lovely! Good night," he nodded.

"Good night, and God bless you, sir!" the flower-woman called after him. She looked at the coins in her hand. "One and threepence for two roses!" She nodded her head sagaciously. "That's what comes o' sticking Them kids'll 'ave bloaters for supper to-night, instead of only bread and margarine." She swung her empty basket on her arm and went off happily on her way.

As the young girl walked along through the fog, her thoughts busied themselves, not with the invalid friend she was going to see, but with the young man who had divided

the two roses with her.

As the young man took his way down the street, he was scarcely conscious of the fact that the fog was so thick that the light from the street-lamps could hardly pierce the gloom. His thoughts were busy, not with the friend for whom he had bought the rose, but with the girl who had shared his purchase of the blossoms. Who was her friend? Whither was she going?

What need to inventory their thoughts? Those who are young can think them for themselves; those who are old can remember what they thought when their own eyes lighted up with pleasure at the first sight of a sympathetic stranger—how their whole being thrilled with joy at the sound of the

newly-heard voice, and eagerly desired the renewal of the intercourse chance had so

fortuitously vouchsafed to them.

The young man walked rapidly on for a couple of minutes, then started to cross from one side of the street to the other. As he got into the middle of the road, he became conscious of a figure coming towards him through the fog.

"Please can you tell me where I am?" recognised the voice immediately, although it was too dark for him to see the face of the young girl who had shared the roses with him at the station. "I've got off the pavement, and I'm not sure now of my way."

"The fog is awful, isn't it?" he said "Which way do you want

to go?"

"To Fairhazel Gardens," said the girl.

"You're coming away from it."

"From it?" exclaimed the girl, in amazement. "Why, I started only a couple of minutes ago from the station! It's

impossible I can have turned back."

"You must have turned back as you tried to cross the street," he said reassuringly. "It's amazing how one loses all sense of But I'm going to direction in the fog. Fairhazel Gardens myself. If you'll let me, I'll see you safely there."

"You're very kind," she replied gently. "I shall be glad if you will; it's so unnerving when the fog's so thick."

The girl noticed the deference, the protective tone, in the man's voice as he offered to see her safely on her waynoticed, too, that he did not offer her his arm to pilot her safely to the pavement on the other side of the road to that on which he had been walking.

Together they walked on in silence until they came to Fairhazel Gardens, down which they turned, and they did not speak until they came to a block of mansions in

the middle.

"Good evening. Thank you very much.

I go in here," said the girl.
"So do I," said the man, and opened the outer door for her.

"How curious!" replied the girl, as she

entered the building.

"Very," said the man. He turned to the attendant as they got into the lift. "Lady Royston."

"That is stranger still," said the girl.

"That's where I am going, too."

They did not speak again. They stood together in the lift, their eyes holding each

other's—she with the white rose in her hand, he with the red rose in his.

At the fourth floor the lift stopped and they got out. The lift-man rang the bell.

The door opened.

"Her ladyship had given up expecting you, miss, because of the fog," said the maid, speaking with the simple assurance that betokened long service and many privileges, as the girl went in. "She will be glad to see you.

The young man, who had stood back,

came forward.

She turned to him with a look of surprise which quickly changed to pleasure. "Mr. Horace!"

"Yes, Ken, home again." He took her hand and shook it warmly. "I am glad to see you look so well. How's ladyship?"

"Just about the same, sir-no better, and no worse. It will be a surprise for her,

your coming back like this."

The next moment she had ushered them

into Lady Royston's drawing-room.

"My dear Alice!" The young girl advanced with outstretched arms.

"Cora! I never expected you'd come in such a frightful fog." Lady Royston put her right arm around the young girl's shoulder and drew down her face to kiss it.

"Horace!" There was a note of intense surprise in her voice and radiant joy in her eyes as he advanced to the sofa on which she was lying in front of the fire. She held out her left hand to the young man. He took it tenderly in both of his. She turned from him to the girl. "This is nice. I am glad to see you. Sit down, dear."

She turned back from the girl to the young man, between whose hands her hand still rested. "Horace"-she dwelt tenderly upon the name, as a mother might when she speaks to a son who has been away from home for a long time, after she has released him from the first silent rapture of her embrace—"when did you get back?"

"Only this morning."

"Why didn't you let me know?"

"I wanted it to be a surprise." Her eyes smiled. "You've certainly got

what you wanted. Your last letter didn't give a hint of the possibility of your return so soon."

"I didn't know it myself until three weeks ago, when the chief cabled that I was to return immediately to take up an appointment in the London office. packed my things, booked my place in the Trans-Siberian Railway, and in a week said good-bye to Shanghai."

"Then you're home to stay?"

"So far as I can tell. Don't you think I deserve it, after five years of exile? think! Five years from England! years away from London! Five years without a sight of Charing Cross and the Strand! Five years without a look of Piccadilly! Five years without a glimpse of the Park and church parade! Five years away from all the things I love and the people I care for! Worst of all "-still holding her hand, he knelt by the sofa at her side, and, just as the tender note had come into her voice when she spoke his name, so his voice took on that softer, deeper tone of mingled love and reverence which all unconsciously finds its way into the absent son's voice when he speaks to his mother-"five years away from you!"

As he spoke, the smile in the elder woman's eyes deepened to sadness and then grew bright with the unshed tear which is as close to the heart of joy as of sorrow. she withdrew her hand from his clasp and laid it on his shoulder. "I am glad you're home again." All the time she had been speaking, her eyes had been searching his face, comparing what he was in the present with her memory of him before he had gone away. With the withdrawal of her hand from his, her emotional aspect of him seemed to have changed. She had become critical, her voice matter-of-fact. "Your five years You look abroad have done you good. stronger even than you did before you went

"What's more, I feel it." There was a thrill of conscious pride in his voice as he

rose to his feet.

A look of admiration grew in the eyes of the young girl sitting at the other end of the sofa, as she gazed up at the tall, broadshouldered young Englishman, with the clean-cut features and the dark, crisp, short curls clustering about his broad forehead.

"China has given me something in the way of health that I never should have had

if I hadn't gone there."

"But tell me about yourself."

He shook his head. "I didn't come here to talk about myself. I came here to see you." He drew a chair up to the sofa and sat down. "The five years haven't changed you much, either."

She smiled sadly at him. "You forget, my boy. Five years of prison make a difference to every woman, even when it is

a beautiful prison like mine,"

And it was a beautiful room in which she lay on the sofa. Walls of delicate cream, with one carefully-chosen, beautiful picture on each, a couple of exquisite bronzes, one silver bowl full of violets, and the rare furniture, placed sparsely, all combined, in the soft light filtering through the pink silk shades, to give an impression of rare taste triumphing over the mere luxury which money can purchase.

He bent forward and looked earnestly in her face. "If the five years have made you feel different, they don't show it in your face, and that is the only thing to worry about."

She raised her thin, white hand to her forehead and smoothed back her hair. She smiled wanly. "Do you see that streak of white? There's a difference there."

"That's nothing. Your hair still looks as golden as ever it did. Besides, grey hairs mean nothing. I have a heap of them myself." He got up and stood by her side. "You don't know how good it is to be at home again, and how lovely to see you, the kindest, dearest friend I've ever had!"

For a moment the look of resignation which always steals into the face of every man or woman who is thrust by Nature into a backwater of life gave place to an expression of joy as she looked up at the young man standing by the mantelpiece. "Now, you're not going to talk about me any more." She put her hand out to the girl by her side. "Here's Cora hasn't been able to get in a word edgeways. It's your turn, dear, to speak."

The girl smiled. "Will you introduce

your friend?"

Lady Royston looked up sharply. "You don't know each other? I thought you had come with him from his mother's."

The young man shook his head. "No, I didn't know—Miss Cora was Miss Cora."

"Then I'll introduce you. Miss Cora

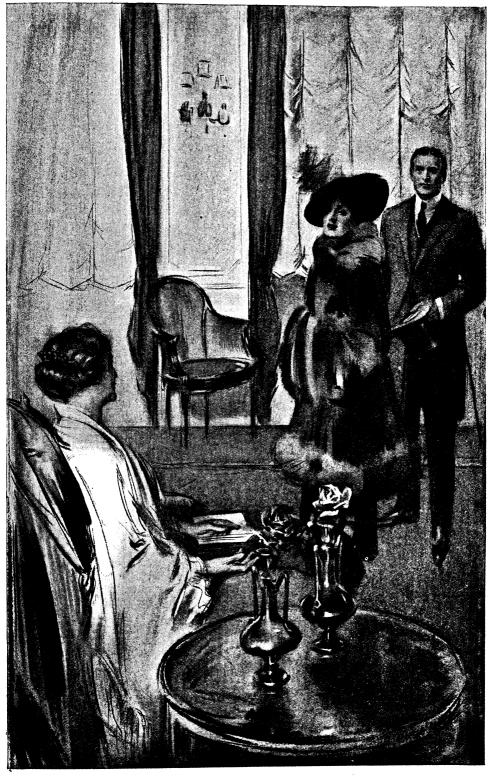
Urquhart-Mr. Horace Vernon."

She held out her hand with an engaging frankness. He took it cordially. "I ought to have known you, for Alice has written so much about your goodness to her since you first met her three years ago."

She smiled graciously at him. "And I ought to have known you, for Alice has

often spoken to me about you."

As they stood together for a moment with their hands joined, Alice Royston rejoiced at the beautiful picture they made—the tall. stalwart youth and well-grown girl with the fine figure, her beautiful face crowned with red-gold hair and her blue eyes shining



"'That's an invitation you've never given me, all the years I've known you."

with the triumph of health. "How was it you happened to come together?" she asked,

as the girl sat down.

"Just the merest chance in the world—one of those curious coincidences which will happen in the most uneventful lives." She told how they had both asked for the roses at the same moment, how each had offered to give way to the other, how the woman had suggested they should divide them. "Mr. Vernon made me have my pick, and I chose this "—she handed the rose to her friend—"for I knew how you love white roses."

Horace Vernon moved a step forward and gave Lady Royston the red one. "I was awfully glad she did, because I wanted the red. In China, as you know, red is the colour of life and joy and luck, and everything that's good. I wanted an enormous bunch of red roses for you, and

I could only get this one."

Alice Royston took it from him and inhaled its fragrance. She looked up at them. "Thank you, both of you, for my roses. I always like one rose of a kind so much better than a bunch, just as I like only one picture on a wall, and one girl and one boy at a time to come and see me"—she put the roses softly in her lap and held out a hand to each—"better than a crowd." Horace Vernon's smile reflected the

Horace Vernon's smile reflected the pleasure in Cora Urquhart's eyes. "You dear soul, you always make everyone feel happy! Why, if one told you that one meant to bring you roses, but didn't, I'm sure you'd say you could smell their perfume

in your heart!"

"And so I should." She dropped their hands, picked up the roses again, and held them at arm's length. "Aren't they beautiful?" There was something like a caress in her voice and rapture in her eyes as she looked at the flowers. "Lovely long stems, exquisite leaves, and a bloom at the top like a human face! I must have two vases for them, one for each."

Horace Vernon watched her caressing the roses as she spoke. "I don't think I've ever known anyone love roses as you do.

You make them almost human."

"I worship them," she answered simply. "Cora dear, will you ask Kennington to give you two of the tallest vases out of the glass cupboard?" The girl rose. Horace Vernon crossed quietly to the door, opened it for her as she went out, closed it softly, and returned to the sofa.

Alice Royston beamed on him. "I am

glad you are home again. Come, sit here till she comes." She pointed to the chair in which the girl had sat. "Tell me what you think of her. Have I exaggerated about her beauty, or made her out more charming than she is?"

"My dear Alice, I haven't spoken a dozen words to her."

"Don't be a goose, Horace! You don't need to speak a dozen words to a girl to know whether you think she is beautiful and charming, unless your five years in China have changed you entirely. Before you went away you used to say you'd simply got to look at a girl to make up your mind about her."

"I don't have to come back and speak a dozen words to you to make up my mind about you. My five years in China haven't changed you at all. You're as incorrigible as you always were." He laughed gaily. "I'm bothered if you aren't up to your old match-making games already!"

"Horace!" She looked at him with a

humorous reproach in her eyes.

His look answered hers. "Don't look at me in that tone of voice. It isn't the first time, you know, that you've tried that sort of game on me. I haven't forgotten how you tried to settle me with Gertrude Bennett; and, when you found that wasn't any use, how you did your utmost to pair me off with Flora Macpherson; and, when that didn't wash, the way in which I never could come here without finding Rosabel Henderson." He took her hand and his voice changed. "It's my firm belief that, when you die and go to heaven, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, the first thing you'll do will be to try and destroy that happy convention by making up a match between two of your friends who died on earth without having entered the holy state."

She drew her hand away. "Horace, you shock me," she said, with mock seriousness.

He laughed gaily. "I know. I always do. I always have. I always shall. That's why you're so fond of me. I'm the only person in the world who dares to shock you. But you're not going to make up a match for me the moment I come home again. I want to see the other girls first, you know, and then—""

Her eyes grew serious. "And then you'll say there isn't one to hold a candle to her."

He shook an admonitory finger at her. "So the cat's out of the bag at last. You've been planning this thing for the last three years, ever since you've known this girl. I

shrewdly suspected that was the idea at the back of your head when you were constantly writing about her in every letter that I got."

"Of all the conceited young men I have known!" The lightness in her voice gave place to a deeper, tenser tone. "But tell me, Horace—I want to know—tell me, what do you think of her?"

She put her hand on his arm and looked into his eyes. His gaze softened, deepened, as it met hers. His words came low and soft: "I don't think you made her half as

beautiful and charming as she is."

"You mean it really?" "I mean it really."

The door opened and Cora Urquhart "Here are the vases, dear. came in. Kennington says these are the longest she can find."

"Thank you, dear; they'll do beautifully." She turned to the young man. "Horace, bring that little table from the corner and put it by me here." He brought it. She turned to the girl. "Now put the vases down on it, will you, dear?" She took up the roses to put them in. "Goose! Why didn't you fill them before you brought them in?"

"I was afraid I might spill the water. I'll

go and get it now."

Alice Royston put up a restraining hand. "No, you've been once. It's Horace's turn to be useful. I can't let him be here and do nothing while you do everything." She turned to him. "You go and ask Kennington to give you a jug of water." He went out and closed the door.

Alice Royston lay back on the sofa and smelt her roses. "Kennington thinks there is no one in the world like Horace."

Cora Urquhart took the red rose from her. "She's not the only person with that opinion. I think I know another."

"He's the dearest boy in all the worldso good, so kind, so honest, and so true. To know him is to love him." She looked up quickly at the girl. "Tell me, what do you think of him?"

"How can I tell? I've only seen him for a few minutes."

Alice Royston turned half round.

what do you think?"

Cora Urquhart looked curiously into her friend's eyes. "Was that what you asked him about me?"

"Never mind what I asked him. I want to know what you think about him. Does he come up to my description, or do you think I let my affection for him run away

with my regard for truth? Tell me, Cora, what do you think of him?"

Before the girl replied, Alice Royston's keen eyes noticed the colour mount for a moment into the young face and brighten the bright blue eyes; she saw the rounded bosom rise a shade more highly under a deeper breath, and the lips set a little more firmly with an effort at self-control. next moment Cora Urquhart had recovered her self-possession, and her voice was light and flippant. "As you are so fond of him, my dear Alice, what can I say but that I think he is Prince Charming?"

The eyes of the woman on the sofa dropped. "So you won't really tell me what you think?" Her voice changed subtly, and there was a shade of something like annoyance in it. "Of course, my dear, I can't make you give me your confidence, or tell me what you think, if you don't want to." She put out her hand and took the rose from the girl. "I care for him so much that I want everyone who cares for me to like him; and I have talked so much to you about him, since you became so dear to me, that I am naturally anxious to find out your first impression, for, as you know, first impressions count so much with me, as I told you soon after your dear mother brought you to see me for the first time after you came home from Germany."

Cora Urquhart knelt down by the sofa and took her friend's hand in hers. "Don't be a goose, Alice! Of course I'll tell you what I think. I think "-her eyes looked clear and fearless into her friend's for a moment, then dropped—"I think" she spoke more slowly and with a deeper tone—"I think he is very nice indeed."

Alice Royston put her hand on the young girl's shoulder. "Really, truly?"

Cora Urquhart smiled. "Really, truly."

"Crook?"

"Crook!" Cora Urquhart raised her hand with the index finger bent.

Alice Royston took the soft white hand between her own thin ones. "I am glad you like him, for I know that he already likes you."

Cora Urquhart's face flushed scarlet. She drew her hand away and rose to her feet. "Then you did ask him what he thought of me when I went to get the vases?"

"And it was Alice Royston nodded. because I wanted to ask you what you thought of him that I sent him to get the

The door opened and Horace Vernon came

into the room with the jug of water. He filled the vases. Alice Royston put a rose in each and stood them one at each end of

the little table by her side.

The golden clock on the mantelpiece chimed the half-hour. "Good gracious! Is that the time?" Cora Urquhart rose to her feet. "I must run. I promised mother I'd be home by seven, for the Allinghams are coming to dinner, and we're going to the theatre after. I wish we weren't, for I do hate going out in the fog!"

her position. Alice Royston $\mathbf{shifted}$

"What's it like now?"

Horace Vernon went to the window, drew aside the curtain, raised the blind, and looked out. "Just as bad as when we came."

"Then you had better see Cora home."

"With pleasure." He dropped the curtain and came back to the fire.

Cora Urguhart shook her head. "Nonsense! I don't need seeing home. I can

easily get a taxi at the station."

Horace Vernon looked at her. missed your way coming from the station. You might miss it going back. Let me at least see you there."

Alice Royston turned to the girl. shall be happier in my mind if he does."

Cora Urquhart took up her "There's not the slightest need, I tell you. Besides, Mr. Vernon would much rather stay with you. You must have so much to talk about, since he has been away so

Alice Royston put her hands to her forehead. She closed her eyes, and her voice was heavy as she stroked her brow. "No, dear, in any case I shouldn't let him stay, for the fog has made my head ache, and I want to rest. Let him take you safely home."

"If you insist." Cora Urquhart bent down and kissed her. "Good-bye, dear. I hope your head will soon be well." She took her

friend's hand.

"Thanks, darling." Alice Royston held out her other hand to the young man. "Good-bye, dear. Come to-morrow to tea, and we can have a nice long talk."

He took her hand. "Thanks, I will."

Cora Urquhart dropped her friend's hand. "But mother and I were coming to tea to-morrow."

Alice Royston looked up with a merry twinkle in her eyes. "That's no reason why Horace shouldn't come, is it? He won't be frightened, and there'll be plenty of tea for you both." She pressed the electric bell by her side. "Now be off as quick as you can, or

you'll never be dressed in time for dinner." She turned to the young man. Horace, mind you come to tea."

Horace Vernon laughed gaily. "Couldn't

I come to lunch as well?"

Alice Royston's voice rippled with laughter, too. "And you may come to breakfast, if you like."

Cora Urquhart caught the infection.

"That's an invitation you've never given

me, all the years I've known you."

Alice shook her head. "No, dear, he's the only person in the world I'd allow to see me in the morning. Now be off, the pair of you." Horace Vernon opened the door, and the two young people went out

together.

Alice Royston drew herself up on the sofa and listened to hear the street-door close. Her eyes turned to the two roses standing in their vases at opposite sides of the table. She stretched out her hands and drew them to her until the vases came together and the blooms touched each other. She leaned back and looked at the red rose and the white standing together in their separate vases. She pressed the electric bell by her side, and the maid answered it. Royston lifted the white rose gently from its vase and put it into the vase which held the red one. "I don't think I want two vases, Kennington. I prefer them in one. Please take the empty one away."

The maid took it and went out of the

Alice Royston smiled, a beautiful, happy, contented smile.

In the height of the London season the world read in the fashionable intelligence of the morning papers: "The wedding of Lord and Lady Urquhart's only daughter with the Hon. Horace Vernon attracted one of the largest crowds of the season to St. George's, Hanover Square. The bride looked radiantly beautiful in her white satin robe, with a veil of lace fastened in her hair with the wonderful family diamonds. which evoked comment among the guests was that, instead of a bouquet, the bride carried only a red rose and a white, cut with very long stalks, the gift of the bridegroom, who were in his buttonhole two little roses, a white and a red, the gift of the bride."

Only one or two of the initiate knew that the roses were bought from a flower-woman at the Finchley Road Station, and that the bridegroom had paid threepence for the

white and a shilling for the red.

HIS CALL TO ARMS

By E. M. BRYANT

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant



OUR King and Country Need You . . . 100,000 Men Wanted . . . God Save the King!"

The City clerk and his wife stared up at the big poster together. It was an evening in early

August, and they had come out for their usual half-hour's stroll.

"Well! Never thought I should see anything like that in England!" she remarked amazedly.

He assumed an air of manly authority.

"That's Kitchener—means to be prepared for anything. Quite right, too." Then having, as it were, bestowed his own particular little pat of approval upon the great War Minister's shoulder, he added complacently: "But wait till our men get out there; it'll be all right then, you see."

Then he read the message again.

"I'd like to 'ave a copy of that—jest to keep as a curiosity."

"It's a lot of men to ask for. Do you s'pose he'll get them?" asked his wife.

"Oh, he'll get 'em all right, bless you—more, too, if he wants 'em."

She slipped her arm through his.

"Well, at all events, he won't want you," she observed comfortably.

Want him! The City clerk chuckled amusedly.

"No, I reckon he can get along without me," he said.

On the way home they passed little groups of people silently reading the big posters. The newspaper placards announced "Latest News of the War."

"It'd be like living in history," declared his wife, "if only you felt it was real."

But that was just what one couldn't feel, somehow.

The next night she met him with news.

"Bert Smith's gone. Went back and joined his old regiment yesterday."

Bert Smith lived in the maisonnette over theirs. Bert Smith was a very near friend.

"Gone, has he? Well!"

"Makes you realise that there is a war, don't it?" remarked the City clerk's mother, who lived with them.

It certainly helped.

The next morning, though he was late for the office, he stopped to read the Call to Arms again. He read it, too, on his way home in the evening. And so on, every day for a week. In between he read the papers.

Several of the desks near his own at the office had become empty. The men who had vacated them were Territorials. Their summons had come at the very beginning. The firm was issuing a roll of honour which would bear their names.

There had been a time when he had thought of becoming a Territorial. That was before he was married. Then someone—it had been his mother—had persuaded him not to.

"It's little enough free time you get, as it is," she had told him. "And it isn't as if they'll ever be wanted."

He, too, had never dreamed that they could ever be wanted. And here they were being wanted, every man of them. It was incredible. And every day he read the call to arms

The papers furnished the numbers of the New Army, and showed them to be creeping up hour by hour. Of course, he had always known that they would. Still, he began to experience a curious sense of relief. Then came the first news from the Front, then more news. Impossible to read, without a quickening pulse, those stories of unflinching bravery which were recorded. Everyone, even his wife, had begun to realise the war now.

Then the second Call to Arms: "More Men Urgently Needed."

Not quite so easy now to tell himself he could be done without.

He tried to avoid a daily reading of this second message. He went round by the longer way to the station in the mornings. Then there was one posted up in that road, too. Gradually one began to meet them everywhere. Then came other messages—some pictured—all with that same direct stirring appeal—more men.

Then a chance sight of a big car with a red cross upon it, discharging its freight of wounded heroes at the door of a great hospital, set up a fresh landmark in his thoughts. That night he borrowed his wife's tape-measure. The next morning he hunted up his old dumb-bells.

There was a recruiting office not far from his own in the City. One day he stopped to watch the long line of waiting men. A sudden feeling of recklessness came over him. What if he went over and waited with them? What if he went in in his turn?

He pictured himself going home to tell his wife afterwards—pictured leaving her, his mother, too, to live upon—how much a week was it a soldier got? Thirty shillings a week, which was all he got, was difficult enough to manage upon. A soldier didn't get as much as that, he knew. And suppose he never came back? What would they do then? Who would look after them? And behind these thoughts, at the very back of his mind, was that secret growing wonder—was he possessed of a real honest longing to fight for his country? Would he be any good if he did go? Was he—was he a coward?

This was the thought that remained to torture him as he turned away. It was the first time he had dared to look it squarely in the face.

Was he a coward?

He had stopped a runaway horse once. That wasn't much, but it was something. A coward couldn't have done that, he told himself. It was just that—that fighting wasn't his line.

But suppose it should turn out to be his duty—what then? He pondered the question ceaselessly. Sometimes he thought of trying to talk it out with someone, but he never did. Talking wasn't an easy matter to him at any time.

Every day men he knew well were disappearing. No need to ask where they'd gone. What had *they* felt about it all, he wondered, before they had offered themselves?

Bert Smith was at the Front now. His wife had had a letter from him. She had come down with shining eyes to tell them about it. Bert Smith was the one man he could have talked things out with. He could almost have pictured himself fighting —by the side of Bert Smith.

What were his wife and his mother thinking? Did it ever occur to them to

wonder what he ought to do?

One night he tried to sound them. First he read out the numbers of the men who had enrolled themselves that day in London.

"S'pose I told you I'd been one of 'em," he remarked airily, "what would you have

to say?"

His wife looked at him with fear in her

eyes.

"Oh, Ken, you'd never do a thing like that! There's plenty without you. Some must stop at home. The papers tell you that."

His mother said nothing then, but later on, when they were wone, she spoke out.

"It's the unmarried men they're asking for. Your duty's with Mary. I'd never

forgive you if you left her now!"

That almost convinced him, but not quite. Then three nights later, just as they were sitting down to tea, Bert Smith's wife came to see them again. He opened the door to her. As she followed him into the little sitting-room, they saw that her face was drawn and grey, but the wild misery in her eyes held them dumb. She stood by the table steadying herself.

"Bert's gone!" she said. "I had word

this morning! He's gone!"

They did not dare to break the silence which followed.

After a minute or two she went on

speaking.

"After I heard, I couldn't stop at home —I couldn't—so I went to one of the big stations—Victoria—and stayed there, watching the trains come in. I've often done that lately, an' thought how—"

She leaned harder on the table.

"There's always soldiers at the stations now, and women meetin' them or seein' them off. To-day they was expecting a train full of wounded—a porter told me—then one come in, and my cousin Bob was in it. They let me speak to him. He's shot in the leg. He fought next to Bert. Bert was wounded first—not badly. They got him away with two or three others, put them in an empty house. When they went back to fetch them, they were all dead—stabbed they'd been!"

She turned to go. At the door she

paused.

"You understand, it was gunshot wounds they had before. Bob didn't want to tell me —I made him."

She went out of the room slowly. A minute later they heard her key turn in the lock of her own front door above.

They stared at each other with white faces.

City clerk to his inmost being, and with it came a fierce, uncontrollable joy—joy that he was a man, with a man's free heritage to avenge wrong. Wasn't that what men were being asked to do? He'd been asked, and he had turned a deaf ear. But it was not too late. Good old Bert Smith! How



"He stumbled drunkenly to his feet."

To the City clerk, Bert Smith seemed to be in the room with them—Bert Smith as they'd seen him last, handsome, careless, and easy-going. What was that last joke of his? Something about a bishop—he always had a fresh jest ready. And to think of him now! A storm of blind rage and fury shook the

many Prussians slain in fair battle would make up for Bert Smith foully slaughtered? Would ten be enough—would twenty? His job that—no one else's.

He stumbled drunkenly to his feet. His mother laid her hand on his arm,

"Ken!" she said.

She hardly knew the face he turned upon her.

"My call! Goin' to answer it! I know what I've got to do, an' if anyone dares to try an' stop me——" he shouted thickly.

He had never spoken so to his mother in

his life

She put back the hand he had shaken off. "Nobody's wantin' to try an' stop you, Ken," she said. If her voice trembled, it was not from fear of what she knew he meant to do.

He turned to go, but his wife stood before him in the doorway. A sudden instinct told him that the white sternness in her face was not for him.

"'Tisn't far to the nearest office. I reckon you'll let me walk along there with you,"

she said.

After they had gone, the City clerk's mother went upstairs and knocked gently at the door of the desolate home above.



THE DAFFODIL IN WAR-TIME.

GONE is the quiet grace of dale and hill:
The daffodil
Gives her fresh sweetness to a wakened world,
And, as all other flags, her gold one is unfurled.

That growing grace to unaccustomed eyes Makes glad surprise;
Long lines—the city lads—stare, marching by,
To see the daffodil blow 'neath the open sky.

Who knows, within the battle's painful blur, What thought may stir, What whiff of fragrance ease tried heart and will? Remembrance of the glowing, blowing daffodil.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.



OUR LOCAL VOLUNTEER CORPS.

INSTRUCTOR: Now, if I give the order to form fours, which foot would you step off with? PATRIOT: Oh, it doesn't matter a bit, thank you!

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

THE PRONOUNCER.

ONE of the new terrors created by the war is the man who knows how to pronounce all the names in Poland and Galicia. You have probably met him.

"Good news from Przemysl to-day," you

remark.

"Where?" says the pronouncer. "I don't seem to have heard of that place before."

"Where the Russians are, you know-

"Oh, you mean Oompah. These names are very tricky unless you've made a study of

Or if you mention the victory of Glowaczow, he exclaimed: "Glow what?"

"Place in Poland, you know."

"Oh, yes," he says pityingly. "Woogoorow, it's pronounced. I couldn't make out what you were driving at."

When the Russians get to places like Stuhlweissenburg and Bolassagyarmath, that man is going to have the time of his life.



Brown: The appointments of Billy's motorcar are beautiful. Everything is first-class. Jones: Yes, everything but the passengers.

Donald and Jeanie were putting down a carpet. Donald slammed the end of his thumb with the hammer, and began to pour forth his soul in language befitting the occasion.

" Donald. Donald," shrieked Jeanie. horrified, "dinna swear that way!"

"Wummun," vociferated Donald, "gin ye know ony better way, now is the time to let me know it!"



ROBERT was home from school for the holidays, and had just left his father and a neighbour.

"Your son," said the neighbour, "is still pursuing his studies at school, isn't he?"

"I believe so," said the father; "he's always behind.



A young author obtained permission from the celebrated satirist Piron to read to him a tragedy which was on the eve of being brought out. At every verse that was pillaged Piron took off his hat and bowed, and so frequently had he occasion to do this that the author, surprised, asked what he meant.

"Oh," replied Piron, "it is only a habit I have got of saluting my old acquaintances."

THE FIRST DAYS OF SPRING.

Ye days of blustering wind and storm and snow, Of icy blizzards freezing all our bones, Bringing the painful chilblains' frequent woe, And coughs that drown the preacher's loudest tones.

List to our prayers and pity our distress, Ye days of concentrated beastliness.

Without your winds life were a thing of bliss, The morning tub unmitigated joy; But ye have slain my love of cleanliness,

What once was pleasure now doth but annoy. At the cold water's edge, I, shivering, curse Your blasts in unpremeditated verse.

"Mr. GRIMES," said the rector to the churchwarden one Sunday morning, "this morning we had better take the collection before the sermon."

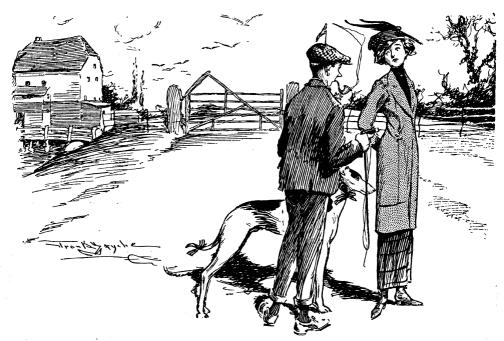
"Indeed!" said the churchwarden. "Why?" "Well," answered the rector, "I am going

to preach on the subject of economy."



"I BET you didn't have a good time at your birthday party yesterday," taunted Billy.
"Yes, I did—awfully," answered little Tom.

"Then why aren't you ill to-day?" was the reply.



MORE SLACKNESS IN HIGH PLACES.

"Ir you are keen, why don't you enlist?"
"Enlist! My dear girl, I offered my services three weeks ago to the Intelligence Department, but the slackers haven't clinched yet."

Why can't you mend your manners? Can't you see, When you're not wanted, it is time to go? Pack up your wind-bags and be off-e.g.

To Teuton lands and savagely there blow, Blow all their Dreadnoughts into smithereens, And kindly sink their "frightful" submarines. Ernest Hockliffe.



"My son," said the father impressively, "suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you?"

"Why," said the son irreverently, "I'd stay there. The question is, what would become of you ? ''

A discussion once arose in the University of Cambridge whether Doctors in Law or Doctors in Medicine should hold precedence. Chancellor asked whether the thief or the hangman preceded at an execution. Being told that the thief usually took the lead: "Well, then," said the Chancellor, "let the Doctor in Law have the precedence, and let Doctors in Medicine be next in rank.'



A THIEF once excused himself to Demosthenes by saying: "I did not know it was yours."

"But you did know," said the other, "that it was not yours."



JOHNNIE WALKER: "Well, how are you?"

MR. TOMMY ATKINS: "Like yourself, Sir—

Fit to go anywhere."

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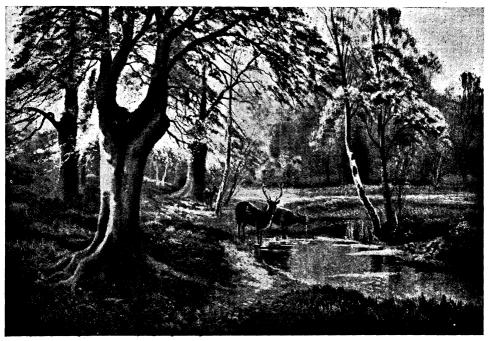


AS OTHERS SEE US.

The scene in London which inspired the statement in *The German Lyre:* "The English everywhere cry like never was; they have all their pluck and ginger lost, wasn't it?"

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THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

THE HUNS' SURPRISE.

It was a frisky rabbit ... That capered up and down, As oft had been his habit, Not far from Wypers town; Till soldiers cut their trenches Across his native runs; And some were made by Frenchies, And some were made by Huns.

Then first a flash of fire, And next a mighty roar, And bunny bounded higher Than e'er he'd done before: For shot-how sad the telling!-Had pierced his furry hide, And fast the blood was welling From out his wounded side.

He lay between the foemen Till some in khaki dress Perceived therein an omen Propitious to the mess. Since shops were scarce, and money, To gratify a wish, That providential bunny Would make a welcome dish.

So when the gloom was spreading Around the danger zone, With cautious footsteps treading, They made the prize their own. It proved the prince of dishes, Surpassing bully-beef, And, blessed with birthday wishes, Was set before their chief.



APPARENTLY.

"What's that 'ere blank space left for, Luke?" "Oh, I s'pose 'tis fer the folks as can't read."



MORE CHANGING OF NAMES!

"But your name is not Smith. Weren't you called James some time ago?"

"Well, vus, sir. Er-you see, sir, my old man bought a barrow wot 'ad the name Smith on it, so now he calls 'isself Smith."

> While one the meat was stewing. Another closed the skin, With fingers deftly sewing, And many a knowing grin; For stuffed with rubbish tautly To make a dummy show, 'Twas laid again where shortly The Huns in stealth would go.

And surely it was funny, When dawn disclosed the scene, No trace remained of bunny Where bunny once had been. But while the night was wearing, Strange sounds disturbed the air, Which told them that of swearing The Huns could do their share.

W. F. Pelton.



"What is the name of your car?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know? What do your people

"Oh, as to that, father always says 'The Mortgage'; brother Tom calls it 'The Fake'; mother, 'My Limousine'; sister, 'Our Car'; grandma, 'That Peril'; the chauffeur, 'The Freak'; and our neighbours, 'The Limit.'"



Mrs. Smith: Here's a quotation which says, "Society means the people we know."

Mrs. Brown: Seems to me it means "The

people who won't know us."

THE SECRET OF HAIR BEAUTY

Simple "Few-Minutes-a-Day" Method that Makes Your Hair Perfect.

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scant your lockshave been solved.

How every reader, man and woman alike, can practise every morning a simple method of strengthening and beautifying the hair is explained to-day by Mr. Edwards, the dis-Edwards, coverer of the marvellous hair food and tonic-" Harlene."

"If the state of your What a delight it is even the "If the state of your What a delight it is even the hair is unhealthy," mere brushing of your hair when says Mr. Edwards to every reader of this "Harlene" has made it profitse and beautiful. Send for your free "Harlene" outfit to-day.

every reader of this "Harlene" outfit to-day.

page, "if your thinning locks or tresses make you look old or otherwise spoil your appearance—all you need do is to drill your hair back to abundance and loveliness. I will give you everything necessary to commence 'Harlene' Hair Drill at my own expense."

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Simply fill in your name and address on the coupon below, enclose 3d. stamps for postage, and you will



Here is one of the hundreds of styles of hair-dressing that "Harlene" Hair Drill makes easy. Not one shred of artificial hair—no heavy coils, pads, or "transformations."

receive by return of post absolutely free of cost or obligation: 1. A bottle of

"Harlene," a true liquid food for the hair, which, penetrating to the roots, stimulates them to new growth, building up the very substance of the hair itself. It is tonic, food, and dressing in one.

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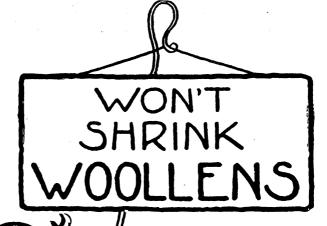
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THE CHAPLAIN IN THE FIELD.
THE UNIVERSITIES & THE WAR.

WINDSOR MAGAZINE



Vol 41 MAY 1915



❖ ′ PRICE·SIXPENCE



"Not once or twice in our fair Island story, the path of Duty was the way to Glory."-Tennyson.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

THE LAND OF BEAUTY, VIRTUE, VALOUR, TRUTH. Oh! who would not fight for such a Land!



By FRANK DADD.

FOLLOW THE DRUM.

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In Sad Times, or Glad Times, and all Times, take

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This is our regular grade, which is known as pure all over the world.

Bottles......3d., 6d., and 10d.

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Delicately perfumed, especially adapted for toilet purposes and as a dressing for the hair.

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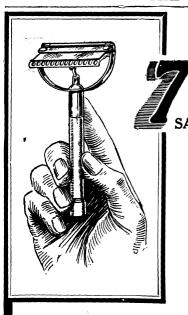
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Here is our Offer:

Buy a half-guinea "7 o'clock" Safety Razor from any dealer, and in every set which you buy you will find a voucher (or you can obtain one from the makers). Send that voucher duly filled in, together with the dealer's receipt for the "7 o'clock" Razor which you have bought, and another set exactly similar will be promptly despatched free of all charge (except postage) to the soldier or sailor whom you specify on the voucher, with your card or a message, and as a gift from you.

The "7 o'clock" is the only Safety Razor at less than one guinea that can be stropped without removing the blade. It is stropped in the way shown by illustration, and thus always ensures a quick, easy, smooth shave. A single touch puts it into stropping or shaving position, and it is equally easy to clean—just a rinse and a wipe with the towel—nothing to take apart.

Ask your Dealer to demonstrate the razor to you, and give you further particulars of the above offer.

Heavily silver-plated razor complete in handsome case, with strop in hinged partition, and 6 finest lancet steel blades (as illustrated).

10/6

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or direct from the Proprietors of the "7 o'clock" Safety Razor, 61 New Oxford St., London, W.C.



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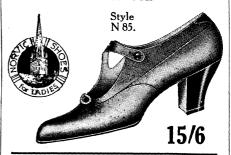
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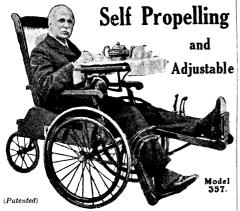


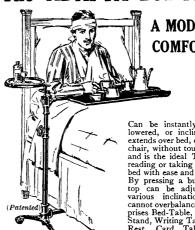


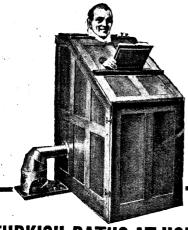
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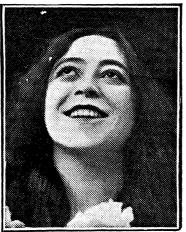
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The Wlindsor Magazine.

No. 245.

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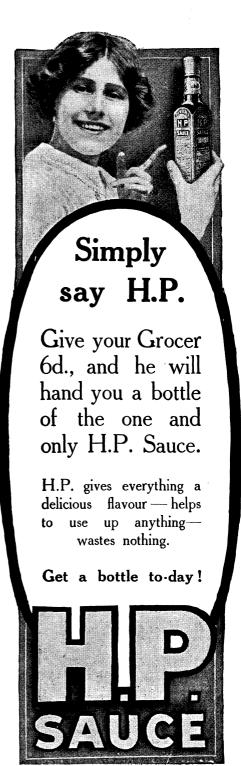
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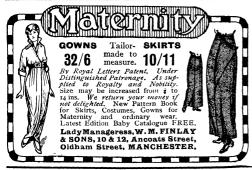


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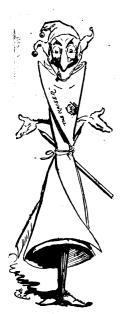
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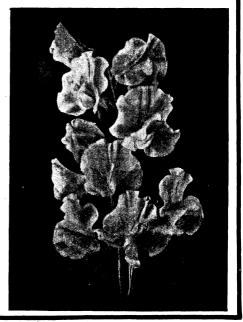
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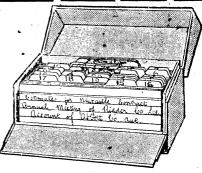
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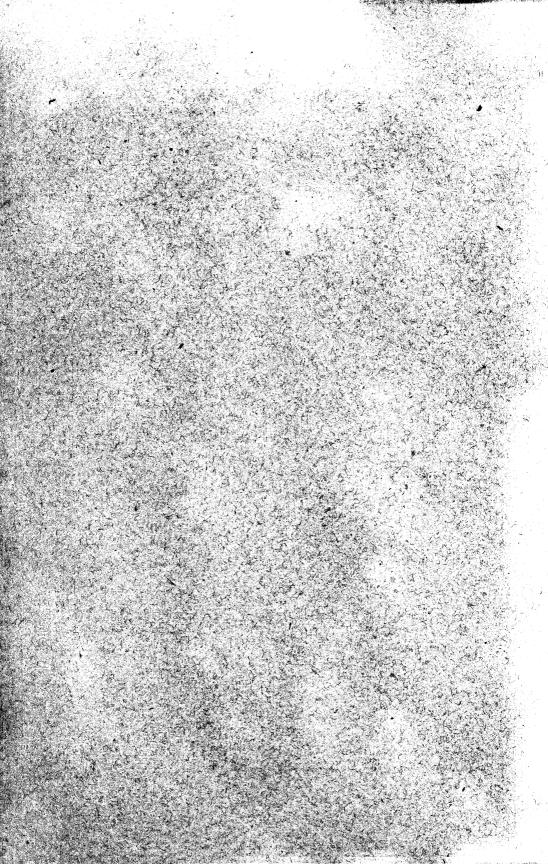
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